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CAROLS OLD AND CAROLS NEW

FOR USE AT

CHRISTMAS

AND OTHER SEASONS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN YEAR

COLLECTED FROM MANY SOURCES AND
ARRANGED BY THE

REV. CHARLES L. HUTCHINS, D.D.

Editor of the "Church Hymnal," the "Church Psalter," the "Chant and Service Book," the "Pointed Prayer Book," the "Parish Choir," etc.

BOSTON

THE PARISH CHOIR

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Charles L. Hutchins

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PREFACE

THE excuse, if any be needed, for the publication of this collection of carols, is a double one: viz., the happy and widely prevailing return in recent years to the old custom of carol singing, and the desire on the part of the compiler to further this custom by placing within the reach of those who engage in it, an abundance of good material.

Some of the carols presented in this volume already have appeared in the "Parish Choir," but none are here reprinted which have not, in at least one circle, attained some degree of popularity. For the convenience of those who are accustomed to the use of the carols in the leaflet form in which they have been published, they retain the same numbering in this collection.

It is not the compiler's purpose to dwell upon the antiquity, the history, and the beauty of the custom of carol singing as well at Easter and other seasons of the Christian Year as in connection with the Christmas Festival. There is an abundance of literature on the subject as may be seen in the list of publications to be found in the latter part of this volume.

The number of Christmas carols in this collection largely exceeds those for any other season, because the use of carols at Christmas time is more general than at other times. And in sending forth this volume the compiler would adopt the words of John Audley, the blind and deaf chaplain of Haughmond Abbey, about the year 1426 —

"I pray you sirs, both more and less,
Sing these carols in Christëmas."

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS,
October, 1916.

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For the interesting cuts which serve as the headings for many of the carols the editor is under great obligations to Mr. P. G. Melbourne.

INDEX OF THE CAROLS IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY APPEAR IN THIS VOLUME

An Alphabetical Index, by First Lines and Seasons, will be found on p. 654.

NOTE. The letters in ( ) indicate the season for which the carols are suitable, viz.: C, Christmas, &c.; N. Y., New Year; Ep, Epiphany; E, Easter; Asc, Ascension; W. S., Whitsunday; T, Trinity; H, Harvest; C. D., Children's Day; F. S., Flower Services.

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
1	In low'ring gloom and cloudiness (E)		E. Handley
2	All this night bright angels sing (C) (From "All this Night shrill Chauntecleere Daye's proclaiming Trumpeter")	W. Austin (d. 1633)	Sir A. Sullivan
3	Christ is risen! Christ is risen! (E)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Sir A. Sullivan
4	A shepherd band their flocks are keeping (C)	M. Praetorius (?)	Dr. S. P. Tuckerman
5	In the early morning, early (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	W. Borrow
6	Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day (C)	W. C. Dix	Samuel Smith
7	Bright Angel Hosts are heard on high (C)	Cornish	Cornish; arr. by H. S. Irons
8	Once again, O blessed time (C)	Rev. W. Bright	Rev. J. B. Dykes
9	Shine calm and bright, ye moonbeams bright (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
10	Slowly fall the snowflakes (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	W. Borrow
11	Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Rev. J. B. Dykes
12	Carol, sweetly carol (C)	Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby)	T. E. Perkins
13	Come, ye faithful, raise the strain (E) "Ασωμεν πάντες λαοι"	8th Cent'y, tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Sir A. Sullivan
14	Bright Easter skies	Bishop A. Burgess	G. W. Marston
15	'Twas at the matin hour (E) *Patris Sapientia, veritas (bonitas) divina*	14th Century	E. Handley
16	The foe behind, the deep before (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	J. Naylor
17	Stars all bright are beaming (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	W. R. Holt
18	Now lift the carol, men and maids (C)	Rev. A. M. Morgan	A. H. Brown
19	Blithely from the moated churchyard (C)	J. E. B.	Rev. R. F. Smith
20	Gently falls the winter snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	H. S. Irons
21	If Angels sung our Saviour's birth (E)		A. H. Brown
22	Carol we the blessing (E)		B. K. Atkyns
23	Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly (C)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Rev. A. T. Gurney
24	On this glorious Easter morning		Traditional
25	Singing the reapers homeward come (H)		W. H. Gill
26	Holy is the seed time (H)	Miss M. A. Headlam	Albert Lowe
27	Sleep, my Saviour, sleep (C)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	Bohemian; arr. by Rev. R. F. Smith
28	Silent night! Holy night! (C) *Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht!*	Tr. from the German of J. Mohr	F. Gruber
29	Carol, carol Christians (C)	Bishop A. C. Coxe	M. Lindsay
30	Mortals, awake, the morning is breaking (C)		M. A. F.
31	Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes (C)	West of England	Traditional; arr. by H. S. Irons
32	Hark! what sounds are sweetly stealing (C)		
33	Sing ye the songs of praise (C)	Rev. W. Layng	Mrs. C. Farebrother
34	Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing (C)	Traditional	J. W. Sidebotham
35	There came three kings ere break of day (C)	Rev. G. Moultrie	Rev. R. F. Smith
36	Hark! what mean those holy voices (C)	Rev. J. Cawood	G. B. Arnold
37	Moving o'er the troubled waters (W. S.)		Rev. A. Ulmann
38	God, who rulest through the ages (T)		Rev. A. Ulmann
39	God hath sent His angels (E)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	J. C. D. Parker
40	Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
41	Easter flowers and dressing		A. H. Brown
42	The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
43	Lo! a star, ye sages hoary (C)	S. K. Cowan	W. Newport
44	There came a little Child to earth (C)	Emily E. S. Elliott	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
45	Angel hosts in bright array (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
46	Ye happy bells of Easter Day	alt. by Rev. R. R. Chope	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
47	Awake! awake! 'tis Easter Morn	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
48	Shine, O sun, in splendour bright (E)		H. H. Colburn
49	Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day (C)	W. C. Dix	Henry Gadsby
50	Behold a little Child (C)	Bishop W. W. How	R. Brown-Borthwick

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
51	A song and a Carol for Christmas-tide	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
52	From far away we come to you (C)	W. Morris	Rev. J. B. Dykes
53	Alleluia! Alleluia! hearts to heaven (E)	Bishop Chr. Wordsworth	F. Westlake
54	The Easter sunshine breaks again		
55	Easter flowers, Easter carols	W. J. Roberts	Rev. W. H. A. Hall
56	Morn of beauty! Morn of gladness (E)		E. Handley
57	The birds are singing on the trees (Asc)		Bishop H. L. Jenner
58	Come, let us sing the story (C)		H. W. Little
59	Hark! the full-voiced choir is singing (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	W. Gowman
60	In the field with their flocks abiding (C)	Rev. F. W. Farrar	J. Farmer
61	Let every heart now dance with joy (C)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
62	Easter Day hath dawned again		C. A. Barry
63	Christ is risen, all triumphant (E)		Rev. A. Ulmann
64	Now all the bells are ringing (E)		Rev. J. B. Dykes
65	Come forth and bring your garlands (E)	Mrs. J. W. Anderson	Rev. A. Ulmann
66	Good news from the hills of Judæa (C)		Madame Sainton-Dolby
67	The stars are shining bright and clear (C)		Rev. E. W. Bullinger
68	Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	A. H. Brown
69	Come to the manger in Bethlehem (C)		Samuel Smith
70	The joyful morn is breaking (C)		E. J. Hopkins
71	No room in the inn (C)		H. J. Gauntlett
72	Christ the Lord is risen again (C)	M. Weisse; tr. by C. Winkworth.	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
	Christus ist erstanden		
73	Easter flowers are blooming bright (E)		Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley
74	Soldiers, awake! This is the festal hour (E)		W. H. Walter
75	Heaven with rosy morn (E)	Bishop J. Williams	Miss J. R. Higinbotham
	Aurora lucis rutilat		
76	At the early Easter morn		J. A. Johnson
77	Ring out, ye throbbing stars of night (C)		Mrs. J. H. Barbour
78	O dark was the night (C)		B. W. J. Trevaldwyn
79	Carol, brothers, carol (C)	Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg	Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg
80	Silent stars were watching (C)		Rev. W. H. A. Hall
81	Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain (C)	Rev. H. Bonar	J. W. Sidebotham
82	Sing we now of joy and gladness (C)	W. Gilbert	W. Gilbert
83	The bells are ringing glad and sweet (C)		D. E. Hervey
84	Star of glory, brightly streaming (C)		J. Garnett
85	No room within the dwelling (C)		Rev. R. F. Dale
86	'Neath the stars that shone so bright (C)		Matthew Cooke
87	Near the tomb where Jesus slept (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
88	Christ is risen! Alleluia! (E)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	F. C. Maker
89	Sweetly the birds are singing (E)		C. F. Roper
90	O Holy Church, but yester-night (E)	Rev. H. G. Batterson and Rev. W. Staunton	
91	Christ the Lord is risen to-day (E)		German
92	Sing Alleluia, all ye lands (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Traditional
93	O'er the hill and o'er the vale (C & Ep)	Rev. J. M. Neale	F. J. Dugard
94	A message from our Father (C)		H. L. Bianco
	The Christmas message		
95	Oh! sing a merry carol (C)		C. F. Roper
96	When Christ was born of pure Marie (C)	Harleian MS. alt. by Rev. R. R. Chope	H. S. Irons
	Christo paremus canticam, excelsis gloria		
97	Ring out, ring out, O Christmas bells	Katharine Ingmise	C. F. Roper
98	In the lonely midnight (C)	Rev. T. C. Williams	A. P. Howard
99	Sing, O sing this blessed morn (C)	Bishop Chr. Wordsworth	C. F. Roper
100	Nowell — Hail gentle King (C)	W. Maristow	W. Maristow
101	Ring out, ring out a joyful peal (C)	H. G. Duffield	W. Borrow
102	Easter flowers are blooming bright (E)		J. T. Field
103	Ostera! Spirit of spring-time (E)		J. I. Alexander
104	All hail the gladsome Easter Morn		Bowness Briggs
105	Christ is risen! Christ is risen! (E)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	J. T. Field
106	See! the morning-star is dwelling (C)	Rev. W. Wood	J. E. Pinkham
107	While shepherds watched their flocks (C)	N. Tate	A. P. Howard
	The Vision of the Shepherds		
107(2)	While shepherds watched their flocks (C)	N. Tate	H. S. Irons
108	What child is this, who, laid to rest (C)	W. C. Dix	J. T. Field
109	Hark! how the bells at midnight hour (C)	Rev. J. B. Powell	Rev. J. B. Powell
110	Christmas comes again	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
111	The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	John A. Preston
112	Christ hath arisen (E)		
113	The crown is on the Victor's brow (E)	Unknown date and authorship; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
	Finita jam sunt praelia		
114	A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time	Rev. G. P. Grantham	G. B. Lissant
115	The Lord is risen! is risen indeed (E)		E. Handley
116	The morning purples all the sky (E)	Tr. by Rev. A. R. Thompson	
	Aurora coelum purpurat		

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
117	A meteor bright its wondrous light (C)		E. Lemare
118	O'er the plains the darkness deepens (C)	Rev. W. J. Vernon	Miss F. R. Havergal
119	Christmas songs are ringing now		Knapp
120	The Christmas bells are ringing	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Flemish; arr. by H. S. Irons
121	Gentle Saviour, day and night (C)	Tr. by Rev. S. Baring-Gould	French Flanders; Har. by Rev. H. F. Sheppard
122	Moonbeams are streaming (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
123	Christ is risen! Christ is risen (E)		Mrs. L. E. Morehouse
124	The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	L. H. Redner
125	Christ is risen! Alleluia! (E)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	G. C. Pearson
126	Joyously, joyously, silvery clear (C)		A. C. White
127	On the Birth-Day of the Lord (C) *In Natali Domini*	Tr. by Rev. R. F. Littledale	Rev. J. B. Dykes
128	Joyfully, joyfully, angels are singing (C)		C. F. Roper
129	Carol we high, carol we low (C)		A. Redhead
130	Hark! sweet angel voices singing (C)	T. Fletcher	W. T. Belcher
131	Child Jesus lay on Mary's knee (C)		Rev. C. M. Conant
132	Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives (E)		C. Fitzsimmons
133	Let the whole world chant and sing (E) *Concinat orbis cunctus, Alleluya*	Tr. by Rev. E. H. Plumptre	Henry Smart
134	Put on thy beautiful robes (E)	W. C. Dix	G. B. Lissant
135	Sing, O sing, ye children (E)		G. C. Pearson
136	Have you heard the wondrous story (E)		H. W. Parker
137	O let us all, rejoicing (H)	Rev. S. C. Hamerton	H. S. Irons
138	The fields are white to harvest (H)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	Rev. H. F. Sheppard
139	Make melody within your hearts (H)		Rev. F. A. J. Hervey
140	Come forth, come forth, brave reapers (H)	Rev. G. Moultrie	G. B. Lissant
141	List afar! what angel voices (C) Child Divine	Rev. F. K. Harford	Sir J. F. Bridge
142	See amid the winter's snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	R. A. Smith
143	I should like to have heard the angels The first Christmas night	Rev. E. Husband	W. H. Sangster
144	Hark! what heavenly sounds (C)		H. T. Tiltman
145	While in peaceful slumbers lying (C)		H. T. Tiltman
146	The Easter sunshine breaks again		G. E. Oliver
147	He is risen, He is risen (E)		R. R. Arndell
148	Put on, put on your best array (E)		E. Greatorex
149	Hallelujah! raise the song (E)		J. W. Andrews
150	Merrily the Easter bells	Rev. R. R. Chope	G. B. Lissant
151	Joyful tidings of a Saviour (C)	Rev. E. A. H. Besly	Rev. S. M. Nourse
152	Hark! the joyful Christmas greeting		F. T. Southwick
153	Hark! the herald angels singing (C)		Rev. R. F. Smith
154	Over hills and over plains (C)	C. L. Matteaux	G. Saunders
155	Through the midnight air (C)	Miss J. Goddard	F. W. Dawkins
156	Christians, listen while we sing (C)	Rev. F. H. Groome	Rev. R. F. Smith
157	Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. E. S. Medley
158	Ring out, sweet Easter bells		James Blaikie
159	The Day of Resurrection (E) *Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα*	S. John Damascene; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. W. H. Vibbert
160	Hark! bright angels sweetly sing (E)	Rev. R. R. Chope	H. S. Irons
161	Beyond the starry skies (E)		F. O. Marvin
162	Away with loyal hearts and true (C)	Rev. J. B. Gray	Rev. J. B. Gray
163	All jubilant with psalm and hymn (C)	Rev. F. W. Farrar	Sir J. F. Bridge
164	O lovely voices of the sky (C)	Mrs. F. D. Hemans	Traditional
165	Softly the night is sleeping (C)		J. M. Crament
166	Come, ye, lift your joyous voices (E)		Bowness Briggs
167	Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	James Blaikie
168	Raise the song for Easter		Rev. B. E. Backus
169	O joyous Easter morning		G. E. Oliver
170	Hallelujah! Song of triumph (E)	Rev. G. Thring	Rev. R. F. Smith
171	There dwelt in old Judæa (C)	D. R. Raymond	J. P. Harding
172	Ring on, ye joyous Christmas bells	Rev. H. G. Batterson	Henry Wilson
173	What do they say, these bells to me (C)	G. W. Brindley	Caleb Simper
174	All my heart this night rejoices (C) *Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen*	P. Gerhardt; tr. by Miss C. Winkworth	A. Esmond
175	The night in solemn stillness hung (C)		J. G. Smith
176	Tell the story of the Risen (E) Sleeper, awake	Bishop W. C. Doane	J. A. Jeffery
177	Rejoice! to-day earth tells abroad (E)	W. C. Dix	Rev. R. F. Smith
178	Let the merry church bells ring	J. M. Neale	A. P. Howard
179	Christ is risen! lift the song (E)	Rev. R. R. Chope	Rev. R. F. Smith
180	The crown is on the Victor's brow (E) *Finita jam sunt praelia*	Of unknown date and authorship; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	J. T. Field
181	Angels we have heard on high (C)		Old French

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
182	Infant so gentle, so pure and so sweet (C)		Gasçon
	Qu'il est amiable		
183	O night, peaceful and blest (C)		Normandie
	O bienheureuse nuit		
184	The Christmas stars are shining	Miss J. Goddard	F. W. Dawkins
185	From realms of glory far away (C)	G. W. Brindley	C. Simper
	Good news we bring and peace		
186	Ring out, sweet bells C)		W. J. Westbrook
187	Shades of silent night (C)	Rev. G. W. Druce	C. H. Sunderland
188	The Christmas bells are ringing	Rev. G. P. Grantham	C. H. Sunderland
	The Christmas Bells		
189	The Christmas comes		C. H. Sunderland
190	Christ, we sing Thy saving Passion (E)	W. C. Dix	G. B. Lissant
191	'Twas on this Easter morning		G. E. Oliver
192	Every flower that blossoms (E)		G. E. Oliver
193	Joy of joys! He lives, He lives (E)	Rev. W. J. Irons	Rev. H. F. Sheppard
194	Days grow longer (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
195	It came upon the midnight clear (C)	Rev. E. H. Sears	Miss J. R. Higinbotham
196	Sing, sing for Christmas	Rev. J. H. Egar	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
197	Ring the joyful Christmas bells		Frank Peskett
198	Now join we all with holy mirth (C)	Henry Blunt	Sir J. Stainer
199	The bells are ringing joyfully (E)		G. E. Oliver
200	Chime, chime, merrily chime (E)		G. E. Oliver
201	Songs of gladness (E)		J. E. N.
202	Near the tomb where Christ hath been (E)	Rev. G. Moultrie	M. S. Skeffington
203	Watching in the meadows (C)	R. S. Watson	M. B. Foster
204	Hark! I hear, sweet and clear (C)	R. S. Watson	M. B. Foster
205	Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	F. W. Partridge
206	Bravely chime, O Easter bells	Elizabeth Claxton	Miss J. R. Higinbotham
207	Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
208	Christ our God and Lord is risen (E)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
209	O earth, on Easter morning		G. E. Oliver
210	O'er the mountains (C)		M. M. Simpson
211	Christians, carol sweetly (C)	W. C. Dix	W. Spinney
212	Ring merrily, ring merrily (C)		J. W. Treadwell
213	Hark! the song of choirs angelic (C)	Rev. F. St. J. Corbett	E. Lancaster
214	Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
215	Days grow longer (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Ancient Melody; Har. by Rev. T. Helmore
216	The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. R. F. Smith
217	Once again the olden story (C)	E. Oxenford	E. Bunnett
	Joyful is the morn		
218	Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	T. C. Dean
219	Sing we merry Christmas	Rev. C. T. Bowen	Rev. C. T. Bowen
220	Ring out the bells for Christmas	Rev. E. A. Washburn	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
221	Twine the Easter garland	Rev. J. Bownes	G. B. Lissant
222	Across the Eastern hill-tops (E)		J. R. Fairlamb
223	Christ is risen from the dead (E)		A. N. H.
224	Hail, Easter bright, in glory dight (E)		16th Cent. melody; Har. by C. Wood
	Serena lux, amena lux		
225	The pearly gates aside are rolled (Asc)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	H. S. Irons
226	See, the morning fair and bright (C)		A. H. Brown
227	Christian people, come and sing (C)		J. C. Macy
228	There were shepherds watching (C)		A. A. Wild
229	Upon the snow-clad earth (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	H. J. Gauntlett
230	On Christmas night true Christians sing		A. H. Brown
231	The Day of Resurrection (E)	S. John Damascene; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	G. E. Oliver
	'Αναστάσεως ἡμέρα		
232	O Lord of all, with us abide (E)	Tr. fr. Latin in "Hy. A. & M."	C. J. Wilson
	Quaesumus, Auctor omnium		
233	We sing to-day our Easter hymn		W. D. Armstrong
234	In the star of morning (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. R. F. Smith
235	There came three kings (C & Ep)		Charles Vincent
236	All this night bright angels sing (C)	W. Austin	J. T. Field
237	Carol, sweetly carol, Raise (C)		W. Sharrot
238	Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	J. T. Field
239	Christians, carol sweetly (C)	W. C. Dix	H. S. Irons
240	Hark! the Christmas songs are singing		Rev. G. J. Magill
241	Day of wonder, day of gladness (E)	B. H. Hall	G. E. Oliver
242	Little Christian children, say (E)		Charles Vincent
243	Bright Easter Day	Rev. H. G. Batterson	A. H. Brown
244	The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
245	O little Babe, in Bethl'hem born (C)		A. F. Warner
246	A little Child is born to-night (C)		A. H. Brown
247	This happy morn a King is born (C)	Mrs. Howard Watson	T. H. Spinney

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
248	Ring out the bells for Christmas	Rev. E. A. Washburn	
249	Faithful people, now rejoice (E)	J. Everest	G. B. Lissant
250	Lift up thy voice with singing (E)	E. G. Selden	G. E. Oliver
251	Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
252	Awake, glad soul, awake (E)		W. A. Smith
253	Angels bright, their pinions folding (C)		F. Adlam
254	Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	C. Erskine
255	O the beautiful old story (C)	Louisa M. Alcott	Rev. G. C. E. Ryley
256	Sleep, my infant Saviour (C)	Rev. G. T. Rider	H. deK. Rider
257	All this night bright angels sing (C)	W. Austin	F. Fruttchey
258	Hark! the merry Christmas bells	M. A. Hofland	M. A. Hofland
259	As those who seek the break of day (E)	W. C. Dix	Rev. R. F. Smith
260	Ring out ye joyous Easter bells		G. E. Oliver
261	Snowdrops, lift your timid heads (E)	Miss M. A. Lathbury	G. E. Oliver
262	Winter-tide hath passed away (E)	14th Century	Piae Cantiones; Har. by B. L. Selby
	Cedit hyems eminus		
263	Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and holy (C)	E. Wiglesworth	G. E. Oliver
264	Christmas time has come again	The Misses Latta	G. E. Oliver
265	Happy bells are ringing (C)		G. E. Oliver
266	The first Nowel that the Angel did say (C)	Traditional	Traditional
267	Rejoice! the Christ is risen (E)		G. E. Oliver
268	On the eve before the Sabbath (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	A. H. Brown
269	There stood three Maries by the tomb (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	J. B. Litler
270	The stars are shining bright and clear (C)		E. Bunnett
271	Long, long ago the angel throng (C)	Rev. F. C. Fisher	F. A. Keene
	The Christmas Story		
272	Sweet angels, ever bright and fair (C)	T. D. Hyde	C. Simper
273	On dewy plain where shepherds were abiding (C)		F. R. Rickman
	Glad Angel Voices		
274	List, I hear the angels singing (E)		G. E. Oliver
275	The fishers sat within their boat (E)		H. E. Button
276	Lo, the winter is past (E)	A. F. M. Custance	A. F. M. Custance
277	Sing with all the sons of glory (E)	Rev. W. J. Irons	A. F. M. Custance
278	Awake! awake! glad voices make (E)	Rev. W. W. Newton	Rev. C. O. Arnold
279	Eastern Monarch, Sages three (C)	15th Century	Mel. fr. Andernach Gesangbuch
	Tres magi de gestibus		Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
280	A day, a day of glory (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Old French; Har. by C. Wood
281	With our songs we greet thee (C)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
282	Come, all friends, and keep the Feast (C)		Rev. H. F. Sheppard
283	Come, listen to my story (C)	Rev. G. R. Woodward	16th Century mel.; Har. by J. R. Lunn
284	A Virgin did come (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	G. H. Gregory
285	Children here on earth who dwell (C)	H. Knight	H. Knight
286	Ring, happy bells, of Christmas time	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
287	Christian children, wake and listen (C)	"Children's Manual"	G. E. Oliver
288	The winds were wailing (C)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	Lesneven
289	Star of Bethlehem, sweetly shining (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
290	Holy was that night so fair (C)	A. Campbell	A. Hollins
291	Hallelujah! raise the song (E)		A. H. Brown
292	The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. G. R. Woodward
293	Bird and blossom, leaf and tree (E)		A. A. Wild
294	Easter flowers are blooming bright		A. F. M. Custance
295	By the thorny way of sorrow (E)		G. E. Oliver
296	O'er hill and dell the Christmas bell (C)		H. Knight
297	In the early morning, early (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	G. E. Oliver
	Christmas morning		
298	O little town of Bethlehem (C)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	A. F. M. Custance
299	Wise men from Egypt's ancient land (C)	May P. Hoyt	G. E. Oliver
300	Morning is breaking (C)		G. E. Oliver
301	Carol, carol joyfully (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
302	O ring, ye bells, sweet Christmas bells		Charles Darnton
303	All hail the gladsome Easter morn		H. E. Earle
304	Welcome, happy morning (E)	Tr. fr. Fortunatus (6th Cent.) by Rev. J. Ellerton	Rev. C. O. Arnold
	Salve, festa dies toto venerabilis aero		
305	Alleluia! sing the triumph (E)	E. Mabel Dawson	A. H. Brown
306	Chime out, ye bells of beauty (E)		G. E. Oliver
307	Once again with joyful voices (E)		G. E. Oliver
308	Upon the snow-clad earth without (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	Sir A. Sullivan
309	Ye bells, ye bells, ye happy bells (C)		A. Berridge
	Ye bells of Christmas time		
310	Fair the night in Bethlehem land (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
	Bethlehem land		
311	Once in Bethlehem of Judah (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	C. E. Kettle
312	Sweetly sang the angels (C)	J. Julian	T. F. Dunhill
313	Sing for joy, sing for joy (E)		E. H. Ruel

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
314	Sadly in the gathering gloom (E)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
315	Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	L. H. Redner
316	We will be merry, far and wide (E)	German of 14th Cent.	M. Praetorius
	Wir wollen alle frölich seyn		
317	The world itself is blithe and gay (E)	Kölnisches Gesangbuch	Kölnisches Gesangbuch; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
	Die ganze Welt, Herr Jesu Christ		
318	Jesus, our Saviour, we welcome thy rising (E)		S. P. Warren
319	In the hallowed manger (C)	Rev. R. E. Adderley	T. Adams
320	Hail, gentle Jesus (C)	J. G. A.	J. G. A.
321	Sweet Mary lulled her blessed Child (C)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
322	O little town of Bethlehem (C)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	Josiah Booth
323	Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	A. F. M. Custance
324	All my heart this night rejoices (C)	P. Gerhardt; tr. by C. Winkworth	H. W. Parker
	Frölich soll mein Herze springen		
325	Angels singing, church bells ringing (C)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	German
326	Ring out, ye wild and merry bells (C)		C. Maitland
327	The shepherds were watching (C)	E. H. Cooke	E. W. S. Watson
328	Again the morn of gladness (E)	Rev. J. Ellerton	Sir J. Stainer
329	Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	H. S. Cutler
330	Alleluia! Risen Lord (E)		H. Wilson
331	Softly through the mellow starlight (E)		G. E. Oliver
332	We are little children (E)		G. E. Oliver
333	Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	Alfred Oake
334	O Christmas, merry Christmas	Frances R. Havergal	M. B. Foster
335	On the first bright Christmas Day		C. J. Ridsdale
336	All my heart this night rejoices (C)	P. Gerhardt; tr. by C. Winkworth	J. Booth
	Frölich soll mein Herze springen		
337	Christ was born on Christmas Day		German
338	List our merry carol (C)		
339	Christ is born of maiden fair (C)		H. J. Gauntlett
340	Arise, arise, the morning bells (C)	Rev. H. R. Haweis	Edwin Moss
341	Yule returns; come Christian people (C)	Rev. R. Watham	V. B. Crowther-Benyon
342	Good Christian men, rejoice (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Trier Gesangbuch
343	O'er Bethlehem's hill, in time of old (C)	M. G. Pearse	Liversey Carrott
344	We three kings of Orient are (C & Ep.)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
345	The Angels' songs this joyful day (E)		A. Redhead
346	Now all the bells of Easter ring		F. R. Price
347	Three women went forth (E)		Arr. fr. Haydn
348	Let us sing Alleluia to-day (E)		E. H. E. A.
349	O welcome, happy Day (E)		Henry Smith
350	The risen Lord to-day is King (E)	Rev. J. C. Middleton	L. H. Redner
351	Carolling, carolling, all thro' the night (C)	Rev. T. D. Hyde	C. Simper
352	The wise men saw a light afar (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	H. J. Gauntlett
353	The Virgin stills the crying (C)	Tr. fr. the Latin by Rev. H. R. Bramley	Sir J. Barnby
	A cradle song of the Blessed Virgin		
354	Like silver lamps in a distant shrine (C)	W. C. Dix	C. Steggall
	The Manger Tnrone		
355	Within a manger bare He lay (C)		A. Redhead
356	Carol, carol, Christians (C)	Bishop A. C. Coxe	Rev. R. F. Smith
357	Let us carols sing (C)		C. Darnton
	Christmas comes again		
358	Be merry, Christian men, and sing (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
	Happy Christmas morning		
359	Child Jesus came to earth this day (C)	Tr. fr. Danish of Hans Christian Andersen	N. W. Gade
	Barn Jesus i en Krybbe lad		
360	Tenderly sleeping so tranquil and sweet (C)		G. S. W.
361	Sweetly sang the angels (C)	Rev. J. Julian	W. T. Crossley
362	Joy-bells ringing, children singing (E)		C. Vincent
363	Easter flowers are blooming bright		A. H. Brown
364	Deck the altar with blossoms fair (E)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
365	'Twas about the dead of night (E)		
366	Ye sons and daughters of the King (E)	17th Century; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
	O filii et filiae, Rex coelestis, Rex Gloriae		
367	Ring out the bells for Christmas	Rev. E. A. Washburn	J. Mosenthal
368	Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night	Bishop Phillips Brooks	L. H. Redner
369	Joy, ye people, great and small (C)	Rev. F. K. Harford	Sir J. F. Bridge
370	The children's King (C)		Old Melody
371	Ring, ring the bells, the joyful bells (C)		F. A. Challinor
372	Holy Night! peaceful Night (C)	Tr. fr. Rev. J. Mohr	Sir J. Barnby
	Stille Nacht I heilige Nacht		
373	Wonderful night! (C)		Bishop J. F. Young
374	The merry bells for us they ring (C)	H. H. Sutcliffe	H. H. Sutcliffe
	Glad Christmas comes again		
375	Christ was born on Christmas Day		

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
376	Hear the angels telling (C)		F. Iliffe
377	Christ was born on Christmas night	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	Sir T. Wardle
378	Three Kings from out the Orient (C)	Rev. T. E. Brown	W. H. Gill
379	Merrily the Easter Bells	Rev. R. R. Chope	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
380	Do you hear the children crying (E). The children's Easter offering	Rev. C. C. Rollitt	Rev. J. D. Herron
381	Give ear, give ear, good Christian man (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
382	We sing our Saviour's praises (E)	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth
383	Past is Lenten sadness (E)		Sir J. F. Bridge
384	Breaks the joyful Easter dawn	Lucy Larcom	German
385	The buds are bursting on the trees (E)	Mabel G. Osgood	R. H. Clouston, Jr.
386	God when He made this world below (H)		A. Redhead
387	Over all the land is glowing (H)	Rev. J. Brett	A. H. Brown
388	Wheat and barley bright with sunshine (H)	G. W. Brindley	C. Simper
389	Fields of gold are glowing (H)	I. J. Postgate	A. H. Brown
390	Soft the autumn suns are shining (H)	Rev. R. Gurney	W. F. Horner
391	O Lord, who shed'st the sunlight's gold (H)	W. H. Jewitt	Rev. R. F. Smith
392	Sweetest music, softly stealing (C)	G. W. Brindley	C. Simper
393	O Christmas Bells, ring far and near	Rev. T. D. Hyde	C. Simper
394	O lovely Star that shone so bright (C)		C. Simper
395	Waken, Christians, greet the morn (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
396	Softly the night is sleeping (C)		C. Simper
397	Clear upon the night air sounding (C)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
398	The flocks were wrapt in slumber (C)	Rev. R. F. Smith	Rev. R. F. Smith
399	Joy and gladness (C)	Rev. G. W. Bethune	G. B. Lissant
400	Hark! hear ye not the angel song (C)	Rev. G. Thring	Traditional
401	Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly (C)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Sir G. J. Elvey
402	What child is this, who, laid to rest (C)	W. C. Dix	Old English
403	The angels sat in the garden-tomb (E)		
404	Roman soldier, tell us true (E)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
405	Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
406	Christ the Lord hath risen (E) *Christus ist erstanden*	12th Century	12th Cent.; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
407	Sing the battle sharp and glorious (E) *Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis*	Fortunatus, 6 Cent.; tr. by W. J. Blew	E. G. Monk
408	Sweet Child Divine, of lowly grace (C)	Rev. J. Brett	A. H. Brown
409	On yester-night I saw a sight (C) The Virgin and the Child	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
410	Hail! sweet Babe, so pure and holy (C)	E. Wiglesworth	E. Pettman
411	Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly (C)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	A. F. M. Custance
412	Waken, Christian children (C)	Rev. S. C. Hamerton	Rev. S. C. Hamerton
413	A shepherd band their flocks (C)	M. Praetorius (?)	M. Praetorius
414	O'er old Judaea's hills (C)		T. Crampton
415	Good King Wenceslas looked out (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Traditional
416	The snow lay on the ground (C)	Old English	Tune of the Pifferari
417	Young and old must raise the lay (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Aachen Gesangbuch
418	There's a wonderful tree (C)	Mrs. M. N. Meigs	F. Schilling
419	Silent Night! hallowed Night! (C) *Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht*	Tr. fr. J. Mohr	Trier Gesangbuch
420	See amid the winter's snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	French Carol
421	Glory to God in the highest (C)	Rev. W. J. Irons	?. Mendelssohn
422	Now sing we a strain of joy (H)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
423	Thine, Lord, are the blessings (H)	Bishop E. H. Bickersteth	C. Vincent
424	Now let us raise our Harvest song		C. Simper
425	The rising morn, the closing day (H)		H. Townsend
426	Come, children, lift your voices (H)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	Rev. G. C. E. Ryley
427	Once more the liberal year laughs out (H)	J. G. Whittier	J. W. Elliott
428	Hark! a burst of heavenly music (C)	Mrs. M. N. Meigs	F. Schilling
429	The first good joy that Mary had (C) The seven joys of Mary	Traditional	Traditional
430	Christ was born on Christmas Day		G. E. Oliver
431	Saw ye never in the twilight (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	Mozart
432	Glad news, glad news, a-near and far (C)		
433	Shepherds five in a ring (C) The Shepherd's Song	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
434	Once in Bethlehem of Judah (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	J. H. Maunder
435	Once o'er the fields of Bethlehem (C)		J. Booth
436	The great God of heaven (C) The Incarnation	Rev. H. R. Bramley	Traditional
437	The Cedar of Lebanon (C)	Rev. R. F. Littledale	Old melody; arr. by E. Sedding
438	Sing the carol! raise your voices (N. Y.)	Rev. C. H. Wood	H. S. Irons
439	A thousand years have come and gone (C)	T. T. Lynch	Traditional; re-arr. by Sir A. Sullivan
440	Sing sweet carols, night is past (E)	Miss C. L. Jackson	S. B. Whiteley
441	The Easter dawn is breaking	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
442	Ring out, sweet Easter-bells	Rev. J. Anketell	Rev. J. Anketell
443	As Mary walked in the garden green (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. R. F. Smith
444	Let us tell the story (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones; Har. by Rev. G. H. Palmer
445	Carol we joyfully (Asc.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	A. H. Brown
446	Bring them to the Master (F. S.)		Rev. G. C. E. Ryley
447	Gathered in the House divine (F. S.)	Bishop G. E. Moule	M. S. Skeffington
448	All is bright and cheerful (F. S. or C. D.)	Rev. J. M. Neale	W. H. Walter
449	Coming from the winter (E)		T. R. G. Jozé
450	A song of Spring once more we sing (F. S. or C. D.)	W. H. Groser	J. Booth
451	The summer days are come again (F. S. or C. D.)	Rev. S. Longfellow	Traditional
452	Beauteous are the flowers of earth (F. S.)	W. C. Dix	Sir J. Stainer
453	Now sing we a song for the harvest	Rev. J. W. Chadwick	S. Reay
454	Hearken to the thankful reapers (H)	Rev. J. Bownes	Rev. R. F. Smith
455	Good news, good news is sent (H)	W. H. Jewitt	Rev. R. F. Smith
456	Come, hear ye how God's priest of old (H)	W. H. Jewitt	G. B. Lissant
457	Gather them in (H)		Henry Smith
458	Ring, bells, ring (H)	M. O. Brown	M. O. Brown
459	The stars are brightly shining (C)	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth
460	Whence comes this rush of wings (C)	Bas-Quercy	Bas-Quercy
	Nouèl des Ausèls		
461	Now let us sing the Angels' song (C)	Frances R. Havergal	A. Randegger
462	Lo! a fair Rose is blooming (C)	German of 15th Cent.	M. Praetorius
463	A Babe is born in Bethlehem (C)	Tr. by Rev. C. P. Krauth	15th Cent. Trad.
	Puer natus in Bethlehem		
464	O'er the hill and o'er the dale (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	"In vernali tempore;" Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
465	O'er Bethlehem's hill in time of old (C)	M. G. Pearse	A. E. Floyd
466	Once again the olden story (C)	E. Oxenford	G. E. Oliver
467	See amid the winter's snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Sir J. Goss
468	All the skies to-night sing o'er us (C)	Rev. J. O'Connor	German
469	Gather around the Christmas Tree	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
470	There came three Kings from Eastern land (C)	Köln Gesangbuch	Har. by B. L. Selby
	Esführt drei Könige Gottes hand		
471	From silver gates of Ecbatoun (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
	The Quest of the Three Kings		
472	He is risen from the dead (E)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	A. H. Brown
473	At Easter morn the lark ascending	Tr. fr. E. Geibel	J. H. Knecht
474	Breaks the joyful Easter dawn	Lucy Larcom	H. G. Gilmore
475	The little flowers came through the ground (E)	Laura E. Richards and W. Hawkins	Karl Reinecke
	At happy Easter Time		
476	Golden harps are sounding (Asc.)	Frances R. Havergal	Rev. E. P. Parker
477	Ye heavens, uplift your voice (E)	14th or 15th Cent.	Piae Cantiones; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
	Plaudite coeli		
478	Sing your carols to-day (W. S.)	Rev. J. C. Middleton	G. W. Warren
479	The sower went forth sowing (H)	Rev. W. St. H. Bourne	Sir J. F. Bridge
479(2)	Little birds are singing (C. D.)	M. E. J. Appleby	C. L. Naylor
480	Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail (H)	J. H. Gurney	G. B. Lissant
481	The flowers in garden, field and wood (F. S.)	H. F. Nicholls	H. F. Nicholls
482	Heavenly Father, God alone (H)	Rev. G. Moultrie	G. B. Lissant
483	It is a day of gladness (F. S. or C. D.)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	C. A. Barry
484	Pansies, lilies, roses (F. S.)	C. Griffiths	J. Booth
485	Earth below is teeming (H)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	
486	There's a song in the air	J. G. Holland	Rev. G. E. Martin
487	'Twas jolly, jolly Wat (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
488	Sing with joy, 'tis Christmas morn	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	Sir J. Stainer
489	The holly and the ivy (C)		Old French
490	Simple Carollers are we (C)	J. P. Douglas	J. B. Boucher
491	The angels sing around the stall (C)		J. M. Haydn
492	The moon shines bright (N. Y.)		Traditional
493	This day is born Emmanuel (C)		M. Praetorius
494	A Child this day is born (C)	Traditional	Traditional
495	Away in a manger (C)	M. Luther	J. E. Spilman
496	In Bethl'hem of Judah (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
497	In dulci jubilo (C)	14th Century	14th Cent. melody; Har. by R. L. de Pearsall
498	Welcome be our Heavenly King (C)		Sir J. F. Bridge
499	Listen, lordlings, unto me (C)	Rev. H. R. Bramley	Gasçon; 16th Cent.
500	All my heart this night rejoices (C)	P. Gerhardt; tr. by Miss C. Winkworth	F. C. Maker
	Frölich soll mein Herze springen		
501	Gems and flowers of rich perfume (E)		C. S. Baker
502	O come on this bright Easter Day		Henry Smith
503	Ring, happy bells of Easter time	Lucy Larcom	H. H. Pike
504	As Mary walked in the garden green (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Granthan
505	Lift up, ye everlasting doors (Asc.)		Rev. E. L. Hopkins
506	The Lord at first did Adam make (C)	Traditional	West of England

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
507	nce in Bethlehem of Judah (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	F. J. Dugard
508	rist was born on Christmas Day		C. L. Williams
509	d rest ye merry, gentlemen (C)	Traditional	L. H. Redner
510	e shepherds had an angel (C)	C. G. Rossetti	F. L. Wiseman
511	ne ye, with the angels sing (C)	W. T. Brooke	A. H. Brown
512	the wintry heaven (C & Ep.)	Cho. by Rev. R. R. Chope	Rev. R. F. Smith
513	The snow lay on the ground (C)	Old English . . . . Italian melody; Har. by S. P. Waddington	
514	Good Christians rise, this is the morn (C)		N. B. Warren
515	The snow lay deep upon the ground (C)	Traditional	West of England
516	Now we bring our Christmas treasures	Maria H. Bulfinch	Rev. A. T. Gurney
517	A Virgin most blessed (C)		Traditional
518	Far be sorrow, tears, and sighing (E) *Cedant justi signa luctus*	Unknown date and authorship; tr. by. . Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
519	The little flowers came from the ground (E)	Laura E. Richards and W. Hawkins	C. L. Naylor
520	Angels come, on joyous pinion (E) *Adeste, Coelitum Chori*	N. Le Tourneaux: tr. by Rev. I. Williams.	13th Century
521	Hark! the angels bright are singing (E)	Miss M. F. Cusack	H. E. Button
522	The Morning of Salvation (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale. Piae Cantiones; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward	
523	Hear the loving Easter bells Easter Bells	Miss H. G. Farmer	R. H. Clouston, Jr.
524	Come with us, sweet flowers (F. S.) *Nouèl de las Flous*		Bas-Quercy
525	Voices of children in gladness greet (C. D.)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
526	Around the throne of God a band (C. D.)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. F. Peel
527	The days are gliding swiftly by (C. D.)	Mrs. E. H. Leland	J. W. Tosh
528	The flowers of earth are blooming (F. S.)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
529	Thee we praise, O God of harvest (H)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
530	The song of the Heavenly Harvest Home	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	M. S. Skeffington
531	He saw the wheat-fields waiting (H)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
532	Once more the joy of harvest (H)		
533	Fair waved the golden corn (H)	J. H. Gurney	T. H. Spinney
534	I sing the Birth was born to-night (C)	Ben Jonson	Sir G. C. Martin
535	We saw a light shine out afar (C) The Golden Carol	Traditional; arr. by Sir J. Stainer	
536	Come and hear the grand old story (C)	Rev. H. Bonar	S. B. Saxton
537	Now blazing Yule logs crown the hearth (C)		N. B. Warren
538	All hail! all hail! to the natal day (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
539	When I view the Mother holding (C)	Tr. by Rev. H. R. Bramley	Sir J. Barnby
540	Lullay, Thou little tiny child (C) The Coventry Carol	"Coventry Mysteries"	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
541	As Jacob with travel was weary one day (C) Jacob's Ladder		Traditional
542	Love came down at Christmas	C. G. Rossetti	J. E. Borland
543	Christ was born on Christmas night	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
544	O merry ring the Christmas bells The Cornish Bells	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
545	O blessed town of Bethlehem (C) Gloria in Excelsis	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
546	Sing we now our hymns of gladness (E)	Rev. S. Longfellow	P. L. Atherton
547	O Sons and Daughters, let us sing (E) *O filii et filiae, Rex coelestis, Rex gloriae*	17th Cent.; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
548	This is the Feast Day of our King (E)		Sir J. Stevenson
549	Early ere the dawn of the morning (E)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
550	God is gone up (Asc.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	A. H. Brown
551	Go, lovely flowers to the sick and the sad (F. S.)		H. F. Nicholls
552	We bring sweet flowers and garlands gay (F. S.)		From Marschner
553	The spring-tide hour (Spring)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	J. Booth
554	Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing (C. D.)	Bishop Chr. Wordsworth	Rev. F. Peel
555	A song of Spring once more we sing (F. S. or C. D.)	W. H. Groser	J. A. Benson
556	Good Christian people all (C)	Rev. E. Haskins	H. G. Trembath
557	How grand and how bright (C) The Worcestershire Christmas Carol	Rev. W. H. Havergal	Rev. W. H. Havergal
558	The shepherds on fair Bethlehem's plain (C)	E. G. Selden	G. E. Oliver
559	I heard the Church bells ringing (C) Christmas Bells	Sydney Cross	Sydney Cross
560	We sing a song of Christmas time	A. E. Smith	Sir A. Sullivan
561	Nowell! Nowell! Good news I tell (C) *Weihnacht fiedlein*	Rev. G. R. Woodward . . . Old German; Har. by J. S. Bach	
562	Shepherds watching o'er the plain (C)	Mrs. A. Gaskell	E. Lemare
563	Joseph was an old man (C) The Cherry Tree Carol	Traditional	Traditional
564	I heard the bells on Christmas Day	H. W. Longfellow	A. H. Brewer
565	A Babe is born, all of a maid (C).	15th Century . . . . . Traditional; Har. by Sir J. Stainer	
566	In the country nigh to Bethlehem (C)	K. Bartlett	G. Hine

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOUR
567	Christians, listen while we sing (C)	Rev. F. H. Groome	J. Martin
568	Hark! the herald-host is singing (C)	Tr. by J. Bernoff	E. Humperdinck
	Leise wcht's durch alle Lande		
569	Three Kings had journeyed from lands (C)	P. Cornelius; tr. by W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
	The Kings. (*Die Könige*)		
570	Hark! what mean those holy voices (C)	Rev. J. Cawood	C. W earce
571	Virgin-born, we bow before Thee (C)	Bishop R. Heber	C. Gounod
572	Come, listen to the story (C)	Henry Knight	Rev. J. B. Powell
573	Ring out, O bells! your peals to-day (C)		
574	While humble shepherds watched their flocks (C)	N. Tate	G. W. Fink
575	When Jesus Christ was yet a child (C)	Tr. fr. Russian	P. Tschaikowsky
	"The Crown of Roses"		
576	Once in royal David's city (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	H. J. Gauntlett
577	Let our gladness know no end (C)	Traditional	Old Bohemian
578	Carol, Christian children (C)	Miss H. W. Selby	A. Moffat
579	Angels above on Advent morn (C)	P. Cornelius; tr. by W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
	The Christ-Child		
580	'Tween ox and ass in humble shed (C)	Old French Noel	F. A. Gevaert
	The sleep of the Infant Jesus		
581	Over the land in glory (E)	Rev. F. L. Hosmer	Arthur Foote
582	The fishers sat within their boat (E)		H. E. Nichol
583	On Easter morn Christ rose again (E)		Flemish
584	Through the long hidden years (E)	W. C. Dix	G. B. Lissant
585	Joy hath come to earth again (W. S.)	Rev. R. F. Littledale	From the Swiss; Har. by E. Sedding
586	From East and West (C. D.)	A. E. Curtiss	J. W. Tufts
587	Summer days once more are coming (Spring)	Tr. fr. German	Mozart
588	I hear the children's voices (C. D.)	Mrs. A. Gaskell	E. Lemare
589	Sow ye beside all waters (Spring)	Mrs. A. Shipton	J. M. Crament
590	A joyous song once more we bring (C. D.)	W. H. Groser	F. C. Maker
591	Come, May, thou lovely lingerer (May)	Tr. fr. German	Mozart
592	Now the year is crowned with blessing (H)		A. M. Edwards
593	Earth below is teeming (H)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	A. W. Hamilton-Gell
594	The corn is ripe for reaping (H)	Rev. C. A. Goodhart	J. Farmer
595	Lord of the living harvest (H)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	
596	We plough the fields and scatter (H)	Miss J. M. Campbell	J. A. P. Schulz
597	Three kings in great glory (C)	Selwyn Image	Martin Shaw
598	Ring on, ye joyous Christmas bells	Rev. H. G. Batterson	A. H. Brown
599	O little town of Bethlehem (C)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	L. H. Redner
600	O sing a song of Bethlehem (C)	Rev. L. F. Benson	Sir J. Barnby
601	The shepherds had an angel (C)	C. G. Rossetti	J. C. Bridge
602	Carol, sweetly carol (C)	Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby)	E. Bunnett
603	A Virgin most pure (C)	Traditional	Traditional
604	Whilst Bethlehem's shepherds kept (C)	L. Bainbridge	E. H. Smith
605	Christ, hath Christ's Mother (C)	Lionel Johnson	Martin Shaw
	Hominum Laudes		
606	Last night as I lay sleeping (C)		C. Vincent
	The Angels' Song		
607	It came upon the midnight clear (C)	Rev. E. H. Sears	R. S. Willis
608	On Bethlehem's silent plain (C)		M. Hornabrook
609	All children are on Christmas eve		
610	When Christ was born of Mary free (C)	Harleian MS.	A. H. Brown
	Christo paremus canticam, excelsis gloria		
611	In sorrow and in want (C)	Rev. F. W. Farrar	Sir J. F. Bridge
612	Calm on the listening ear of night (C)	Rev. E. H. Sears	E. J. Hopkins
613	Sing of Maiden Mary (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	French Noel
614	Let us the Infant greet (C)	Rev. R. F. Littledale	Samuel Smith
615	The snow lies thick upon the earth (C)	Selwyn Image	Geoffrey Shaw
616	Three kings once lived in Eastern land (C)	Joseph Bennett	F. H. Cowen
617	As with gladness men of old (C)	W. C. Dix	H. W. Davies
618	Christ is risen! Alleluia! (E)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	Henry Wilson
619	Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
620	Come, ye faithful, raise the strain (E)	Tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Flemish
	'Ασωμεν πάντες λαοί		
621	Easter morn with gladness shine		A. Rubinstein
622	Sweet and clear the birds are singing (E)		F. F. Bullard
623	That Easter-tide with joy was bright	Rev. J. M. Neale	Old Lowland carol
624	Soft falls the snow upon the ground (C)	Miss Julia Goddard	A. H. Brown
625	As Joseph was a walking (C)	Traditional	R. R. Terry
	Joseph and the angel		
626	Christ is born! Christ is born! (C)	Traditional	Geoffrey Shaw
627	Thou didst leave Thy throne (C)	Emily E. S. Elliott	Rev. J. B. Powell
628	There came three Sages from afar (C)		Louis J. Garrett
629	Glory to God in the highest (C)	Rev. W. J. Irons	Rev. R. F. Smith
630	Come, ye Christians, all (C)	J. T. Lightwood	Old French

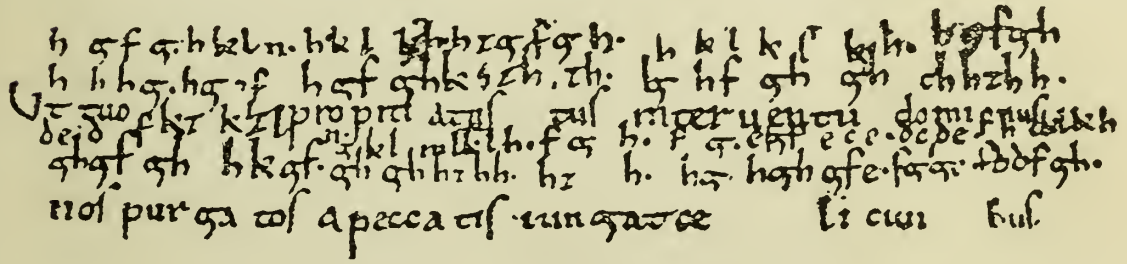
		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
631	What good news the angels bring (C)	MS. in British Museum	Traditional Rouen
632	From heaven above to earth I come (C)	M. Luther	M. Luther
	Von Himmel hock da kommich her		
633	Here is joy for every age (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
634	Long ago in Bethlehem (C)	Evelyn Beale	H. D. Wetton
635	That so Thy blessed Birth, O Christ (C)	G. Wither	H. W. Davies
	The Blessed Birth		
636	All hail to the days (C)	Traditional	17th Century
637	Deep the gloom and still the night (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
638	Of the Father's love begotten (C)	Prudentius, 4th Cent.; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale and Sir H. W. Baker	Flemish Noel
	Corde natus ex parentis		
639	One winter's night I saw a sight (C)	Traditional	Rev. L. J. T. Darwall
640	Mountains, bow your heads majestic (C)	Stoke-upon-Tern Hymn Book	W. H. Cummings
641	I saw three ships come sailing in (C)	Traditional	Traditional
642	O wonderful the tidings (C)	E. Oxenford	E. Bunnett
643	Noel! Born is the King of Israel (C)	Traditional	H. J. Gauntlett
	The First Noel		
644	Come, shepherds, come! shake off your sleep (C)		Tyrolese
	"Ihr Hirten steket alle auf Von eurem tiefen Schlaf"		
645	Jesus Christ is born to-day (C)	Traditional	Har. by J. S. Bach
646	Wake all music's magic powers (C)	Tr. fr. the Latin by Rev. H. R. Bramley	Sir J. Stainer
	Christmas Day		
647	There came three kings from far away (C)	B. Cranston	G. F. Hayward
648	Saw ye never in the twilight (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	B. Tours
649	When the crimson sun had set (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. S. S. Greatheed
650	Hark! the herald angels sing (C)	Rev. C. Wesley	Mendelssohn
651	Once in Bethlehem of Judah (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	C. V. Stanford
652	In the bleak midwinter (C)	C. G. Rossetti	T. B. Strong
653	'Twas in the winter cold (C)	Rev. J. C. Black	Sir J. Barnby
654	As with gladness men of old (C)	W. C. Dix	C. Kocher
655	The Christmas Tree is sparkling (C)	W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
	Christbaum		
656	I would now sing for and I might (C)	Traditional	H. Heale
	The Three Kings		
657	This joyful Easter-tide	"David's Psalmen"	"David's Psalmen"
658	Oh, the golden glowing morning (E)	Rev. G. T. Rider	G. F. Le Jeune
659	It was early in the morning (E)		C. J. Ridsdale
660	On wings of Living Light (E)	Bishop W. W. How	French Melody
661	Golden harps are sounding (Asc.)	Frances R. Havergal	Sir A. Sullivan
662	Let music break on this blest morn (C)	Grace Dickinson	J. B. Calkin
663	O sing we a carol (C)	Rev. W. J. Irons	A. H. Brown
664	At dead of night when all is still (C)		E. J. Hopkins
665	Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing (C)	Traditional	Old Cornish
666	O lowly, sacred Stable (C)	Rev. B. C. Roberts	A. S. Houghton
667	Wake, my heart, while round thee swelling (C)	Tr. fr. P. Gerhardt	J. Kruger
668	Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Trier Gesangbuch
669	Here is joy for every age (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. T. Helmore
670	Here we come a-wassailing (C)	Traditional	Traditional
	The Wassail Song		
671	Good tidings, good tidings (C)		G. E. Oliver
672	The joyful morn is breaking (C)		G. E. Oliver
673	Welcome be Thou heaven-king (C)	Sloane MS.	From Deuteromelia
	Welcome Yule		
674	We've decked the church with ivy (C)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
675	There dwelt in old Judæa (C)		R. Jackson
676	O Babe, in manger lying (C)	W. C. Dix	Sir J. Barnby
677	What tidings bringest thou (C)	MS. of 15th Cent.	J. Dunstable
678	When Christ was born in Bethlehem (C)	Tr. fr. Neapolitan	W. F. Taylor
679	From church to church (C)	MS. of 11th Cent. versified by Rev. J. M. Neale	Hypo-Dorian Mode; Har. by Rev. G. H. Palmer
	Congaudeat turba fidelium		
680	From Heavenly Maid this day did spring (C)	"Songs of Sundry Natures," 1589	W. Byrd
681	Young and old must raise the lay (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	M. Praetorius
682	'Tis Christmas now	"Playford's Select Ayres and Dialogues"	H. Lawes
683	I'll tell you a tale of the olden time (C)	Rev. G. Moultrie	B. W. J. Trevaldwyn and T. W. Staniforth
684	Merry Christmas bells are ringing	Miss M. E. Waite	H. Kotzschmar
685	Came th' Archangel to the Maid (C)	Fr. Latin of 15th Century	13th Century
	Angelus ad Virginem		
686	Night has closed the gates (C)	Rev. J. B. Powell	Marot's French Psalter, 1647
687	The Magi came out of the Orient land (C)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	French Flanders
	Three Kings' Song		
688	Awake, ye shepherds, instantly (C)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	French Flanders
	The Angel and the shepherds		
689	This new Christmas carol	Traditional	Traditional
690	The old year now away has fled (N. Y.)	Ashmolean Library	A. H. Brown

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
691	Touching grace, we Princes three (C)	Marbach Hymner, 12th Cent.	Bohemian Brothers' Book, 1566
692	So happy all the day (C)	Rev. W. H. Havergal	Rev. W. H. Havergal
	The Bethlehem Shepherd-Boy's Tale		
693	Now to Bethlehem haste we (C)	C. F. Hernaman	Rev. J. B. Dykes
694	Day of wonder, day of gladness (C)	B. H. Hall	W. W. Rousseau
695	Come forth and bring your garlands (E)	Mrs. J. W. Anderson	H. Kotzschmar
696	Sing we Alleluia (E)		G. H. Westbury
697	Alleluia! King victorious (E)	S. C. Umlauf	S. C. Umlauf
698	The Easter bells are ringing	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth
699	Hail! all hail this brightest morning (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	A. H. Brown
700	Smile praises, O sky (E)		
701	Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	W. Austin
702	Christians, awake; salute the happy morn (C)	J. Byrom	J. Wainwright
703	Ring out, ye merry bells (C)	Mrs. A. Gaskell	E. Lemare
704	O hark to the bells' glad song (C)	Fr. Latin of 11th Century	Piae Cantiones
705	Remember, O thou man (C)	"Melismata," 1611	T. Ravenscroft
706	It was the very noon of night (C)	Tr. fr. Spanish	Sir J. Barnby
	The story of the Shepherd		
707	Now to God on high be glory (C)	J. H. Gurney	E. Prout
708	Unto us is born a Son (C)	Tr. fr. Latin	Piae Cantiones; arr. by G. Shaw
709	They leave the land of gems and gold (C)	A. de Vere	Old French
710	A Boy is born in Bethlehem (C)	Peter of Nyland; tr. by H. J. D. Ryder.	German
	Puer natus in Bethlehem		
711	Good people, give ear (C)	Rev. J. Barmby	Rev. J. Swire
712	It is Christmas Day by the river	"Oyster Bay Carol"	
713	Shepherds night watch keeping (C)	M. E. Browne	C. E. Deffell
714	All hail, ye merry folk to-day (C)	H. G. Rosedale	G. F. Terry
715	To-day doth blossom Jesse's stem (C)	Rev. G. R. Woodward	E. J. Hopkins
716	'Twas a starry night of old (C)	Jane E. Leeson	C. L. Naylor
717	Awake, arise, good Christians (C)	"Parish Visitor"	F. Schilling
718	What time I kept my sheep in fold (C)	Tr. fr. German	C. Vincent
	Benedicamus Domino		
719	Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Ancient Melody
720	Cold was the day (C)	Sir J. Stainer	Sir J. Stainer
	The Child Jesus in the garden		
721	Now sing we all full sweetly (C)	L. Le Moigne	Poitou
	Chantons! je vous en prie		
722	God rest ye merry, gentlemen (C)	Traditional	Traditional
723	God rest ye merry, gentlemen (C)	Traditional	Traditional
724	God give ye merry Christmas-tide	Old English	Traditional
725	From the Eastern mountains (Ep)	Rev. G. Thring	G. B. Lissant
726	Shepherds, shake off your drowsy sleep (C)	Besançon	Besançon; Har. by Sir J. Stainer
	Chantons! Bargies, noué, noué		
727	Shepherds watching their sheep (C)	P. Cornelius; tr. by W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
	The Shepherds (*Die Herten*)		
728	O haste, the blessed Babe is born (C)		E. Handley
729	Now, prithee, Minstrel, tell to me (C)	E. Mabel Dawson	A. H. Brown
730	Would'st thou magnify the story (C)	Tr. fr. P. Gerhardt	J. E. Ebeling
	Alle, die ihr Gott zu ehren		
731	To us is born a little Child (C)	Köln Gesangbuch	15th Century melody
	Geborn ist uns ein Kinderlein		
732	There comes a galley, laden (C)	Tr. fr. J. Tauler (ab. 1340)	Catholick Gesangbuch
	Es komt ein Schiff geladen		
733	Whom of old the shepherds praised (C)	Traditional	14th Century melody
	Quem pastores laudavere		
734	Blessed be that Maid Marie (C)	Old English. Melody fr. "Ballet's Lute Book"; Har. by C. Wood	
735	The good men all of Chastres (C)	Traditional	Arpajon Carol, 16th Cent.
	Les bourgeois de Chastres		
736	Cradled all lowly (C)	H. Farnie	C. Gounod
	Bethlehem		
737	Where shall the Prince of Peace be born (C)	Ben C. Boulter	Bertha C. Boulter
	The Crib and the Cross		
738	O come, all ye faithful (C)	Tr. by Rev. F. Oakeley	"Cantus Diversi," J. H. Ward
	Adeste fideles		
739	Brightest and best of the sons (Ep.)	Bishop R. Heber	J. P. Harding
740	Though poor be the chamber (C)	H. F. Chorley	C. Gounod
	Nazareth		
741	O Holy Night (C)	J. S. Dwight	A. Adam
	Noël		
742	*In dulci jubilo (C)*	Traditional	R. L. de Pearsall
743	Now rise up, ye shepherds (C)	"Towneley Mysteries"	E. H. Thorne
	The Angel and the shepherds		
744	Like silver lamps in a distant shrine (C)	W. C. Dix	Sir J. Barnby
745	O lovely voices of the sky (C)	Felicia Hemans	Oliver King

		AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
746	*Haut, haut, Peyrot* (C)	Andichon	"Melodies Béarnaises"
747	*Qui creavit coelum, lully, lully, lu* (C)	"Chester Arch. Journal"	"Chester Mysteries"
748	*In natali Domini* (C)	Traditional	"Nürnberger Gesangbuch"
749	*Jure plaudunt omnia* (C)		H. Verdussen
750	*De drie Koningen* (C)		"Chants Populaires Flamands"
751	*Gelobet seis tu Jesu Christ*		Bartholomaeus Gesius

FACSIMILE

Of a MS. (Bodleian 572, fol. 50) still existing, and thought to be the first Native Carol in England. It probably was the work of a monk inventive and well skilled in music. The old alphabetical notation is seen above the Latin text.



In low'ring gloom and cloudiness.

Carol 1. (FOR EASTER.) *Edward Handley.*

(Last Verse Major.)

Slow and soft.

1. In low'-ring gloom and cloud-i-ness, the sun had sunk to rest;
2.* { The an-gels who in grief and awe had watch'd His suff'-rings dread,
{ Had seen the scourge, the cross, the nails, the out-rage and the wrong,
3. † A-gain the light of Eas-ter dawns, and shall we si-lent be,

1. And drear-iest night had dark-en'd o'er the earth's sin-la-den breast:
2. { The an-guish keen, the storm of woe, that gath-er'd o'er His head,
{ Seen Sa-tan's pow'r tri-umph-ant, the hosts of e-vil strong,
3. Nor bless the Love, the Grace, the Pow'r, that us from death set free?

Quicker.

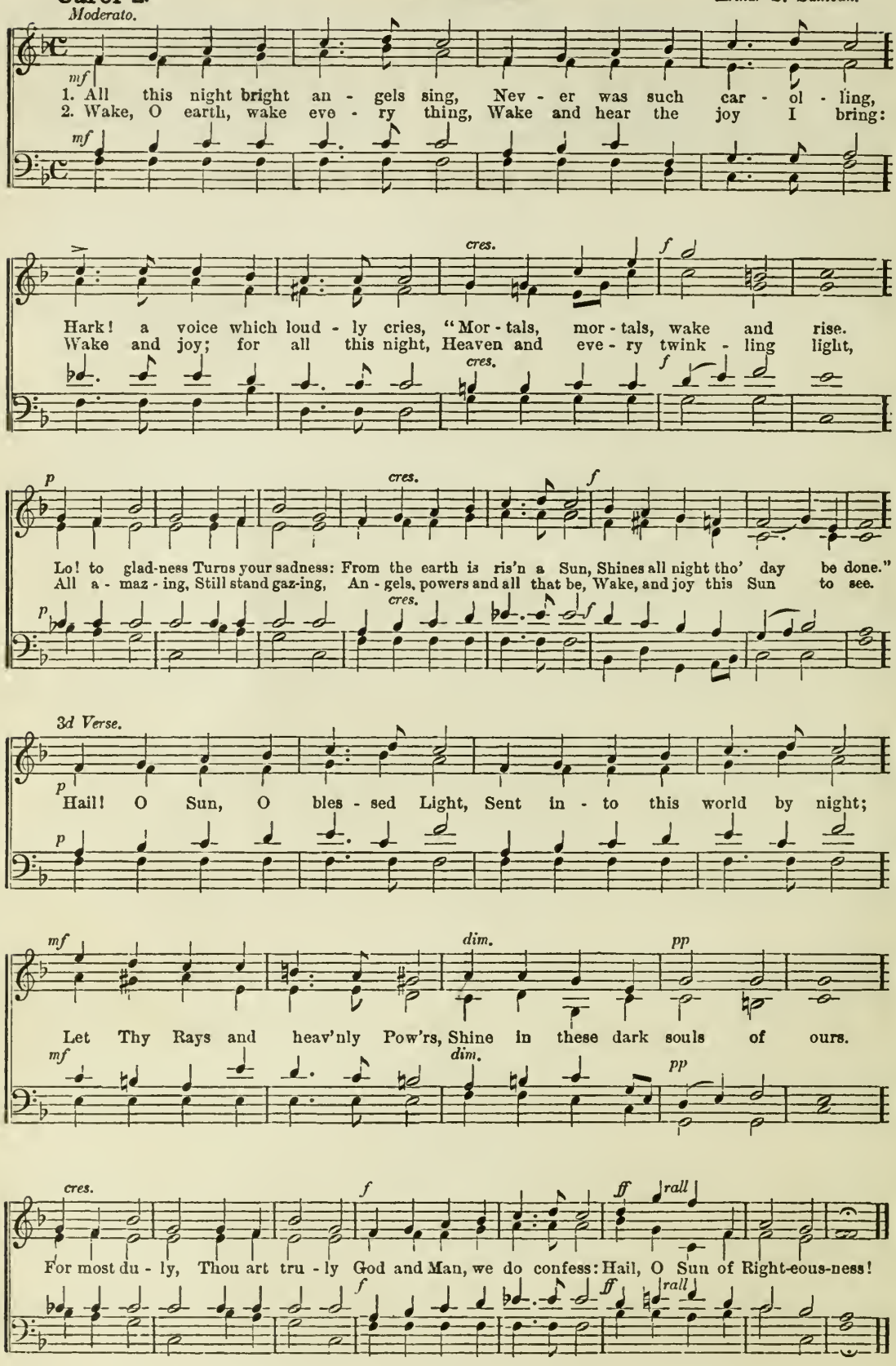
But when that brightest morn-ing broke, the woe and curse were o'er, The pow'rs of death were van-quish-ed, and Sa-tan reign'd no more. The Sav-iour from the tomb a-rose, the darkness pass'd a-way, And o'er the world in beau-ty dawn'd the glorious Eas-ter day.
Now wake the strain with one ac-cord thro' all the courts of Heav'n, To sing the praise of Love Di-vine, the joy of man for-given. The Sav-iour from the tomb a-rose, the darkness pass'd a-way, And o'er the world in beau-ty dawn'd the glorious Eas-ter day.
With ho-ly joy from ear-liest morn let each his voice up-raise, And thro' the ransom'd world resound our Great Re-deem-er's praise. O praise the Fa-ther, praise the Son! and Ho-ly Spir-it bless'd! And be the Name of God most High thro' ev'-ry land con-fess'd.

**In the second verse repeat the first strain to double bar.* *†Music Major throughout.*

Parish Choir, No. 9—4.

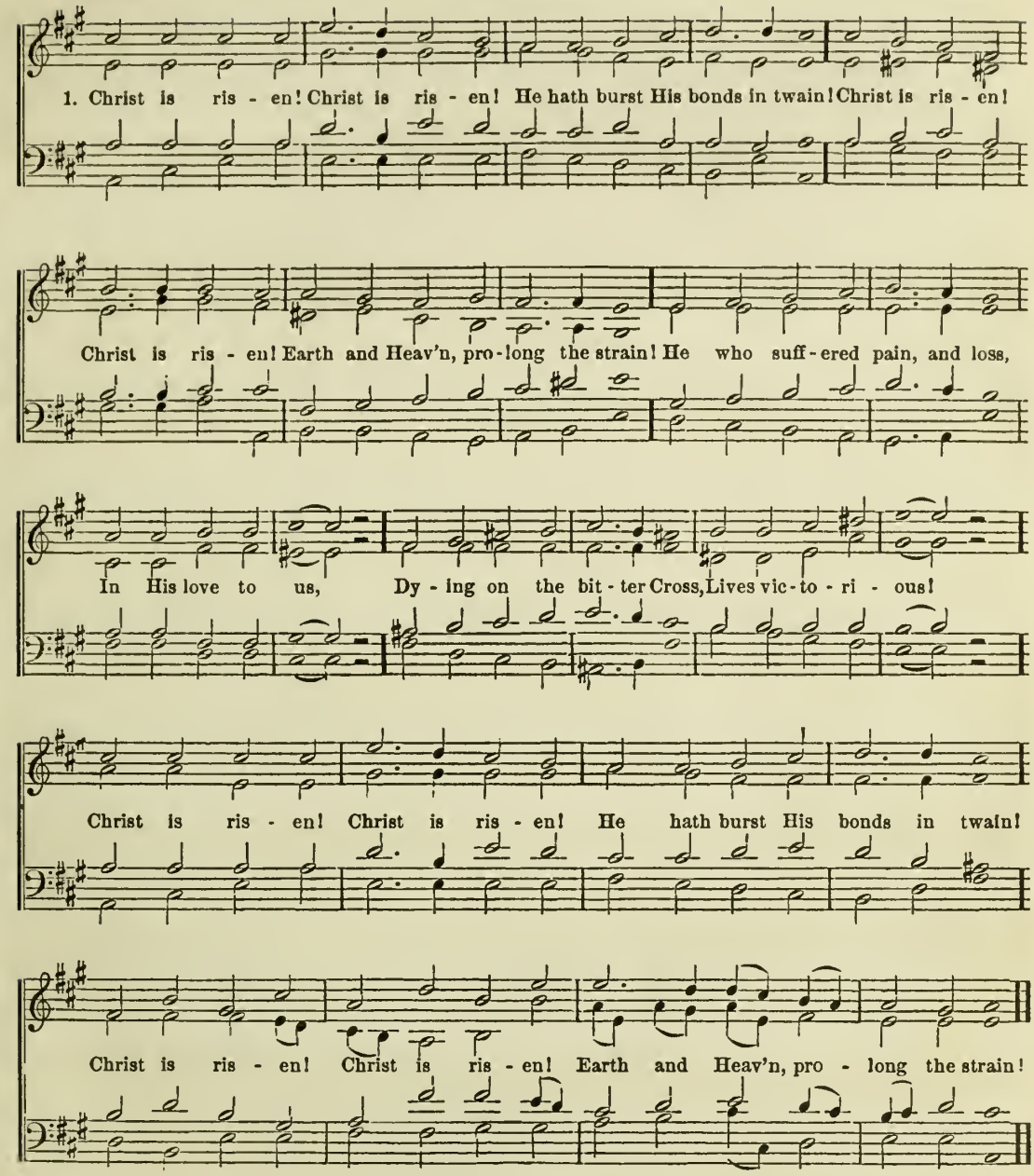
All this night bright angels sing.

Carol 2. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Arthur S. Sullivan.*


Moderato.
mf
1. All this night bright an - gels sing, Nev - er was such car - ol - ling,
2. Wake, O earth, wake eve - ry thing, Wake and hear the joy I bring:
cres.
f
Hark! a voice which loud - ly cries, "Mor - tals, mor - tals, wake and rise.
Wake and joy; for all this night, Heaven and eve - ry twink - ling light,
p
Lo! to glad-ness Turns your sadness: From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night tho' day be done."
All a - maz - ing, Still stand gaz-ing, An - gels, powers and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to see.
3d Verse.
Hail! O Sun, O bles - sed Light, Sent in - to this world by night;
dim.
pp
Let Thy Rays and heav'nly Pow'rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours.
ff
rall
For most du - ly, Thou art tru - ly God and Man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Right-eous-ness!

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

Carol 3. (FOR EASTER.) *Arthur S. Sullivan.*


1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain! Christ is ris - en!
Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n, pro-long the strain! He who suff-ered pain, and loss,
In His love to us, Dy - ing on the bit - ter Cross, Lives vic-to - ri - ous!
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n, pro - long the strain!

2

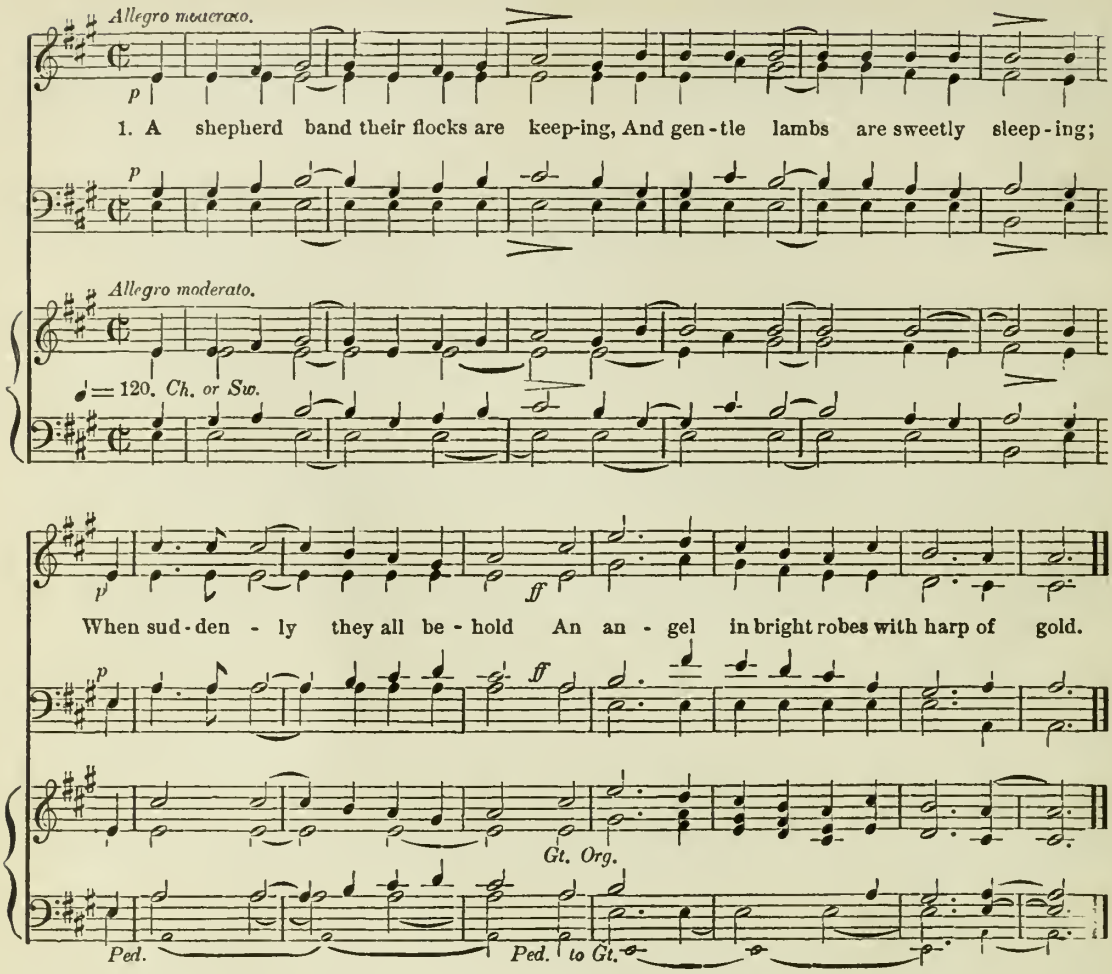
Lo, the chains of death are broken!
Earth below, and heaven above!
Joy anew in every token
Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!
He o'er earth and heaven shall reign
At His Father's side
Till He cometh once again,
Bridegroom to His Bride,
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven, prolong the strain!

3

Angel legions, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of earth and skies!
Ye who watch'd with holy longing
Till your Sun again should rise;
He is risen! earth, rejoice!
Sing, ye starry train!
All things living, find a voice!
Jesus lives again!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven, prolong the strain!

A shepherd band their flocks are keeping.

Carol 4. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *S. P. Tuckerman.*


Allegro moderato.
p
1. A shepherd band their flocks are keep-ing, And gen-tle lambs are sweetly sleep-ing;
Allegro moderato.
♩ = 120. Ch. or Sw.
When sud-den - ly they all be - hold An an - gel in bright robes with harp of gold.
ff
Gt. Org.
Ped.
Ped. to Gt.

2

f Glad tidings of great joy he bringeth,
The azure vault with anthems ringeth;
"Emmanuel" awakes the song,
ff And countless hosts the glorious theme prolong.

3

p "To you this day is born a Saviour,
Your Prophet, Priest, and King for ever;"
f "All glory be to God," they cry;
ff "All glory be to God," let earth reply.

4

p "On earth be peace with mercy blending,
Good-will to men, and love unending;"
Thus sweetly sing the angel throng,
And all the heavenly host rehearse the song.

5

f Through field and wood the song resoundeth,
O'er hill and vale the chorus boundeth;
Exultingly the echoes roll,
ff And hymns of triumph spread from pole to pole

6

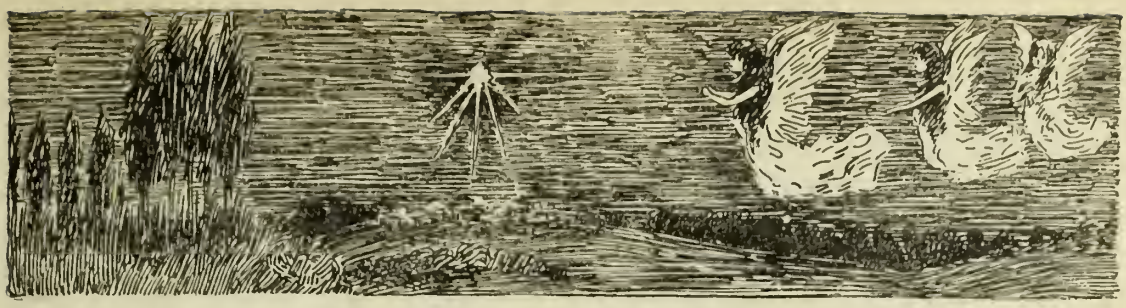
p The shepherds view the host returning,
Their hearts with holy ardour burning;
To Bethlethem they wend their way,
Repeating with glad tongues th'angelic lay.

7

p In haste they seek the heavenly Stranger;
They find the Babe laid in a manger;
With wonder and with awe they fall,
ff And joyfully adore Him, Lord of all!

8

f Now every voice with rapture swelleth,
For Christ the Lord with mortals dwelleth;
Let men and angels Him adore,
ff And shout their glad Hosannas evermore.

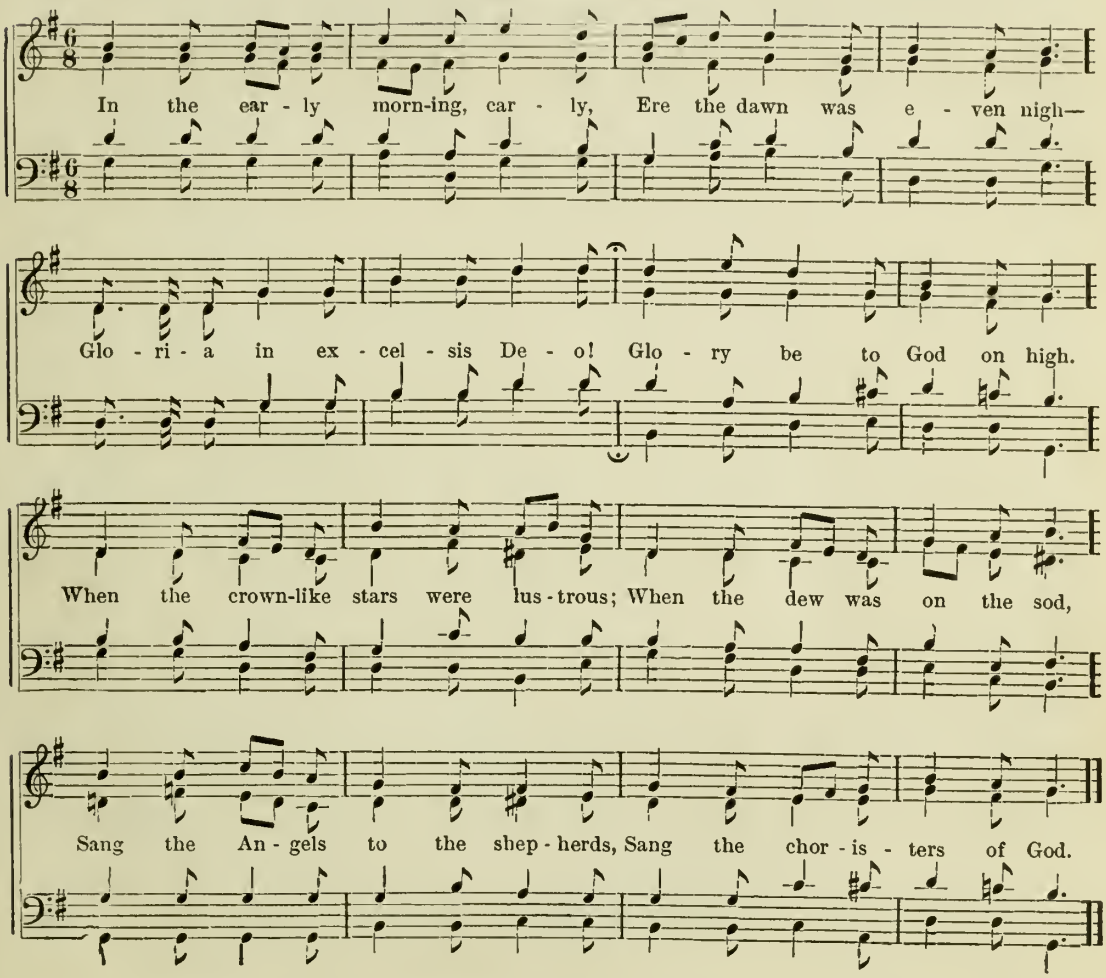


In the early morning, early.

Carol 5.

[FOR CHRISTMAS.]

W. Borrow.


In the ear - ly morn-ing, car - ly, Ere the dawn was e - ven nigh—
Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o! Glo - ry be to God on high.
When the crown-like stars were lus - trous; When the dew was on the sod,
Sang the An - gels to the shep - herds, Sang the chor - is - ters of God.

2

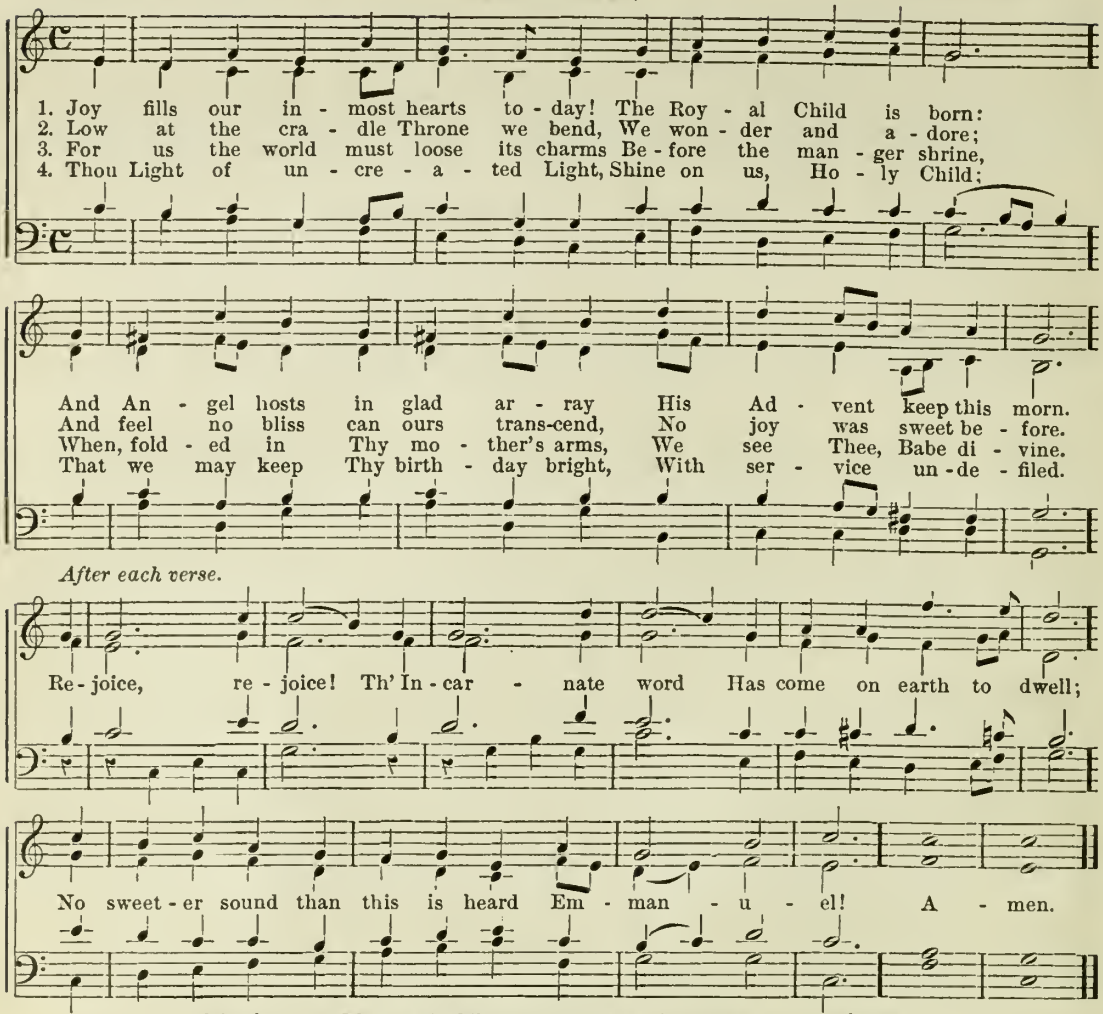
To the humble Bethlehem shepherds,
On the first glad Christmas morn,
Sang the choir of God Angelic,—
Christ the Son of God is born!
When the dew was white and pearly,
Flashed a light across the sky,
In the early morning, early,
Glory be to God on high.

3

Glory in the heavens eternal,
Upon earth be glory, too,
For the day of grace hath broken,
And a King is born to you.
In the early morning, early,
Glory be to God on high:
Rang the sound of Angels harping,
Though the stilly, list'ning sky.

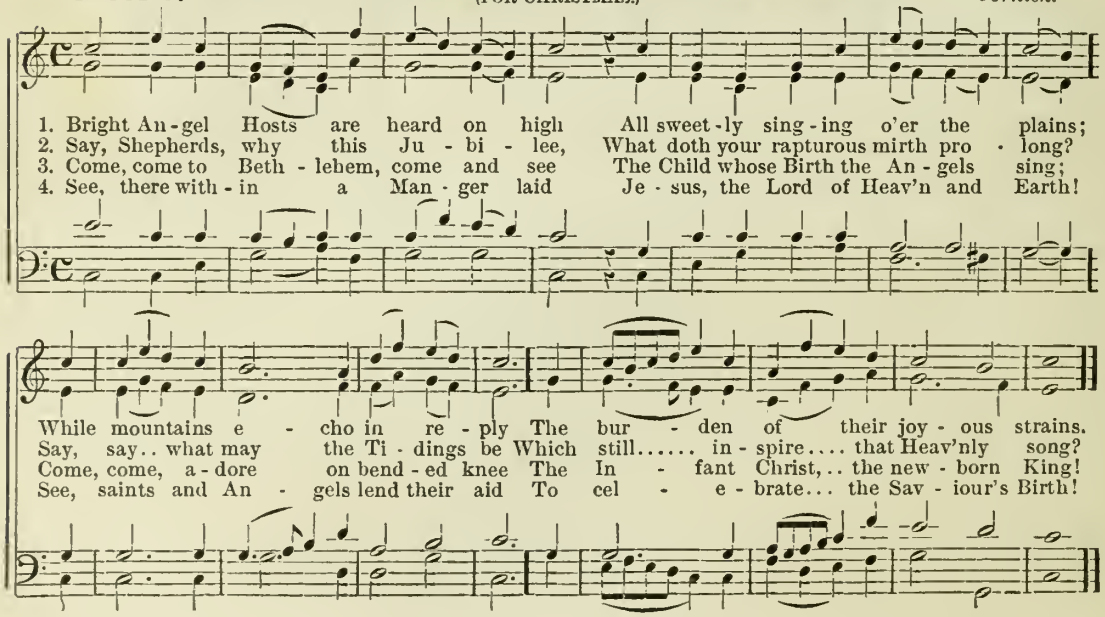
Carol 6. Joy fills our inmost hearts to=day.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Samuel Smith.

1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The Roy - al Child is born:
2. Low at the cra - dle Throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore;
3. For us the world must loose its charms Be - fore the man - ger shrine,
4. Thou Light of un - cre - a - ted Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child;
And An - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.
And feel no bliss can ours trans-cend, No joy was sweet be - fore.
When, fold - ed in Thy mo - ther's arms, We see Thee, Babe di - vine.
That we may keep Thy birth - day bright, With ser - vice un-de - filed.
After each verse.
Re - joice, re - joice! Th' In - car - nate word Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweet - er sound than this is heard Em - man - u - el! A - men.

Carol 7. Bright Angel Hosts are heard on high.

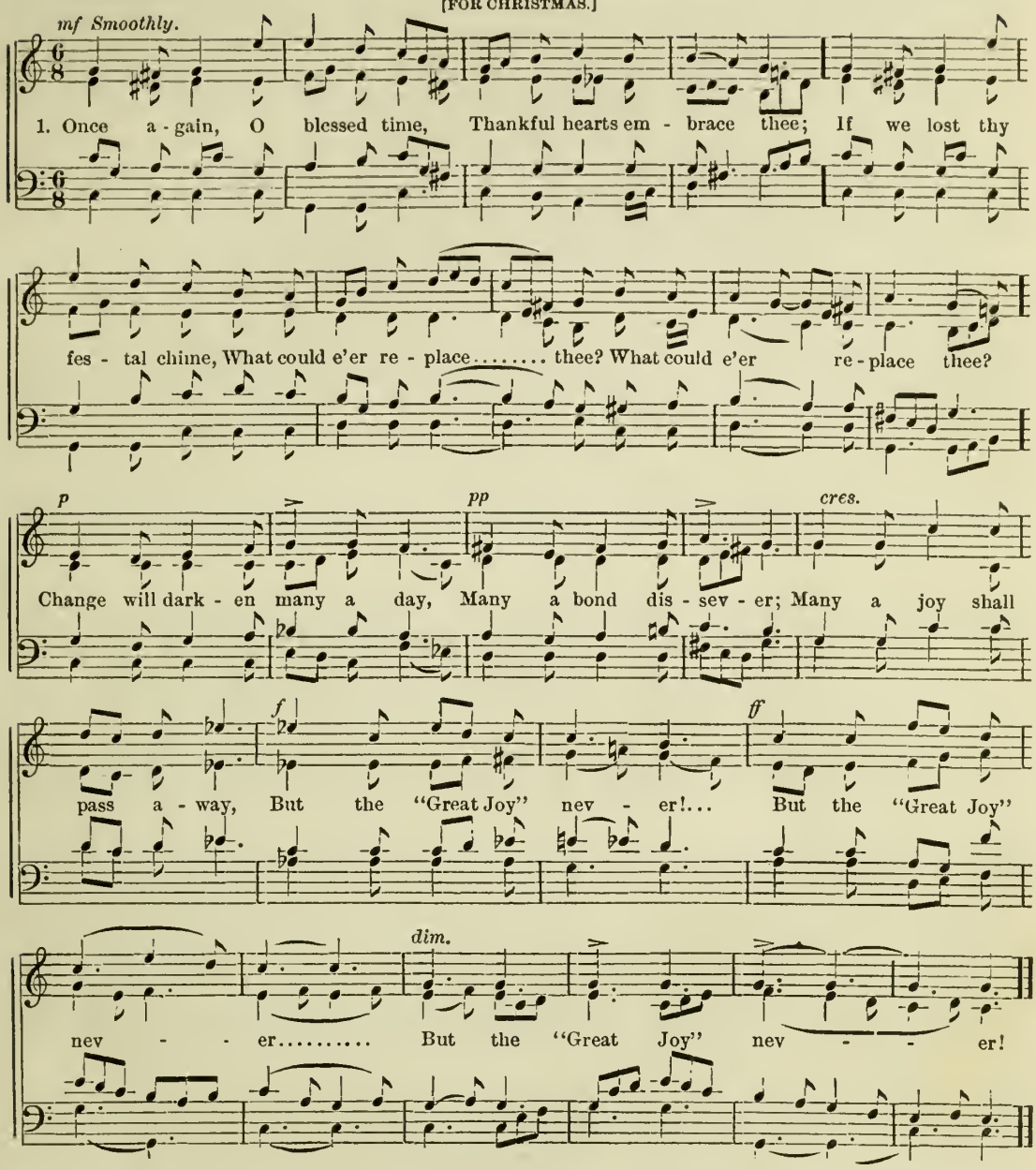
(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Cornish.

1. Bright An-gel Hosts are heard on high All sweet-ly sing-ing o'er the plains;
2. Say, Shepherds, why this Ju - bi - lee, What doth your rapturous mirth pro - long?
3. Come, come to Beth - lehem, come and see The Child whose Birth the An - gels sing;
4. See, there with - in a Man - ger laid Je - sus, the Lord of Heav'n and Earth!
While mountains e - cho in re - ply The bur - den of their joy - ous strains.
Say, say.. what may the Ti - dings be Which still..... in - spire.... that Heav'nly song?
Come, come, a - dore on bend - ed knee The In - fant Christ,.. the new - born King!
See, saints and An - gels lend their aid To cel - e - brate... the Sav - iour's Birth!

Once again, O blessed time.

Carol 8. *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

[FOR CHRISTMAS.]


mf Smoothly.
1. Once a - gain, O blessed time, Thankful hearts em - brace thee; If we lost thy
fes - tal chime, What could e'er re - place..... thee? What could e'er re - place thee?
p
pp
cres.
Change will dark - en many a day, Many a bond dis - sev - er; Many a joy shall
f
ff
pass a - way, But the "Great Joy" nev - er!... But the "Great Joy"
dim.
nev - - - er..... But the "Great Joy" nev - - - er!

2

Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender,
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
Oh! could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation?

3

Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure:
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure:
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

4

Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer:
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

5

So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing:
Thee true GOD, and Thee true Man,
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birth-day morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy's ocean.

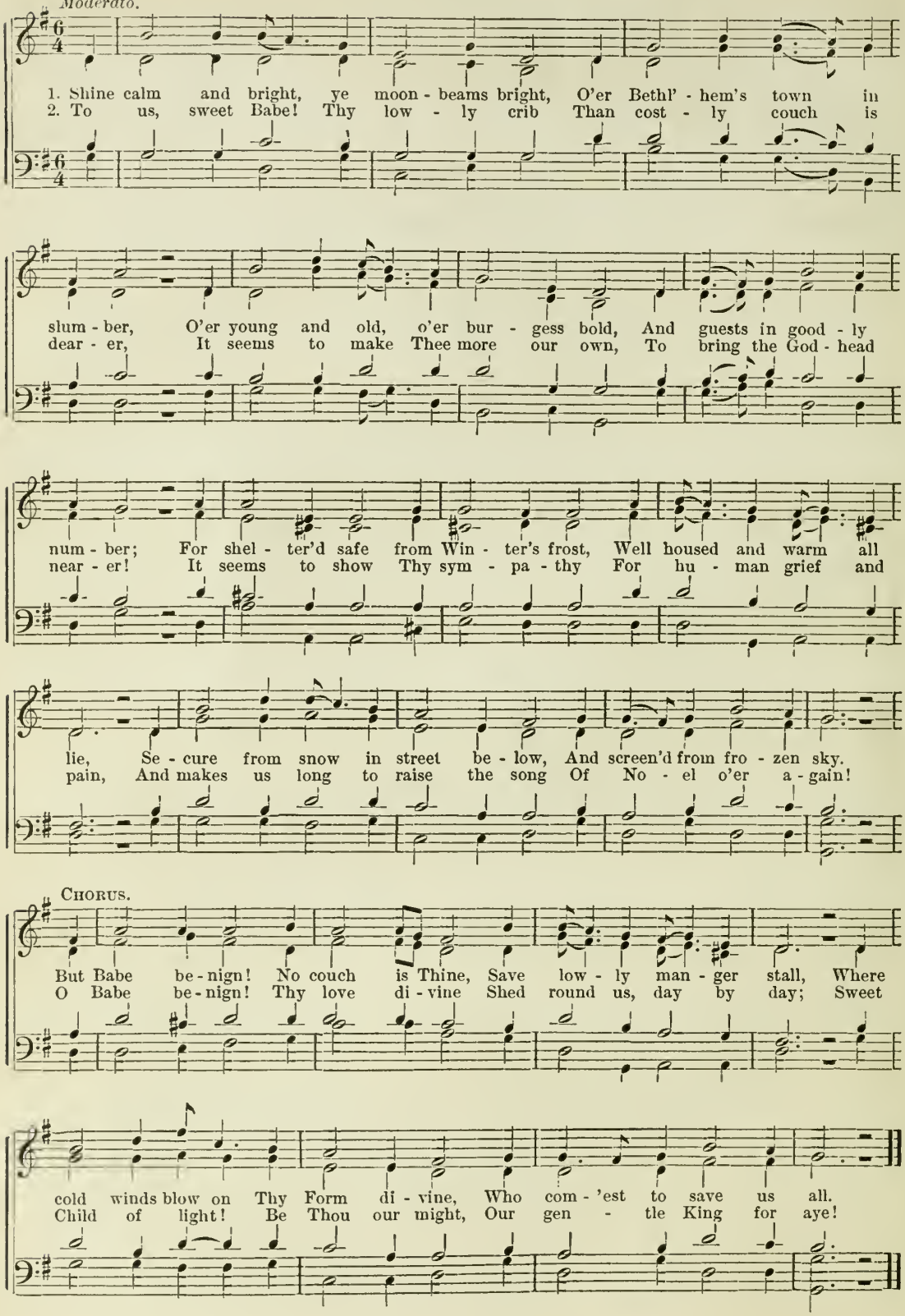
Shine calm and bright, ye moonbeams bright.

Carol 9.

Rev. George P. Grantham.

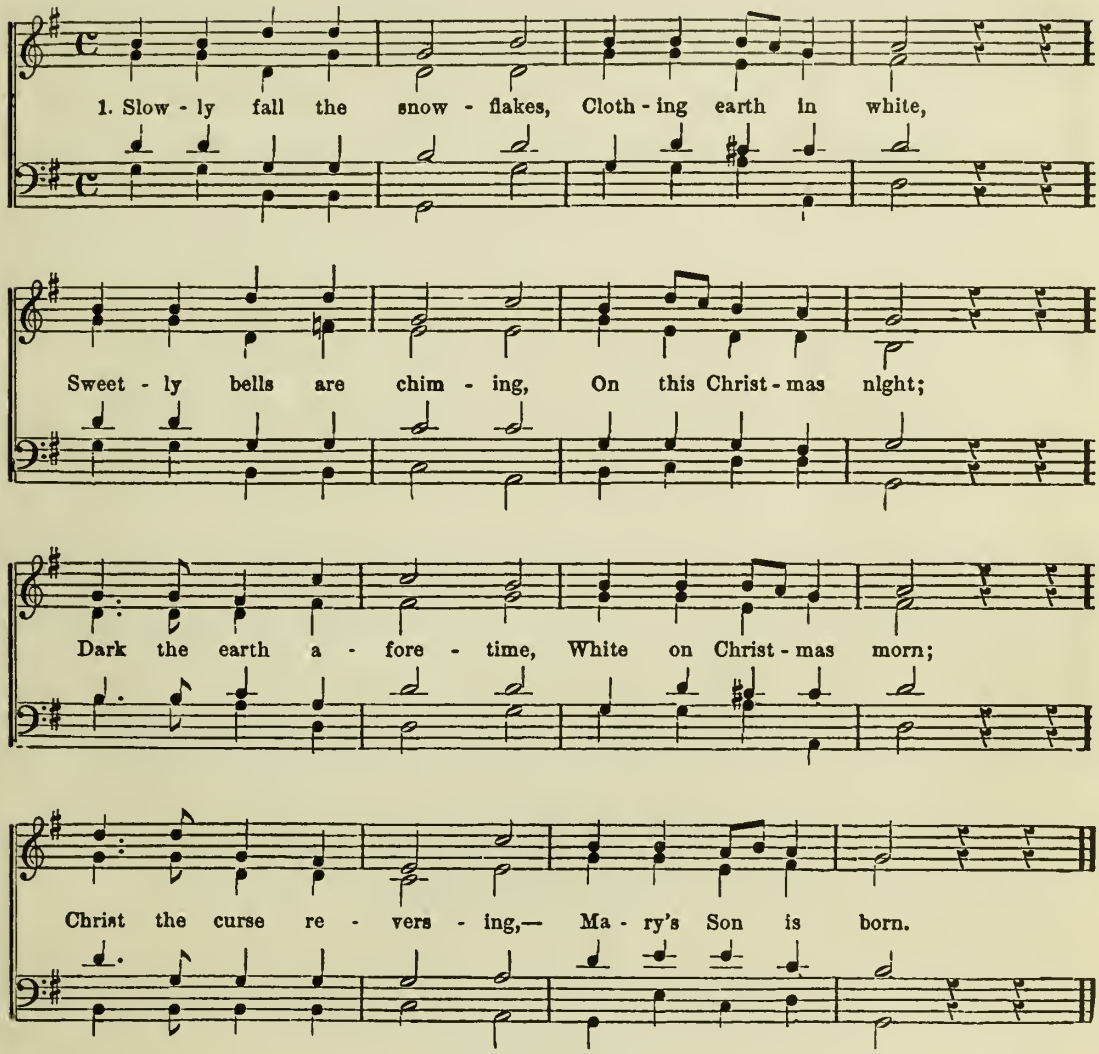
(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Moderato.


1. Shine calm and bright, ye moon - beams bright, O'er Bethl' - hem's town in
2. To us, sweet Babe! Thy low - ly crib Than cost - ly couch is
slum - ber, O'er young and old, o'er bur - gess bold, And guests in good - ly
dear - er, It seems to make Thee more our own, To bring the God - head
num - ber; For shel - ter'd safe from Win - ter's frost, Well housed and warm all
near - er! It seems to show Thy sym - pa - thy For hu - man grief and
lie, Se - cure from snow in street be - low, And screen'd from fro - zen sky.
pain, And makes us long to raise the song Of No - el o'er a - gain!
CHORUS.
But Babe be - nign! No couch is Thine, Save low - ly man - ger stall, Where
O Babe be - nign! Thy love di - vine Shed round us, day by day; Sweet
cold winds blow on Thy Form di - vine, Who com - 'est to save us all.
Child of light! Be Thou our might, Our gen - tle King for aye!

Slowly fall the snow-flakes.

Carol 10. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *W. Borrow*


1. Slow - ly fall the snow - flakes, Cloth - ing earth in white,
Sweet - ly bells are chim - ing, On this Christ - mas nlght;
Dark the earth a - fore - time, White on Christ - mas morn;
Christ the curse re - vers - ing,— Ma - ry's Son is born.

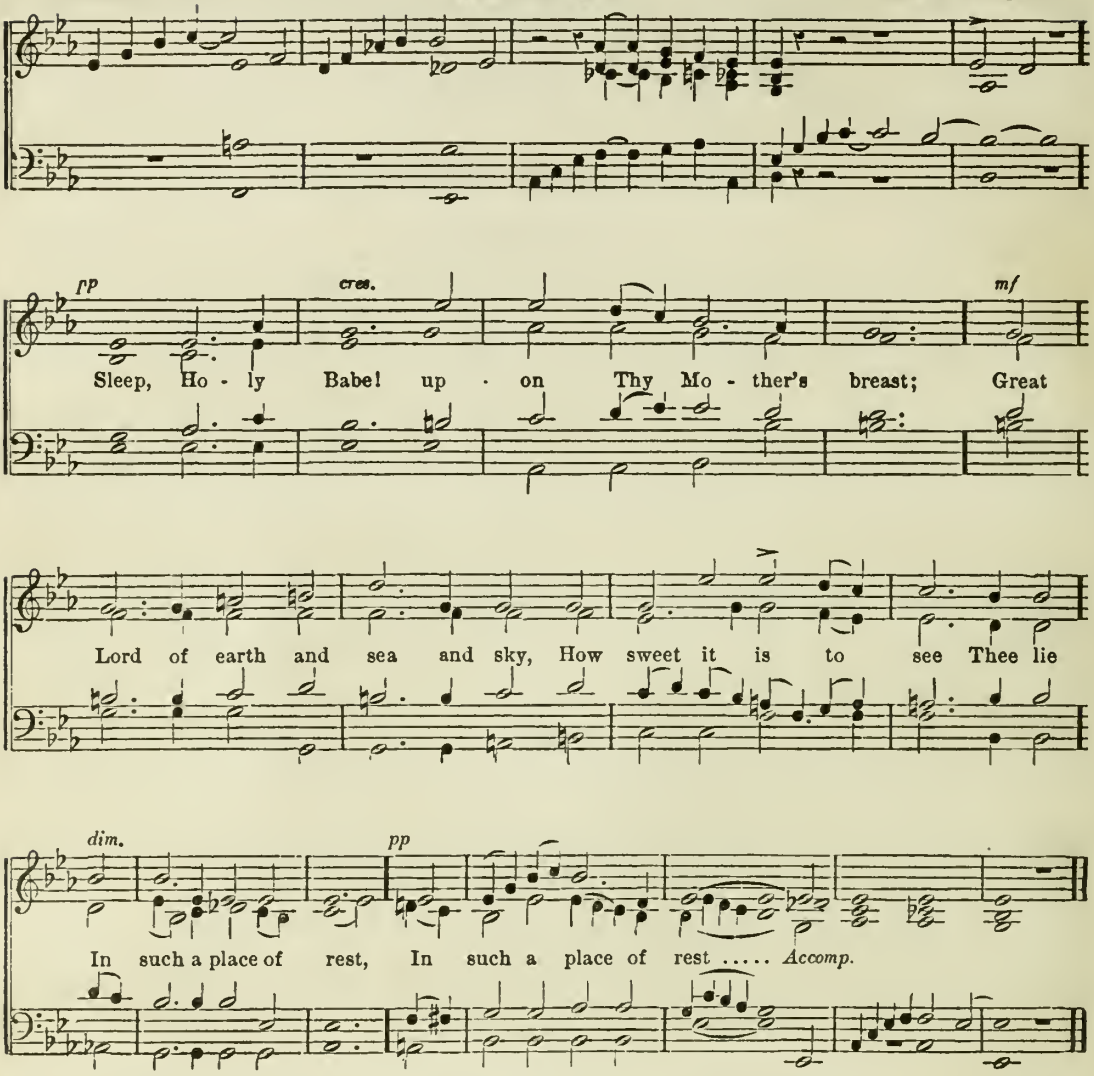
2

Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Virgin-white the sod,
In the chill descending,
Like the grace of God;
Wild the varied chimings,
One tale only tell—
Lies in Bethlehem's manger
Great EMMANUEL.

3

Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Hang the holly high,
Bright its berries, greeting
God Incarnate nigh;
Dark the earth no longer,
Barren nevermore,
Grace-flowers spring to blossom
On the eternal shore.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 11. (FOR CHRISTMAS. *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

pp
cres.
mf
Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! up - on Thy Mo - ther's breast; Great
Lord of earth and sea and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie
dim.
pp
In such a place of rest, In such a place of rest ..... Accomp.

2

Sleep! Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

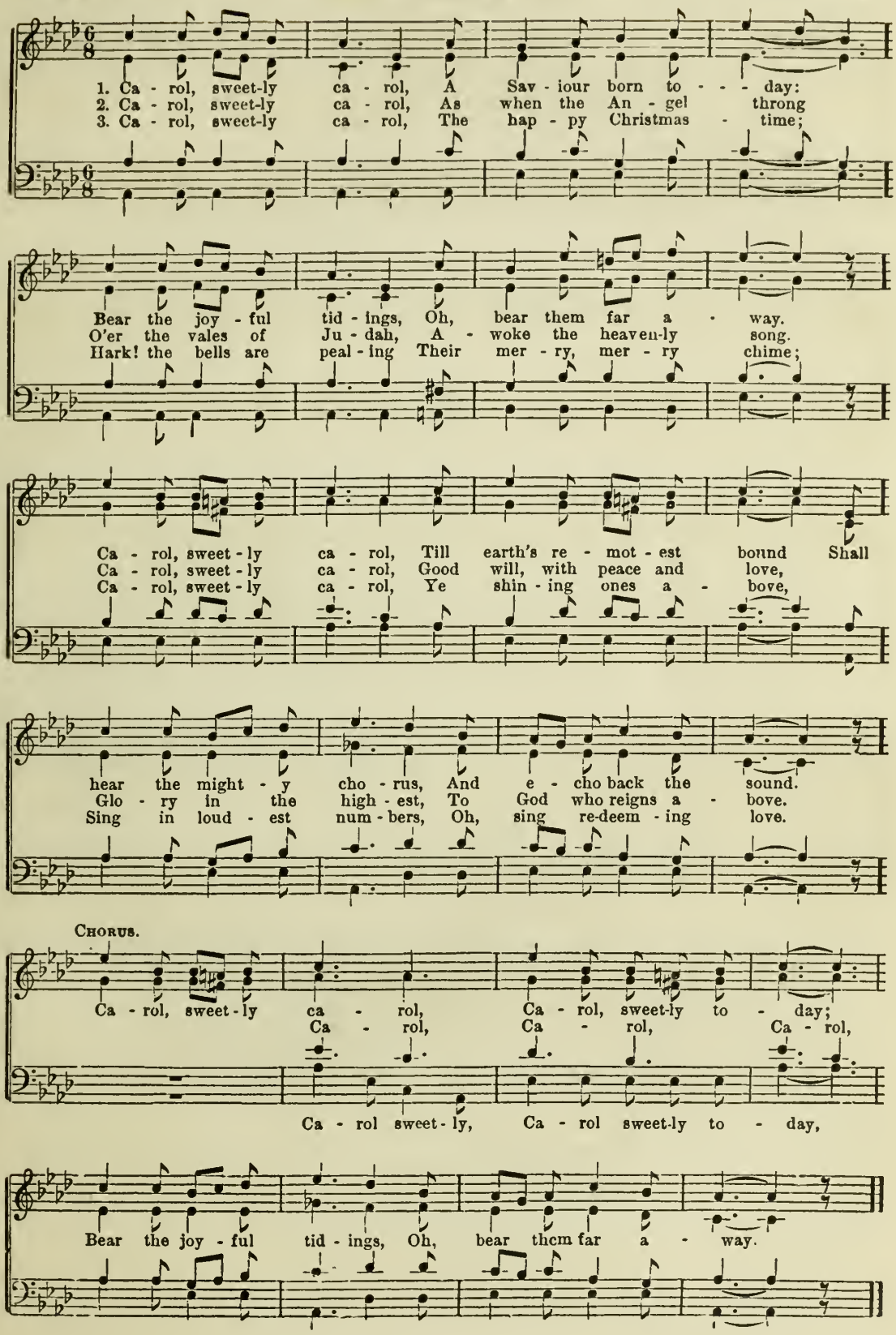
3

Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

4

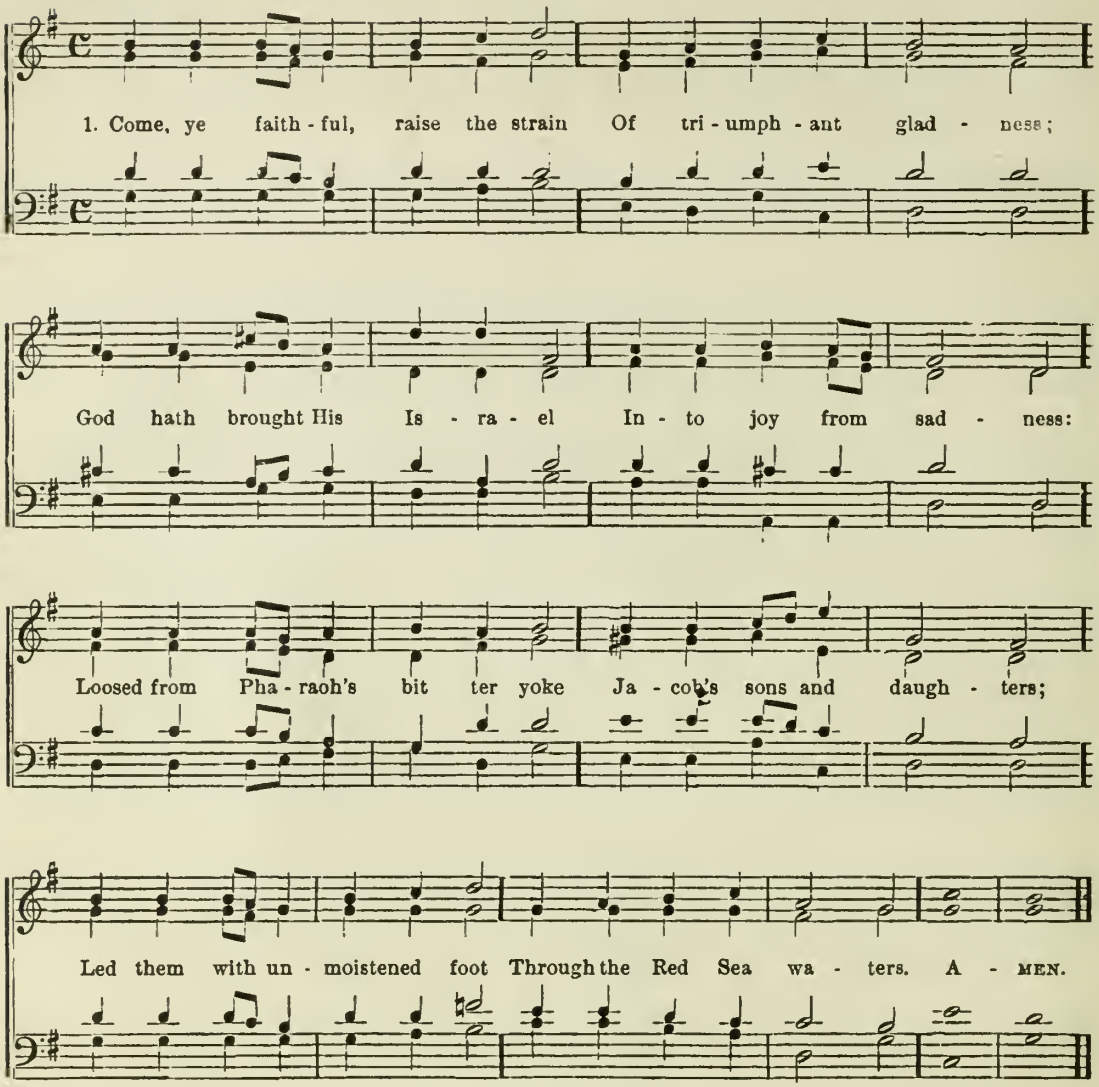
Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose:
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

Carol, sweetly carol.

Carol 12. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *T. E. Perkins.*

1. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, A Sav - iour born to - - - day:
2. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, As when the An - gel throng
3. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, The hap - py Christmas - time;
Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.
O'er the vales of Ju - dah, A - woke the heaven-ly song.
Hark! the bells are peal - ing Their mer - ry, mer - ry chime;
Ca - rol, sweet - ly ca - rol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound Shall
Ca - rol, sweet - ly ca - rol, Good will, with peace and love,
Ca - rol, sweet - ly ca - rol, Ye shin - ing ones a - bove,
hear the might - y cho - rus, And e - cho back the sound.
Glo - ry in the high - est, To God who reigns a - bove.
Sing in loud - est num - bers, Oh, sing re-deem - ing love.
CHORUS.
Ca - rol, sweet - ly ca - rol, Ca - rol, sweet-ly to - day;
Ca - rol, Ca - rol, Ca - rol,
Ca - rol sweet - ly, Ca - rol sweet-ly to - day,
Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

Carol 13. (FOR EASTER.) *Arthur S. Sullivan.*


1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness:
Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
Led them with un - moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - MEN.

2

'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection.

4

Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising. AMEN.

Carol 14.

Bright Easter Skies.

[FOR EASTER.]

Words by Bishop A. Burgess.
Music by G. W. Marston.

1. Bright Eas-ter skies! Fair Eas-ter skies! Our Lord is risen, We, too, shall rise.
2. Green Eas-ter fields! Fair Eas-ter fields! Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, conquered, yields.
3. Sweet Eas-ter flowers! White Eas-ter flowers! From Heaven descend Life-giv-ing showers.
4. O Christian child! O Christian men! Our Vic-tor Lord, Shall come a-gain.

Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold, Nor Ro-man sol-diers, brave and bold;
In church-yards wide the seed we sow, Be-neath the cross the wheat shall grow;
Each plant that bloomed at E-den's birth, Shall blow a-gain o'er ransomed earth.
Wake we our hearts at His com-maud; Lift we our love to His right hand;

dim.

Nor Satan's mar-shalled hosts could keep The pierc-ed hands in death-ly sleep:
One Eas-ter-Day death's reign shall end, And gold-en sheaves shall heav'n-ward send.
Pluck lil-ies rare and ro-ses sweet, And strew the path of Je-sus' feet,
With warmest hopes, to Eas-ter skies, Stretch we our arms, and fix our eyes:

cres. *f*

Just as the Eas-ter day-beams dawn, Our bur-ied Lord is risen and gone.
Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light, An-gels shall reap the har-vest white.
Throw fragrant palms be-fore our King, And wreathe the crown the saved shall bring.
Till in the clouds His sign we see, And quick and dead shout "Ju-bi-lee!"

cres. *f*

AFTER EACH VERSE.

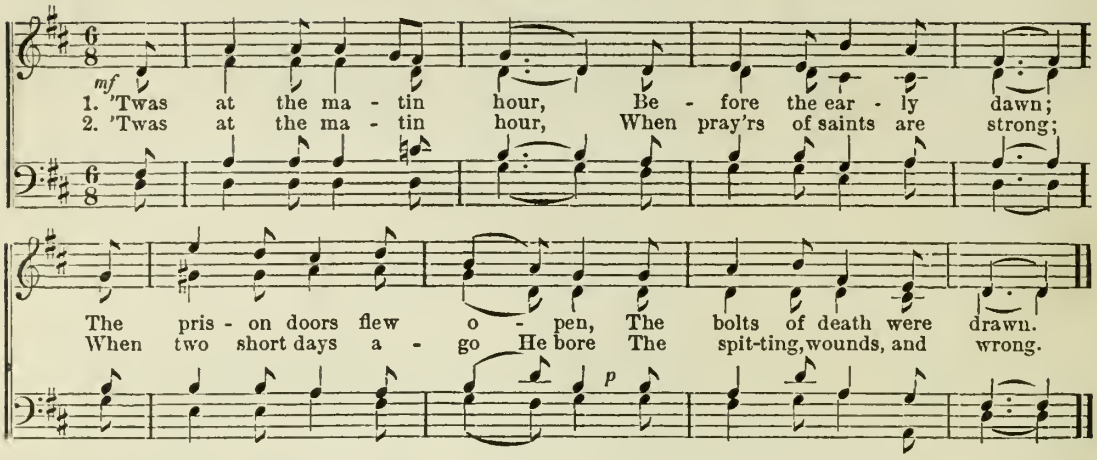
mf *cres.* *f*

Bright Eas-ter skies! Fair Eas-ter skies! Our Lord is risen, We, too, shall rise.

mf *cres.* *f*

'Twas at the matin hour.

Carol 15. *Edward Handley.*

(FOR EASTER.)

mf
1. 'Twas at the ma - tin hour, Be - fore the ear - ly dawn;
2. 'Twas at the ma - tin hour, When pray'rs of saints are strong;
The pris - on doors flew o - pen, The bolts of death were drawn.
When two short days a - go He bore The spit-ting, wounds, and wrong.
p

3

mf From realms unseen, an unseen way,
Th' Almighty Saviour came,
And following on His silent steps,
An angel armed in flame.

4

dim The stone is rolled away,
p The keepers fainting fall,
Satan and Pilate's watchmen,
The day has scared them all.

5

mf The angel came full early,
But Christ had gone before,
cr Not for Himself, but for His Saints,
Is burst the prison door.

6

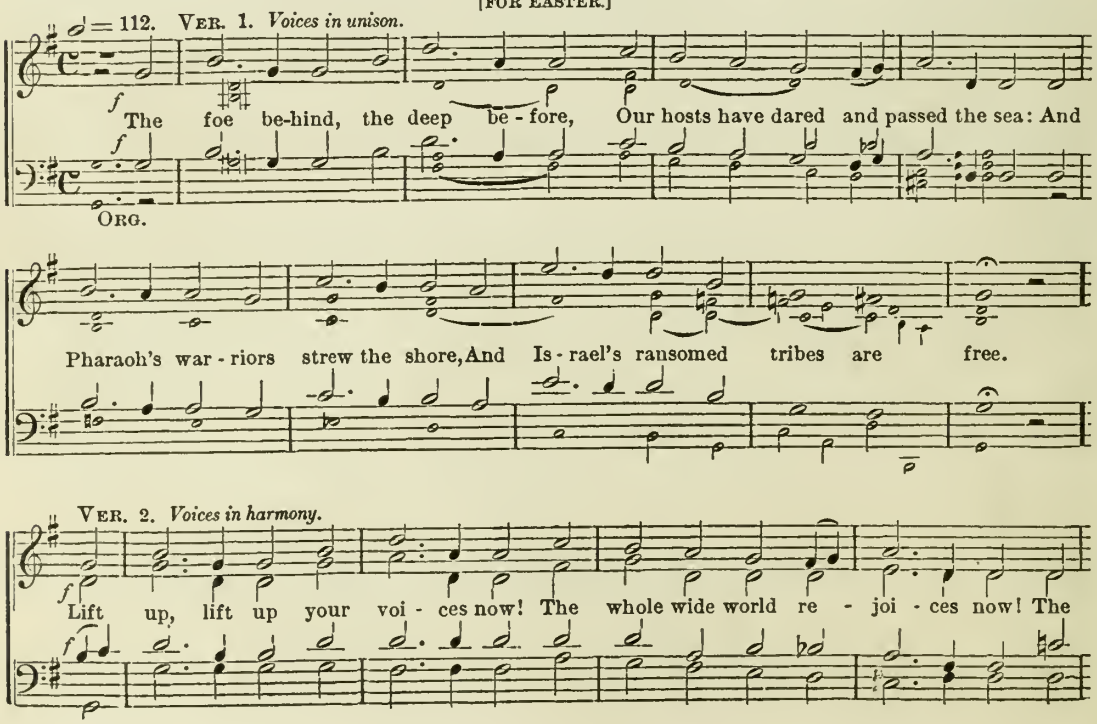
mf When all His Saints assemble,
Make haste ere twilight cease,
His Easter blessing to receive,
And so lie down in peace.

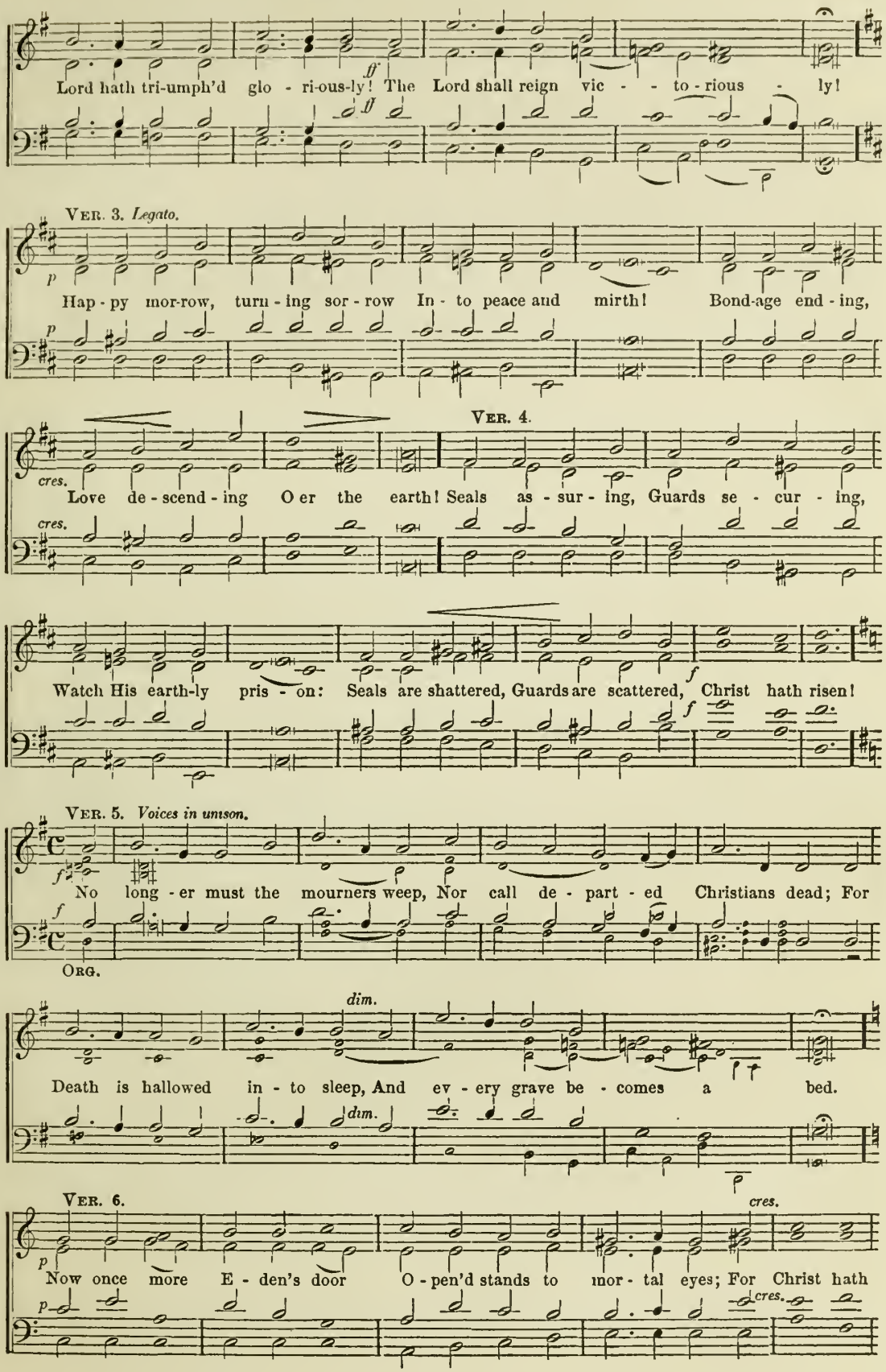
The foe behind, the deep before.

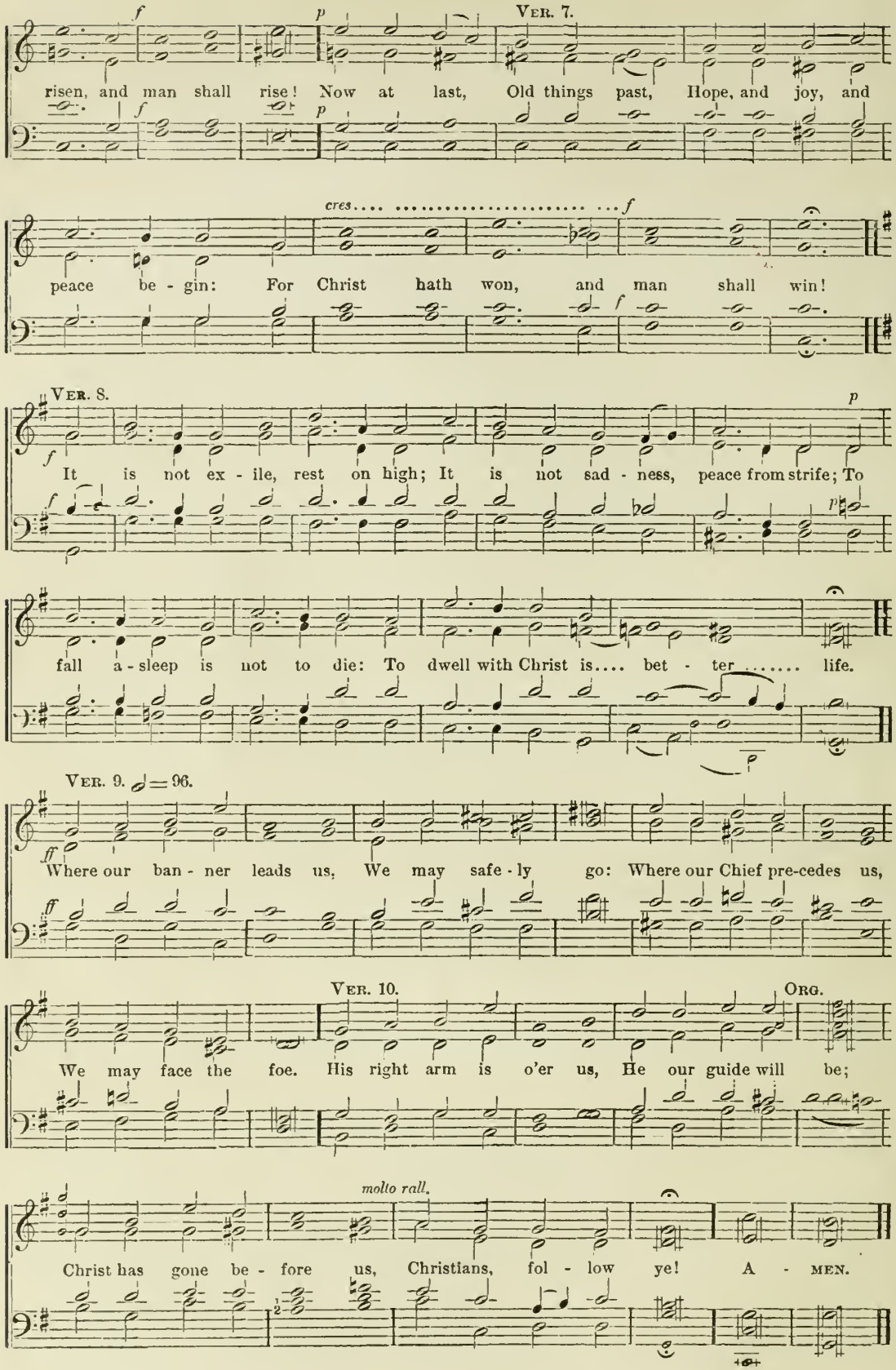
N. B. The small notes are to be added to the voice parts and played by the Organ.

Carol 16. *John Naylor.*

[FOR EASTER.]

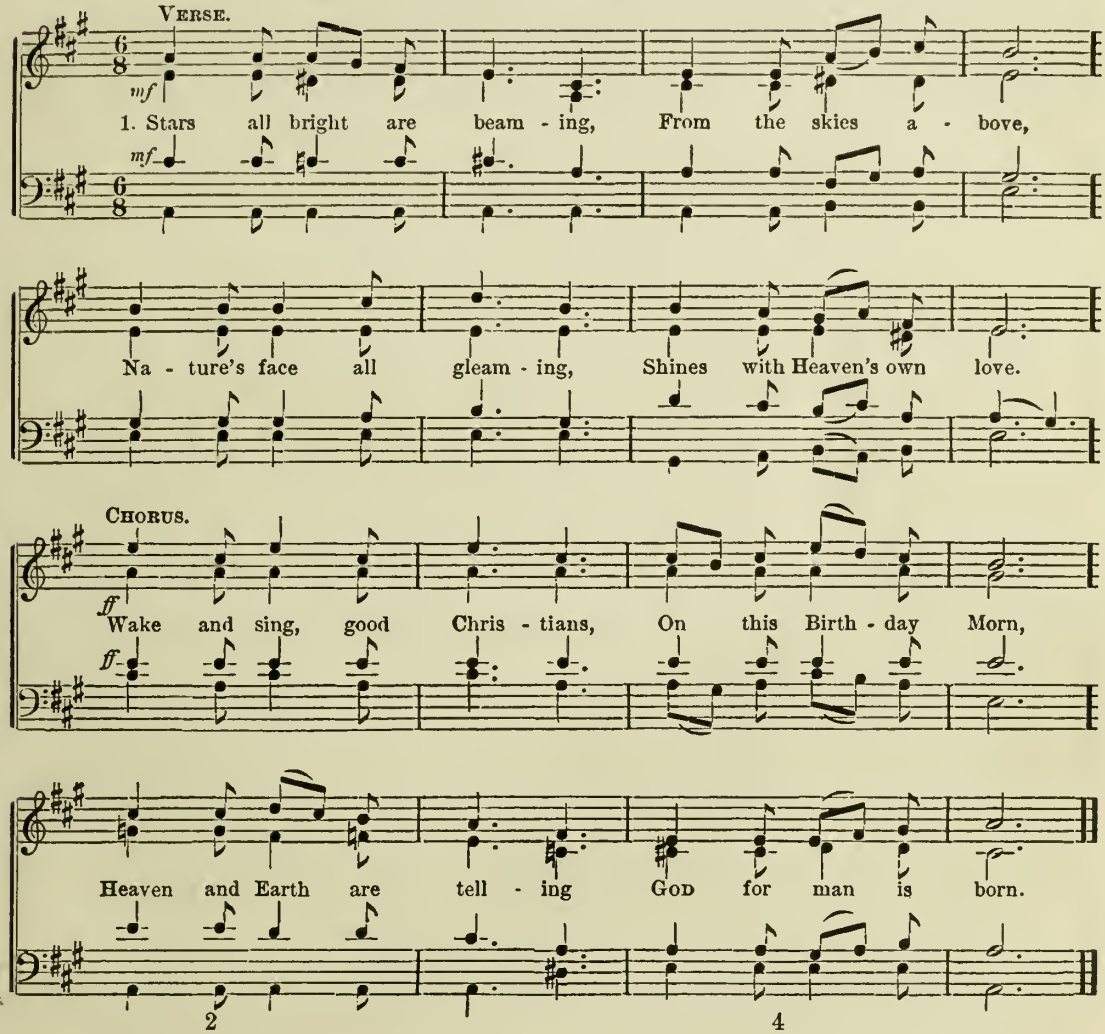

♩ = 112. VER. 1. Voices in unison.
f
The foe be-hind, the deep be - fore, Our hosts have dared and passed the sea: And
f
ORG.
Pharaoh's war - riors strew the shore, And Is - rael's ransomed tribes are free.
VER. 2. Voices in harmony.
f
Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The
f


Lord hath tri-umph'd glo - ri-ous-ly! The Lord shall reign vic - - to-rious - ly!
VER. 3. Legato.
Hap - py mor-row, turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth! Bond-age end - ing,
VER. 4.
Love de - scend - ing O er the earth! Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se - cur - ing,
Watch His earth-ly pris - on: Seals are shattered, Guards are scattered, Christ hath risen!
VER. 5. Voices in unison.
No long - er must the mourners weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead; For
ORG.
Death is hallowed in - to sleep, And ev - ery grave be - comes a bed.
VER. 6.
Now once more E - den's door O - pen'd stands to mor - tal eyes; For Christ hath


VER. 7.
risen, and man shall rise! Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and
cres.... ....f
peace be - gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win!
VER. 8.
It is not ex - ile, rest on high; It is not sad - ness, peace from strife; To
fall a - sleep is not to die: To dwell with Christ is.... bet - ter ..... life.
VER. 9. ♩=96.
Where our ban - ner leads us, We may safe - ly go: Where our Chief pre-cedes us,
VER. 10.
ORG.
We may face the foe. His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be;
molto rall.
Christ has gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low ye! A - MEN.

Stars all bright are beaming.

Carol 17. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *W. R. Holt.*


VERSE.
mf
1. Stars all bright are beam - ing, From the skies a - bove,
mf
Na - ture's face all gleam - ing, Shines with Heaven's own love.
CHORUS.
ff
Wake and sing, good Chris - tians, On this Birth - day Morn,
ff
Heaven and Earth are tell - ing GOD for man is born.

2

p Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a Stall,
All His glory hiding,
See the LORD of all!
CHORUS—Wake and sing, &c.

3

p Born that He might lead us,
From this desert home,
Guide our way, and feed us,
Till the end shall come!
CHORUS—Wake and sing, &c.

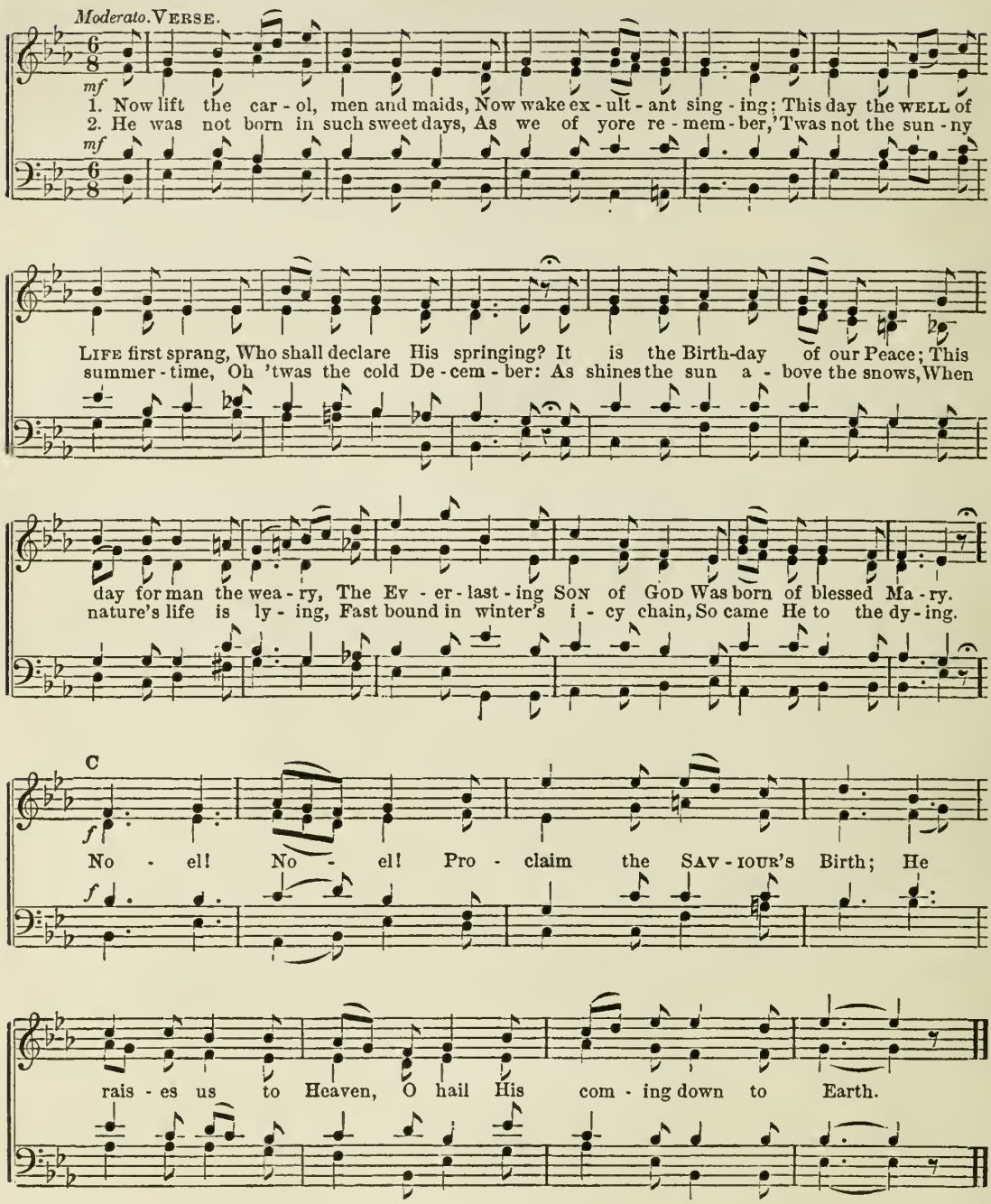
4

mf Thousand thousand blessings
Sing we for His Love,
Choral Hymns addressing
To our LORD above.
CHORUS—Wake and sing, &c.

5

ff Glory in the Highest,
For this wondrous Birth;
Choir of Heaven! thou criest
Peace to all the Earth!
CHORUS—Wake sing, &c.

Now lift the carol, men and maids.

Carol 18. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Arthur H. Brown.*

Moderato. VERSE.
mf
1. Now lift the car - ol, men and maids, Now wake ex - ult - ant sing - ing; This day the WELL of
2. He was not born in such sweet days, As we of yore re - mem - ber, 'Twas not the sun - ny
LIFE first sprang, Who shall declare His springing? It is the Birth-day of our Peace; This
summer - time, Oh 'twas the cold De - cem - ber: As shines the sun a - bove the snows, When
day for man the wea - ry, The Ev - er - last - ing SON of GOD Was born of blessed Ma - ry.
nature's life is ly - ing, Fast bound in winter's i - cy chain, So came He to the dy - ing.
C
f
No - el! No - el! Pro - claim the SAV - IOUR'S Birth; He
rais - es us to Heaven, O hail His com - ing down to Earth.

3

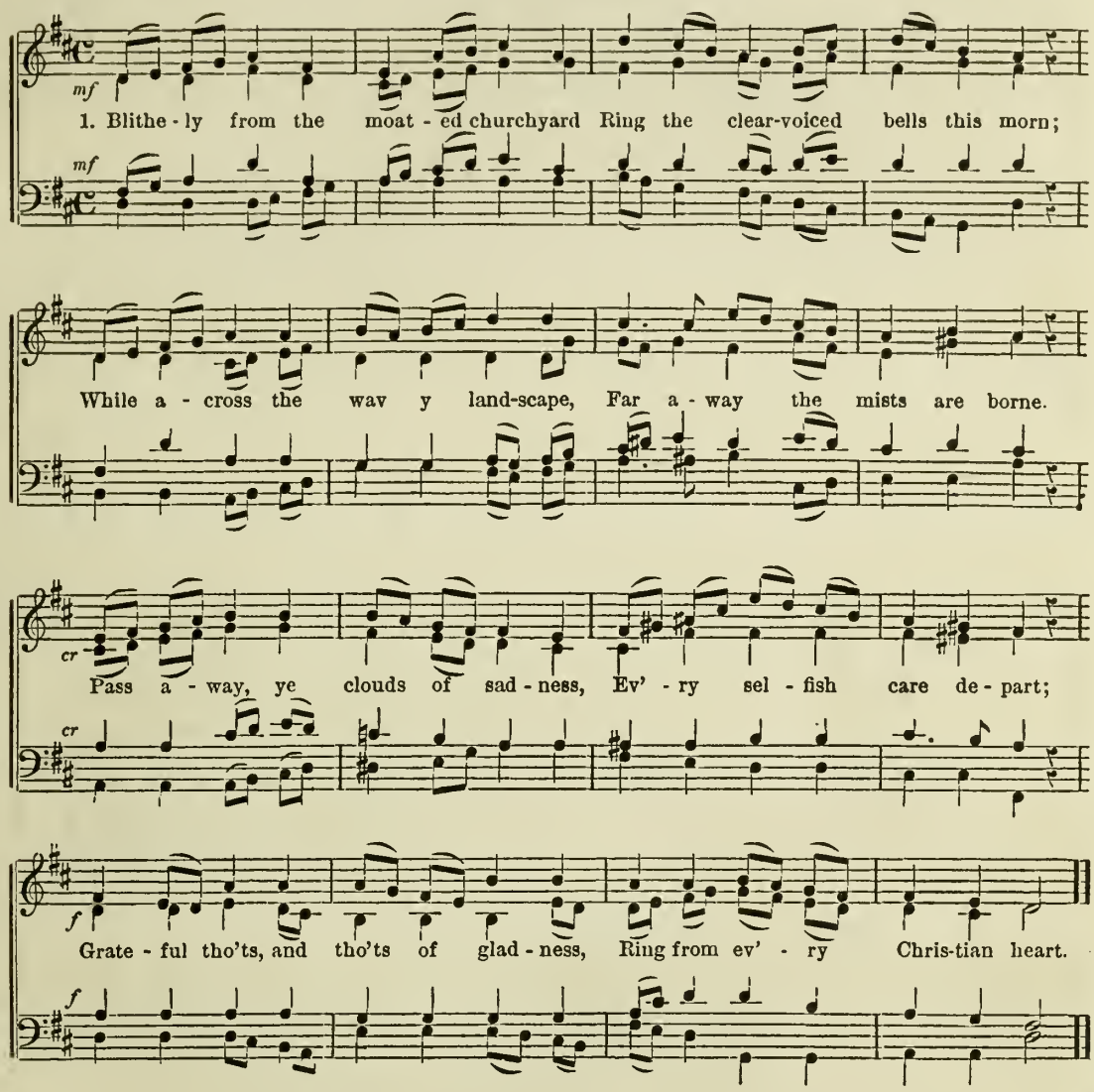
mf There were poor Shepherds in the field,
Their flocks at midnight tending;
Then Heaven came down and brought for news,
A rapture never ending;
So they went swift to Bethlehem,
And saw—and told the story
Of CHRIST the LORD, a little CHILD,
And Angels singing "Glory."
CHORUS.—Noel! Noel! &c.

4

mf Not in the manger lies HE now;
Far o'er the sapphire portal
cr At GOD'S right Hand of Power He sits
Who was this day made mortal:
All in the highest, holiest place,
Where there may dwell none other,
There our own Manhood sits enthroned,
There is our Elder Brother.
CHORUS—Noel! Noel! &c.

Blithely from the moated churchyard.

Carol 19. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Rev. R. F. Smith*


mf
1. Blithe - ly from the moat - ed churchyard Ring the clear-voiced bells this morn;
mf
While a - cross the wav y land-scape, Far a - way the mists are borne.
cr
Pass a - way, ye clouds of sad - ness, Ev' - ry sel - fish care de - part;
cr
f
Grate - ful tho'ts, and tho'ts of glad - ness, Ring from ev' - ry Chris-tian heart.
f

2

mf Brightly in the holy chancel
Leafy circles intertwine
Telling how in Blessèd JESUS
Life and strength and joy combine.
As beneath the arch we enter
Welcome words our coming bless,
For in Thee our hopes we centre,
CHRIST, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

3

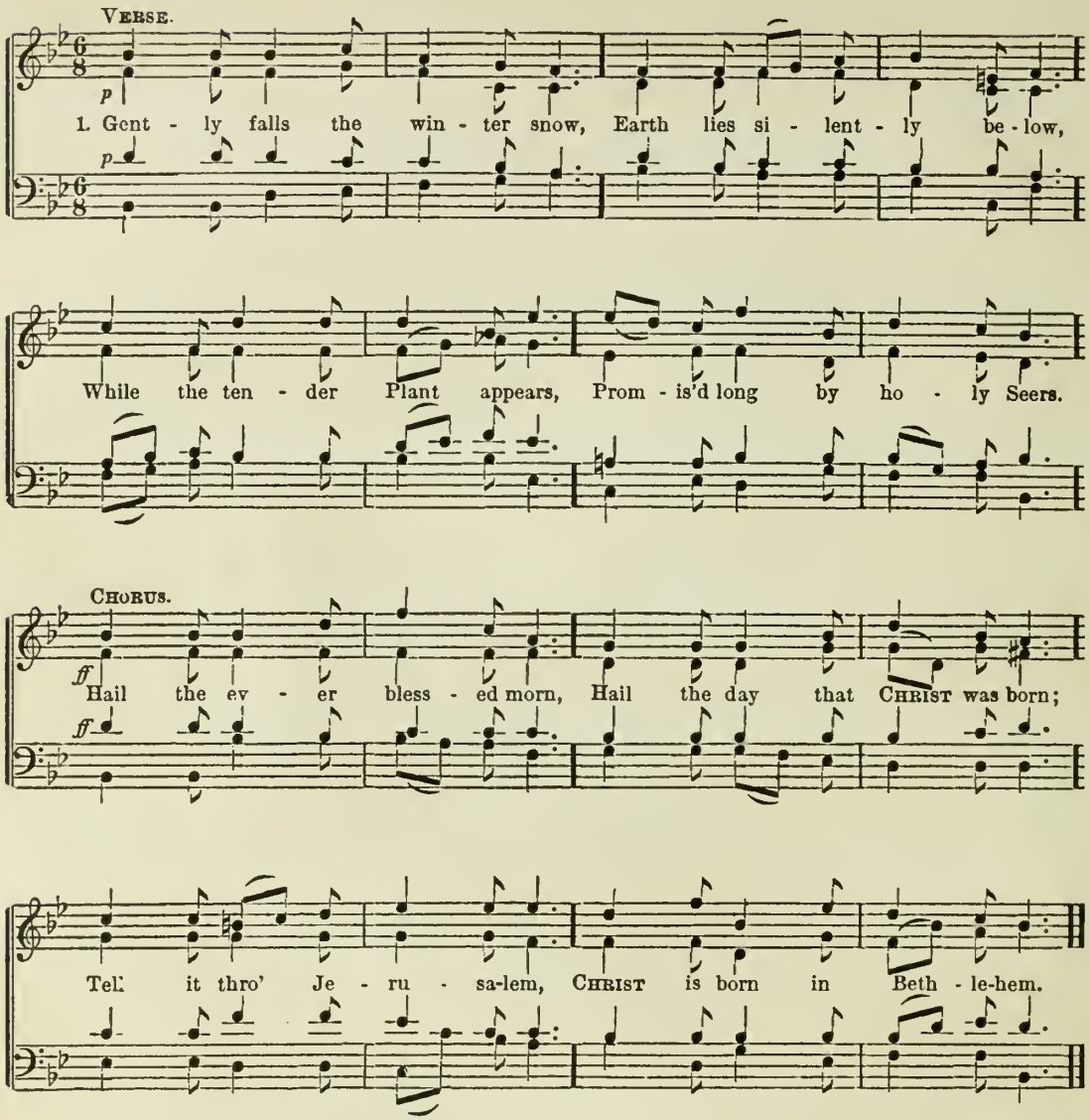
mf In the nave each space is speaking
Of the light which JESUS brought,
Of the freedom and the glory
Which for all the world He wrought.
Wherefore, O ye congregation,
Should your hearts be cold and dumb,
While the walls proclaim Salvation,
And, "Arise, thy LIGHT is come."

4

mf Listen to the old-new message,
At the Holy Table kneel;
Grudge not, when ye leave the Temple,
To diffuse the warmth ye feel.
Life has time enough for sadness,
Clouds too seldom pass away;
Only love and peace and gladness,
Should be named on Christmas Day.

Gently falls the winter snow.

Carol 20. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Herbert S. Irons.*


VERSE.
p
1. Gent - ly falls the win - ter snow, Earth lies si - lent - ly be - low,
p
While the ten - der Plant appears, Prom - is'd long by ho - ly Seers.
CHORUS.
ff
Hail the ev - er bless - ed morn, Hail the day that CHRIST was born;
ff
Tell it thro' Je - ru - sa-lem, CHRIST is born in Beth - le-hem.

2

p He who built the starry skies
Low within a manger lies,
Stooping from His Throne sublime,
High above the cherubim.
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.

3

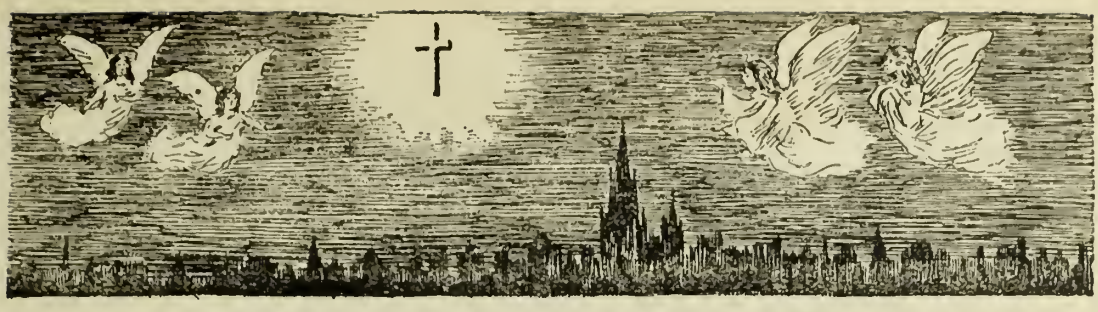
p Say, ye wand'ring Shepherds, say
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep?—
Wherefore fail your watch to keep?
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.

4

p "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous sight,—
Angels singing Peace on Earth,
Telling of the SAVIOUR'S Birth."
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.

5

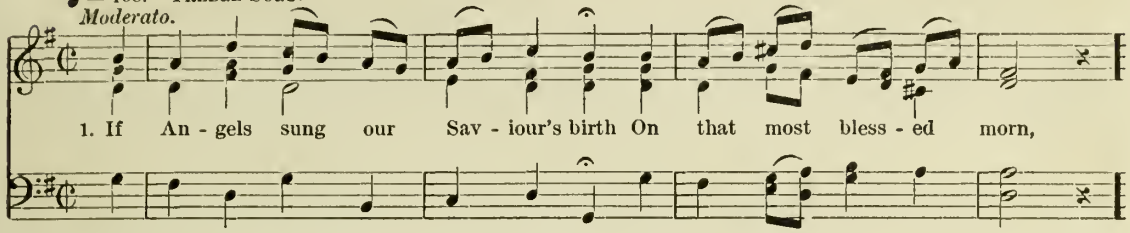
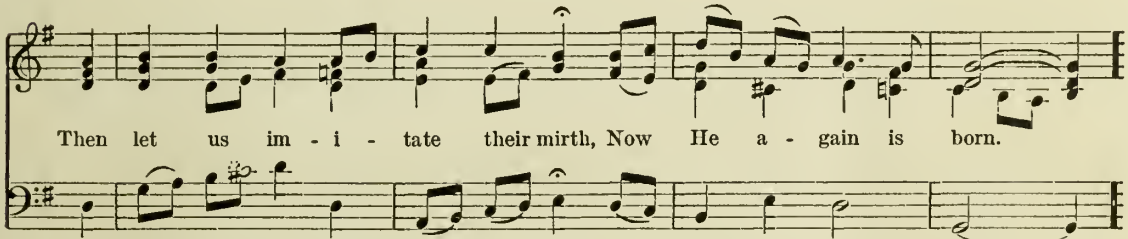
mf Haste we now to greet GOD'S CHILD,
Watch His Face so meek and mild;
Learn the Love of Heaven to see
In our Lord's Humility.
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.



If Angels sung our Saviour's Birth.

Carol 21. (FOR EASTER.) *Arthur H. Brown.*

♩ = 108. TREBLE SOLO.
Moderato.



2.

Grieve not, vain man, who mortal art,
That thou to earth must fall;
It was His portion, 'twas the part
Of Him who made us all.

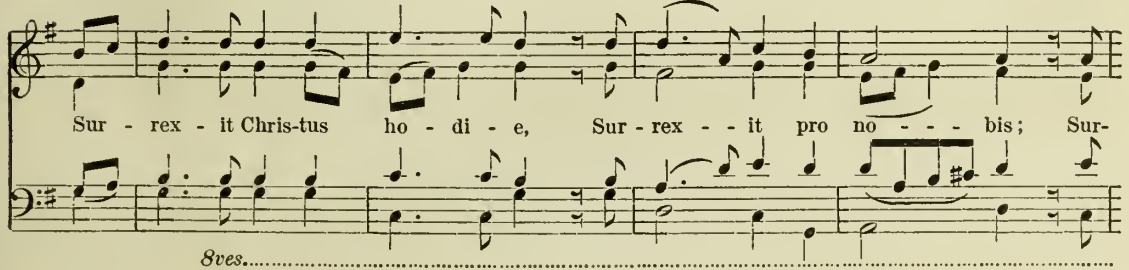
3.

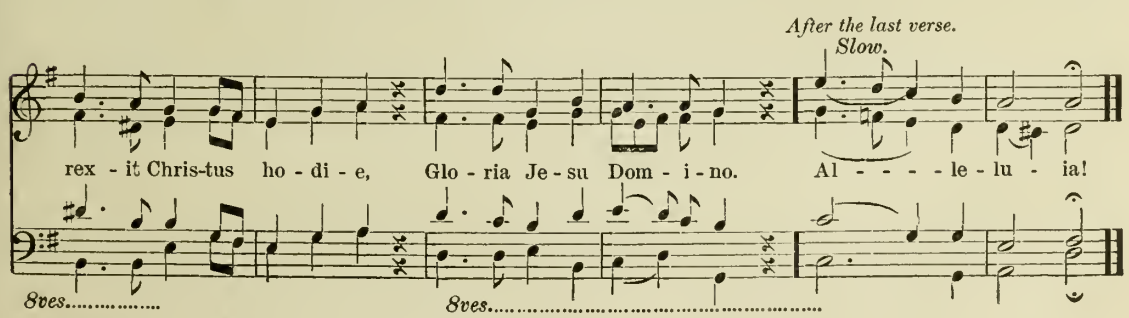
Himself He humbled to the grave,
Made flesh like us, to show
That we as certainly shall have,
A resurrection too.

4.

Then, with perpetual hymns, let Christ,
Who from the dead was raised,
With Father and the Holy Ghost,
Eternally be praised.

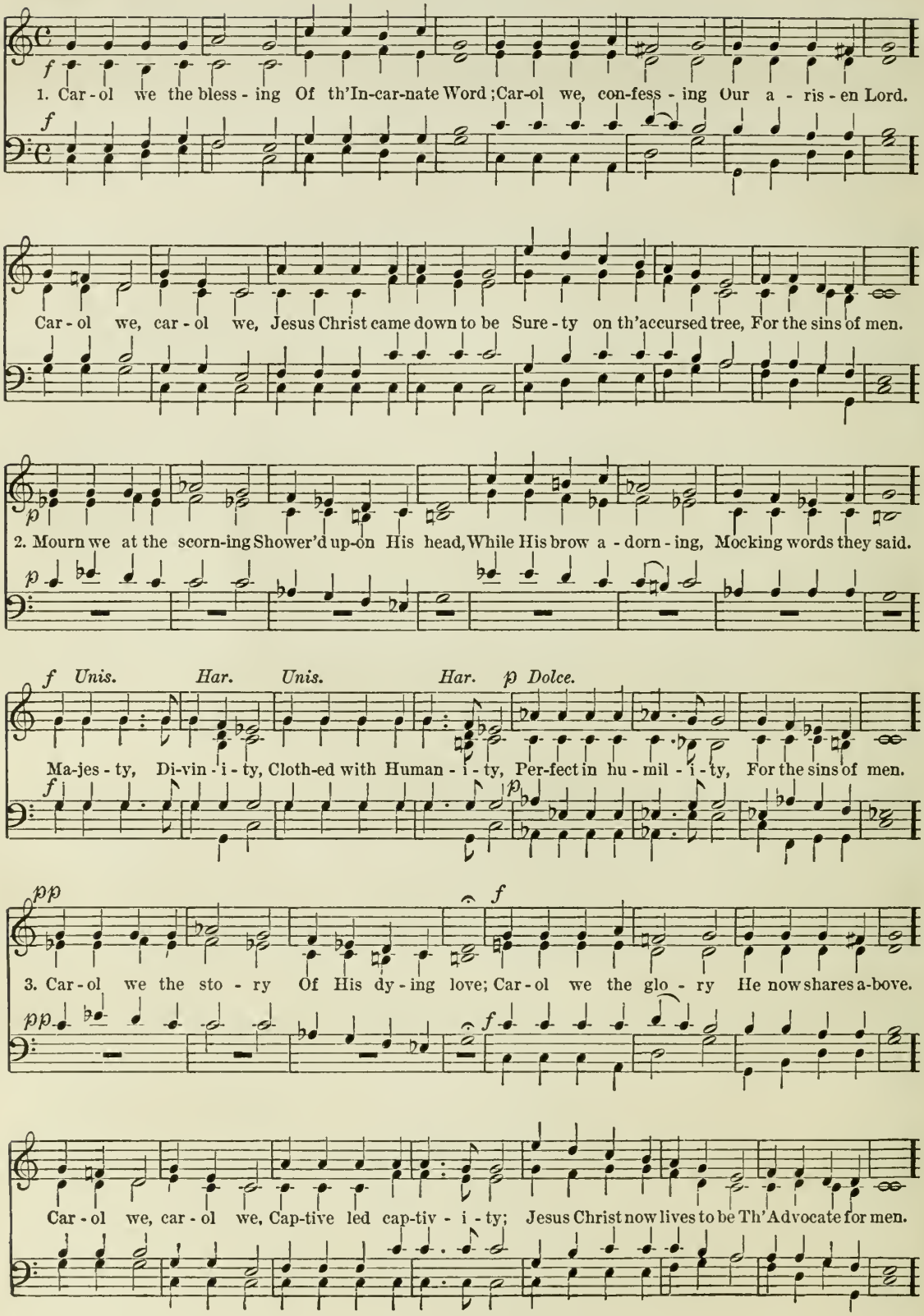
CHORUS. AFTER EACH VERSE.

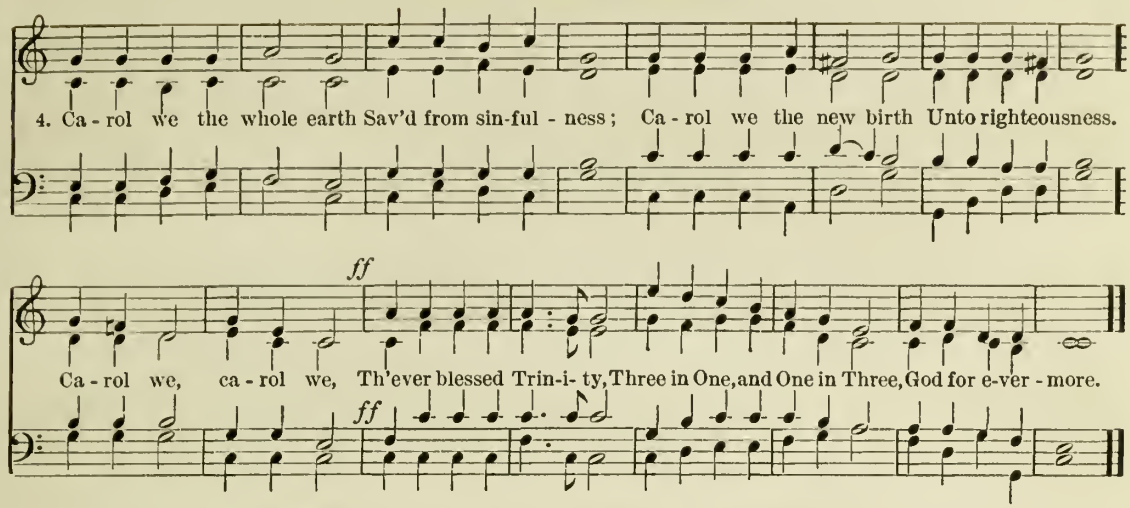




Parish Choir, No. 56—4.

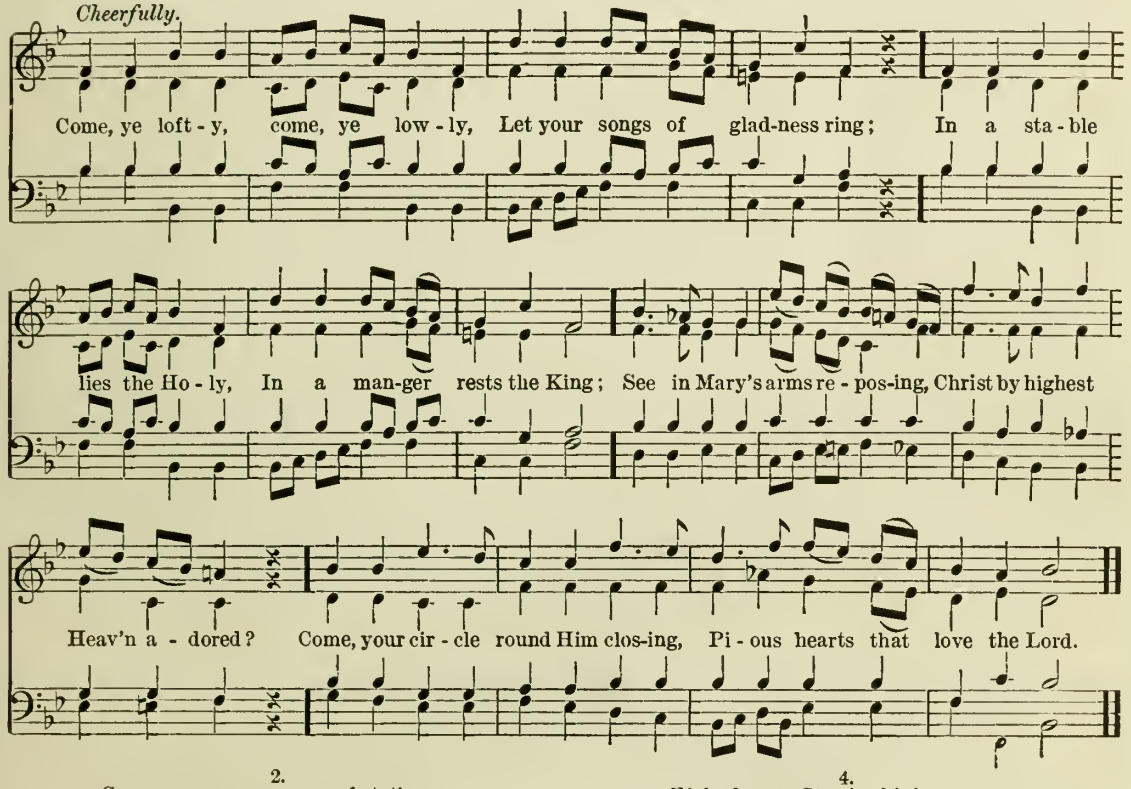
Carol we the blessing.

Carol 22. (FOR EASTER.) *B. K. Atkyns.*

1. Car - ol we the bless - ing Of th'In-car-nate Word; Car-ol we, con-fess - ing Our a - ris - en Lord.
Car - ol we, car - ol we, Jesus Christ came down to be Sure - ty on th'accursed tree, For the sins of men.
2. Mourn we at the scorn-ing Shower'd up-on His head, While His brow a - dorn - ing, Mocking words they said.
Unis. Har. Unis. Har. Dolce.
Ma-jes - ty, Di-vin - i - ty, Cloth-ed with Human - i - ty, Per-fect in hu - mil - i - ty, For the sins of men.
3. Car - ol we the sto - ry Of His dy - ing love; Car - ol we the glo - ry He now shares a-bove.
Car - ol we, car - ol we, Cap-tive led cap-tiv - i - ty; Jesus Christ now lives to be Th'Advocate for men.


4. Ca - rol we the whole earth Sav'd from sin-ful - ness; Ca - rol we the new birth Unto righteousness.
ff
Ca - rol we, ca - rol we, Th'ever blessed Trin-i- ty, Three in One, and One in Three, God for e-ver - more.
ff

Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly.

Carol 23. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Rev. A. Gurney.*


Cheerfully.
Come, ye loft - y, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad-ness ring; In a sta - ble
lies the Ho - ly, In a man-ger rests the King; See in Mary's arms re - pos-ing, Christ by highest
Heav'n a - dored? Come, your cir - cle round Him clos-ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.

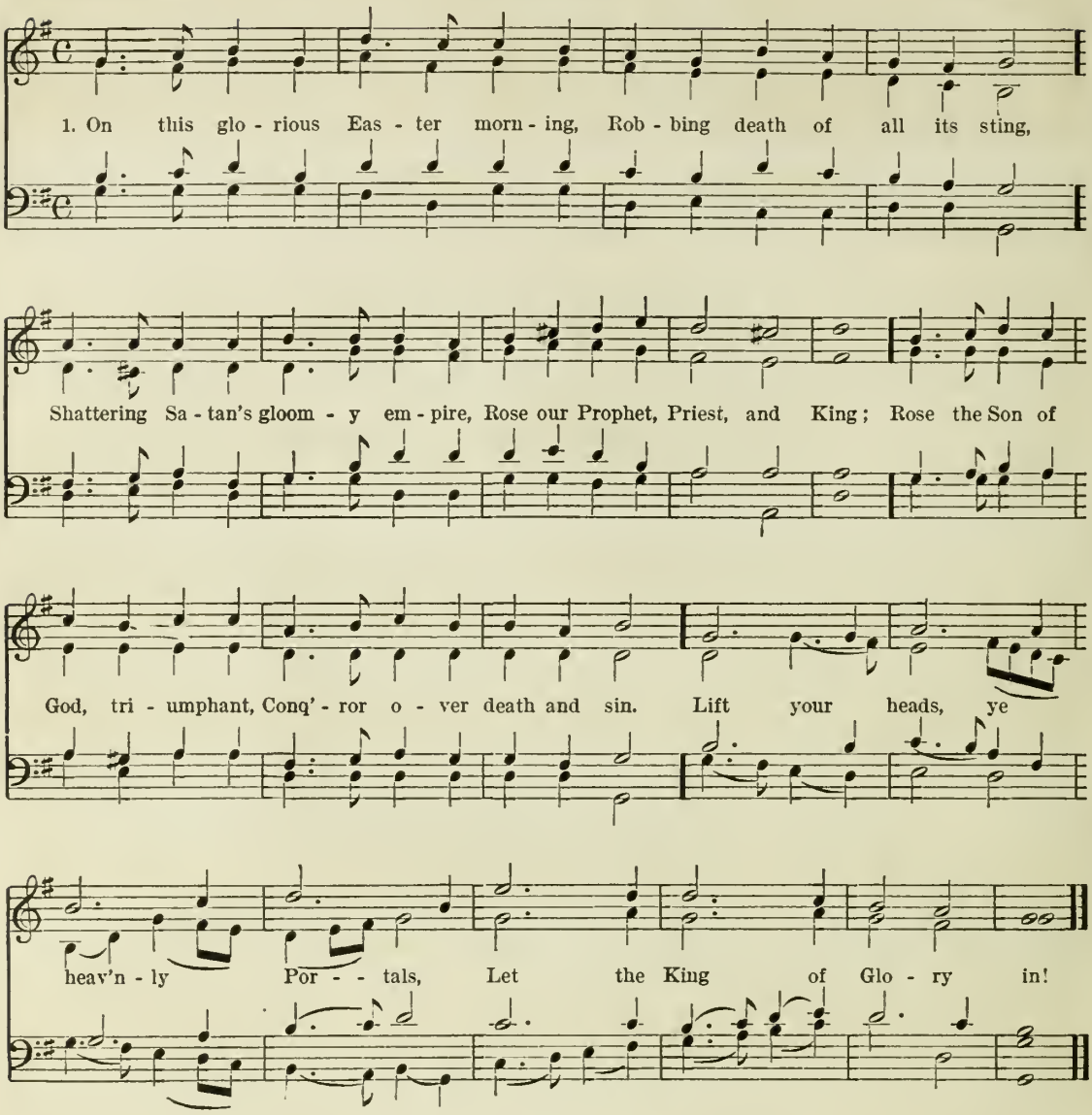
2.
Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them!
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the Shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3.
Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come, ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render
Weak and mighty, young and old.

4.
High above a Star is shining
And the Wise men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining:
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5.
Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn:
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

On this glorious Easter morning.

Carol 24. (FOR EASTER.) *Traditional.*

1. On this glo - rious Eas - ter morn - ing, Rob - bing death of all its sting,
Shattering Sa - tan's gloom - y em - pire, Rose our Prophet, Priest, and King; Rose the Son of
God, tri - umphant, Conq' - ror o - ver death and sin. Lift your heads, ye
heav'n - ly Por - - tals, Let the King of Glo - ry in!

2.

He who left His Father's glory,
He who stooped from Heaven most high,
Lived as man on earth—and suffered,
Died—that man no more should die,
Now returns, a mighty Victor,
Conq'ror over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,
Let the King of Glory in!

3.

Christians! this glad Easter morning,
Tells of Light, and Life, and Love;
Tells us somewhat of the yearning
Felt for man in heaven above;
Tells how Jesus rose triumphant
Conq'ror over death and sin;
How the everlasting Portals
Ope'd to let their Monarch in!

4.

Tells us, too. the joyful tidings,
That where He is, we shall be;
And that we, too, shall be like Him,
When we Him in Glory see.
Like Him, Vanquishers of Satan,
Conq'rors over death and sin,
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals
Let the ransomed servants in!

Singing the reapers homeward come.

Carol 25. (FOR HARVEST THANKSGIVING.) *W. H. Gill.*

Allegretto. ♩ = 100.

mf

1. Sing - ing the reap - ers home-ward come, I - o! I - o! I - o!

mf

Mer - ri - ly sing - ing the har - vest home, I - o! I - o! I - o! I -

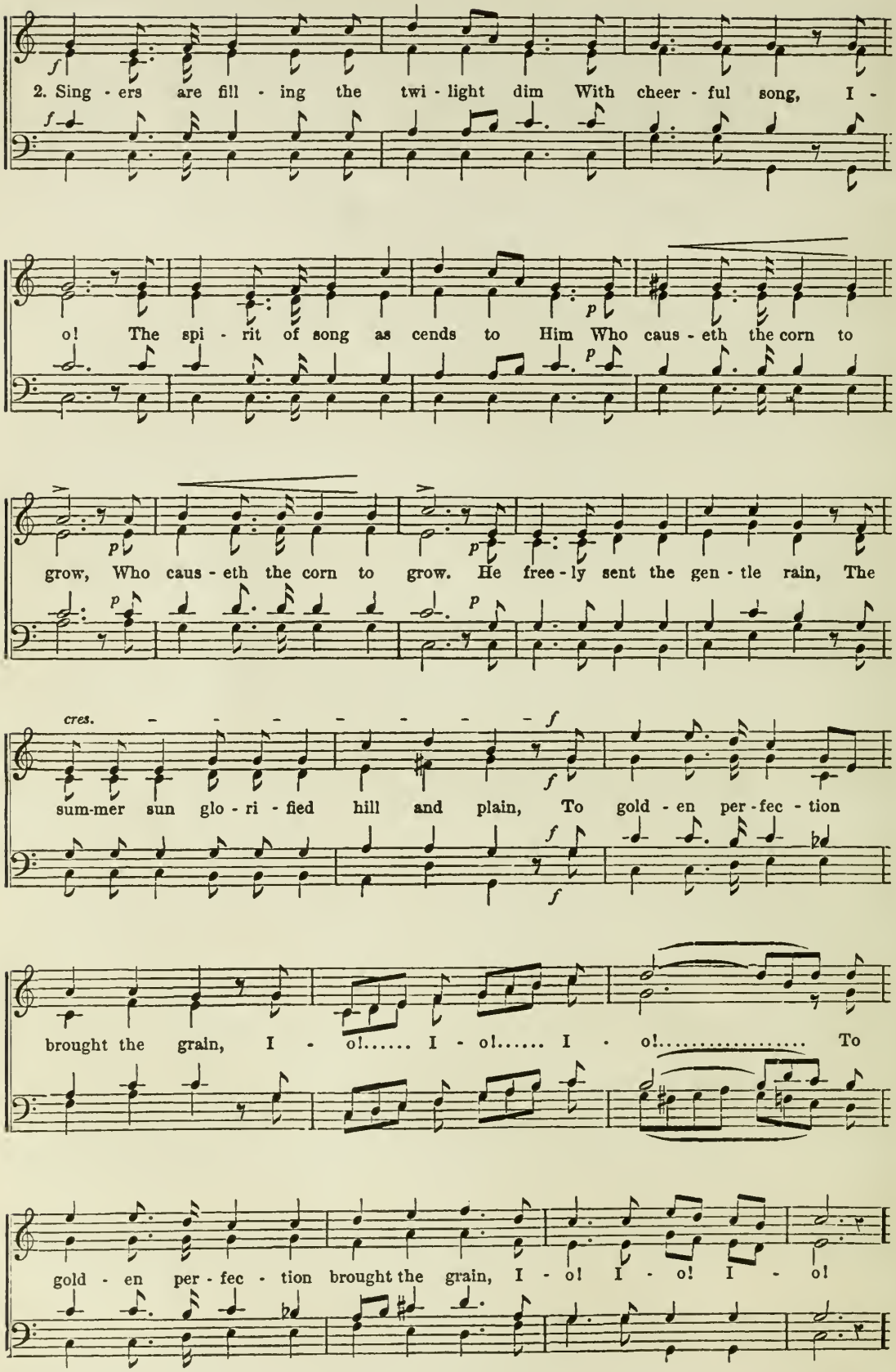
p

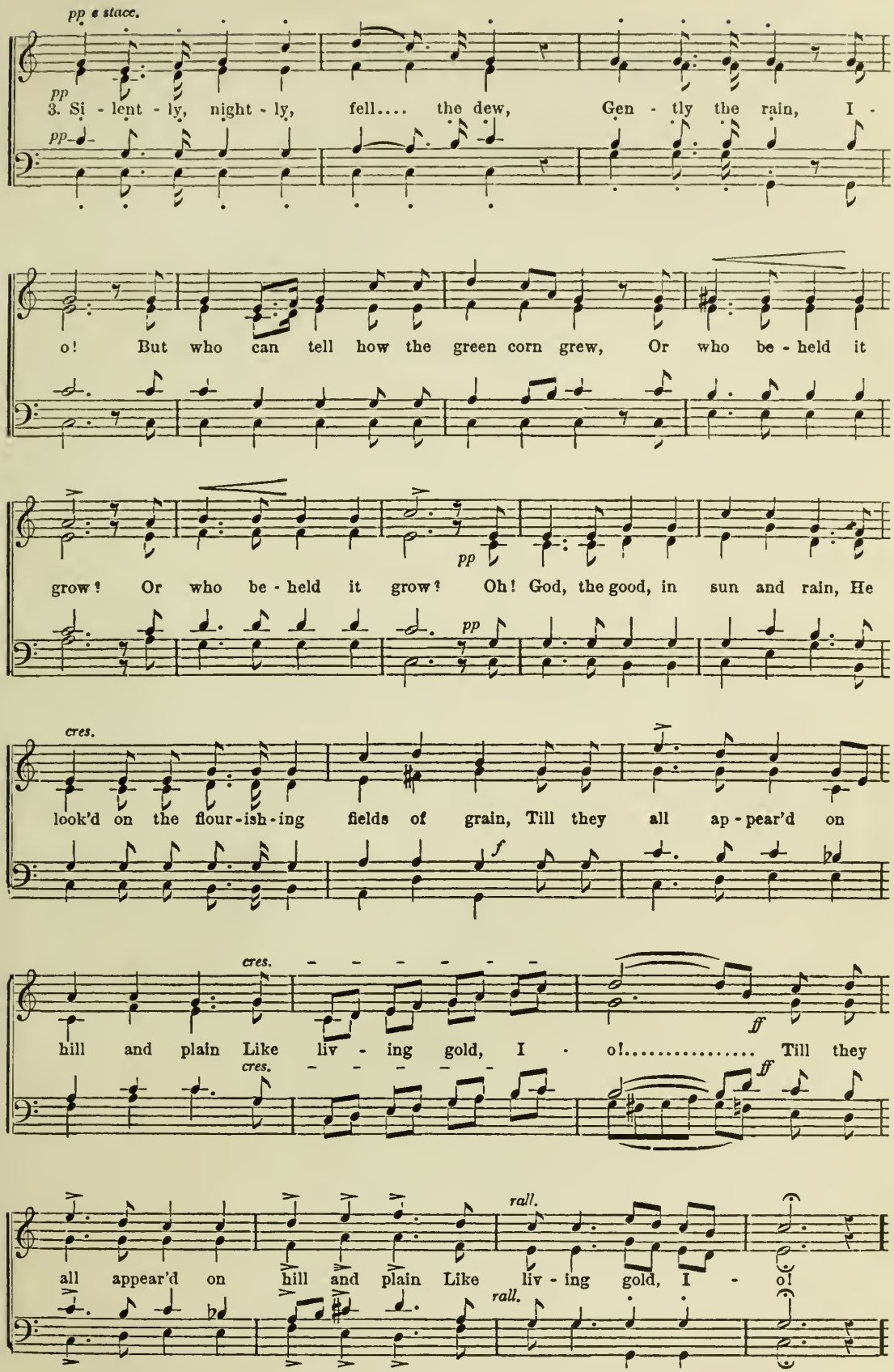
o! I - o! I - o! A - long the field, a - long the road, Where au - tumn is scat - ter - ing

f

leaves a - broad, Home-ward com - eth the ripe last load, I - o! I - o! I -

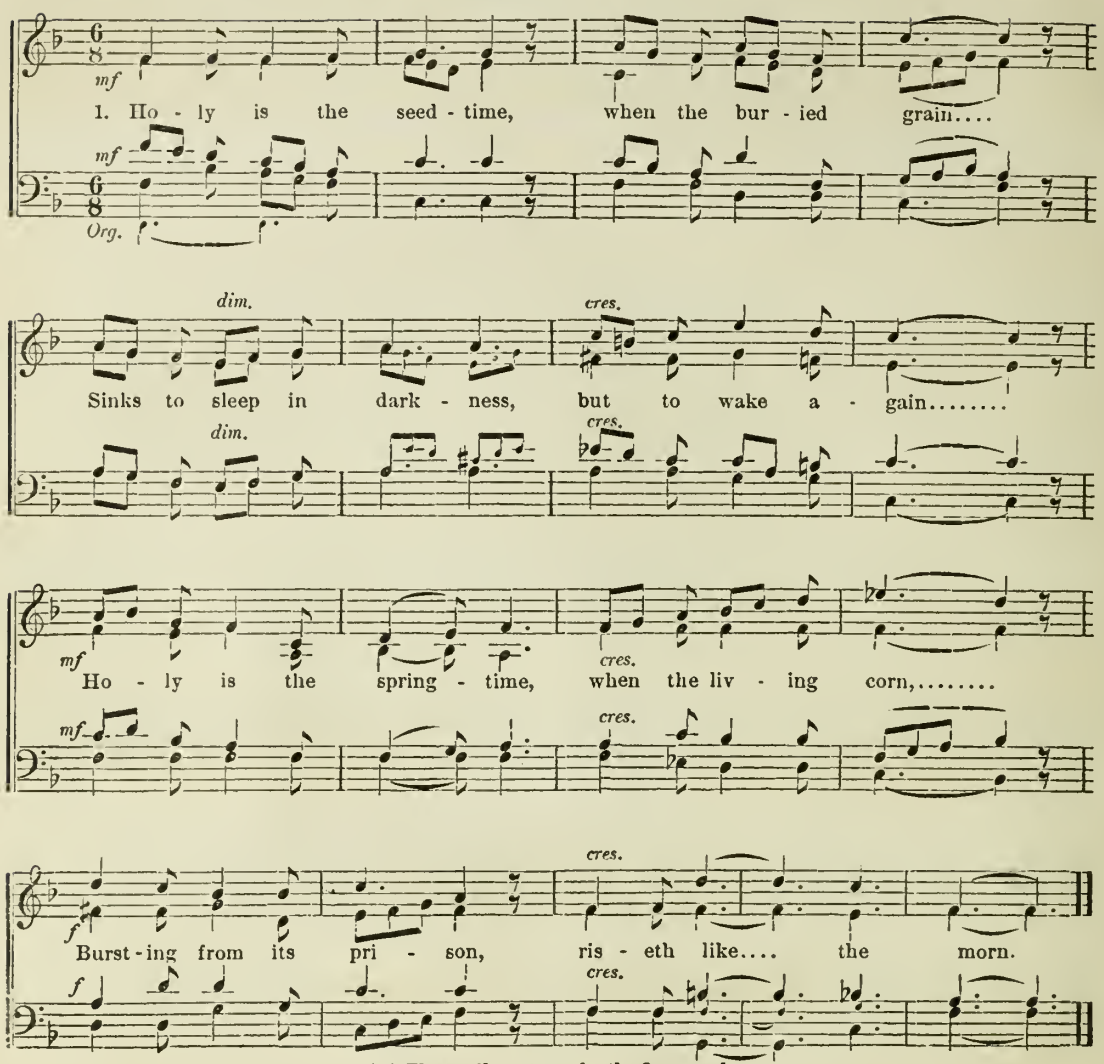
f

o!..... Home-ward com - eth the ripe last load, I - o! I - o! I - o!

2. Sing - ers are fill - ing the twi - light dim With cheer - ful song, I -
o! The spi - rit of song as cends to Him Who caus - eth the corn to
grow, Who caus - eth the corn to grow. He free - ly sent the gen - tle rain, The
cres.
sum-mer sun glo - ri - fied hill and plain, To gold - en per - fec - tion
brought the grain, I - o!..... I - o!..... I - o!..... To
gold - en per - fec - tion brought the grain, I - o! I - o! I - o!


pp e stacc.
pp
3. Si - lent - ly, night - ly, fell.... the dew, Gen - tly the rain, I -
pp
o! But who can tell how the green corn grew, Or who be - held it
grow? Or who be - held it grow? Oh! God, the good, in sun and rain, He
pp
cres.
look'd on the flour - ish - ing fields of grain, Till they all ap - pear'd on
f
cres.
hill and plain Like liv - ing gold, I - o!..... Till they
cres.
ff
ff
rall.
all appear'd on hill and plain Like liv - ing gold, I - o!
rall.

Holy is the seed-time.

Carol 26. (FOR HARVEST THANKSGIVING.) *Albert Lowe.*


mf
1. Ho - ly is the seed - time, when the bur - ied grain....
Org.
dim.
cres.
Sinks to sleep in dark - ness, but to wake a - gain.....
mf
Ho - ly is the spring - time, when the liv - ing corn,.....
f
Burst - ing from its pri - son, ris - eth like.... the morn.

*** *The small notes are for the Organ only.*

2

Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year;
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

3

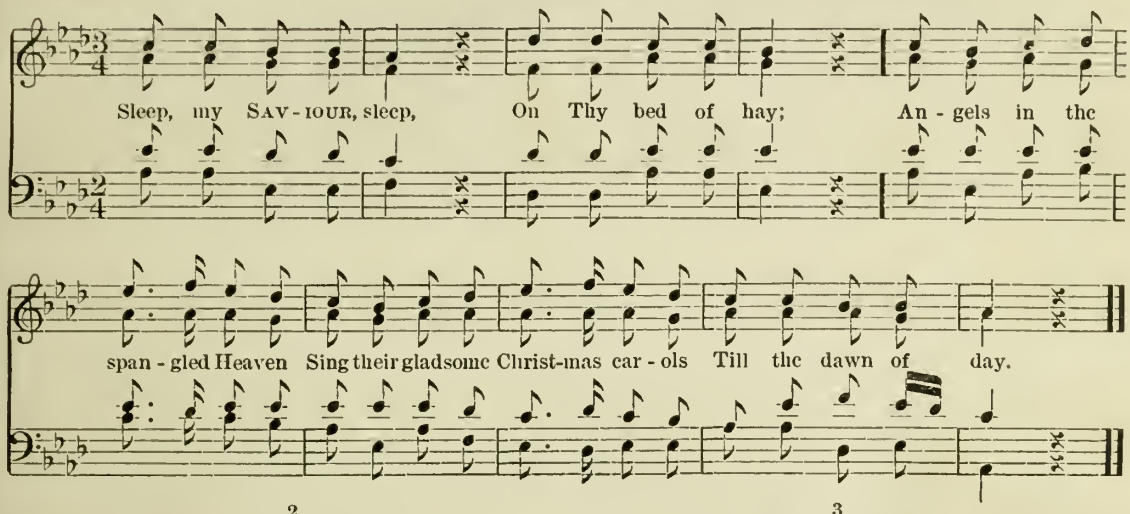
Holy seed our Master soweth in His field;
Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

4

Glory to the Father, who beheld our need;
Glory to the Saviour, who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!

Sleep, my Saviour, sleep.

Carol 27. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Bohemian. Arranged by Rev. R. F. Smith.*


Sleep, my SAV - IOUR, sleep, On Thy bed of hay; An - gels in the
span - gled Heaven Sing their gladsome Christ-mas car - ols Till the dawn of day.

2

Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
On Thy bed of hay,
Ere the mourning Angel cometh
To the moon-lit olive garden,
Wiping tears away.

3

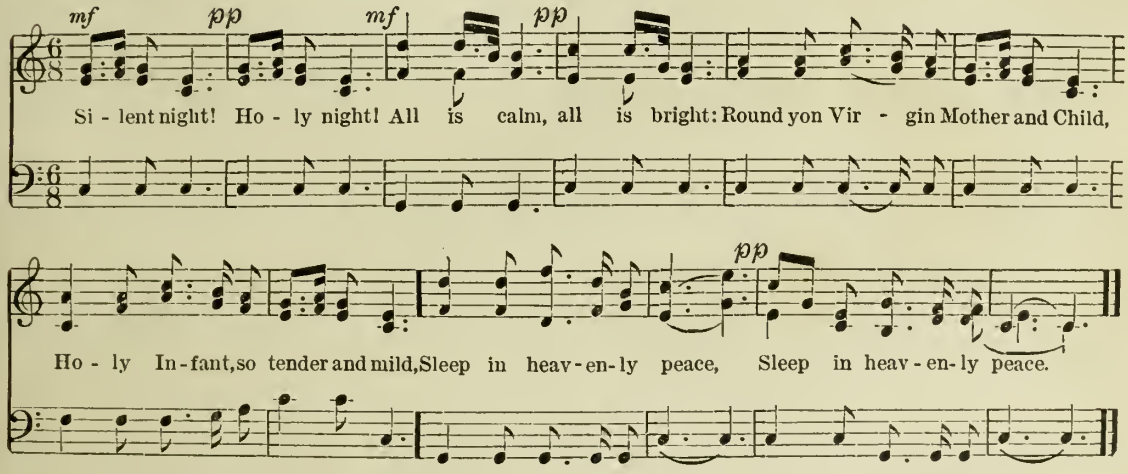
Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast,
Now the shepherds kneel adoring,
Now the mother's heart is joyous,
Take a happy rest.

4

Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast,
Crucified, with wounds and bruises
Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,
One day Thou wilt rest.

Silent night! Holy night!

Carol 28. (FOR CHRISTMAS.)


mf pp mf pp
Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright: Round yon Vir - gin Mother and Child,
pp
Ho - ly In-fant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav - en-ly peace.

2

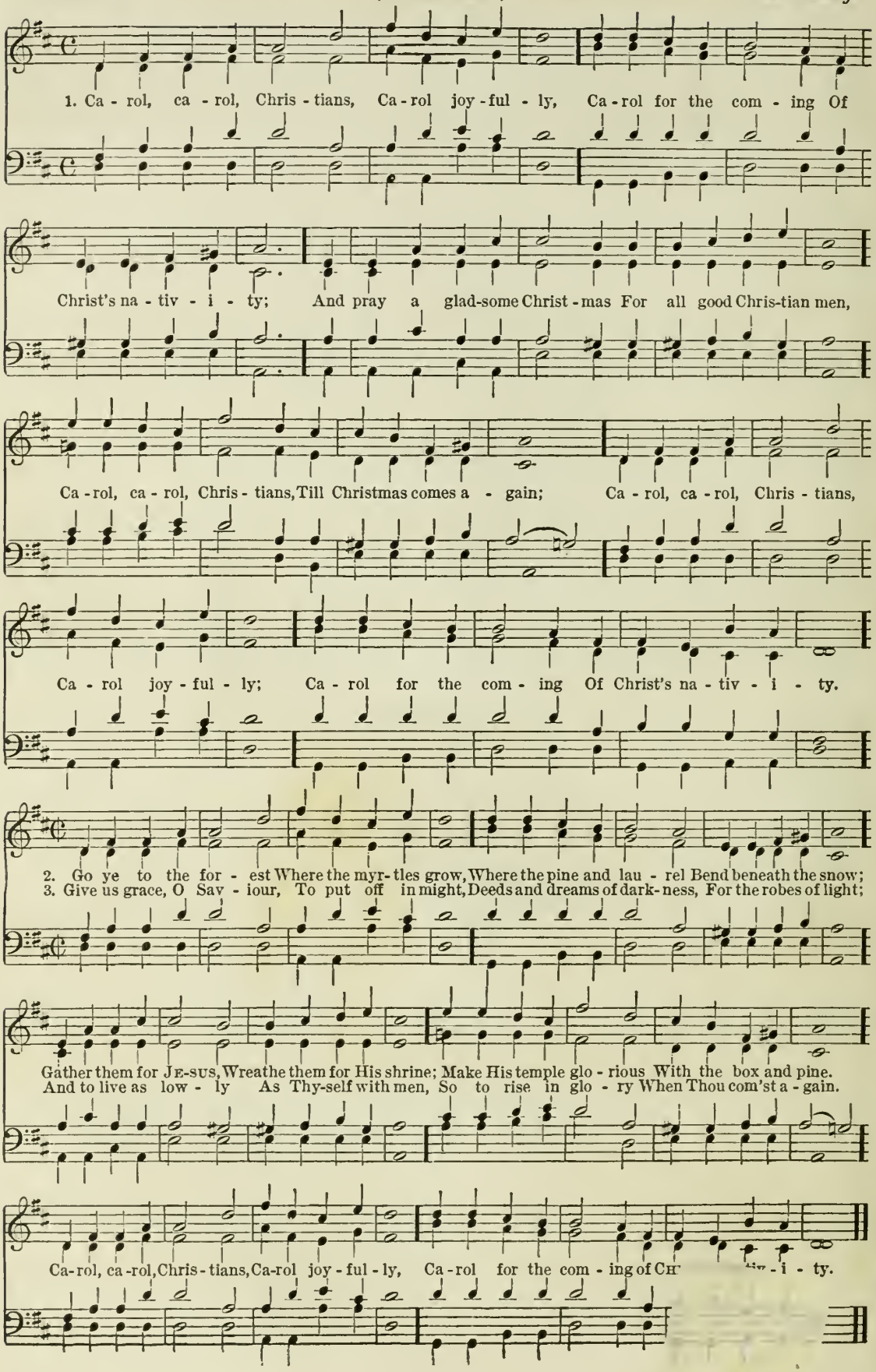
Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3

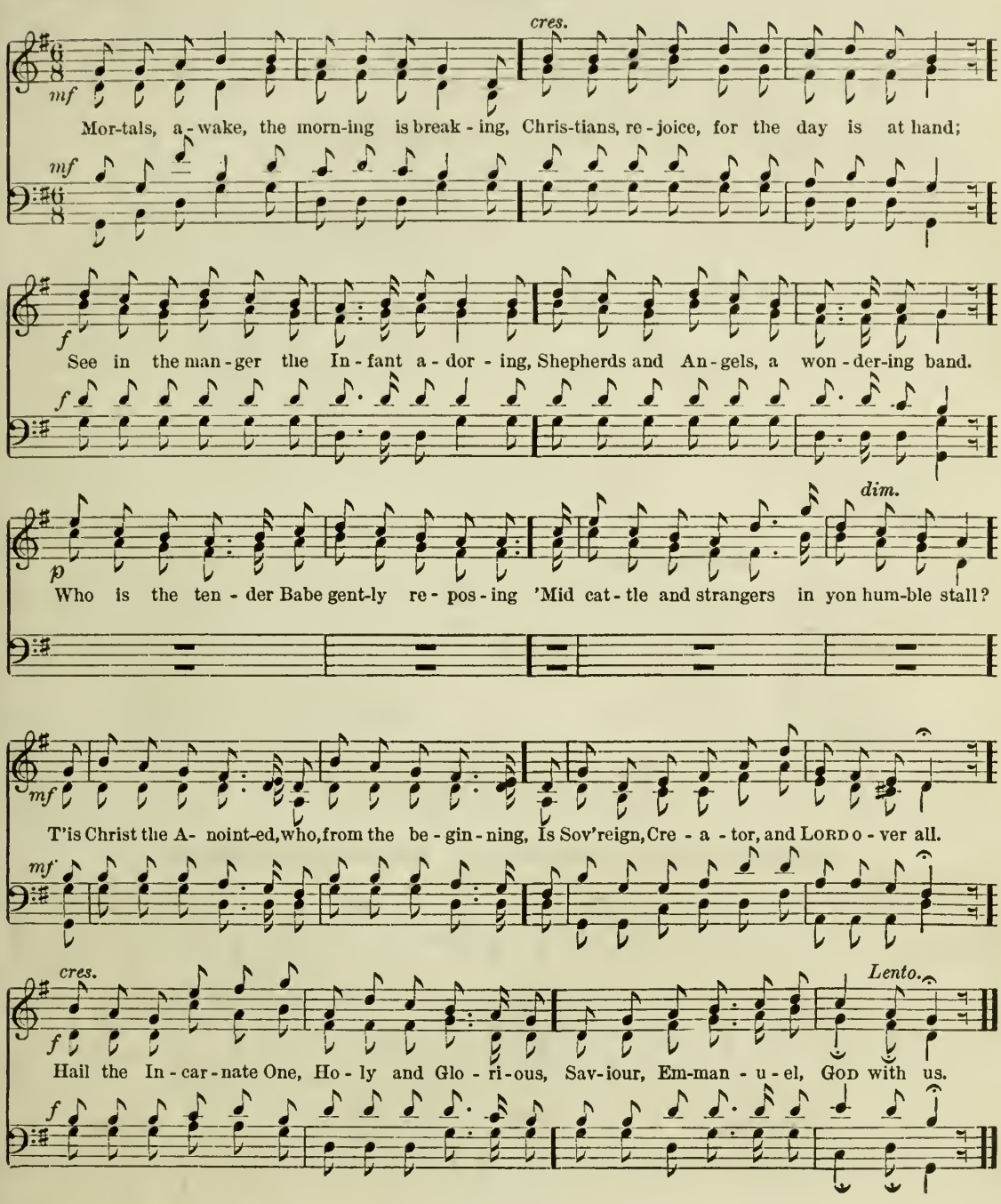
Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!

Carol, carol, Christians.

Carol 29. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *M. Lindsay.*


1. Ca - rol, ca - rol, Chris - tians, Ca - rol joy - ful - ly, Ca - rol for the com - ing Of
Christ's na - tiv - i - ty; And pray a glad-some Christ - mas For all good Chris-tian men,
Ca - rol, ca - rol, Chris - tians, Till Christmas comes a - gain; Ca - rol, ca - rol, Chris - tians,
Ca - rol joy - ful - ly; Ca - rol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.
2. Go ye to the for - est Where the myr - tles grow, Where the pine and lau - rel Bend beneath the snow;
3. Give us grace, O Sav - iour, To put off in might, Deeds and dreams of dark - ness, For the robes of light;
Gather them for JE-SUS, Wreathe them for His shrine; Make His temple glo - rious With the box and pine.
And to live as low - ly As Thy-self with men, So to rise in glo - ry When Thou com'st a - gain.
Ca-rol, ca-rol, Chris - tians, Ca-rol joy - ful - ly, Ca - rol for the com - ing of CH - i - ty.

Mortals, awake, the morning is breaking.

Carol 30. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *M. A. F.*

cres.
mf
Mor-tals, a-wake, the morn-ing is break-ing, Chris-tians, re-joice, for the day is at hand;
mf
f
See in the man-ger the In-fant a-dor-ing, Shepherds and An-gels, a won-der-ing band.
f
dim.
p
Who is the ten-der Babe gent-ly re-pos-ing 'Mid cat-tle and strangers in yon hum-ble stall?
mf
T'is Christ the A-noint-ed, who, from the be-gin-ning, Is Sov'reign, Cre-a-tor, and LORD o-ver all.
mf
cres.
f
Lento.
Hail the In-car-nate One, Ho-ly and Glo-ri-ous, Sav-iour, Em-man-u-el, GOD with us.
f

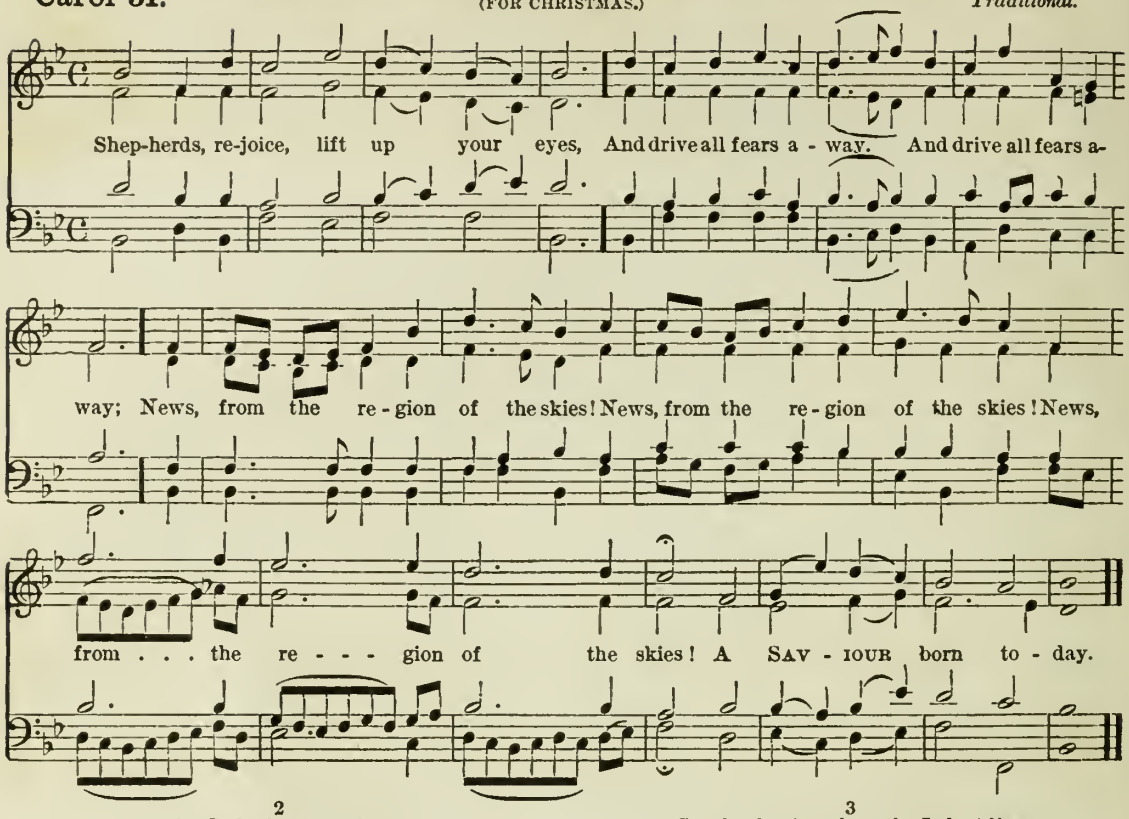
2

Shepherds, arise, reveal the strange story
How through the darkness there shone all around
Light far exceeding the sun in its glory;
Trembling ye gaz'd as ye lay on the ground;
How there appeared an Angel declaring
The message of mercy; "Glad tidings I bring,"
Salvation on high for mankind is preparing,
Earth has received a Heavenly King,
Hail the Incarnate One, &c.

3

Mortals fall down in devout adoration,
Christians unite in the heavenly strains;
Join in the chorus of loud exultation
Carol'd by Angels on Palestine's plains,
Let the still air ring with music sublimest,
And echo in praises creation to fill;
All honour and glory to God in the Highest,
Peace be on Earth, unto all men good will.
Hail the Incarnate One, &c.

Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes.

Carol 31. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Traditional.*

Shep-herds, re-joice, lift up your eyes, And drive all fears a - way. And drive all fears a-
way; News, from the re - gion of the skies! News, from the re - gion of the skies! News,
from . . . the re - - - gion of the skies! A SAV - IOUR born to - day.

2

Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day He makes His entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3

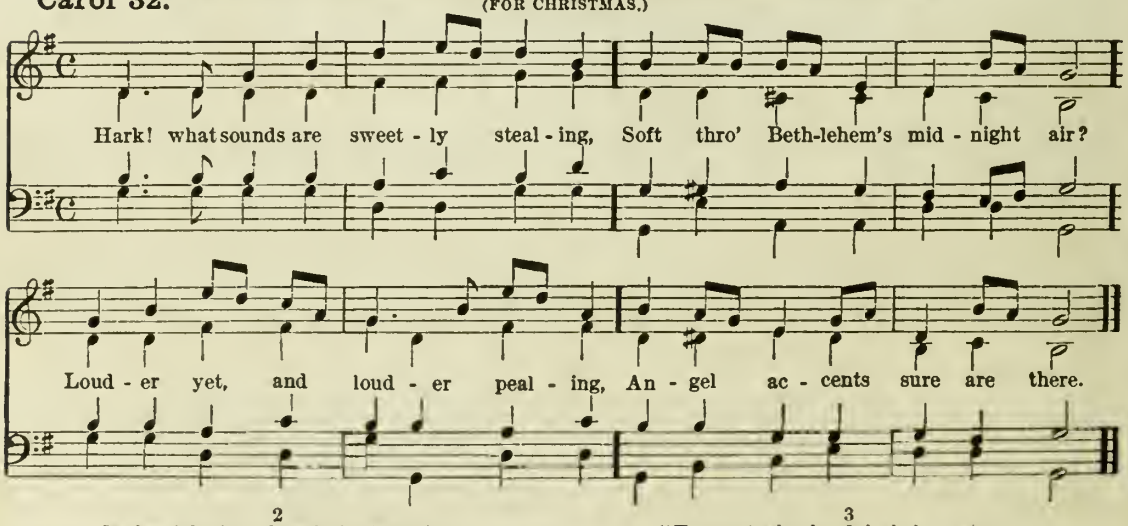
Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies
And see His humble throne; —
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, "Kiss the Son"!

4

Glory to God, who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth.
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

Hark! what sounds are sweetly stealing.

Carol 32. (FOR CHRISTMAS.)


Hark! what sounds are sweet - ly steal - ing, Soft thro' Beth-lehem's mid - night air?
Loud - er yet, and loud - er peal - ing, An - gel ac - cents sure are there.

2

See! a light from heav'n is streaming,
Night and darkness quit the plain;
See! an angel brightly beaming,
Followed by a radiant train.

3

"Fear not, shepherds! glad my story,
Tidings of the greatest joy;
Christ is born, the Lord of Glory!
I proclaim a Saviour nigh."

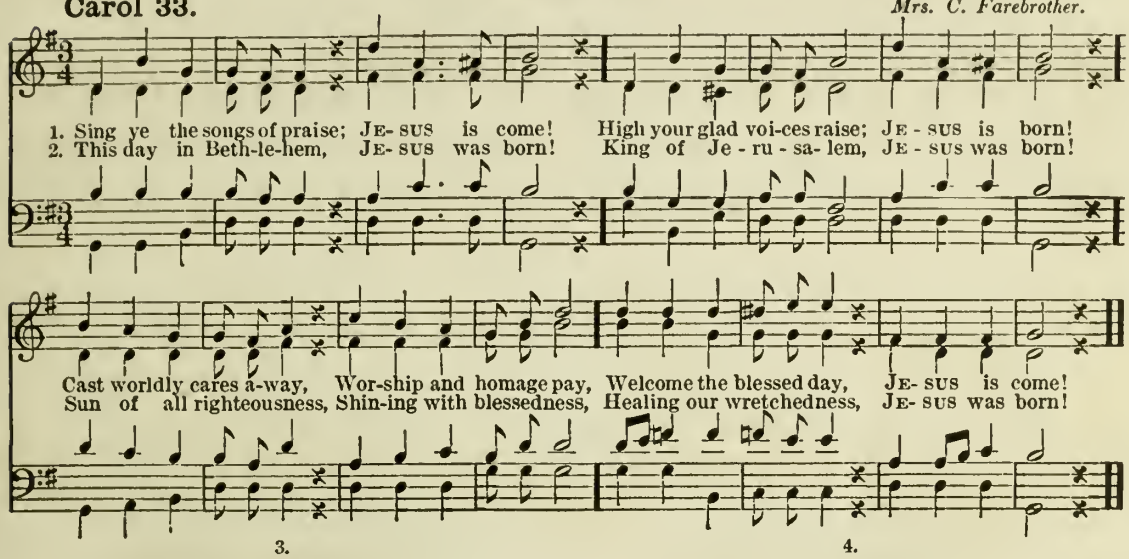
4

Thus the angel, then ascending,
Seeks again the realms of light;
Now the chorus faintly ending,
All is silence, all is night.

Sing ye the songs of praise.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 33. *Mrs. C. Farebrother.*


1. Sing ye the songs of praise; JE- SUS is come! High your glad voi-ces raise; JE - SUS is born!
2. This day in Beth-le-hem, JE- SUS was born! King of Je - ru - sa- lem, JE - SUS was born!
Cast worldly cares a-way, Wor-ship and homage pay, Welcome the blessed day, JE- SUS is come!
Sun of all righteousness, Shin-ing with blessedness, Healing our wretchedness, JE- SUS was born!

3.

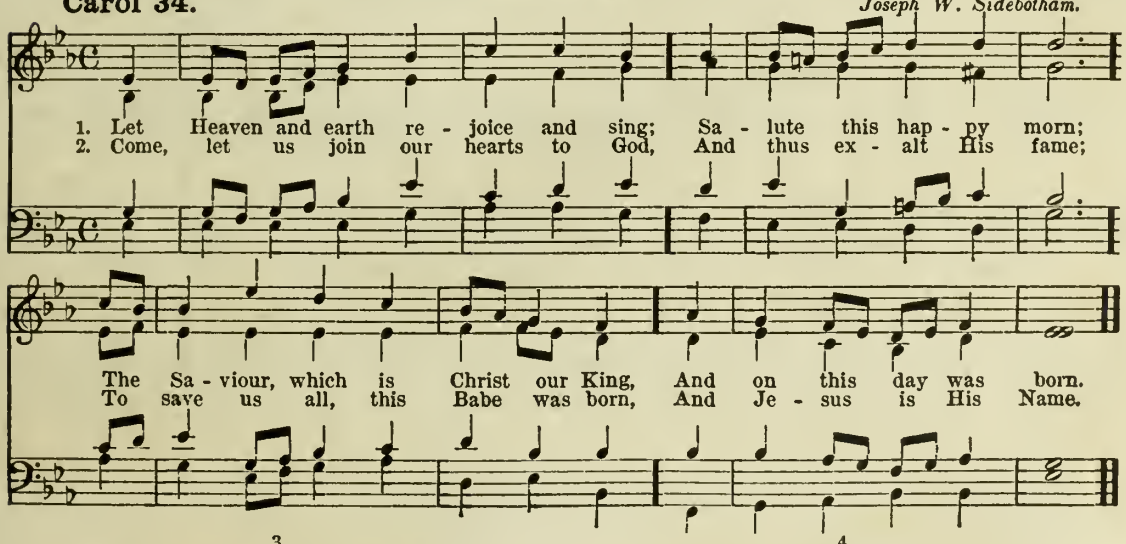
Cleanse us from all our sin,
SAVIOUR Divine!
Make our thoughts pure within,
SAVIOUR Divine!
Lo! now the herald sound
Carols the love profound,
Telling of JESUS found,
SAVIOUR Divine!

4.

Save through Thy merit,
Great PRINCE of Peace!
Give Thy good SPIRIT,
Great PRINCE of Peace!
Let not Thy love depart,
But holy gifts impart,
Born into every heart,
Great PRINCE of Peace!

Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 34. *Joseph W. Sidebotham.*

1. Let Heaven and earth re - joice and sing; Sa - lute this hap - py morn;
2. Come, let us join our hearts to God, And thus ex - alt His fame;
The Sa - viour, which is Christ our King, And on this day was born.
To save us all, this Babe was born, And Je - sus is His Name.

3.

Wise men and kings rich gifts did bring
To Bethlehem straitway,
Conducted by a leading Star,
Where Christ our Saviour lay.

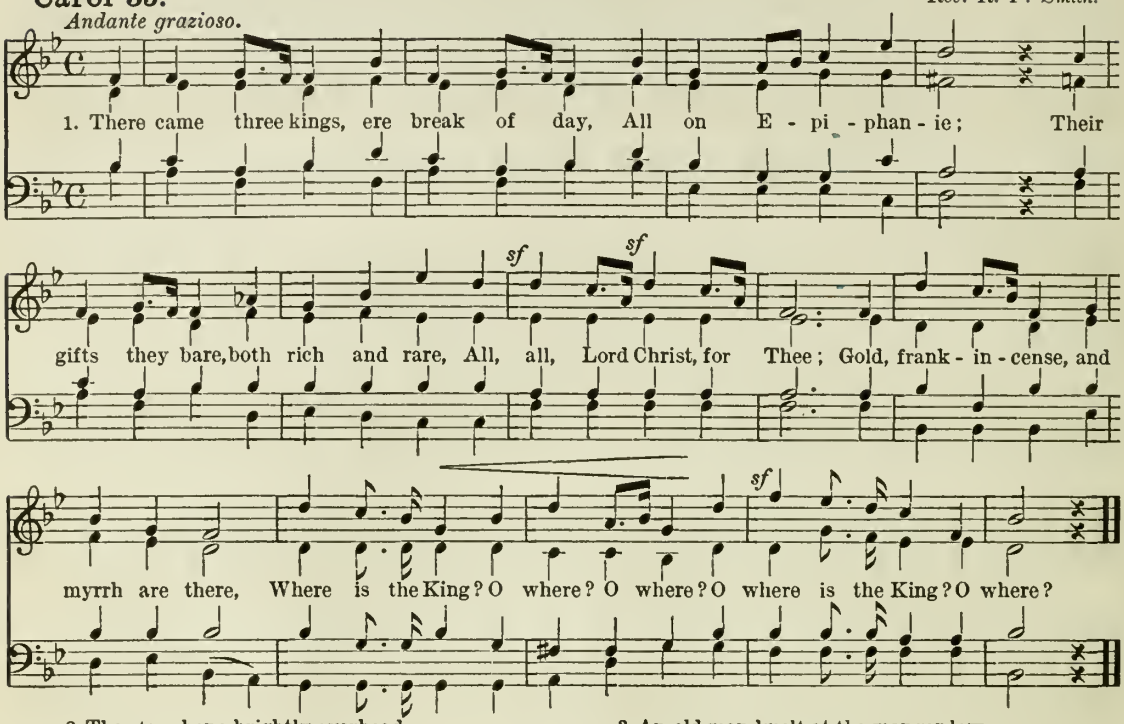
4.

O Lord, to Thee all glory be,
Whom Heaven and earth adore;
For our Redeemer we will praise
This day and evermore.

There came three kings ere break of Day.

(FOR EPIPHANY.)

Carol 35. *Rev. R. F. Smith.*

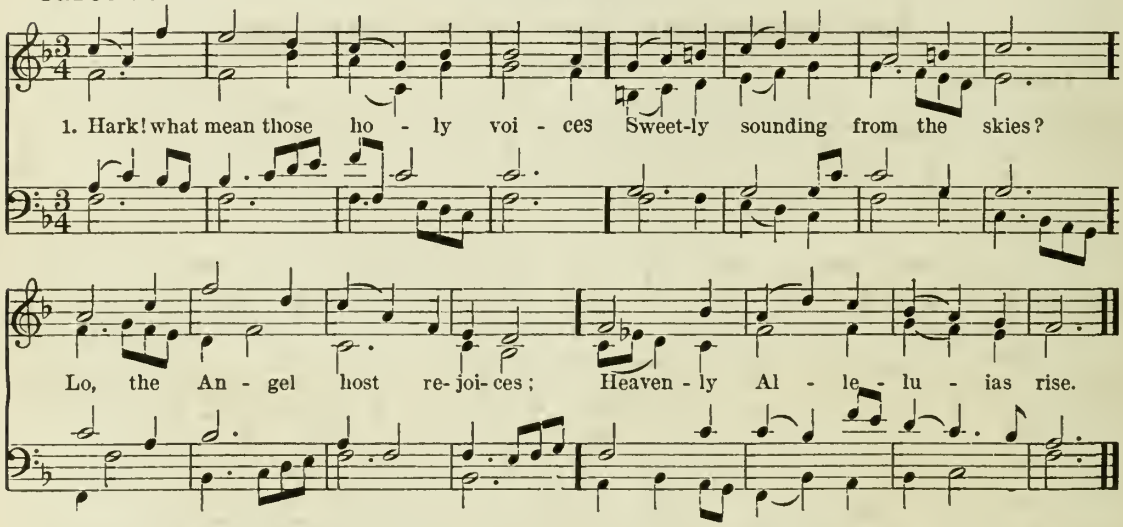

Andante grazioso.
1. There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - pi - phan - ie; Their
gifts they bare, both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee; Gold, frank - in - cense, and
myrrh are there, Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?

2 The star shone brightly overhead,
The air was calm and still,
O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
The dew lay on the hill:
We see no throne, no palace fair,
Where is the King? O where? O where?

3 An old man knelt at the manger low,
A babe lay in the stall;
The starlight played on the Infant brow,
Deep silence lay o'er all:
A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—
There is the King, O there! O there!

Hark, what mean those holy voices.

Carol 36. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Geo. B. Arnold.*



2 "Glory in the highest, glory,"
Thus they chant their joyful strain;
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Peace on earth, good will to men."

3 With their blessèd Alleluias
Hear what wondrous things they tell—
How lost man has now a Saviour,
Born to conquer death and hell.

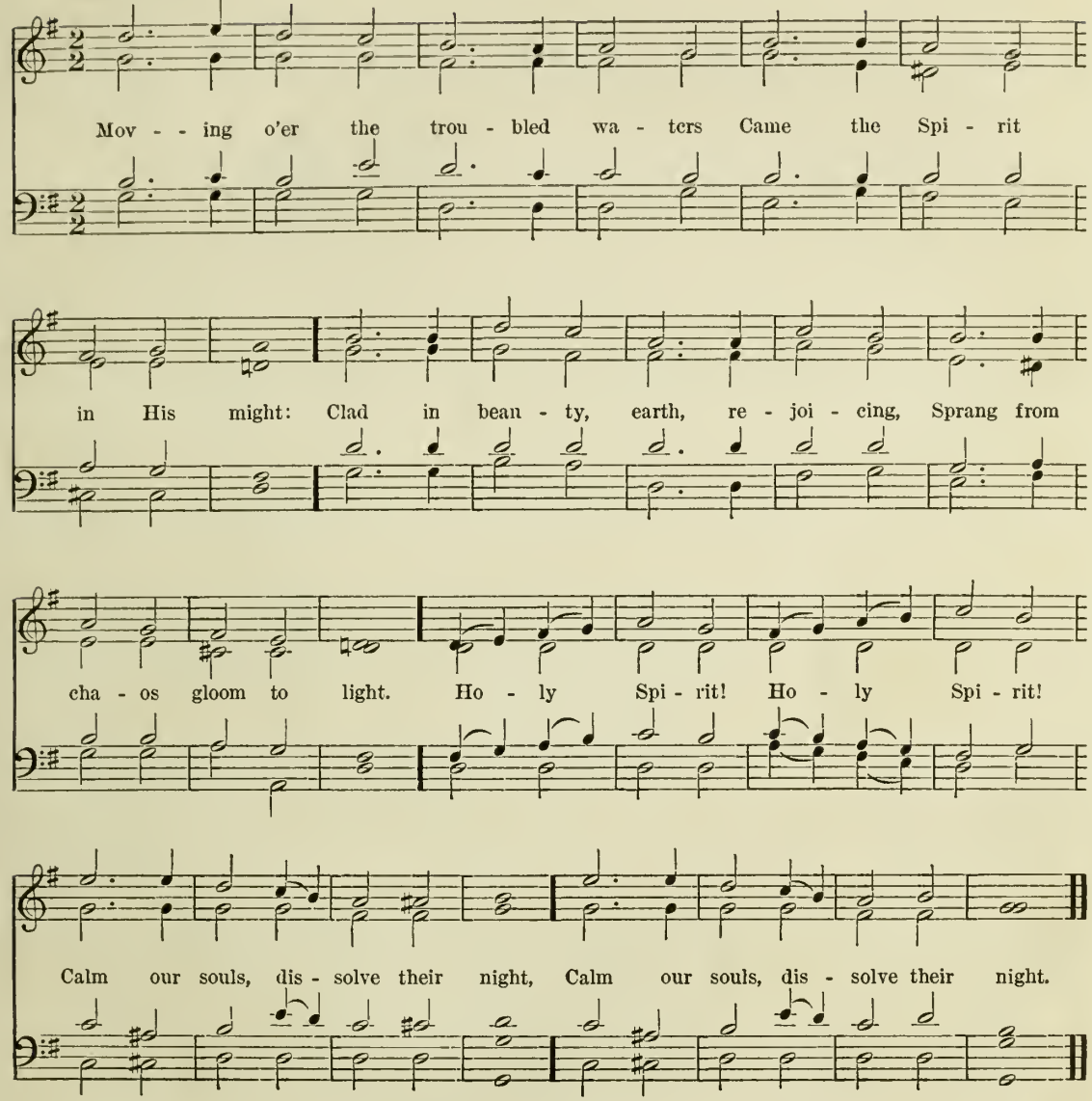
4 Born Thy people to deliver,
Jesu, from the death of sin;
Born to make us Thine forever;
Still abide our souls within.

5 Son of God, most holy Jesu,
Endless glory be to Thee,
To the Father and the Spirit,
Now and through eternity.

Moving o'er the troubled waters.

(FOR WHIT SUNDAY.)

Carol 37. *August Ulmann.*

Allegro moderato.

Mov - - ing o'er the trou - bled wa - ters Came the Spi - rit
in His might: Clad in bean - ty, earth, re - joi - cing, Sprang from
cha - os gloom to light. Ho - ly Spi - rit! Ho - ly Spi - rit!
Calm our souls, dis - solve their night, Calm our souls, dis - solve their night.

2.

Tongues of fire upon them resting
Christ's Apostles felt new power,
Preached the word, converted thousands,
Joyed in Pentecost's glad hour.
Holy Spirit!
Give our souls Thy precious dower!

3.

Witness throughout all the ages,
Voice to every faithful heart,
Guide to Christ's one holy body,
Sanctifying love Thou art.
Holy Spirit!
Cleanse us, quicken every part!

4.

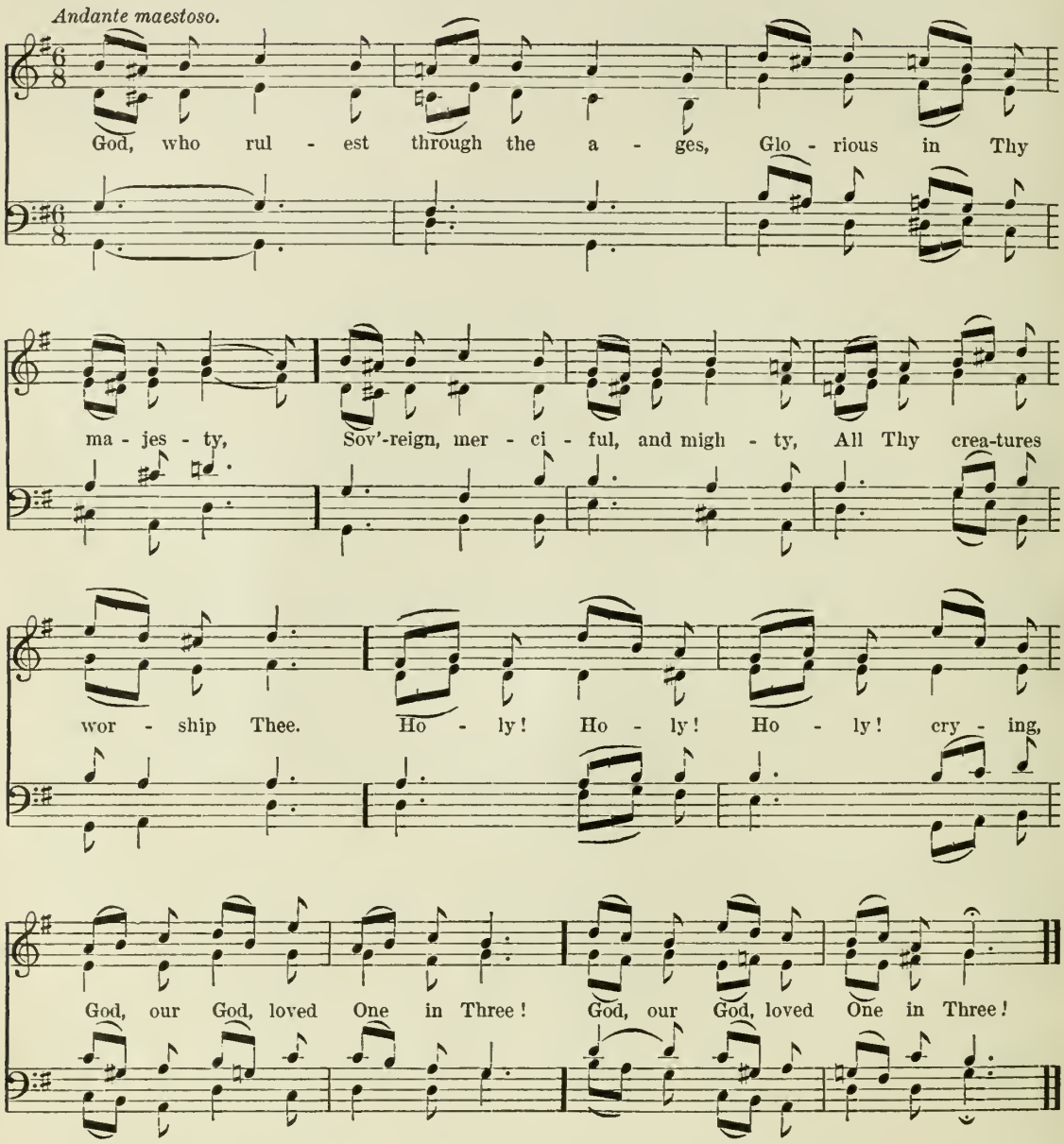
Holy Trinty we praise Thee!
God the Father who did'st make,
God the Son who did'st redeem us,
Liv'st in glory for our sake.
Holy Spirit!
May we of Thy grace partake.

God, who rulest through the ages.

(FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.)

Carol 38.

August Ulmann.


Andante maestoso.
God, who rul - est through the a - ges, Glo - rious in Thy
ma - jes - ty, Sov'-reign, mer - ci - ful, and migh - ty, All Thy crea-tures
wor - ship Thee. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! cry - ing,
God, our God, loved One in Three! God, our God, loved One in Three!

2.

God our Maker, God our Father,
  Who hast made the round world sure,
In whose hand the deep is holden,
  By whose word the hills endure,
Still sustain us by Thy power,
  Keep us in Thy love secure.

3.

God our Saviour, our Redeemer,
  Who from glory didst come down,
Who didst veil in shame and weakness,
  Thy great might, Thy great renown,
Yea, we thank Thee, yea, we praise Thee,
  Thou hast won the victor's crown.

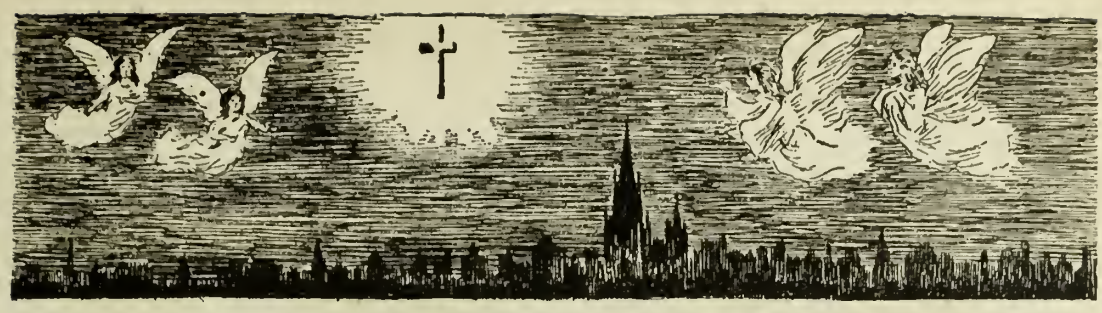
4.

God the Spirit, God of comfort,
  Who by promise dost abide
In the faithful hearts that love Thee,
  Who our feet in truth dost guide,
Peace and joy Thy presence brings us;
  We by grace are sanctified.

5.

God, who rulest through the ages,
  Glorious in Thy majesty,
Sov'reign merciful and mighty,
  All Thy creatures worship Thee.
"Holy, Holy, Holy," crying,
  God, our God, loved One in Three!

THE ANGELS.



God hath sent His angels.

Carol 39.

(FOR EASTER.)

J. C. D. Parker.

Lively.

1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bring-ing joy-ful tid - ings

TREBLES.

to the sons of men. They who first at Christ - mas, throng'd the heav'n-ly way,

CHORUS.

Now be-side the tomb - door, sit on Eas - ter Day. An-gels, sing His tri - umph,

Slower.

as you sang His birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," "Peace, good-will on earth."

2

In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at His side.
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

3

Yet the Christ they honour, is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will.
And the tomb deserted, shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it, into victory.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

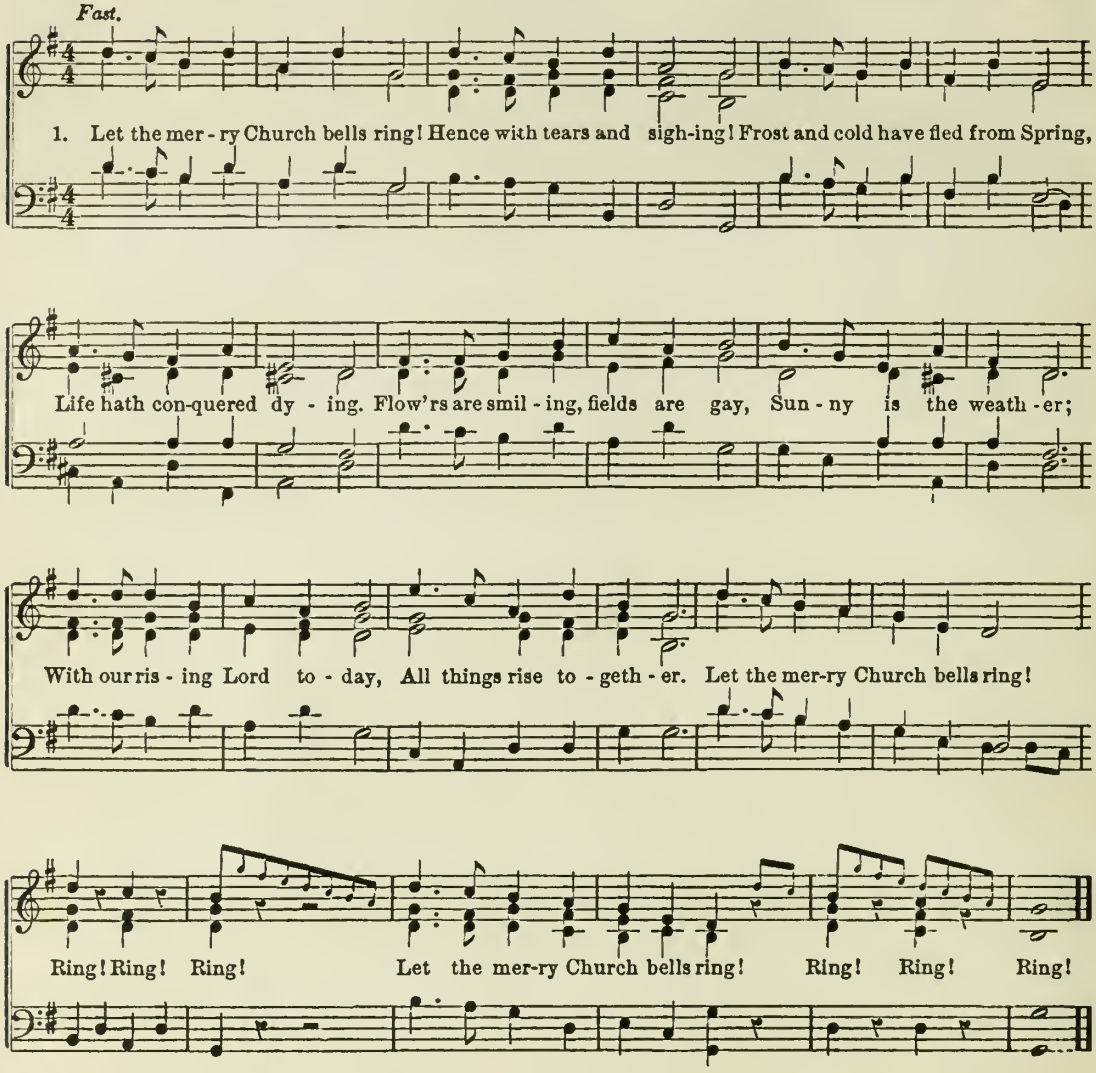
4

God has still His angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord,
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into Life.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

5

Father, send Thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

Let the merry Church Bells ring!

Carol 40. (EASTER.) *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.*

Fast.
1. Let the mer - ry Church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh-ing! Frost and cold have fled from Spring,
Life hath con-quered dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath - er;
With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring!
Ring! Ring! Ring! Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

2.

Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with Whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
Let the merry, &c.

3.

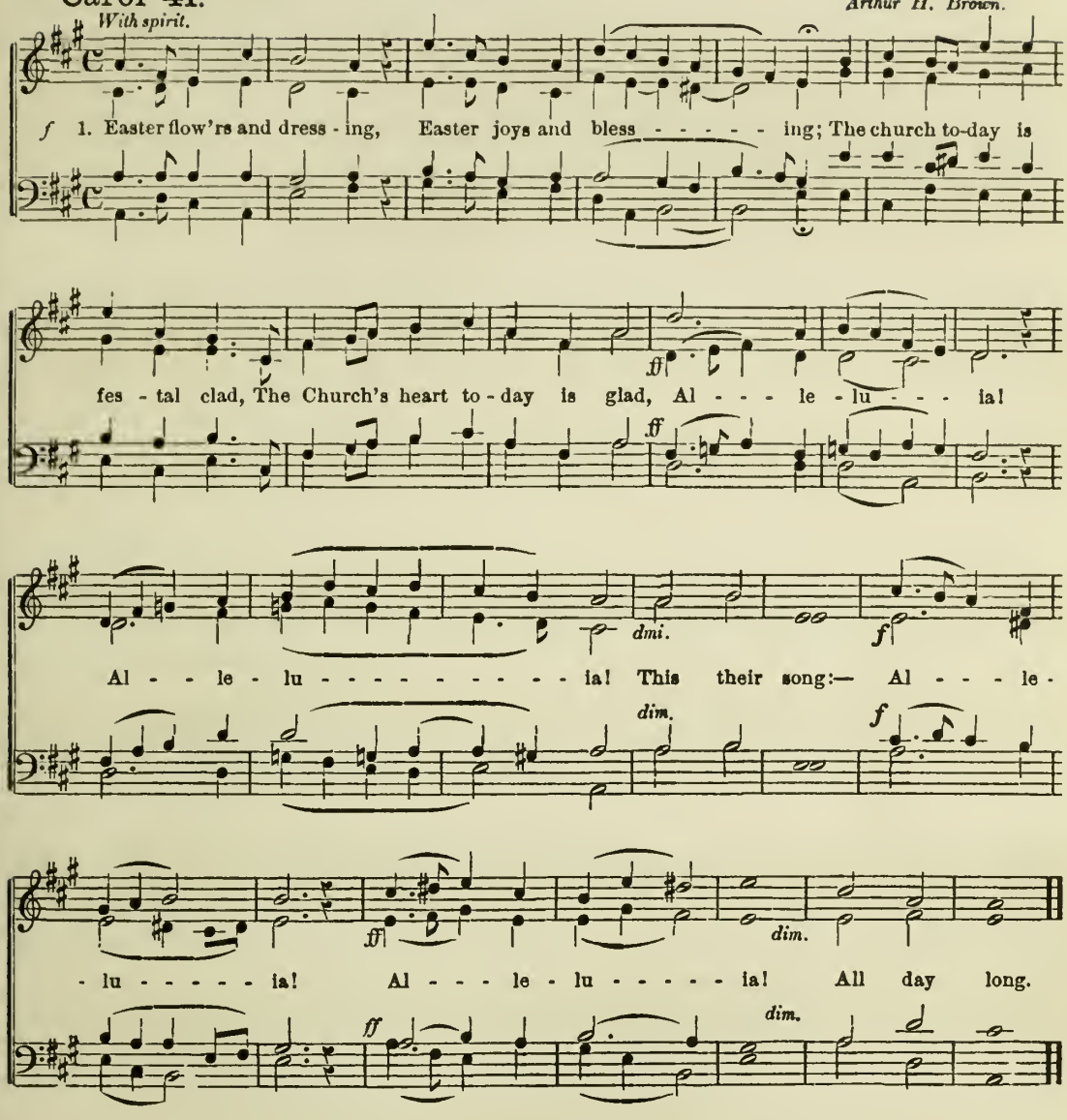
Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.
Let the merry, &c.

Easter Flowers and Dressing.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 41.

With spirit. *Arthur H. Brown.*


f 1. Easter flow'rs and dress - ing, Easter joys and bless - - - - - ing; The church to-day is
fes - tal clad, The Church's heart to - day is glad, Al - - - le - lu - - - ia!
dmi.
Al - - le - lu - - - - - - - - - ia! This their song:— Al - - - le -
dim.
- lu - - - - - ia! Al - - - le - lu - - - - - ia! All day long.
dim.

2

Come, and vigil keeping,
Chase away your sleeping;
Your Mother would your hearts prepare
The Queen of Feasts to keep and share.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This their song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

3

Come with early morning,
Grace your souls adorning;
For with the rising sun 'tis meet,
The Church her risen Head should greet.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This her song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

4

Come with holy yearning.
Love within you burning;
Oh! come, the Church's board is spread,
Consume the Chalice, eat her Bread.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This her song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

5

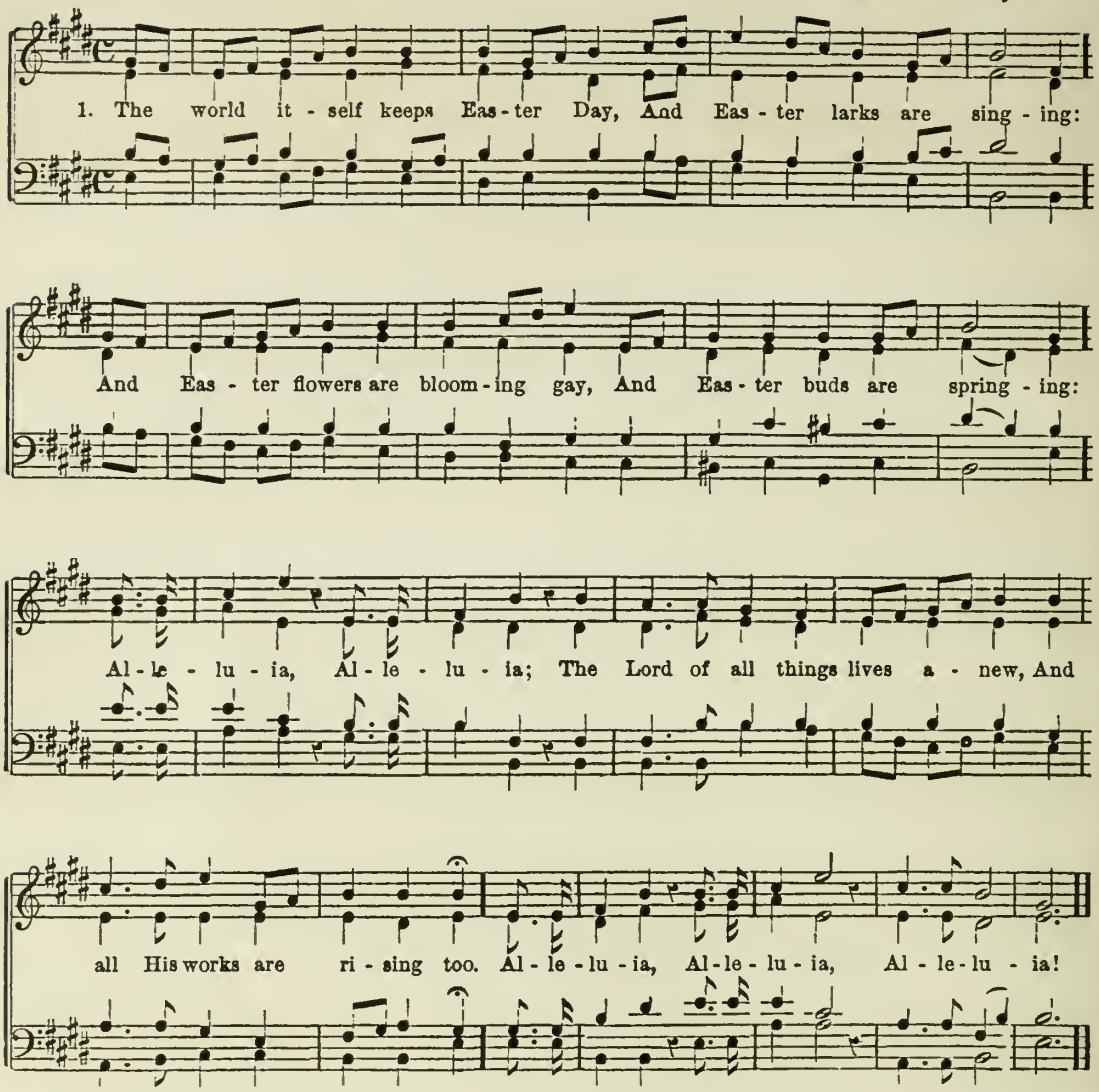
Come the bells are ringing,
Thankful offerings bringing;
High praises to the Victor King,
With Holy Mother, haste to sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This her song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 42.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.


1. The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are sing - ing:
And Eas - ter flowers are bloom - ing gay, And Eas - ter buds are spring - ing:
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia; The Lord of all things lives a - new, And
all His works are ri - sing too. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

2

There stood three Maries by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly;
Alleluia, Alleluia.
With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

3

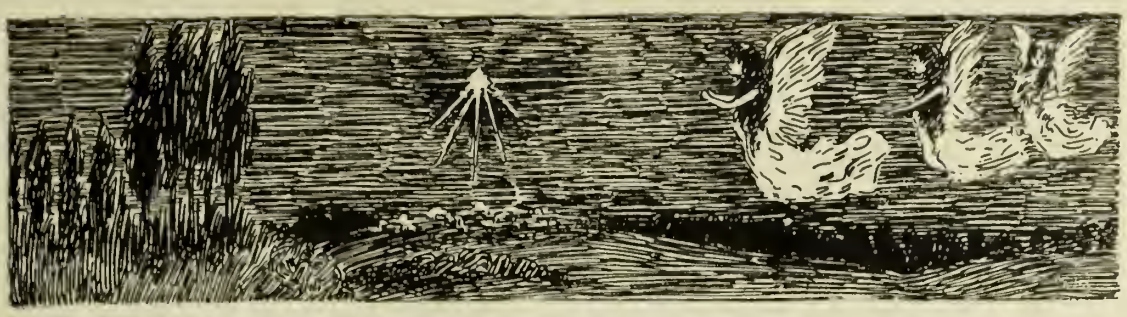
But earlier still the angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
"Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia, Alleluia:
"Go tell them all and make them blest,
"Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

4

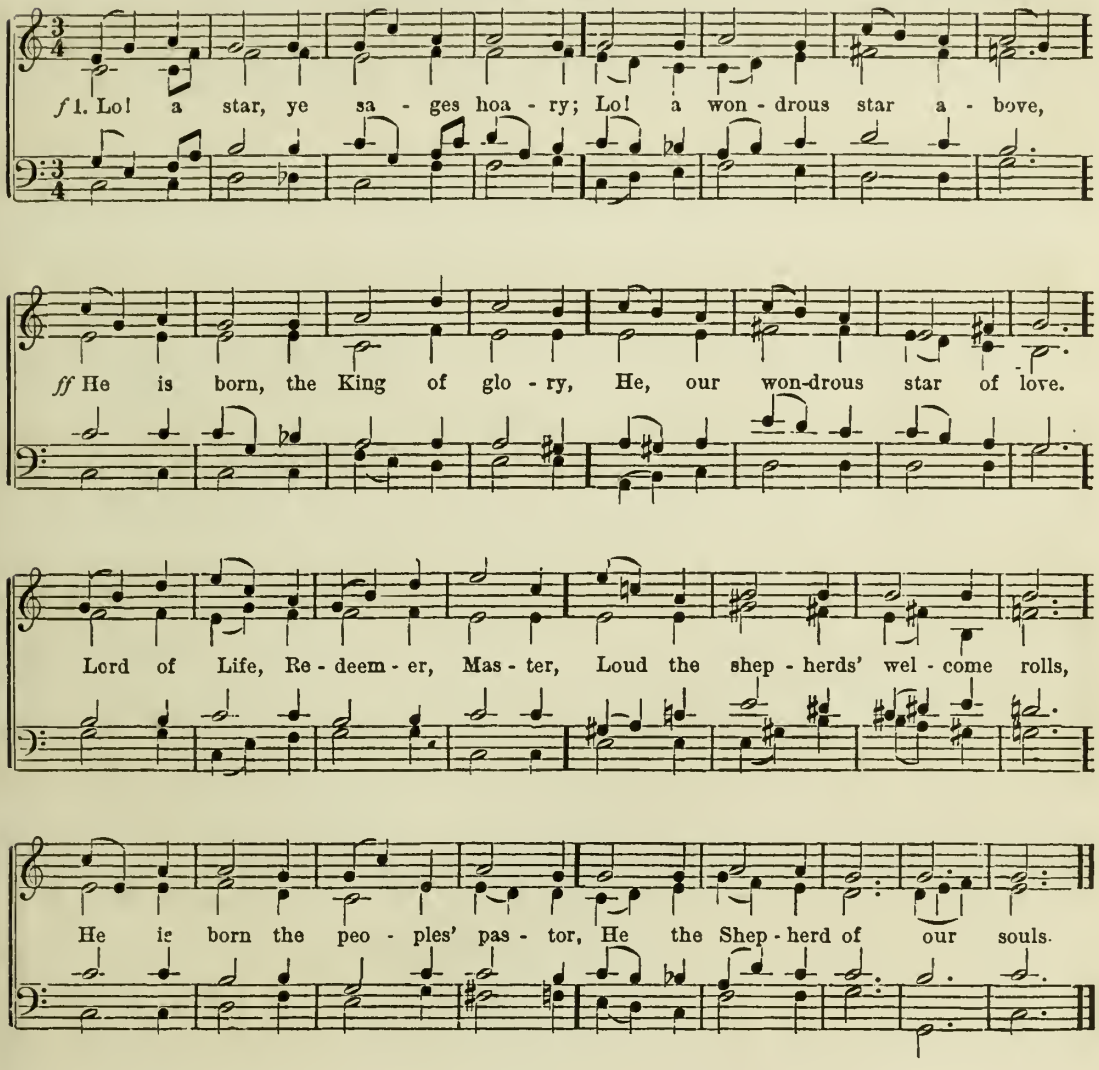
But one, and one alone, remained
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner Mary:
Alleluia, Alleluia:
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him who hung upon the tree:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

5

The Church is keeping Easter Day,
And Easter hymns are sounding,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The holy Font surrounding;
Alleluia, Alleluia;
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!



Lo: a star, ye sages hoary.

Carol 43. (For Christmas.) *Walter Newport.*

f 1. Lo! a star, ye sa - ges hoa - ry; Lo! a won - drous star a - bove,
ff He is born, the King of glo - ry, He, our won-drous star of love.
Lord of Life, Re - deem - er, Mas - ter, Loud the shep - herds' wel - come rolls,
He is born the peo - ples' pas - tor, He the Shep - herd of our souls.

2

p When from Thee we fain would borrow
Peace for heart and soul opprest,
pp Child of sorrows, heal our sorrow;
Spirit, give our spirits rest.
Let all evil past behaviour
In Thy love forgotten be,
Let our spirits, gentle Saviour,
Be this day new-born with Thee.

There came a little Child to Earth.

Carol 44. (For Christmas.) *Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick.*

mf *pp* *f*

There came a lit-tle Child to earth Long a - go: And the angels of God proclaim'd His birth,

mf *pp* *f*

p *Faster and smoothly.* *p*

High and low, High and low. Out on the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard,

cres. *f rall.* Verse. 2.

For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord. Far a-way in that good - ly land,

cres. *f rall.*

pp *f* *p*

Fair and bright, Children with crowns of glo - ry stand, Robed in white, Robed in white;

pp *f* *p*

Faster and smoothly. *cres.*

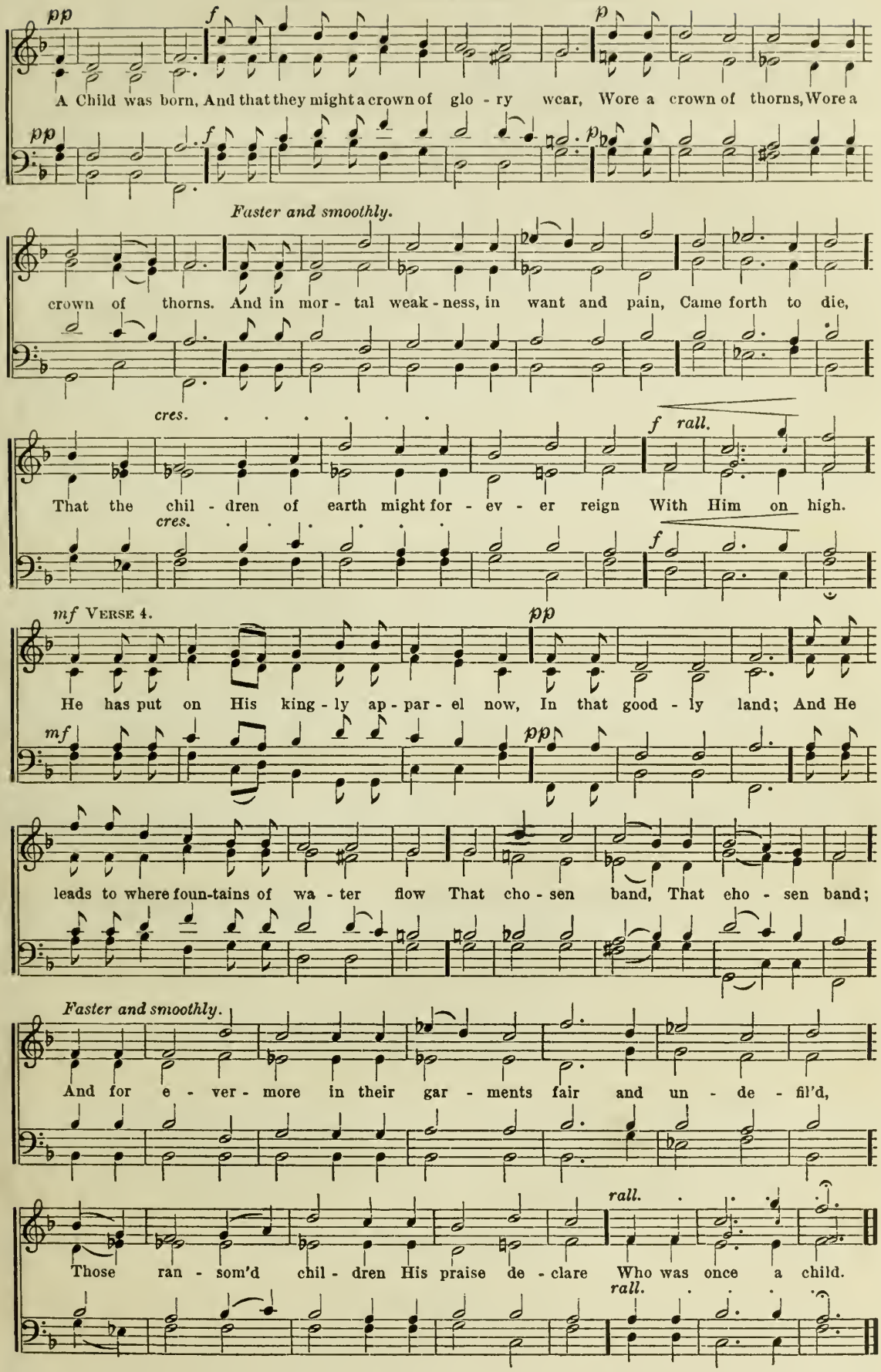
In white more pure than the spot - less snow, And their tongues u - nite In the Psalm which the

f rall. *mf* Verse 3.

an - gels sang long a - go, On Christ-mas night. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair

f rall. *mf*

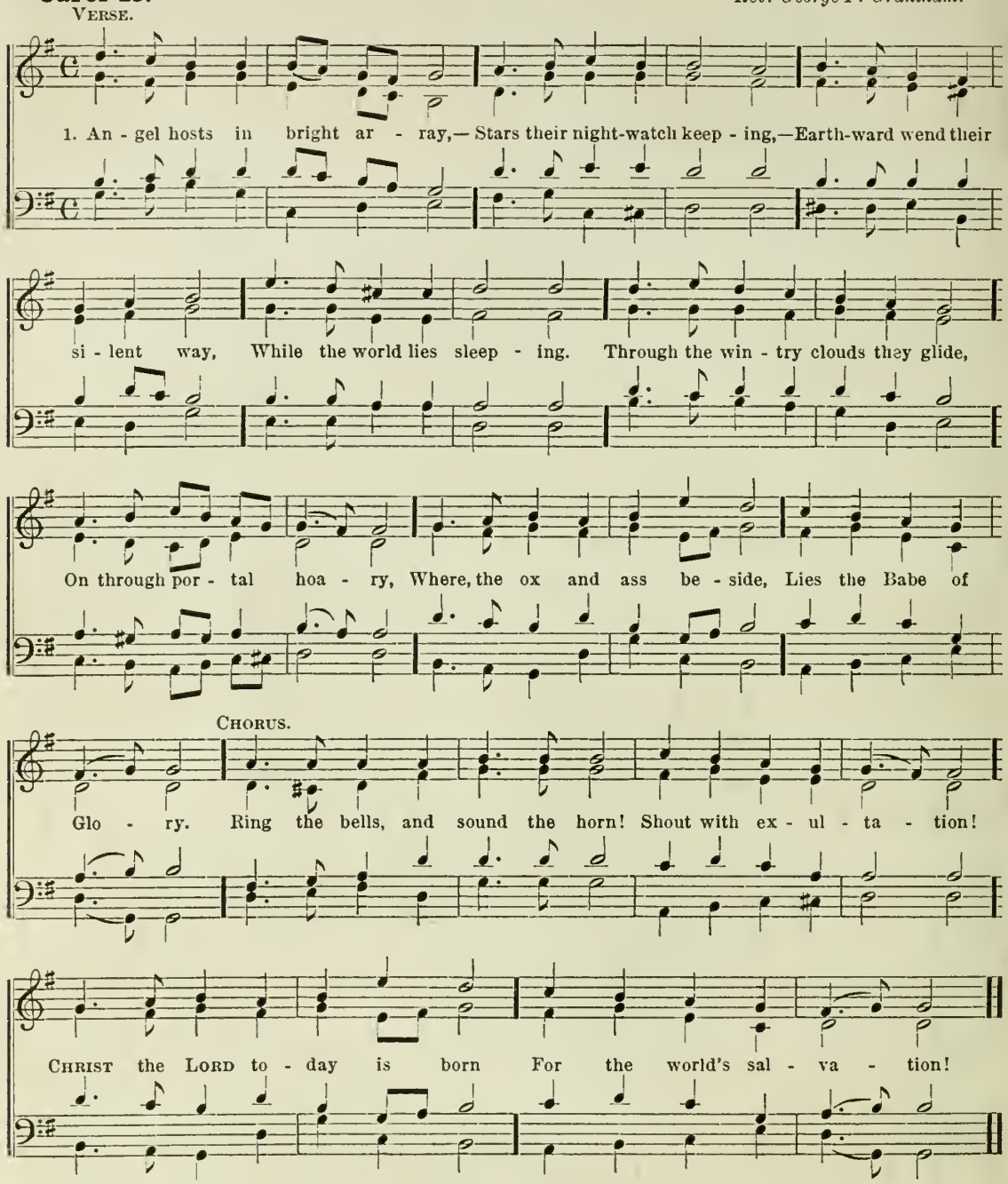
* Should these notes be found too high the small notes may be substituted, or both sung together as two Trebles.


pp
f
p
A Child was born, And that they might a crown of glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorns, Wore a
Faster and smoothly.
crown of thorns. And in mor - tal weak - ness, in want and pain, Came forth to die,
cres.
f rall.
That the chil - dren of earth might for - ev - er reign With Him on high.
mf Verse 4.
He has put on His king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land; And He
leads to where foun-tains of wa - ter flow That cho - sen band, That cho - sen band;
Faster and smoothly.
And for e - ver - more in their gar - ments fair and un - de - fil'd,
rall.
Those ran - som'd chil - dren His praise de - clare Who was once a child.

Angel hosts in bright array.

(For Christmas.)

Carol 45. *Rev. George P. Grantham.*


Verse.
1. An - gel hosts in bright ar - ray,— Stars their night-watch keep - ing,—Earth-ward wend their
si - lent way, While the world lies sleep - ing. Through the win - try clouds they glide,
On through por - tal hoa - ry, Where, the ox and ass be - side, Lies the Babe of
Chorus.
Glo - ry. Ring the bells, and sound the horn! Shout with ex - ul - ta - tion!
Christ the Lord to - day is born For the world's sal - va - tion!

2

All unseen by mortal eye,
Reverent and lowly;
Prostrate there, they laud on high
Him, the Infant Holy.
From their lips celestial rise
Sounds, with joy o'erflowing,
Strains upborne beyond the skies,
Hymns with rapture glowing.
Ring the bells, &c.

3

Hark the news the Angel tells:—
Lo! an Infant Stranger
God's dear Son among you dwells,
Born in Bethlehem's manger!
Bursts a chorus from the sky,
Loud from Heaven's portal:—
Glory be to God on High,
Peace, good-will to mortal!
Ring the bells, &c.

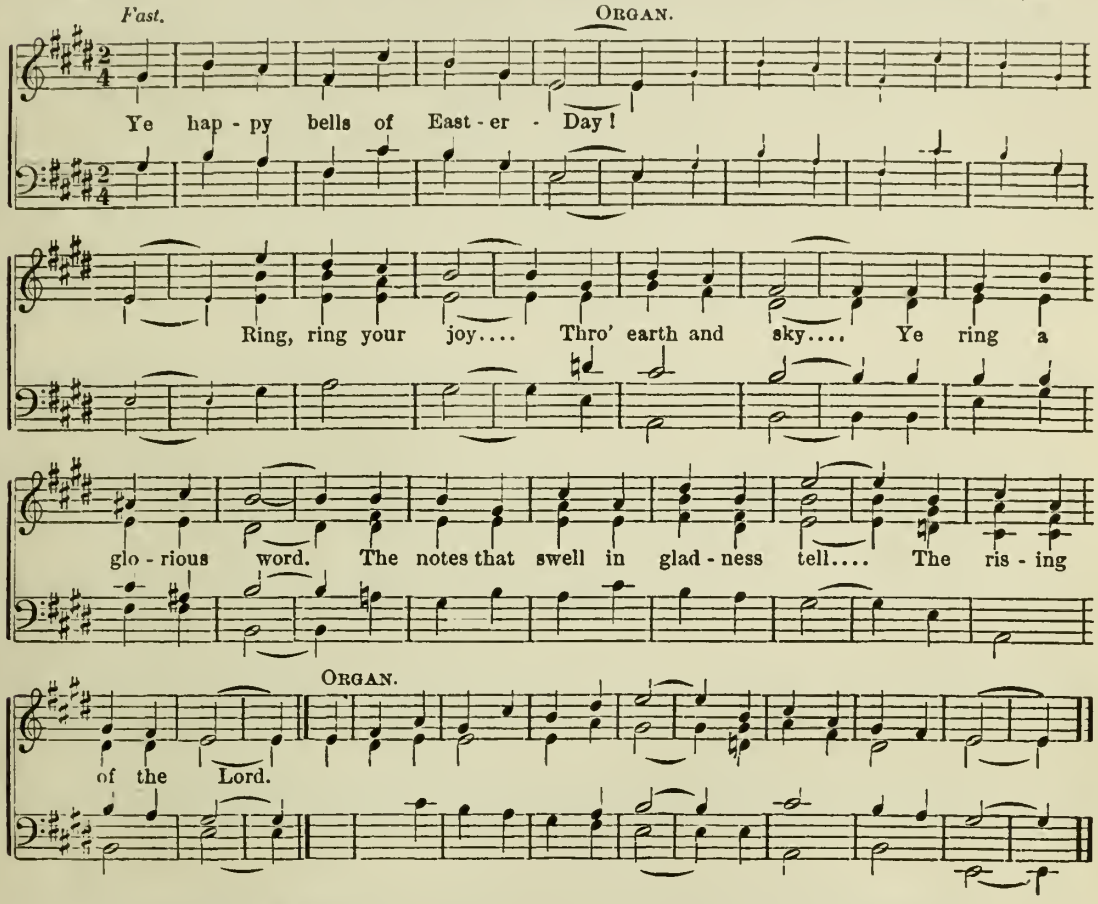
4

Angel spirits earthward led,
With a hope endearing,
First to worship, first to spread,
News of Christ's Appearing!
Trace we out your footfalls light,
Praise we Christ in glory,
Then waft on the tidings bright
Of the Gospel story!
Ring the bells, &c

"Ye happy Bells of Easter-Day."

Carol 46. FOR EASTER. *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.*

Fast. ORGAN.


Ye hap - py bells of East - er - Day!
Ring, ring your joy.... Thro' earth and sky.... Ye ring a
glo - rious word. The notes that swell in glad - ness tell.... The ris - ing
ORGAN.
of the Lord.

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!
The teeming earth,
That saw His birth
When lying 'neath the sword,
Upspringeth now in joy, to show
The rising of the Lord!

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies,
Re-echo with the word—
The victor-breath that conquers death—
The rising of the Lord!

Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!
The bitter cup
He lifted up,
Salvation to afford.
Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!
His tender side
Was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured:
Redeemed clay doth sing to-day
The rising of the Lord!

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down:
Ring! ring! with strong accord—
The mighty strain of love and pain,
The rising of the Lord!

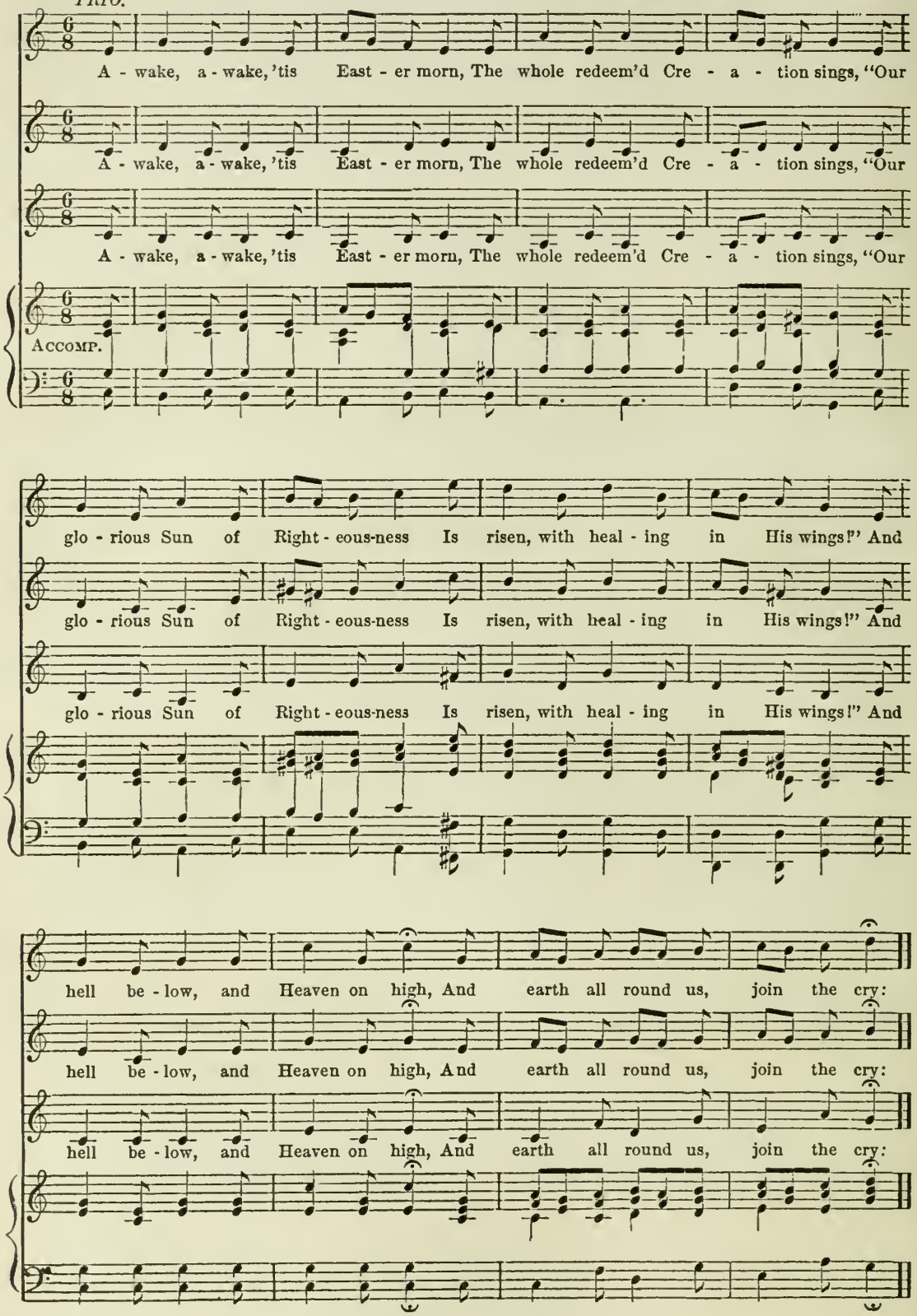
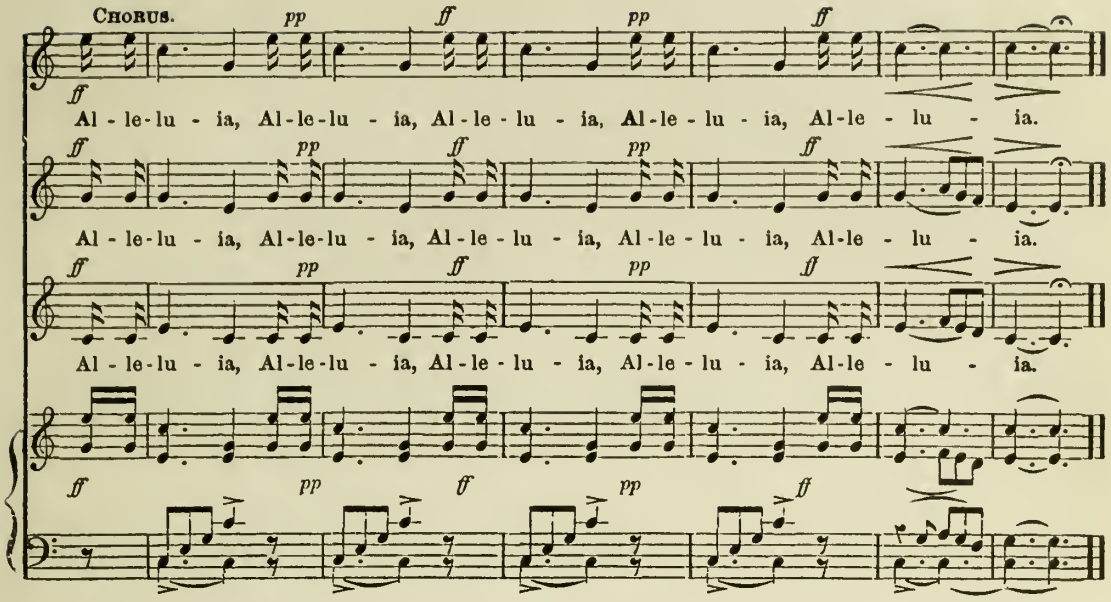
Awake! Awake! 'tis Easter Morn.

(THE S. AGNES EASTER CAROL.)

Carol 47.

Words and Music by the Rev. J. H. Hopkins.

TRIO.


A - wake, a - wake, 'tis East - er morn, The whole redeem'd Cre - a - tion sings, "Our
A - wake, a - wake, 'tis East - er morn, The whole redeem'd Cre - a - tion sings, "Our
A - wake, a - wake, 'tis East - er morn, The whole redeem'd Cre - a - tion sings, "Our
ACCOMP.
glo - rious Sun of Right - eous-ness Is risen, with heal - ing in His wings!" And
glo - rious Sun of Right - eous-ness Is risen, with heal - ing in His wings!" And
glo - rious Sun of Right - eous-ness Is risen, with heal - ing in His wings!" And
hell be - low, and Heaven on high, And earth all round us, join the cry:
hell be - low, and Heaven on high, And earth all round us, join the cry:
hell be - low, and Heaven on high, And earth all round us, join the cry:

Chorus.
Al - le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia.
Al - le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia.
Al - le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia.

To prison'd souls, that long had pined
In Death's dark shadow, Light hath shined;
A Voice divides the flames of fire,
And wonder wakes a new-born choir:
For hell below forgets her woe,
And forth her kindling praises flow:
Chorus. Alleluia, &c.

The Gardener in His garden walked,
And with a weeping woman talked;
To eyes that look through loving tears,
Lo! Death is Life, and Christ appears!
Before all men, by Magdalene
The risen Lord is heard and seen:
Chorus. Alleluia, &c.

The gates of brass are closed in vain,
The iron bars He bursts in twain;
The gulf that ne'er was crossed before
Wafts armies to its happier shore:
And Death, once King, has lost his sting,
And hell its Conqueror learns to sing:
Chorus. Alleluia, &c.

The faithful Women next rejoice;
They clasp His feet, and hear His voice;
They tell the Apostles all, that He
Will meet them soon in Galilee;
Their spices rare the morning air
Now sends in perfume everywhere:
Chorus. Alleluia, &c.

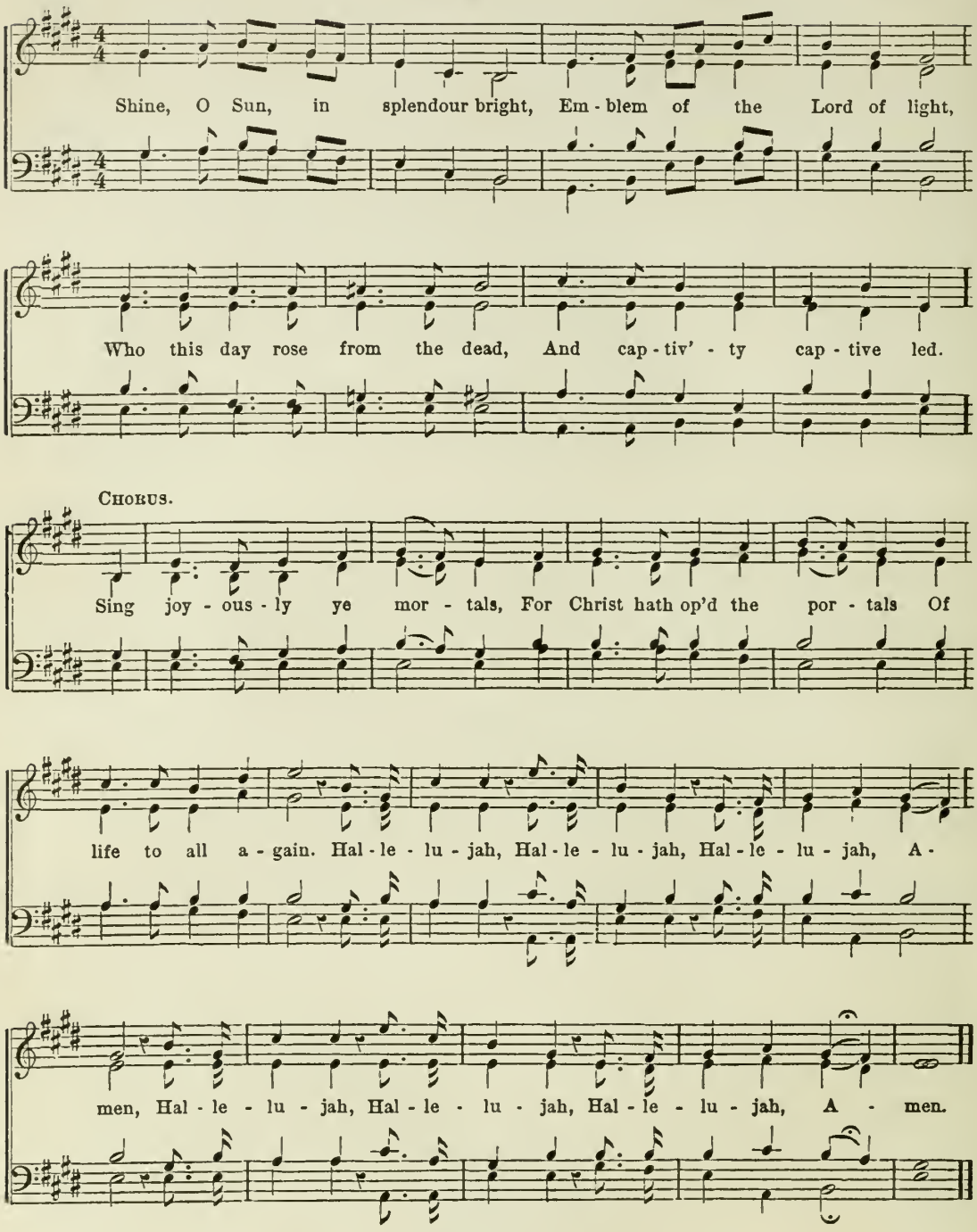
From Heaven an Angel came alone,
And rolled away the mighty stone;
While two, within, at either end,
In reverent, radiant state attend.
There, clothed in white, their forms of light
Fill all the tomb with glory bright.
Chorus. Alleluia &c.

And "Peace" is breathed from Jesus now,
On beaming face and bended brow;
And tongues have come, of cloven fire,
And shades of night and sin retire.
Through earth and sky the voices fly,
And all Creation makes reply:
Chorus. Alleluia, &c.

The streams that run through every vale,
To field and forest tell the tale;
The birds, in all their songs of Spring,
Proclaim it, chanting on the wing:
Awake ye then, O sons of men,
And swell the chorus once again:
Chorus. Alleluia, &c.

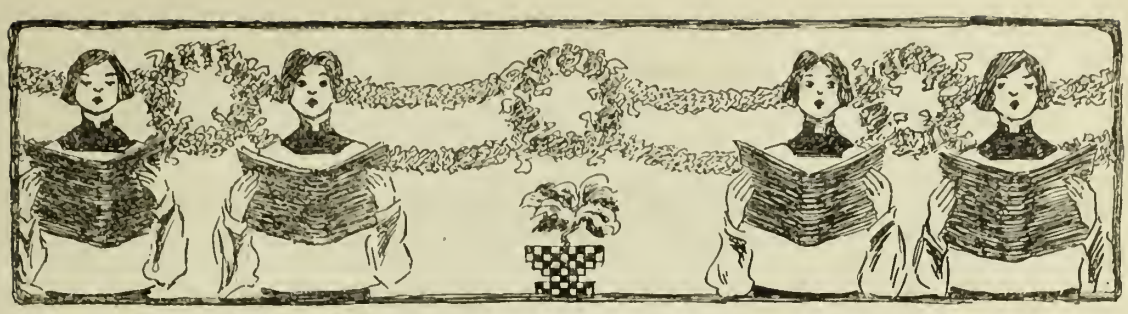
Shine, O Sun, in splendour bright.

Carol 48. FOR EASTER. *H. H. Colburn.*


Shine, O Sun, in splendour bright, Em - blem of the Lord of light,
Who this day rose from the dead, And cap - tiv' - ty cap - tive led.
Chorus.
Sing joy - ous - ly ye mor - tals, For Christ hath op'd the por - tals Of
life to all a - gain. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -
men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

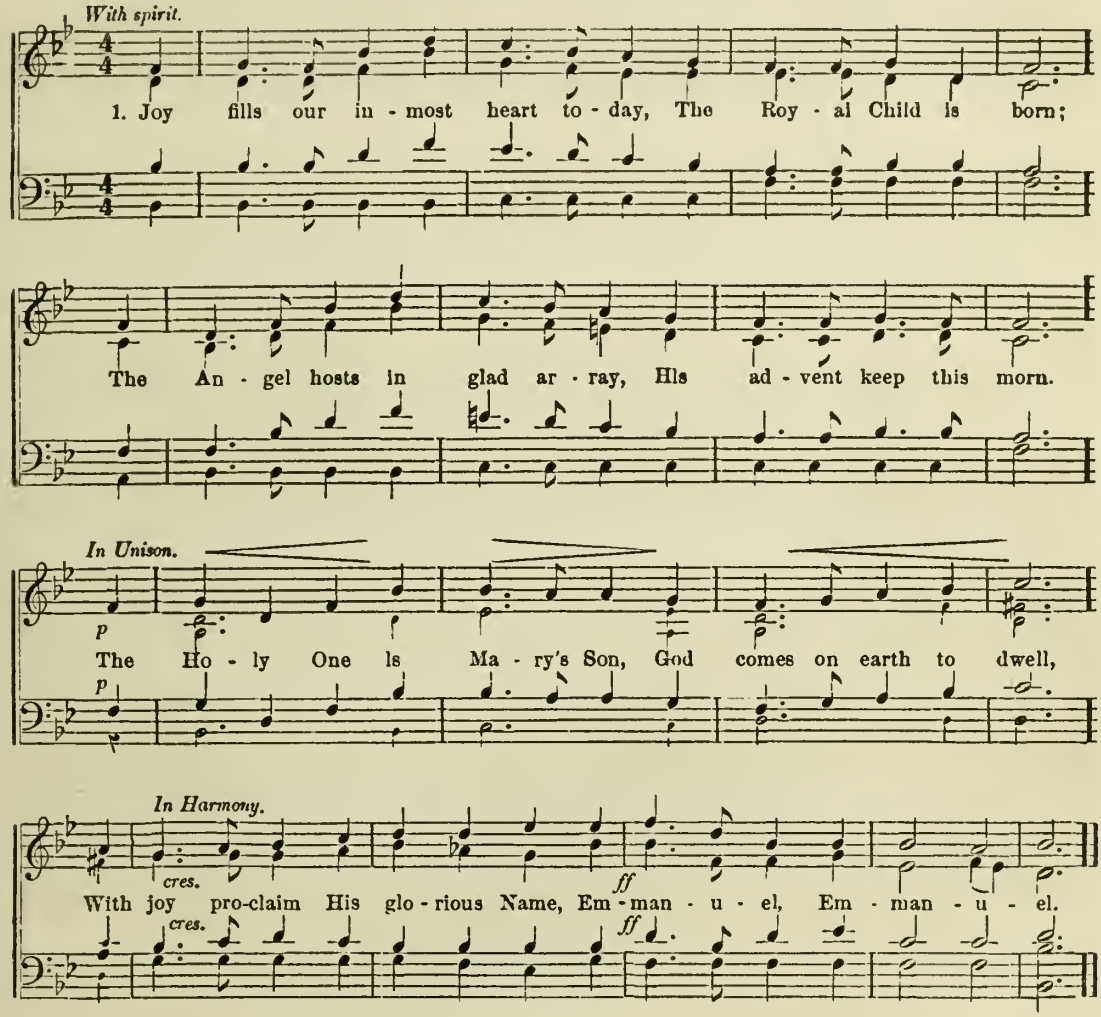
Now the flowers budding sweet,
In the soil beneath our feet,
Raise themselves from sleep like death,
Praising God with fragrant breath.
Chorus. Sing joyously, &c.

All the trees and plants in spring
To the Resurrection bring
Signal offerings, and declare,
Christ is risen, ev'ry where.
Chorus. Sing joyously, &c.



Joy fills our inmost heart to-day.

Carol 49. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Henry Gadsby.*


With spirit.
1. Joy fills our in - most heart to - day, The Roy - al Child is born;
The An - gel hosts in glad ar - ray, His ad - vent keep this morn.
In Unison.
p
The Ho - ly One is Ma - ry's Son, God comes on earth to dwell,
In Harmony.
cres.
ff
With joy pro-claim His glo - rious Name, Em - man - u - el, Em - man - u - el.

2

Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And think no bliss can ours transcend,
No rapture sweet before.
The Holy One, &c.

3

For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger-shrine,
Where folded in Thy Mother's arms,
Thou sleepest, Babe Divine!
The Holy One, &c.

4

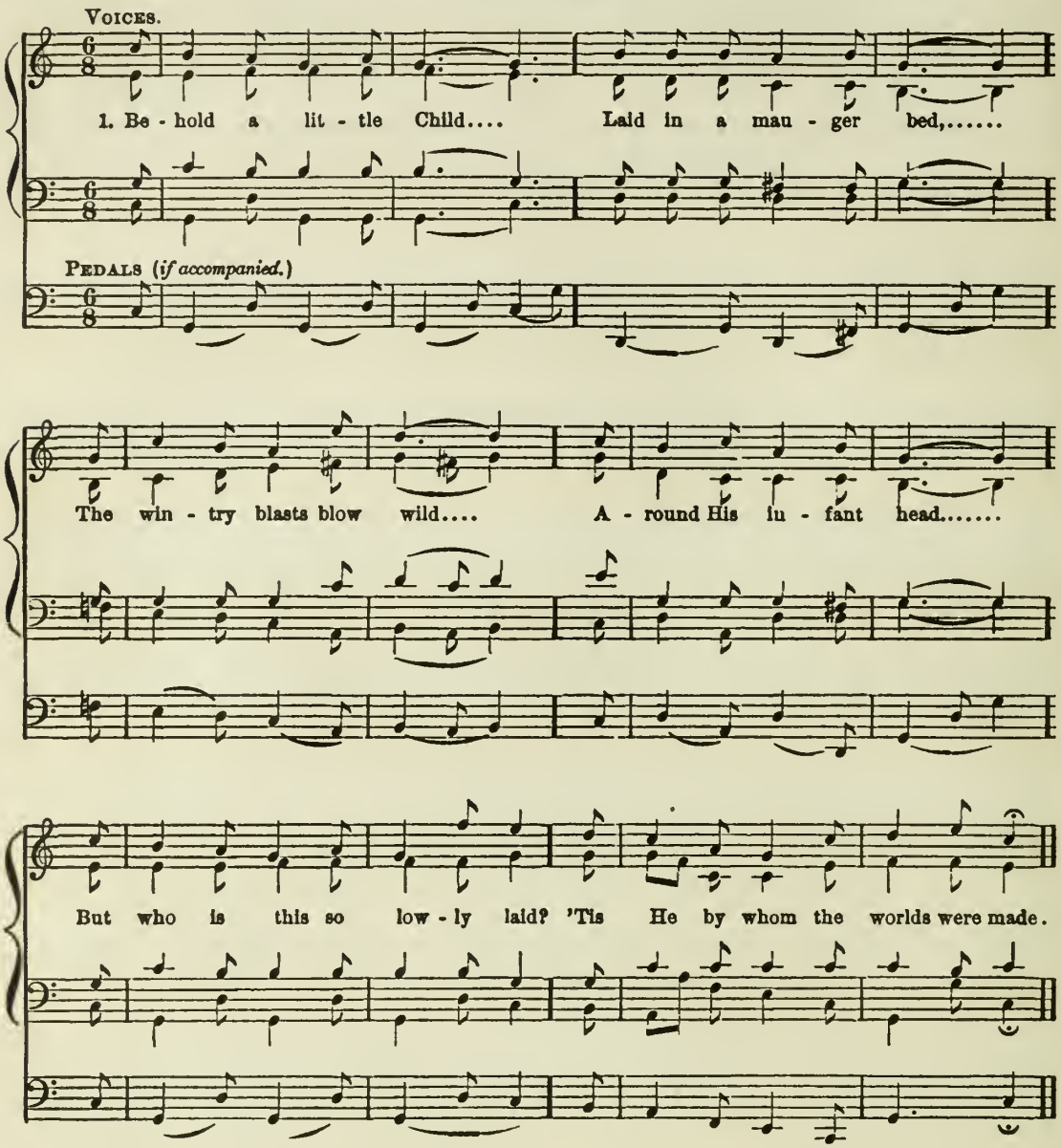
Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
Thine infant grace to see;
The stars are paling o'er Thy head,
The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
The Holy One, &c.

5

Thou art the very Light of Light,
Enlighten us, sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
The Holy One, &c.

Behold a little Child.

Carol 50. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *R. Brown-Borthwick.*


Voices.
1. Be - hold a lit - tle Child.... Laid in a man - ger bed,.....
Pedals (*if accompanied.*)
The win - try blasts blow wild.... A - round His in - fant head.....
But who is this so low - ly laid? 'Tis He by whom the worlds were made.

2

Alas! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Chose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee.
And follow His humility.

3

Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labours too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men on Him may rest,
And faithful toil in Him be blest.

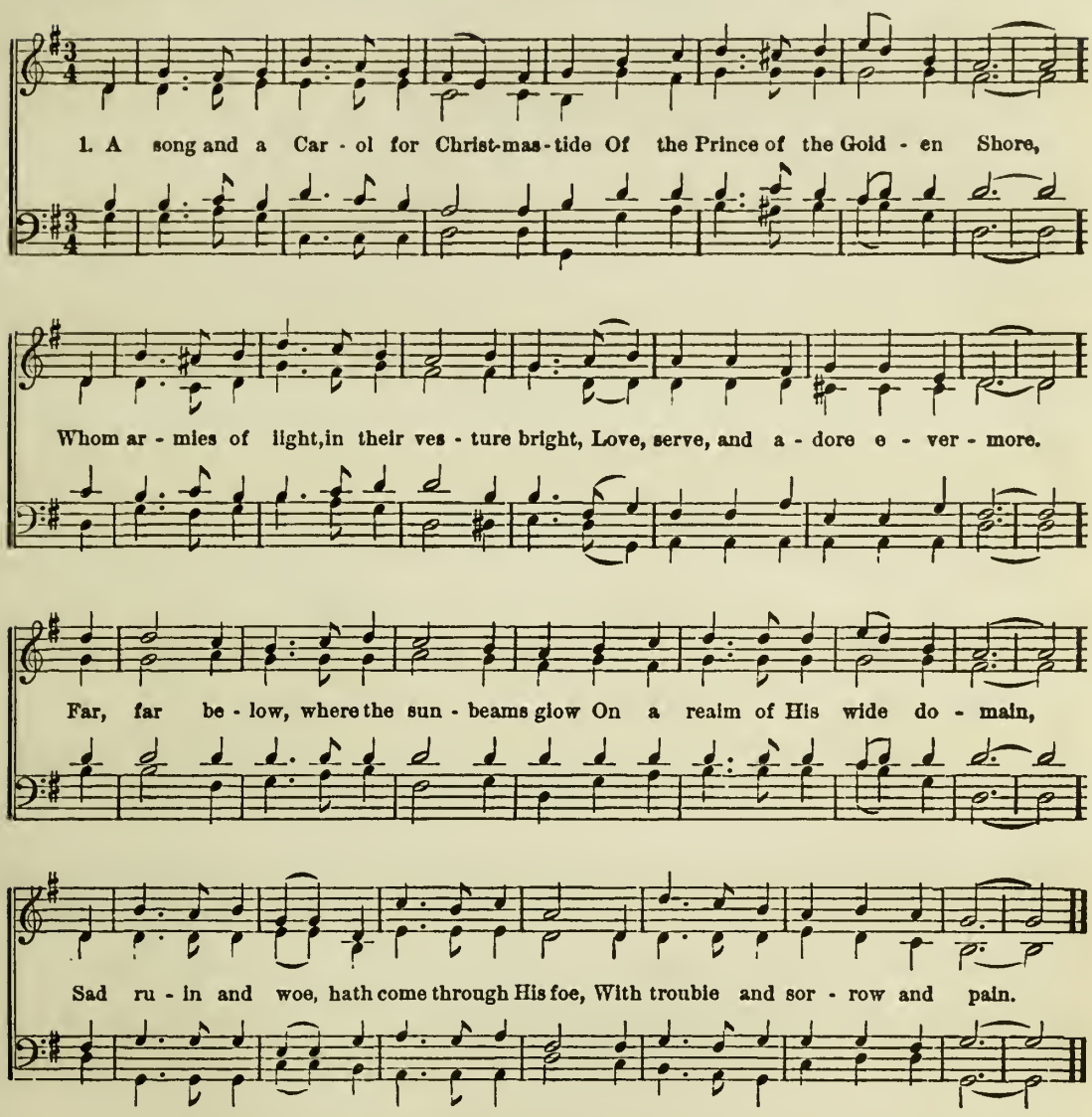
4

Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace:
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys with reverence meet
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

5

Christ! once Thyself a boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide;
That Thy dear love, so great, so free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.

A Song and a Carol for Christmas-tide.

Carol 51. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Rev. George P. Grantham.*

1. A song and a Car - ol for Christ-mas-tide Of the Prince of the Gold - en Shore,
Whom ar - mies of light, in their ves - ture bright, Love, serve, and a - dore e - ver - more.
Far, far be - low, where the sun - beams glow On a realm of His wide do - main,
Sad ru - in and woe, hath come through His foe, With trouble and sor - row and pain.

2

When thus spake the Prince to His Father dear—
"Now life with a life will I buy,
Bring help from above for the sons of my love,
For them will I suffer and die!"
Away and away to the far-off land,
When the fulness of time was come,
Now speedeth the Lord of the Golden Strand
From His fair everlasting home.

3

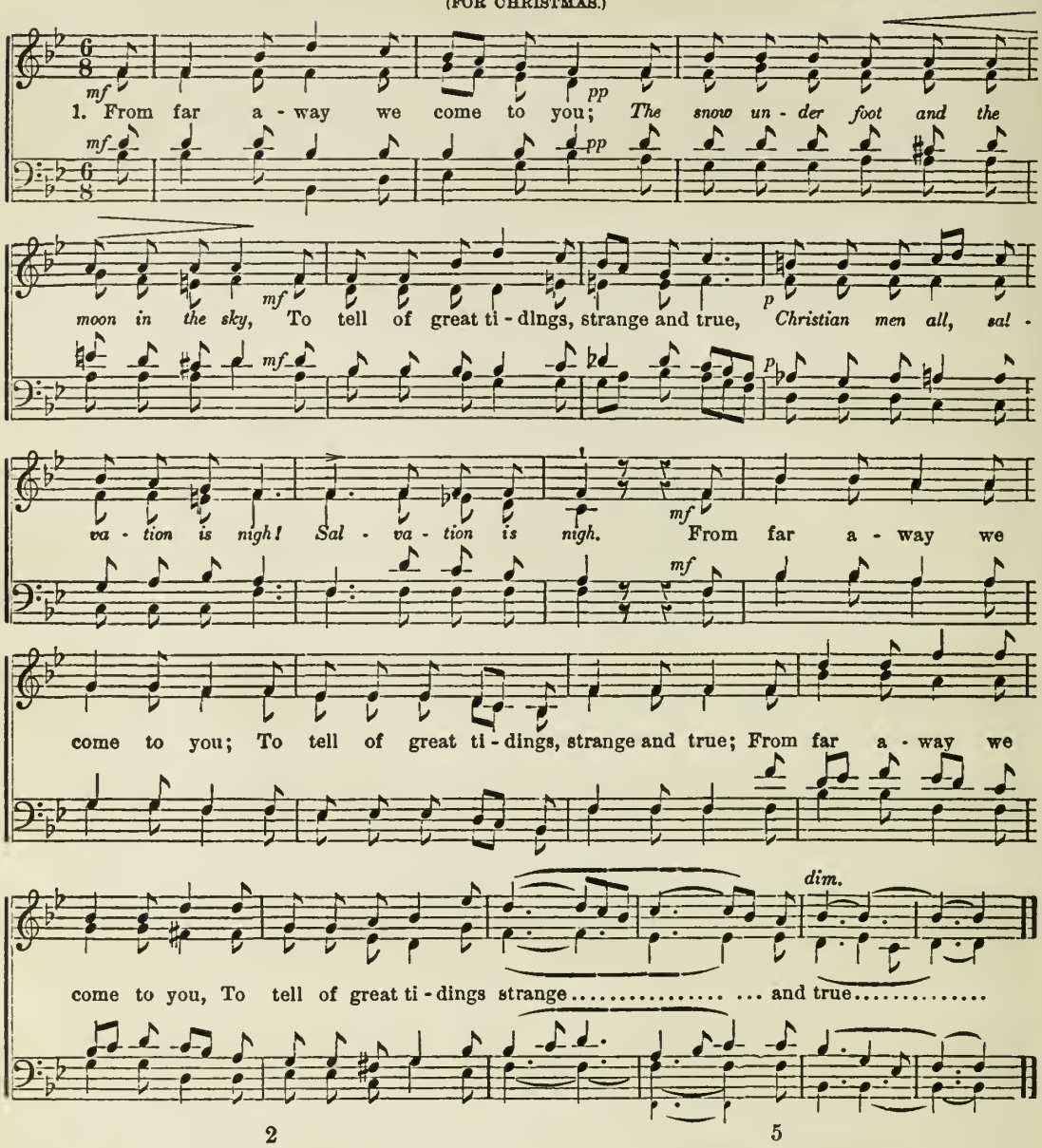
And bright was the carol, and loud the song
Which burst from the silver sky,
When entering lowly Earth's sons among
He was seen by the hosts on high.
Which song shall resound, as the years go round,
Till the moon and the stars shall cease;
All glory and praise to the Ancient of days,
And to men be good will and peace!

From far away.

Carol 52.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes.


1. From far a - way we come to you; The snow un - der foot and the
moon in the sky, To tell of great ti - dings, strange and true, Christian men all, sal -
va - tion is nigh! Sal - va - tion is nigh. From far a - way we
come to you; To tell of great ti - dings, strange and true; From far a - way we
come to you, To tell of great ti - dings strange .... and true.....
dim.

2

Out on a field where the night was deep,
The snow under foot, &c.
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,
Christian men all, &c.

3

"O ye shepherds what did you see?
The snow under foot, &c.
To make you so full of joy and glee?"
Christian men all, &c.

4

"In an oxstall this night we saw,
The snow under foot, &c.
A Babe in a manger, laid on straw,
Christian men all, &c.

5

And as we gazed this sight upon,
The snow under foot, &c.
The angels called Him, the Holy One,
Christian men all, &c.

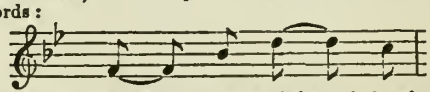
6

And a marvellous song we straight heard then,
The snow under foot, &c.
Of Peace on the Earth, Good will towards men,"
Christian men all, &c.

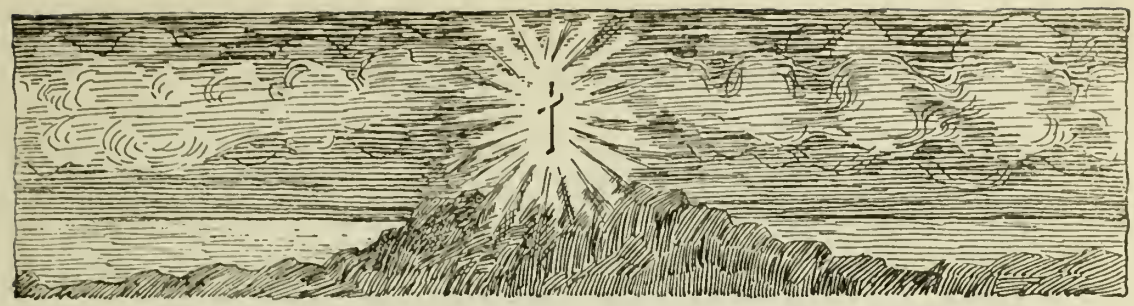
7

News of a fair and marvellous thing!
The snow under foot, &c.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing!
Christian men all, &c.

N. B.—In the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 9th verses, the melody in the first bar will need the following slight modification, in order to fit it to the accent of the words:



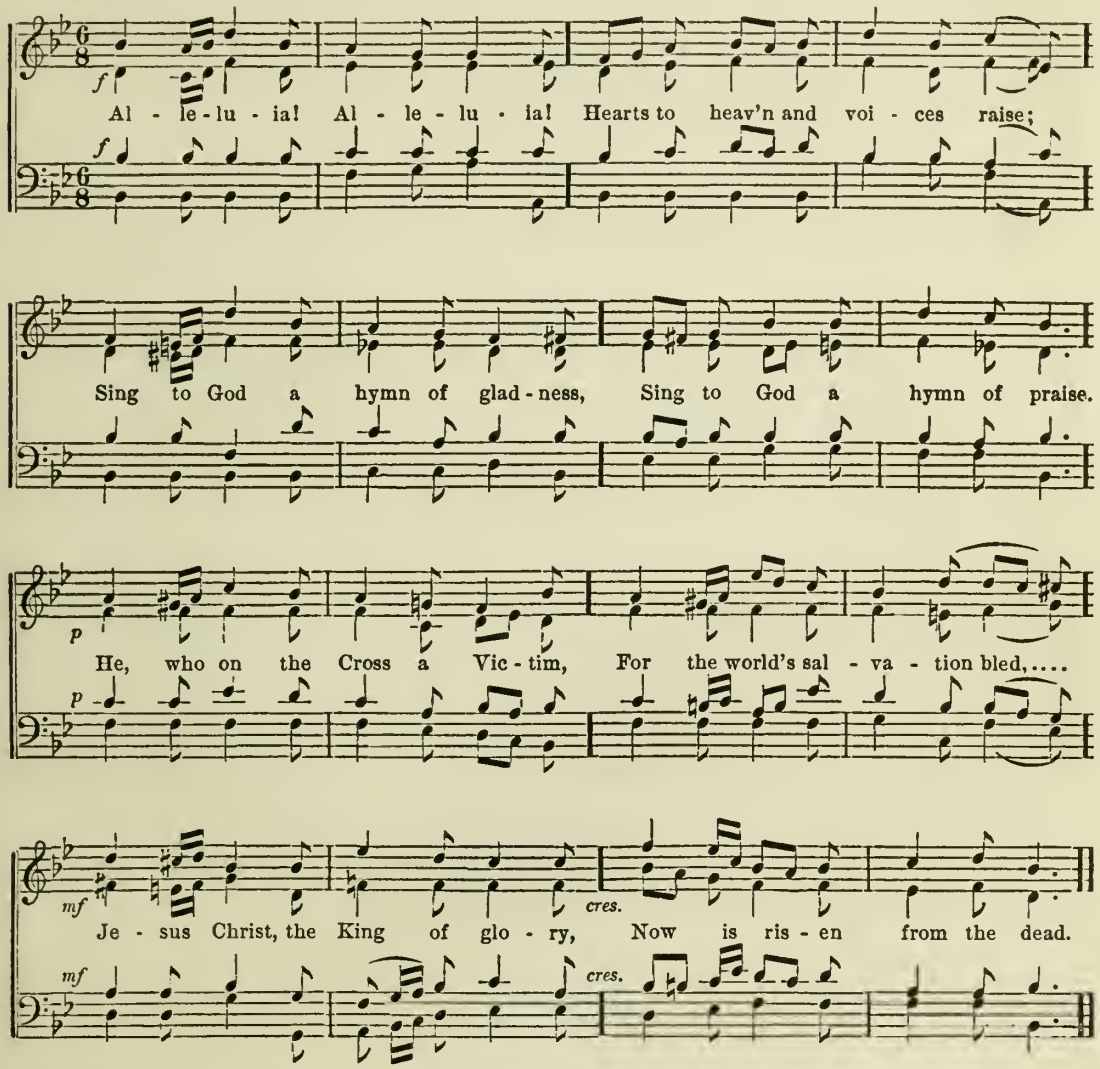
And a corresponding change must be made in the subsequent parts of the melody where the same words recur.



Alleluia! Alleluia!

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 53. *Frederick Westlake.*


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voi - ces raise;
Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.
He, who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,....
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
cres.
cres.

2

mf Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits,
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its free abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

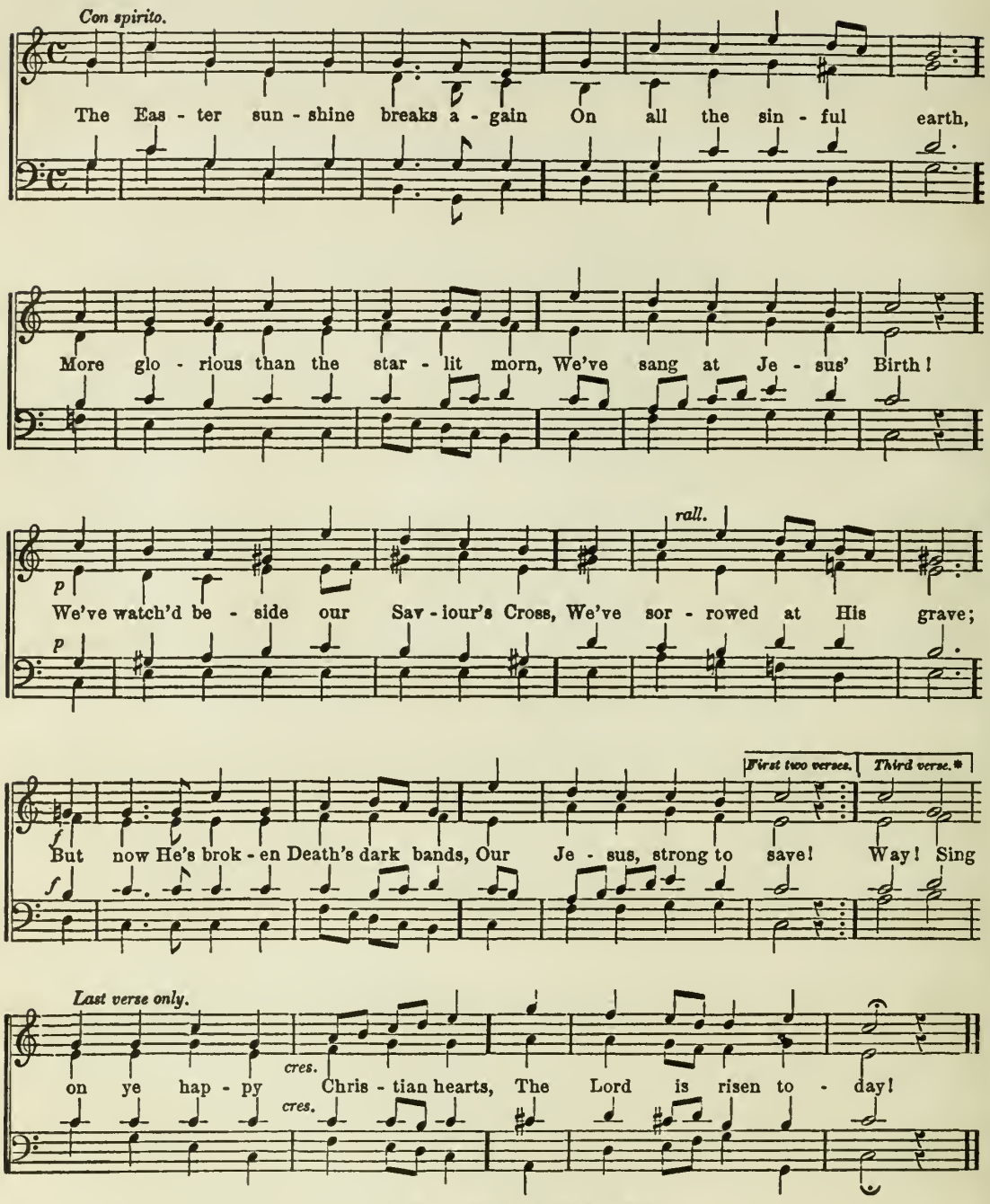
3

f Christ is risen! we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-bands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

The Easter sunshine breaks again.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 54.


Con spirito.
The Eas - ter sun - shine breaks a - gain On all the sin - ful earth,
More glo - rious than the star - lit morn, We've sang at Je - sus' Birth!
rall.
p
We've watch'd be - side our Sav - iour's Cross, We've sor - rowed at His grave;
First two verses.
Third verse.*
f
But now He's brok - en Death's dark bands, Our Je - sus, strong to save! Way! Sing
Last verse only.
cres.
on ye hap - py Chris - tian hearts, The Lord is risen to - day!

* The last two lines of verse 3, are repeated.

2

mf Fair blossoms on the Easter morn
Fling forth their fragrance sweet,
And tell of Resurrection-joy,
And Jesus' work complete!
But fairer still the offering
Each loving heart should bring,
Of faith and love and penitence,
f To Christ, its risen King.

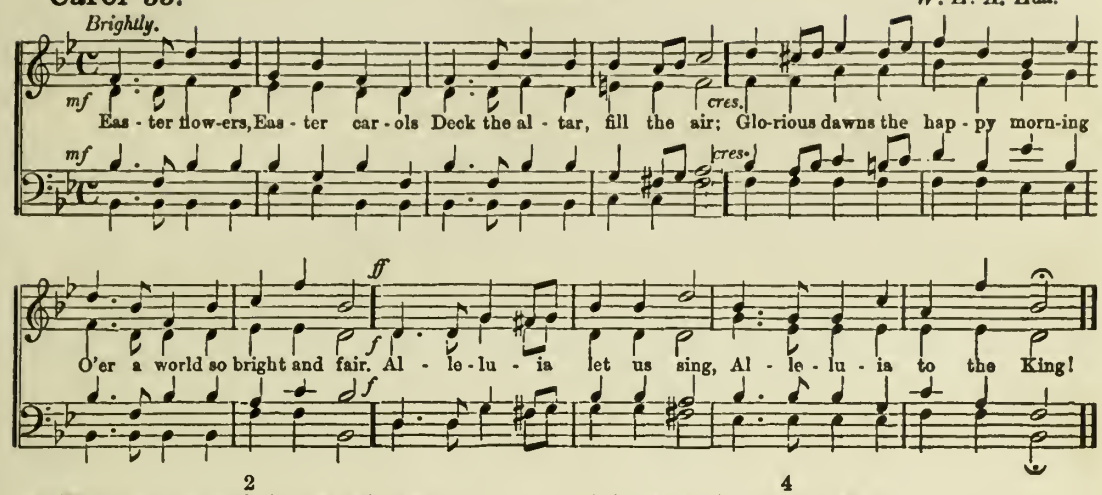
3

mf So on this glorious Easter-day
Our gladsome songs we raise,
cres And echo e'en to Heaven's own gates
Our happy notes of praise!
mf For He who died is risen again,
"The Life, the Truth, the Way!"
f Sing on, ye happy Christian hearts,
ff The Lord is risen to-day.

Easter flowers, Easter carols.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 55. *W. H. A. Hall.*


Brightly.
mf
Eas - ter flow-ers, Eas - ter car - ols Deck the al - tar, fill the air; Glo-rious dawns the hap - py morn-ing
cres.
ff
O'er a world so bright and fair. Al - le-lu - ia let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to the King!

2

mp When the clouds of night were broken,
Angels rolled the stone away,
And on this bright Easter morning
Sing we now the triumph lay.
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

3

mf In the mists of early morning,
Came the faithful to the tomb,
Angel guardians clad in white robes,
Sat there in the breaking gloom.
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

4

mf "He is risen!" thus the angel
Spake unto the faithful three,
"He is risen," wondrous story,
"He has gone to Galilee."
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

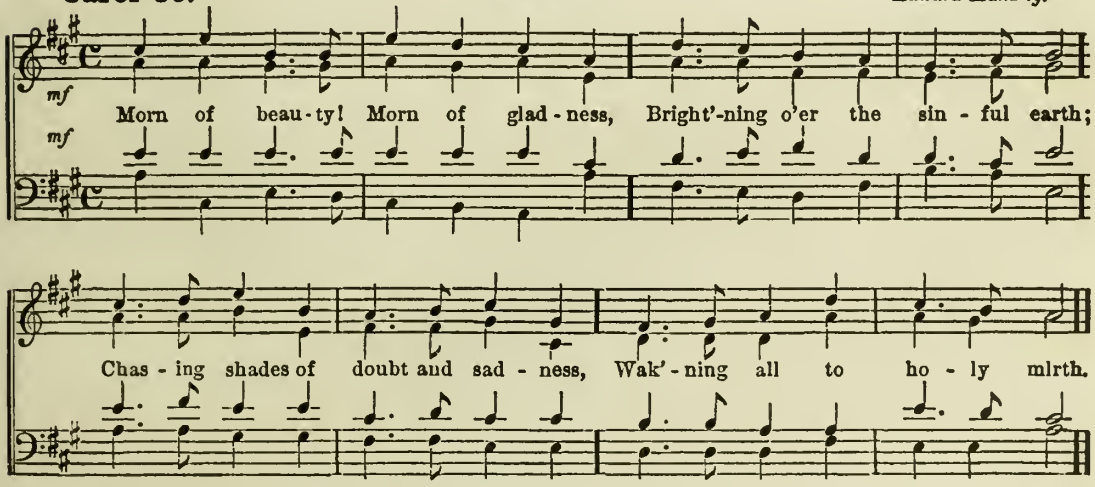
5

mf Now the clouds of night are broken,
Mortals now the story tell,
f "He is risen! Alleluia!"
Let the joyful anthem swell.
ff Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King.

W. J. Roberts

Morn of beauty!

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 56. *Edward Handley.*

mf
Morn of beau-ty! Morn of glad-ness, Bright'-ning o'er the sin - ful earth;
Chas - ing shades of doubt and sad - ness, Wak'-ning all to ho - ly mirth.

2

mf Past the days of tears and mourning,
Peace and joy alone remain;
f Hail the light of Easter dawning
On the darksome world again.

3

mf Ransom'd sinners gladly waking,
Bless the day the Saviour rose;
Chains of death asunder breaking,
Vain the malice of His foes.

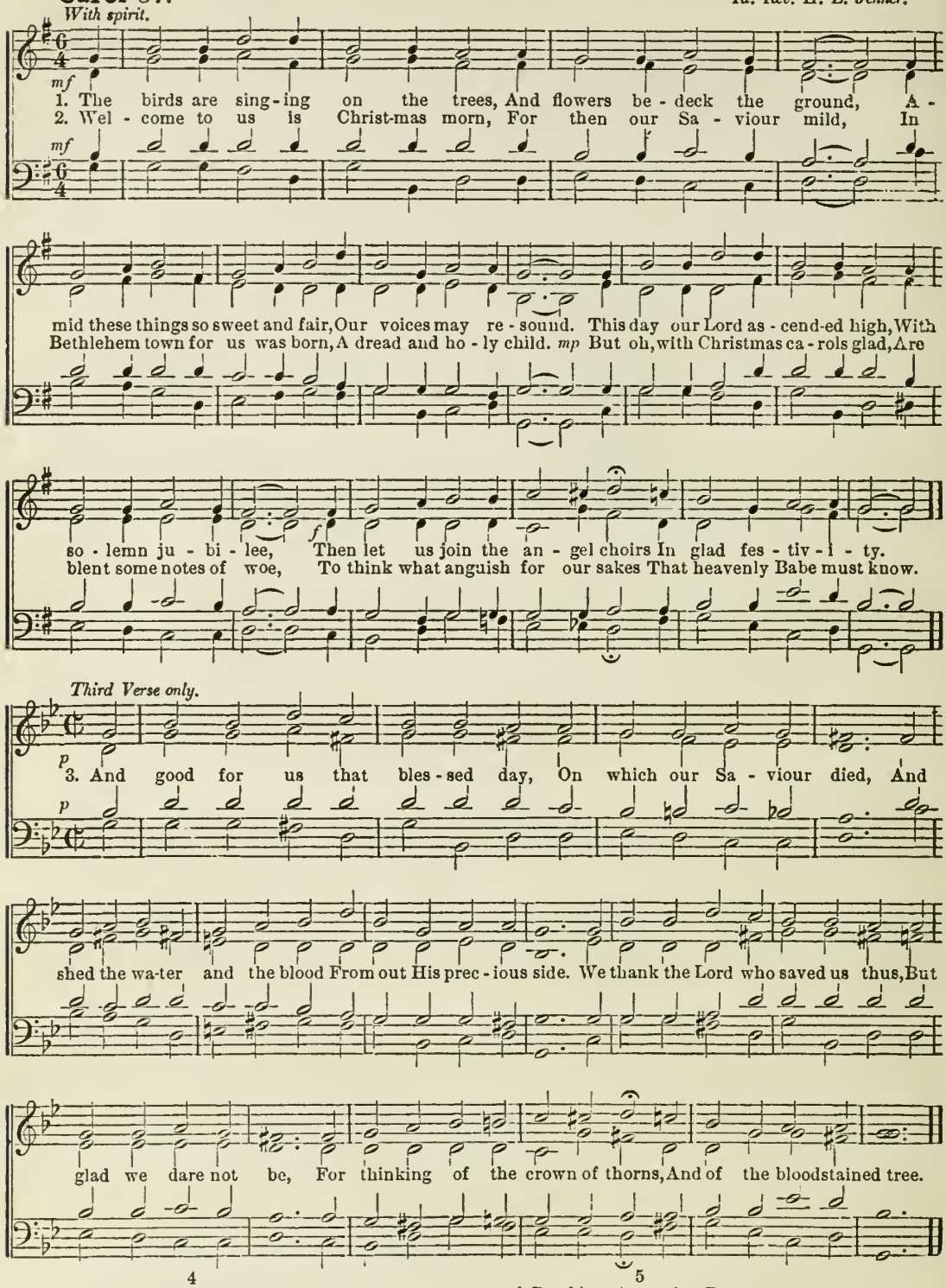
4

f Now Redemption's work completed,
Gloriously He leaves the grave!
Be by ev'ry tongue repeated,
"Christ the Lord is ris'n to save."

The birds are singing on the trees.

(FOR ASCENSION).

Carol 57. *Rt. Rev. H. L. Jenner.*


With spirit.
mf
1. The birds are sing-ing on the trees, And flowers be-deck the ground, A-
2. Wel-come to us is Christ-mas morn, For then our Sa-viour mild, In
mid these things so sweet and fair, Our voices may re-sound. This day our Lord as-cend-ed high, With
Bethlehem town for us was born, A dread and ho-ly child. mp But oh, with Christmas ca-rols glad, Are
so-lemn ju-bi-lee, Then let us join the an-gel choirs In glad fes-tiv-i-ty.
blent some notes of woe, To think what anguish for our sakes That heavenly Babe must know.
Third Verse only.
p
3. And good for us that bles-sed day, On which our Sa-viour died, And
shed the wa-ter and the blood From out His prec-ious side. We thank the Lord who saved us thus, But
glad we dare not be, For thinking of the crown of thorns, And of the bloodstained tree.

4

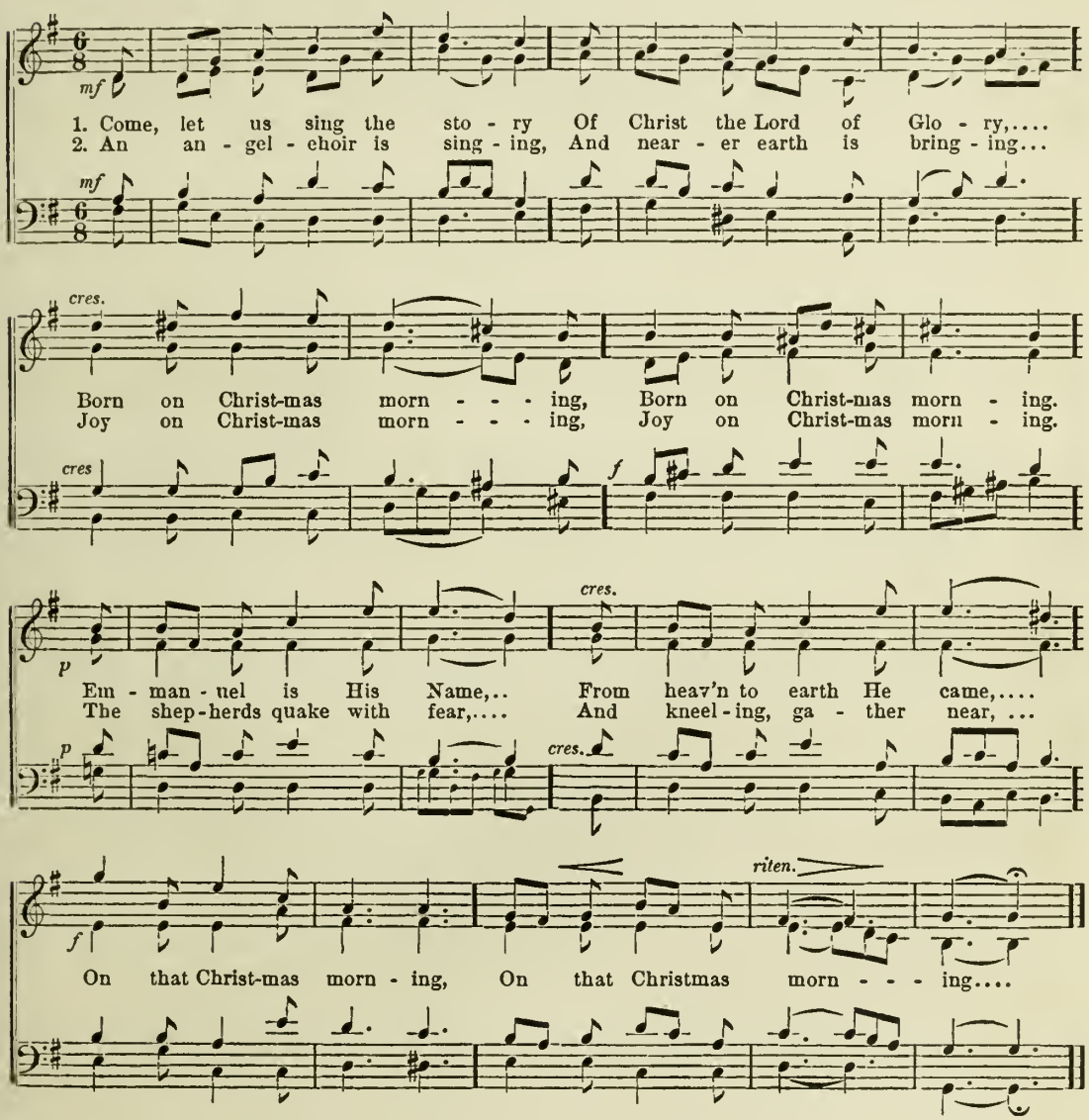
f Our Easter-day is glad and bright,
And Alleluias ring
From all the Church, to welcome back
Her risen Lord and King.
Yet not at blessed Easter tide
The triumph is complete;
Our Saviour lingers still on earth,
Far from His Father's seat.

5

f But blest Ascension Day to us
Brings happiness alone,
We joy with our triumphant Lord,
Ascending to His Throne.
cr The angels welcome Him on high,
With glad and solemn lay;
ff Then let us echo back their songs,
This bright Ascension Day.

Come, let us sing the story.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 58. *H. W. Little.*

mf
1. Come, let us sing the sto - ry Of Christ the Lord of Glo - ry,....
2. An an - gel - choir is sing - ing, And near - er earth is bring - ing...
cres.
Born on Christ-mas morn - - - ing, Born on Christ-mas morn - ing.
Joy on Christ-mas morn - - - ing, Joy on Christ-mas morn - ing.
f
p
Em - man - uel is His Name,.. From heav'n to earth He came,.....
The shep-herds quake with fear,.... And kneel - ing, ga - ther near, ...
riten.
On that Christ-mas morn - ing, On that Christmas morn - - - ing....

3

The shepherds' fear allaying,
An angel thus is saying,
On that Christmas morning,
"Glad tidings of great joy
I bring without alloy,"
On that Christmas morning.

4

Their glorious voices ringing,
The heavenly hosts are singing,
On that Christmas morning.
They sing of peace and love,
Good-will from heaven above,
On that Christmas morning.

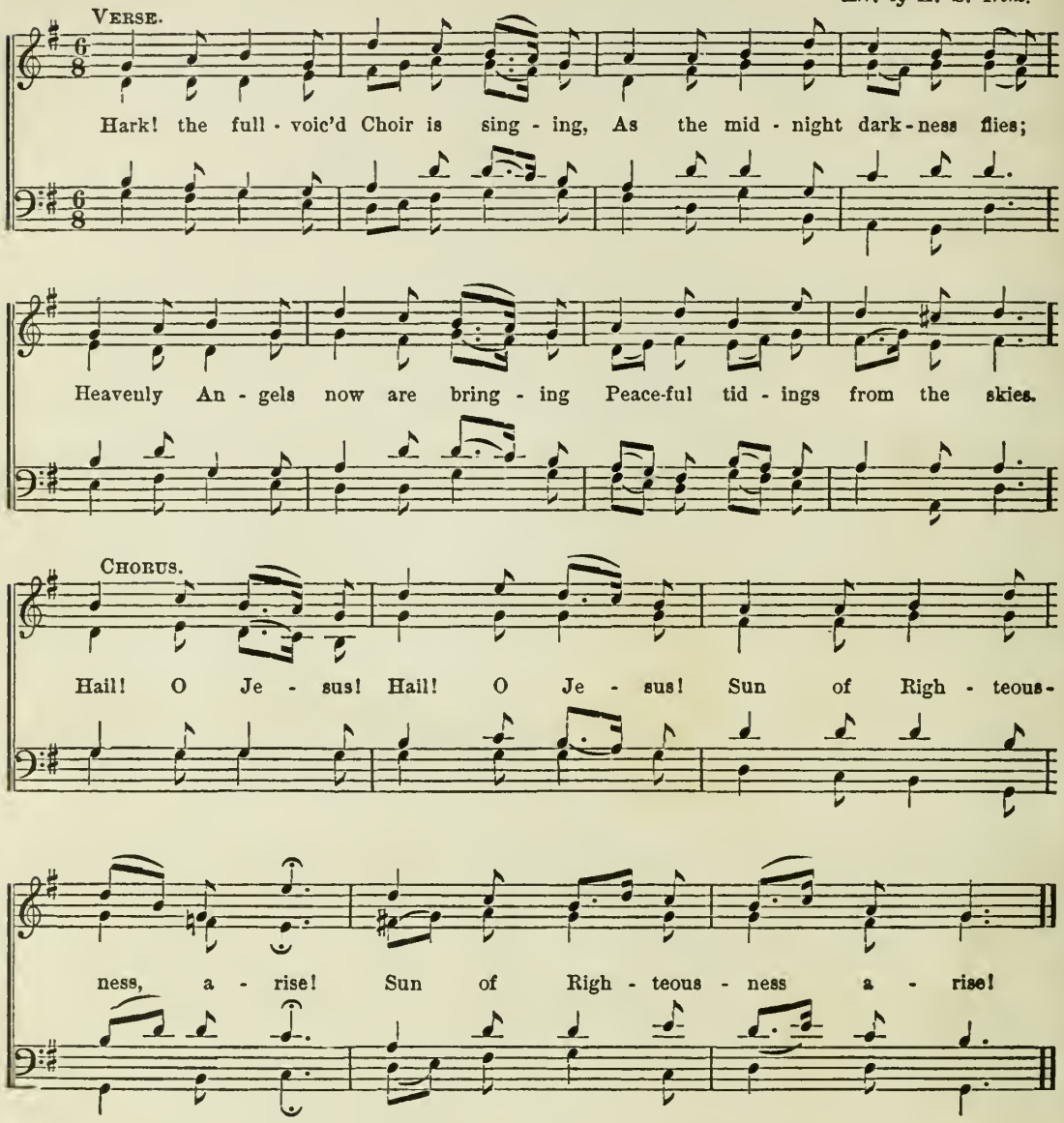
Hark! the full-voiced Choir is singing.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 59.

Wm. Gowman.

Arr. by H. S. Irons.


VERSE.
Hark! the full - voic'd Choir is sing - ing, As the mid - night dark - ness flies;
Heavenly An - gels now are bring - ing Peace-ful tid - ings from the skies.
CHORUS.
Hail! O Je - sus! Hail! O Je - sus! Sun of Righ - teous-
ness, a - rise! Sun of Righ - teous - ness a - rise!

2

Yes, behold the Day of Glory
Dawn at length for all the earth;
List, the Cherubs tell the story,—
"This the Day of Jesus' Birth."
Hail! O Jesus! Hail! O Jesus!
Day-spring from on High, shine forth!

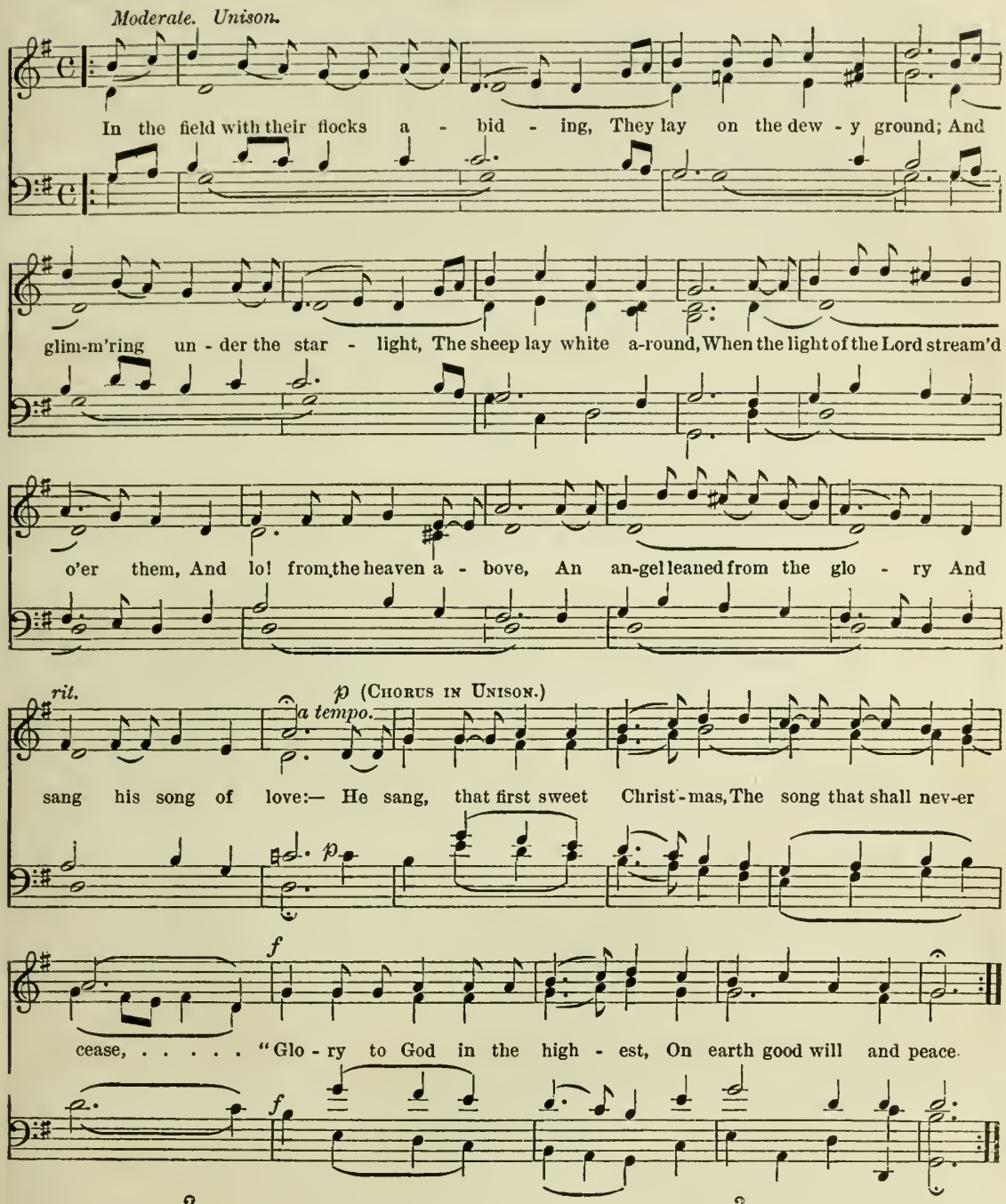
3

Lo, He comes! His Throne the Manger,
Shepherds, seek His Shrine the Stall;
Ox and ass behold the Stranger,
God, who made and governs all!
Hail! O Jesus! Hail! O Jesus!
Hail Thy glorious festival!

4

Mortals, raise your loudest voices,
Jesus lifts on high your horn;
Earth redeemed to-day rejoices,
For to-day her Lord is born!
Hail! O Jesus! Hail! O Jesus!
Hail, all hail this sacred morn!

In the field with their flocks abiding.

Carol 60. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *John Farmer.*

Moderate. Unison.
In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground; And
glim-m'ring un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a-round, When the light of the Lord stream'd
o'er them, And lo! from the heaven a - bove, An an-gel leaned from the glo - ry And
rit.
a tempo.
p (Chorus in Unison.)
sang his song of love:— He sang, that first sweet Christ-mas, The song that shall nev-er
f
cease, ... "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will and peace.

2

"To you in the City of David,
A Saviour is born to-day!"
And sudden a host of heav'nly ones
Flash'd forth to join the lay!
O never hath sweet message
Thrill'd home to the souls of men,
And the Heav'ns themselves had never heard
A gladder choir till then,—
For they sang that Christmas Carol,
That never on earth shall cease, etc.

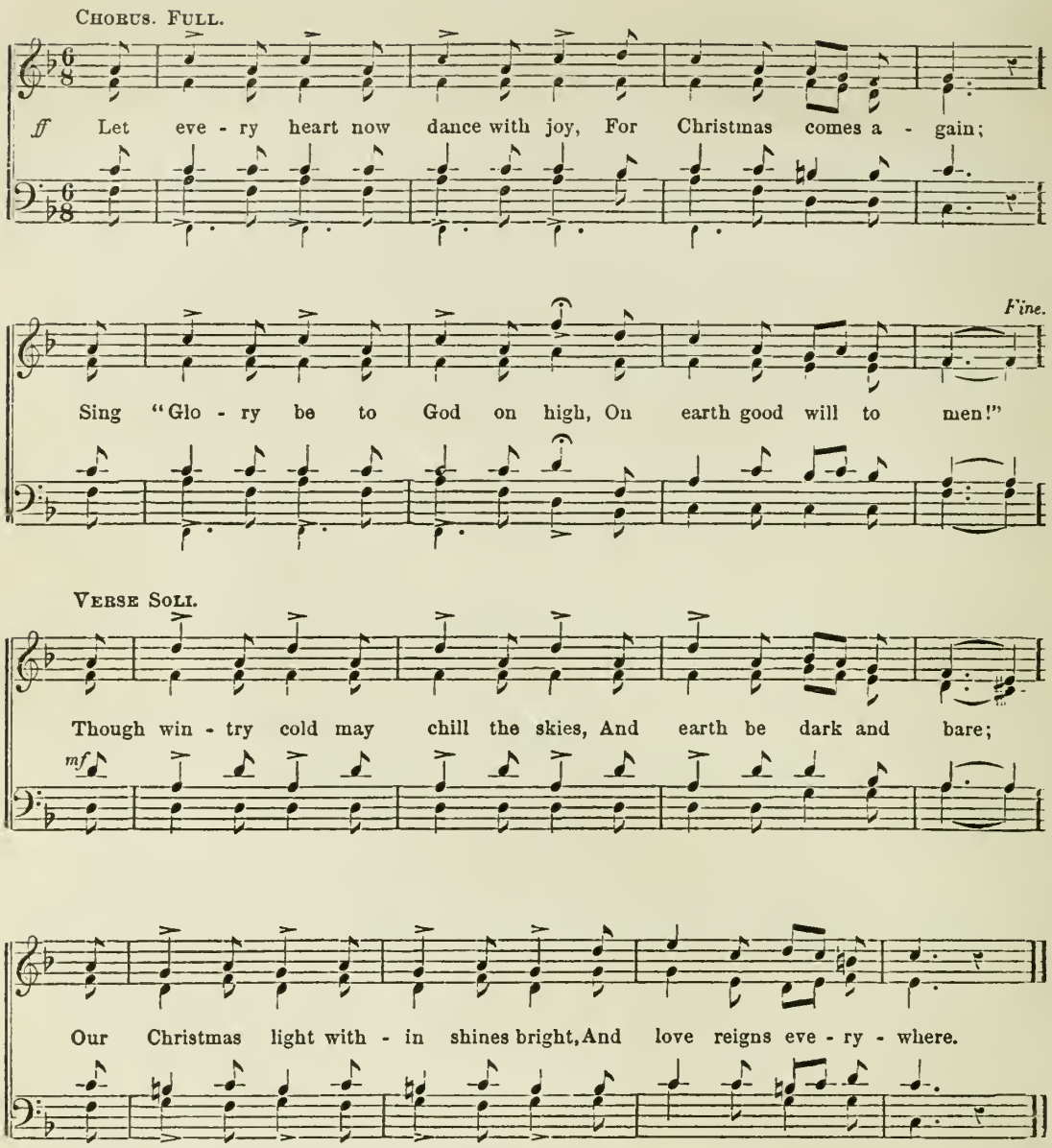
3

And the shepherds came to the Manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The Virgin Mother smil'd;
And the sky, in star-lit silence,
Seem'd full of the angel lay;
"To you in the City of David
A Saviour is born to-day;"
Oh they sang— and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease, etc,

Let every heart now dance with joy.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 61. *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*


Chorus. Full.
ff Let eve - ry heart now dance with joy, For Christmas comes a - gain;
Fine.
Sing "Glo - ry be to God on high, On earth good will to men!"
Verse Soli.
Though win - try cold may chill the skies, And earth be dark and bare;
mf
Our Christmas light with - in shines bright, And love reigns eve - ry - where.

2

Though summer trees are leafless all,
And grey on Nature's brow;
Our Christmas tree now sparkling see,
With lights on every bough!
Chorus. Let every heart, &c.

3

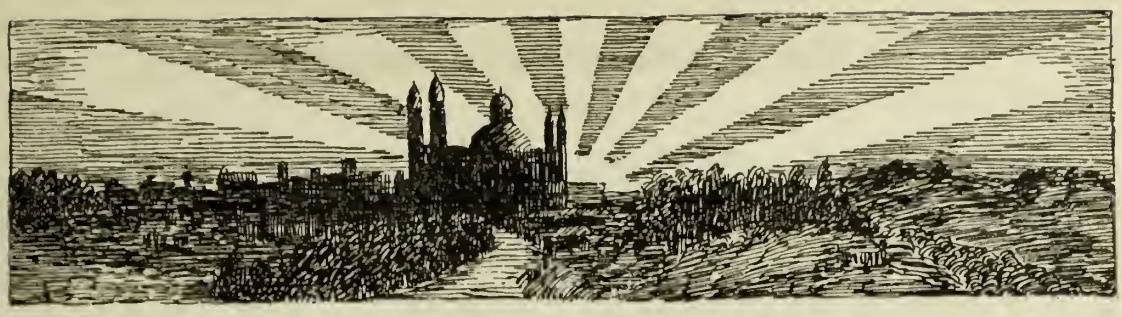
Though fields are stripped of Autumn fruits,
And snow-storms end the Fall;
By loving hands well loaded, stands
Our Tree, so strong and tall!
Chorus. Let every heart, &c.

4

No room was found for Christ the King,
When he was born of yore;
But hearts *now* yearn for His return,
To reign for evermore!
Chorus. Let every heart, &c.

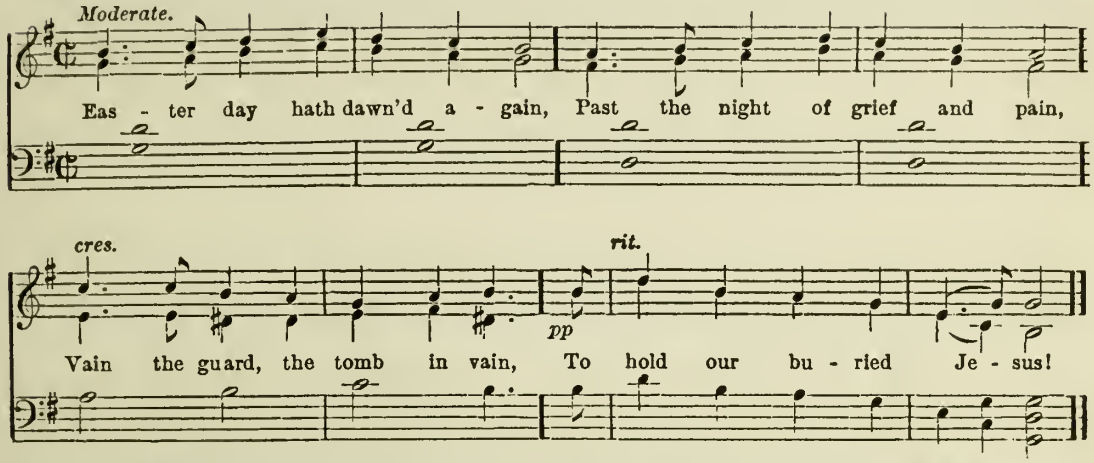
5

Nolove like His was ever known,
Our earthly life to share;
It is *His* light makes Christmas bright.
His love reigns everywhere!
Chorus. Let every heart, &c.



Easter Day hath dawned again.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 62. *C. A. Barry.*

Moderate.
Eas - ter day hath dawn'd a - gain, Past the night of grief and pain,
cres.
rit.
pp
Vain the guard, the tomb in vain, To hold our bu - ried Je - sus!

* *May be sung as an accompanied melody, or as a two-part chorus, with or without accompaniment.*

2

Faithful hearts their watch have kept,
Loving eyes have mourned and wept,
Where, it seemed, He lately slept,
So still and silent, Jesus!

3

Now, all tears have passed away
With the early morning ray;
From the grave, where once He lay,
There hath arisen Jesus!

4

Risen, He hath worshipped been
By repentant Magdalene,
And by Simon hath been seen,
Our all-triumphant Jesus!

5

On this blessèd Eventide,
Two there were He walked beside,
And they prayed—"With us abide!"
Although they knew not Jesus!

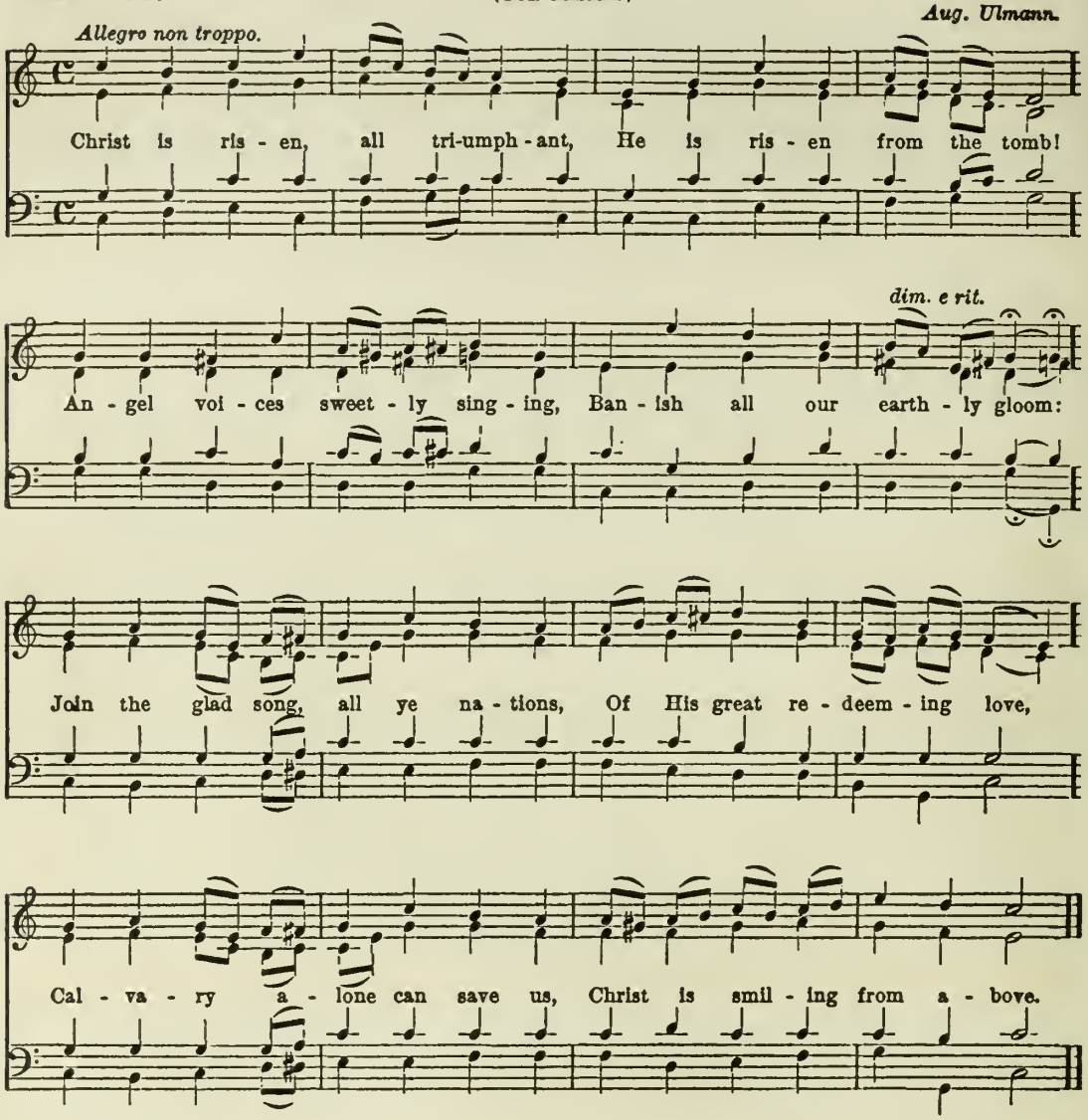
6

Jesu, Lord! I pray to Thee,
Though Thy Face not yet I see,
Evermore abide with me—
My Lord—my God—my Jesus!

Christ is risen, all triumphant.

Carol 63. (FOR EASTER.)

Aug. Ulmann.


Allegro non troppo.
Christ is ris - en, all tri-umph - ant, He is ris - en from the tomb!
dim. e rit.
An - gel voi - ces sweet - ly sing - ing, Ban - ish all our earth - ly gloom:
Join the glad song, all ye na - tions, Of His great re - deem - ing love,
Cal - va - ry a - lone can save us, Christ is smil - ing from a - bove.

2

He has risen! He is pleading
For each poor and struggling one;
Blessed day we hail thy dawning,
Hope shall gild thy rising sun!
While on earth, reviled, rejected,
Gain He counted but as loss.
Hallelujah! He has risen
And we bow before the Cross.

3

Let the glad songs now ascending,
Sing our dear Redeemer's Name;
Christ has risen! Christ has risen!
All our hope is in the same;
Blessed day that banished darkness,
At the Cross we bow in love,
Knowing that a risen Saviour
Smiles all sweetly from above.

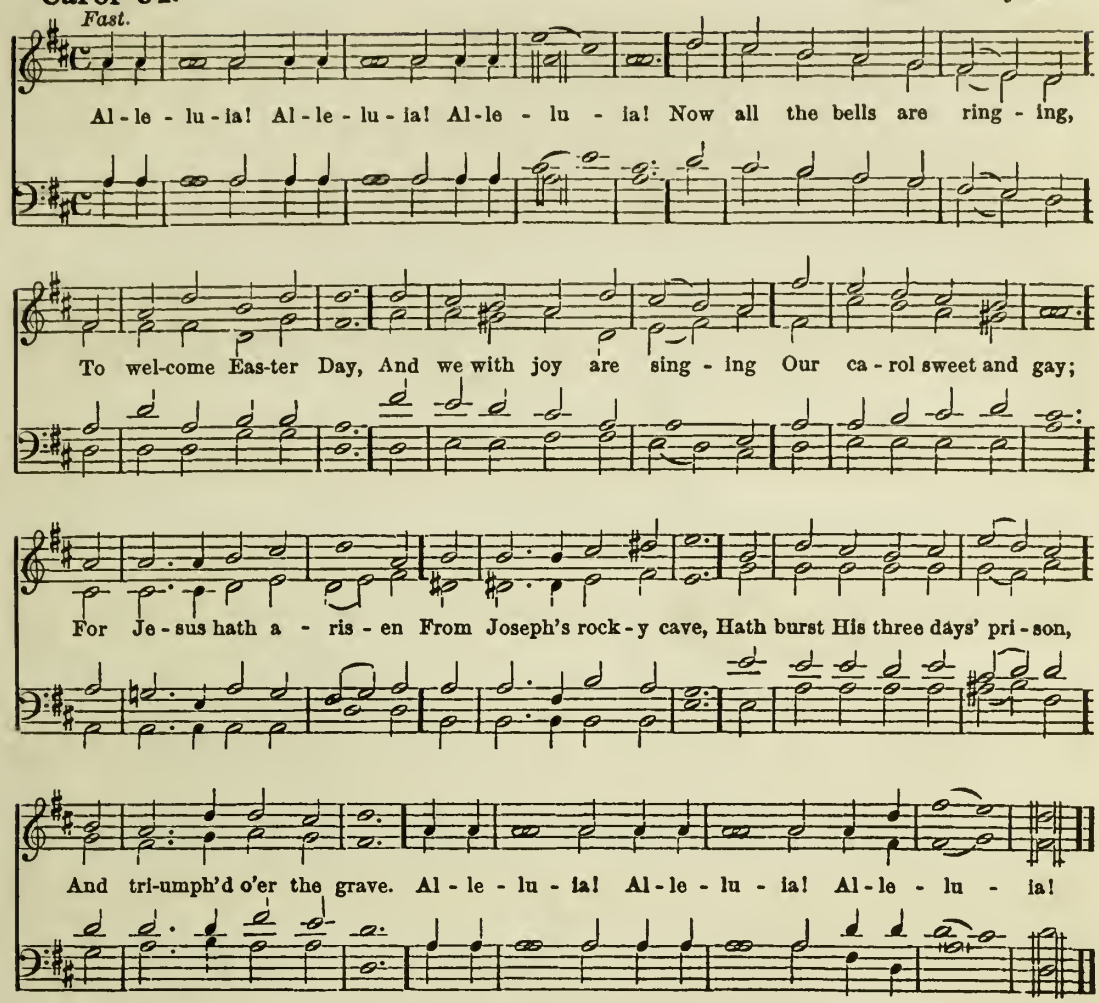
4

Ring, glad bells, your loudest anthems,
Sounding joy o'er all the earth,
Crown the altars now with garlands,
Let us bow before His worth!
Christ has risen! joy excelling,
All our sorrows flee away,
And our hearts with joy are beating,
On this blessed Easter Day!

Now all the bells are ringing.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 64. *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*


Fast.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Now all the bells are ring - ing,
To wel-come Eas-ter Day, And we with joy are sing - ing Our ca - rol sweet and gay;
For Je - sus hath a - ris - en From Joseph's rock - y cave, Hath burst His three days' pri - son,
And tri-umph'd o'er the grave. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
O hasten we to meet Him,
With our companions dear,
With love and awe to greet Him,
As He is drawing near;
Once dead, our Jesus liveth,
Who ne'er again may die,
Yet still His death He pleadeth
Before the Throne on high.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

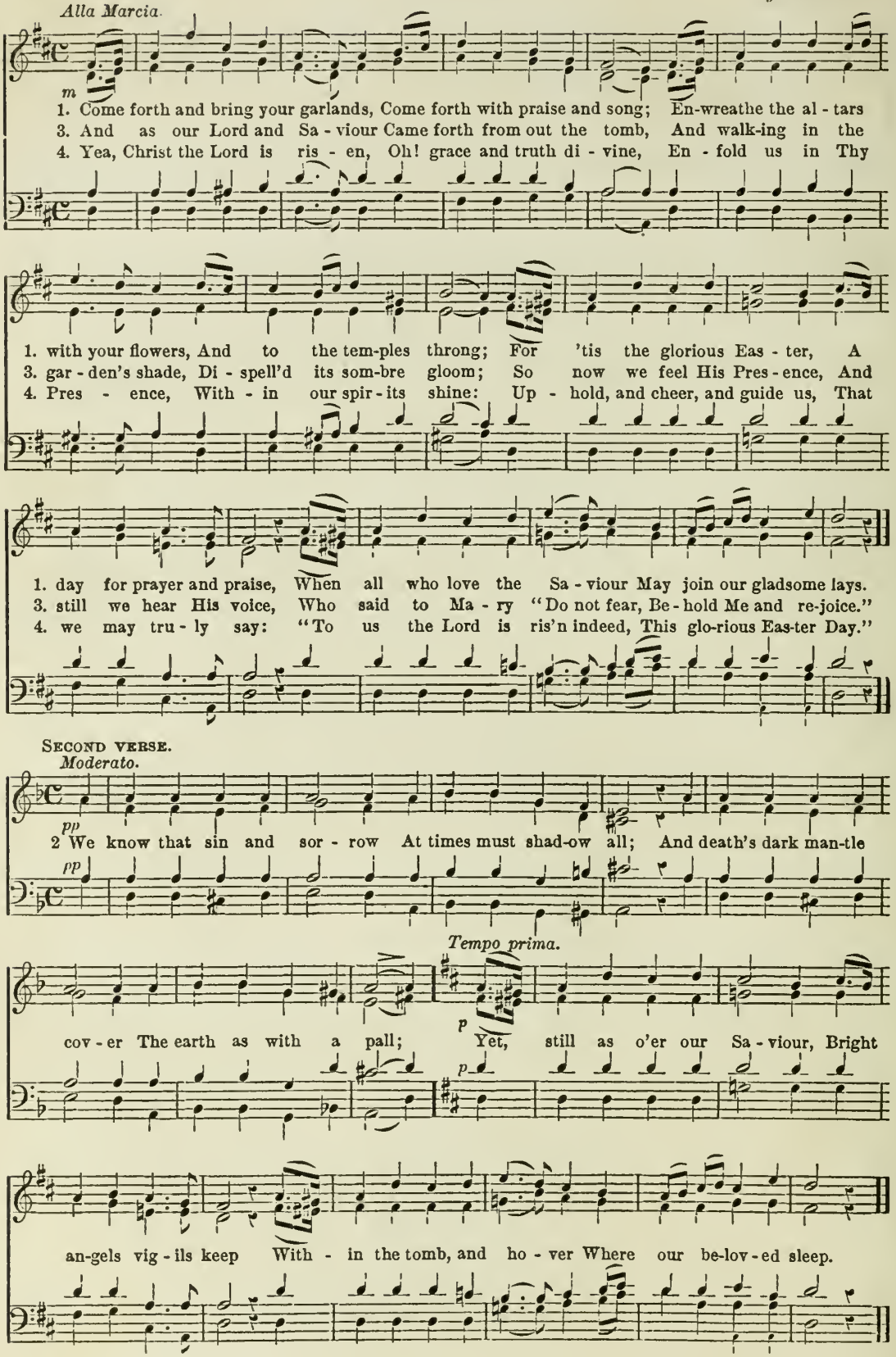
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Still, Jesu! we adore Thee
With faith which may not fail;
Still, as we kneel before Thee,
We hear Thee say "*All hail*"!
Thou, who art now descending
To raise us up to Thee,
An Easter-tide unending
Grant us in Heaven to see.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Come forth and bring your garlands.

Carol 65.

(FOR EASTER.)

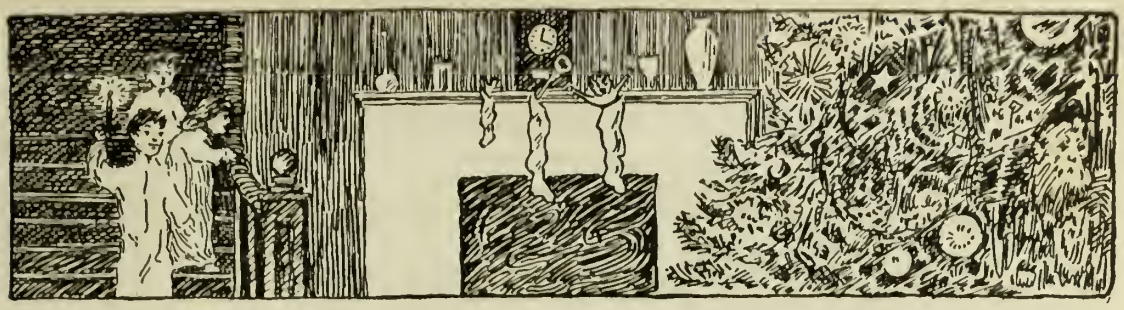
Aug. Ulmann.

Alla Marcia.

m
1. Come forth and bring your garlands, Come forth with praise and song; En-wreathe the al - tars
3. And as our Lord and Sa - viour Came forth from out the tomb, And walk-ing in the
4. Yea, Christ the Lord is ris - en, Oh! grace and truth di - vine, En - fold us in Thy
1. with your flowers, And to the tem-ples throng; For 'tis the glorious Eas - ter, A
3. gar - den's shade, Di - spell'd its som-bre gloom; So now we feel His Pres - ence, And
4. Pres - ence, With - in our spir - its shine: Up - hold, and cheer, and guide us, That
1. day for prayer and praise, When all who love the Sa - viour May join our gladsome lays.
3. still we hear His voice, Who said to Ma - ry "Do not fear, Be - hold Me and re-joice."
4. we may tru - ly say: "To us the Lord is ris'n indeed, This glo-rious Eas-ter Day."

SECOND VERSE.

Moderato.

pp
2 We know that sin and sor - row At times must shad-ow all; And death's dark man-tle
pp
Tempo prima.
p
cov - er The earth as with a pall; Yet, still as o'er our Sa - viour, Bright
p
an-gels vig - ils keep With - in the tomb, and ho - ver Where our be-lov - ed sleep.

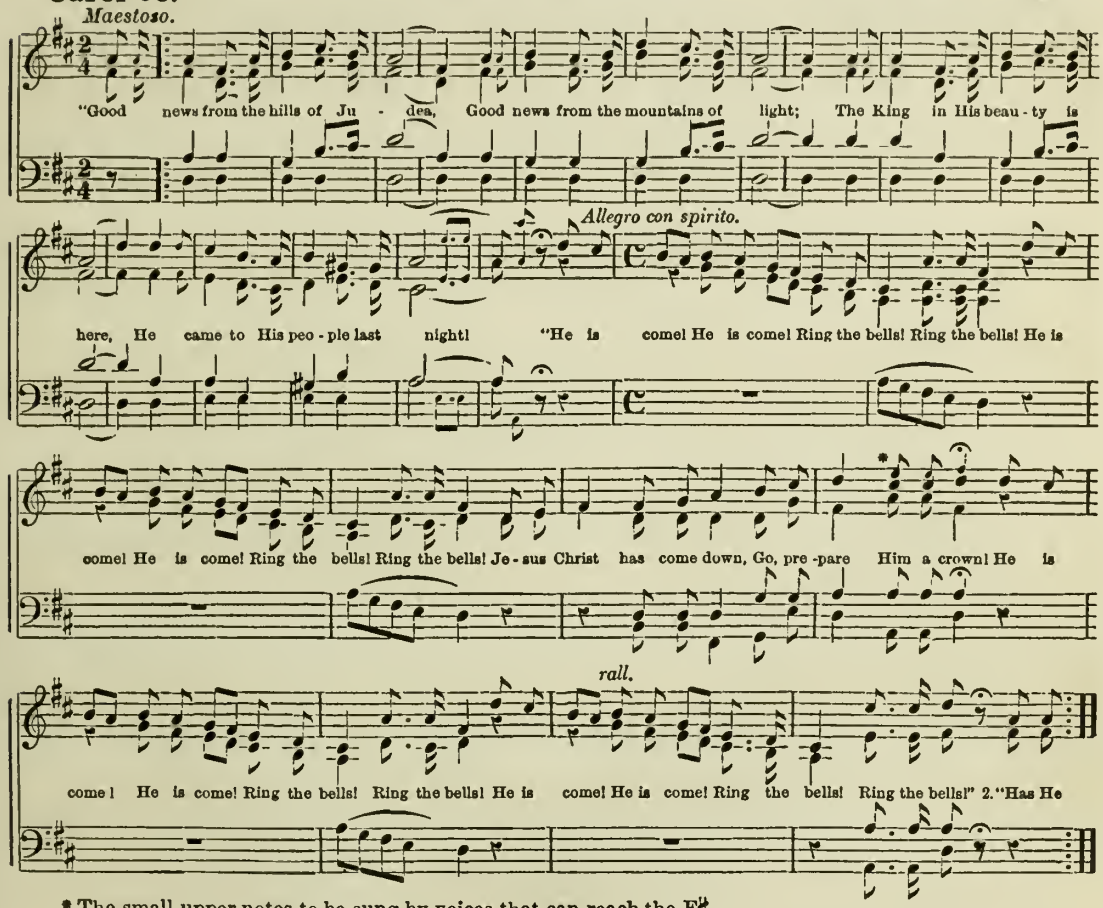


Good news from the hills of Judea.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

May be sung as a choral duet.

Carol 66. *Madame Sainton-Dolby.*


Maestoso.
"Good news from the hills of Ju - dea, Good news from the mountains of light; The King in His beau - ty is
Allegro con spirito.
here, He came to His peo - ple last night! "He is come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! He is
come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Je - sus Christ has come down, Go, pre - pare Him a crown! He is
rall.
come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! He is come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells!" 2. "Has He

* The small upper notes to be sung by voices that can reach the F♯

2

"Has He come to the castle so grand,
To be feasted and honoured to-day?
Has He come to the lords of the land?
Has He come to the bright and the gay?
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
Jesus Christ has come down
To a poor little town;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!

3

"Has He come in His grandeur and pride
To ride through the streets of the town,
With the princes and priests at His side,
And the soldiers defending His crown?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
In a cave cold and bare
You will find the King there;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

4

"Have they dressed Him in purple and gold?
Have they laid Him within a soft bed,
Like the kings and the princes of old,
With a guard to watch over His Head?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
He is laid in the grass
With the ox and the ass;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

5

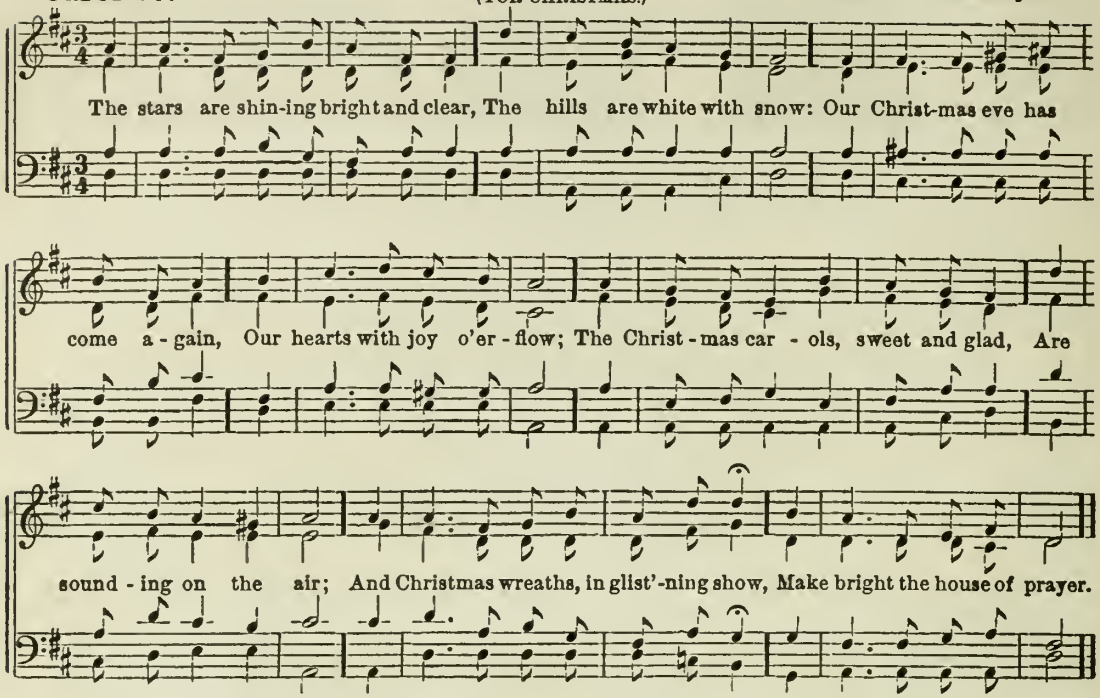
"Have they sounded the trumpets afar?
Have they welcomed with music and song
The Prophet, the King, and the Star,
The Light we have looked for so long?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
To the shepherds alone
Hath He made Himself known;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

6

"If the shepherds were poor, so am I;
For nothing I have of my own;
To the love of the King may I fly?
May I kneel at the foot of His Throne?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
Jesus Christ loveth all,
Young and old, great and small,
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

The stars are shining bright and clear.

Carol 67. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Rev. E. W. Bullinger.*


The stars are shin-ing bright and clear, The hills are white with snow: Our Christ-mas eve has
come a-gain, Our hearts with joy o'er-flow; The Christ-mas car-ols, sweet and glad, Are
sound-ing on the air; And Christmas wreaths, in glist'-ning show, Make bright the house of prayer.

2

Not here across the snow was heard
The first sweet Christmas song;
But where the crimson lilies bloom,
Judaea's hills among:
Those hills where David long before
His father's sheep had kept;
And where, o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
The mourning Jacob wept.

3

And not by earthly choristers
Was that first carol sung;
Not through the temple's shining courts
Its faultless music rung;
No listening crowds had gathered there,
That wondrous chant to hear;
Save watchful shepherds on the hills,
No human soul was near.

4

'Twas sung by countless multitudes
Of Angels pure and bright,
And o'er the bare and silent hills
There shone a glorious light;
Such heavenly music ne'er was heard
Before by sons of men,
And never more shall song like that
Be heard on earth again.

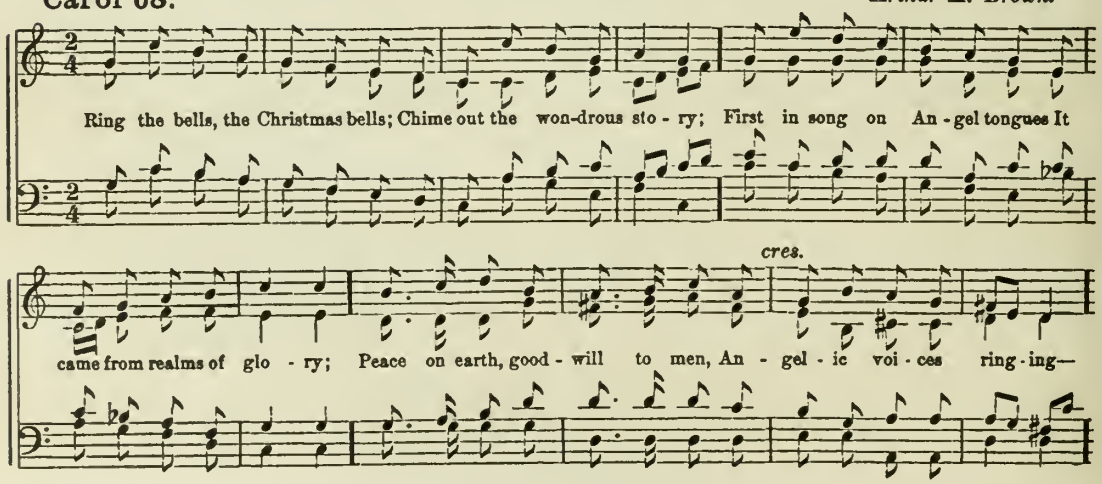
5

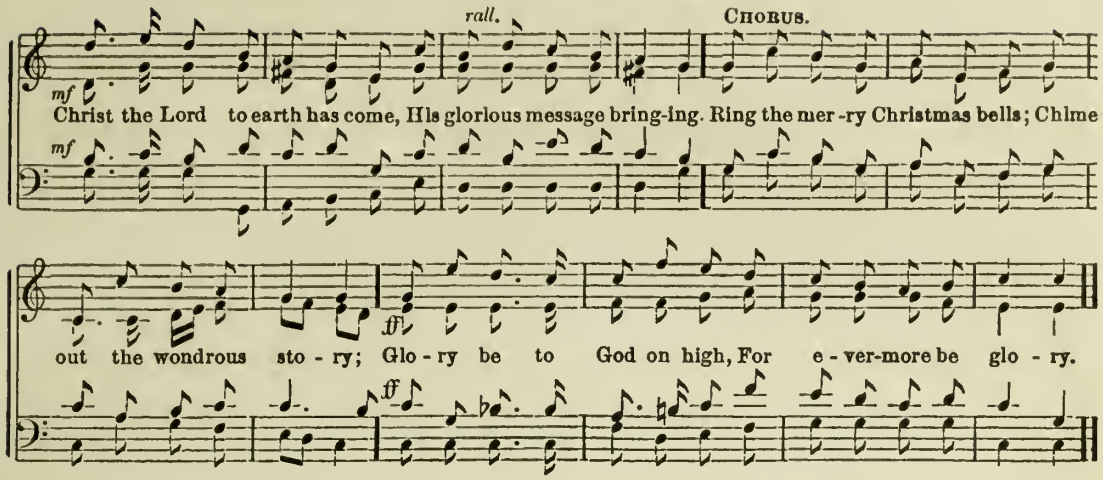
We know the tidings which they brought
Of Christ our Saviour's birth,
Their song of "Glory be to God,
Good-will and peace on earth;"
And so the Christmas carol, sung
By Angels long ago,
Is sweeter than all other songs
Which Christians sing below.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 68. *Arthur H. Brown.*


Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the won-drous sto-ry; First in song on An-gel tongues It
cres.
came from realms of glo-ry; Peace on earth, good-will to men, An-gel-ic voi-ces ring-ing—


rall.
CHORUS.
mf
Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious message bring-ing. Ring the mer-ry Christmas bells; Chime
mf
out the wondrous sto-ry; Glo-ry be to God on high, For e-ver-more be glo-ry.
ff
ff

2

Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure—
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The Babe so pure and holy.
CHO.— Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

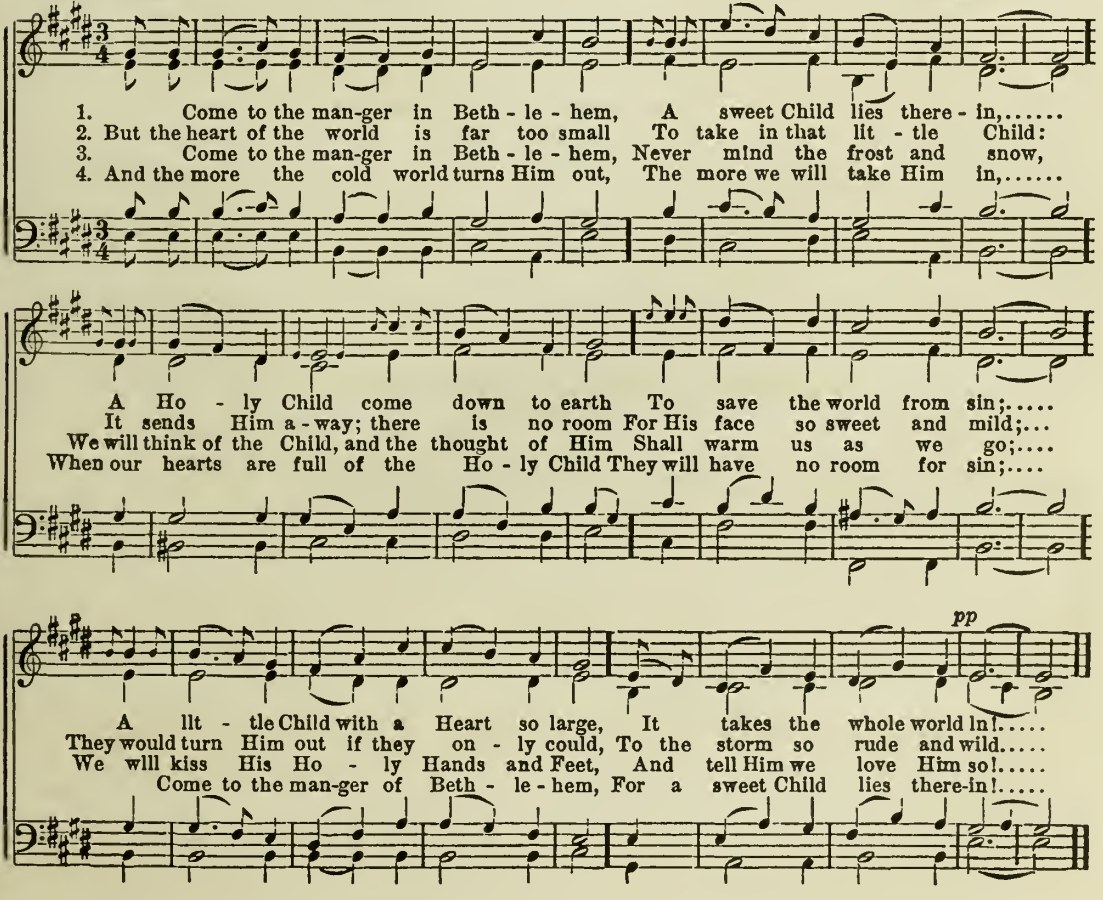
3

Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing.
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthems raises.
CHO.— Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

Come to the manger, in Bethlehem.

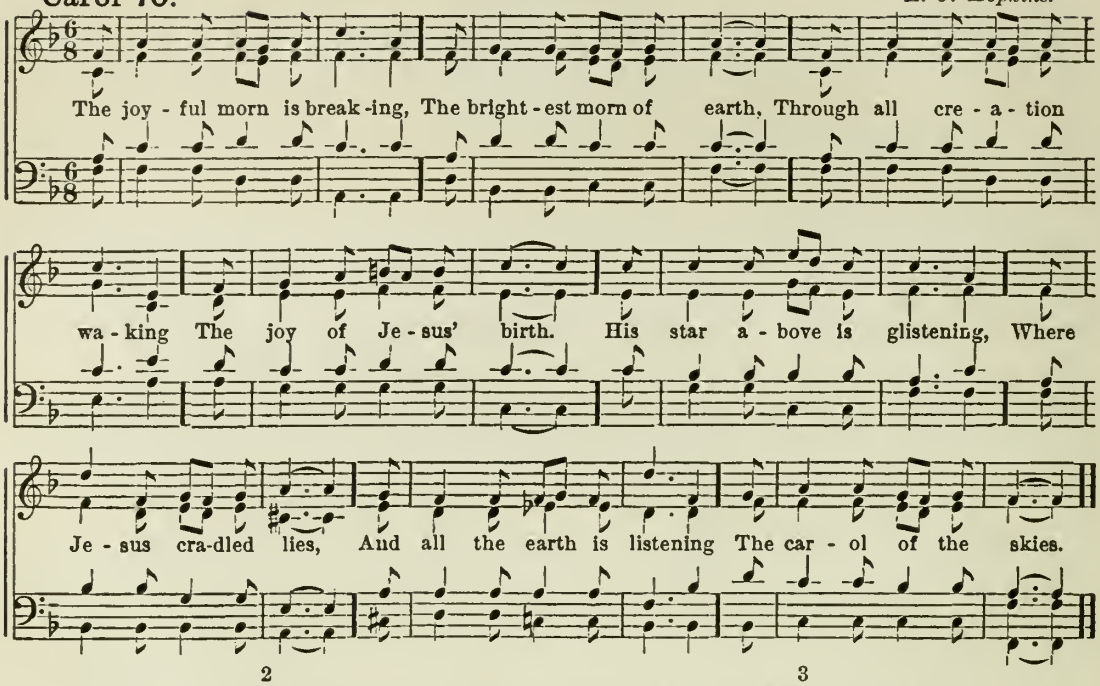
(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 69. *Samuel Smith.*


1. Come to the man-ger in Beth-le-hem, A sweet Child lies there-in,.....
2. But the heart of the world is far too small To take in that lit-tle Child:
3. Come to the man-ger in Beth-le-hem, Never mind the frost and snow,
4. And the more the cold world turns Him out, The more we will take Him in,.....
A Ho-ly Child come down to earth To save the world from sin;.....
It sends Him a-way; there is no room For His face so sweet and mild;...
We will think of the Child, and the thought of Him Shall warm us as we go;....
When our hearts are full of the Ho-ly Child They will have no room for sin;....
pp
A lit-tle Child with a Heart so large, It takes the whole world in!.....
They would turn Him out if they on-ly could, To the storm so rude and wild.....
We will kiss His Ho-ly Hands and Feet, And tell Him we love Him so!.....
Come to the man-ger of Beth-le-hem, For a sweet Child lies there-in!.....

The joyful morn is breaking.

Carol 70. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *E. J. Hopkins.*


The joy - ful morn is break-ing, The bright - est morn of earth, Through all cre - a - tion
wa - king The joy of Je - sus' birth. His star a - bove is glistening, Where
Je - sus cra-dled lies, And all the earth is listening The car - ol of the skies.

2

High strains of praise are swelling
From angel hosts on high,
And one soft voice is telling
Glad tidings from the sky;
Tidings of free salvation,
Of peace on earth below;
Through every land and nation
The blessed word shall go!

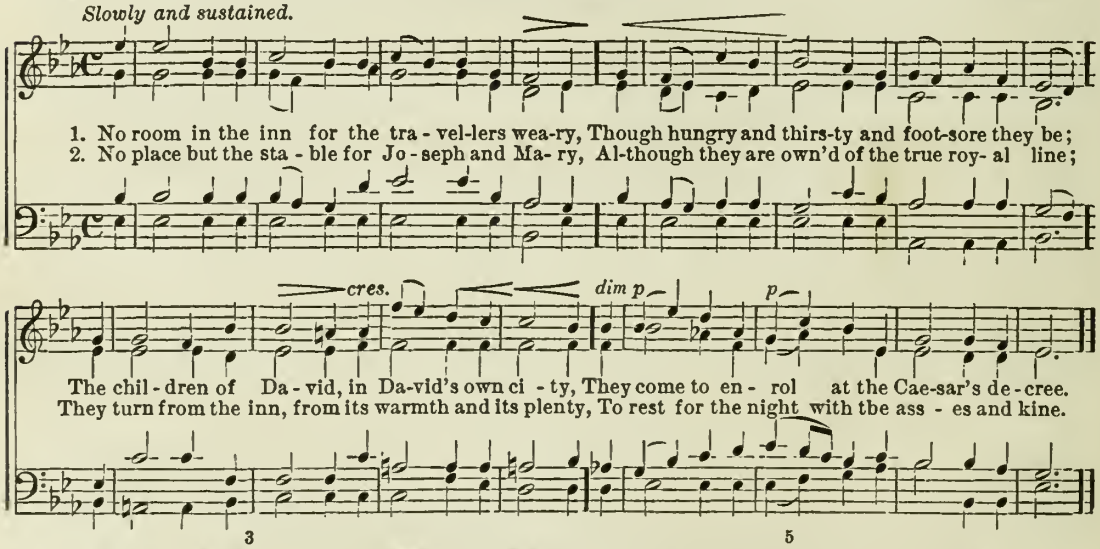
3

His children's songs shall name Him
In many a tongue to day;
His Church shall yet proclaim Him
To people far away;
Till idols fall before Him,
Till strife and wrong shall cease,
Till all the earth adore Him,
The eternal Prince of Peace!

No room in the inn.

Carol 71. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *H. J. Gauntlett.*

Slowly and sustained.


1. No room in the inn for the tra - vel-lers wea-ry, Though hungry and thirs-ty and foot-sore they be;
2. No place but the sta - ble for Jo - seph and Ma- ry, Al-though they are own'd of the true roy- al line;
cres.
dim p
p
The chil - dren of Da - vid, in Da-vid's own ci - ty, They come to en - rol at the Cae-sar's de - cree.
They turn from the inn, from its warmth and its plenty, To rest for the night with the ass - es and kine.

3

Oh, had the host known, though the inn was o'er crowded,
Who sought in his hostel for shelter and rest,
The fairest guest chamber had been for the strangers,
And he had provided for them of his best!

4

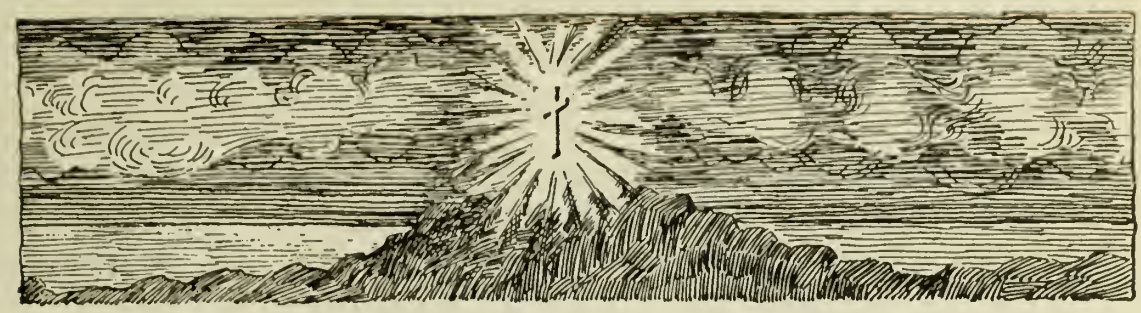
For in the rude stable, where stars were all shining,
The Lord of the Angels took up His abode,
The Babe in the manger so calmly reposing,
Was Israel's Messiah, the dear Son of God.

5

We join with the Angels in giving God glory;
From Christmas to Christmas the story repeat
How Jesus was laid a fair Babe in the manger,
And hasten with shepherds to kneel at His Feet.

6

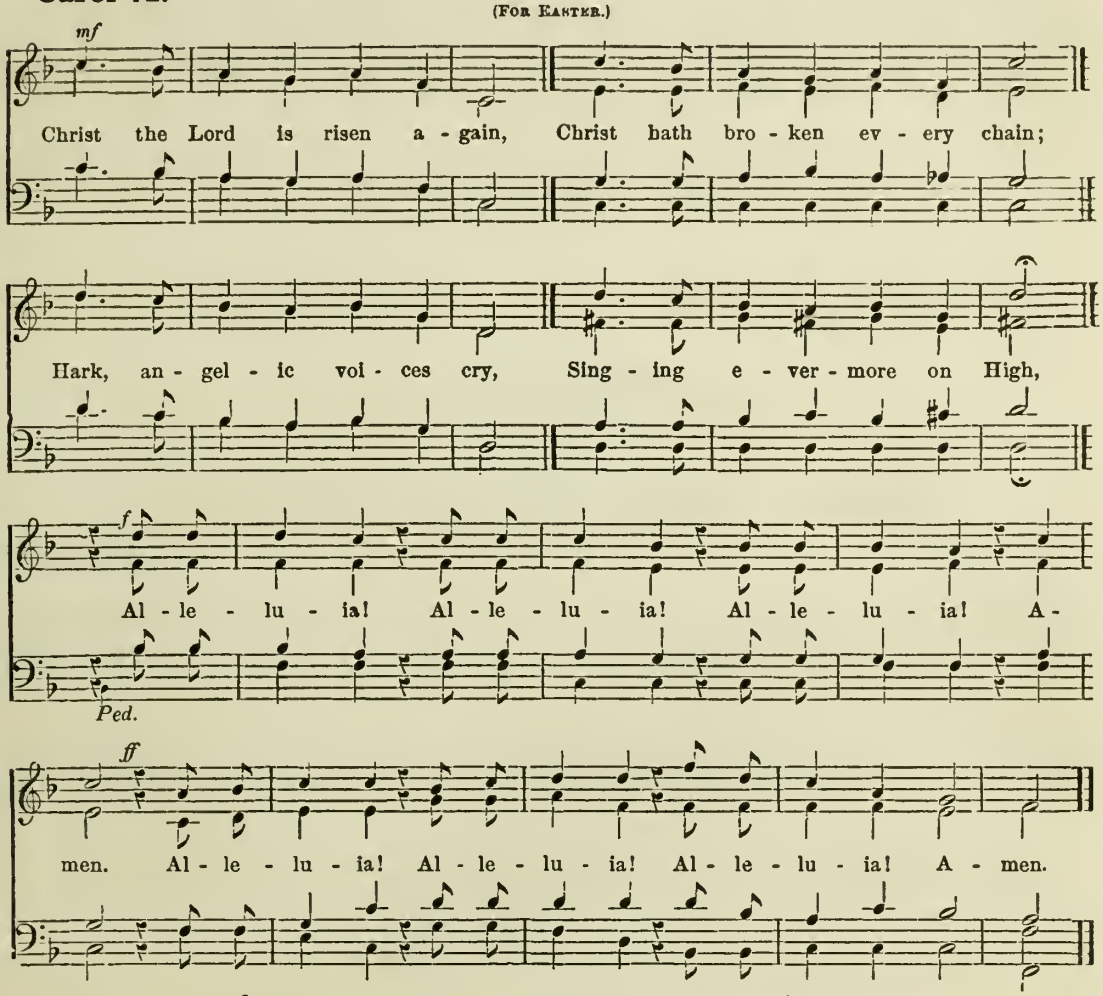
All glory, all glory to God in the highest!
All glory to Jesus for His lowly birth!
With hearts full of joy we re-echo with gladness,
Good will be to men, and sweet peace upon earth.



Christ the Lord is risen again.

Carol 72. *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.*

(For Easter.)


mf
Christ the Lord is risen a - gain, Christ hath bro - ken ev - ery chain;
Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry, Sing - ing e - ver - more on High,
f
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A -
Ped.
ff
men. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2

He, who gave for us His life
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia! &c.

3

He, who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Alleluia! &c.

4

He, who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia! &c.

5

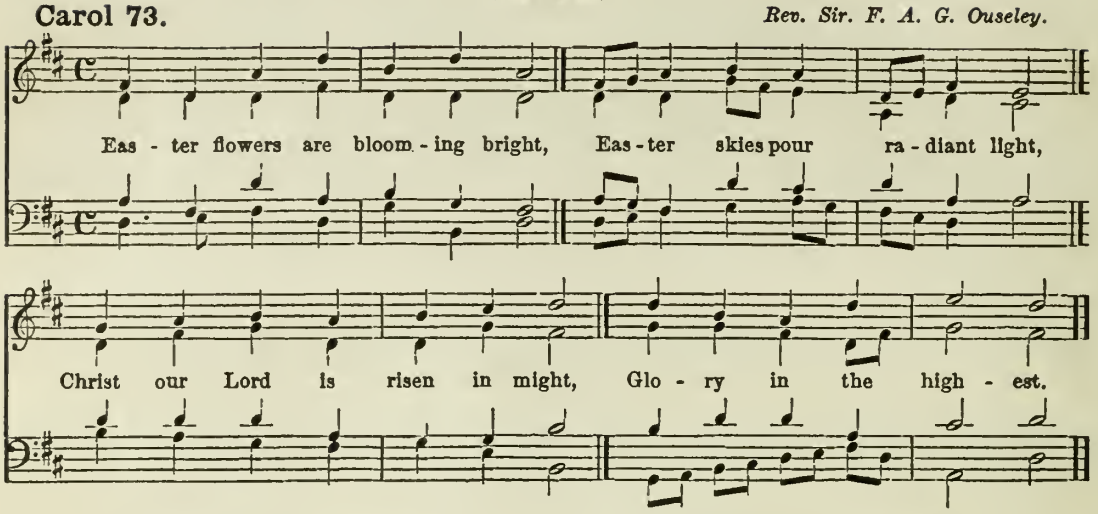
Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia! &c.

6

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Easter flowers are blooming bright.

(For Easter.)

Carol 73. *Rev. Sir. F. A. G. Ouseley.*

Eas - ter flowers are bloom - ing bright, Eas - ter skies pour ra - diant light,
Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est.

2

Angels carolled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

3

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Callest forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

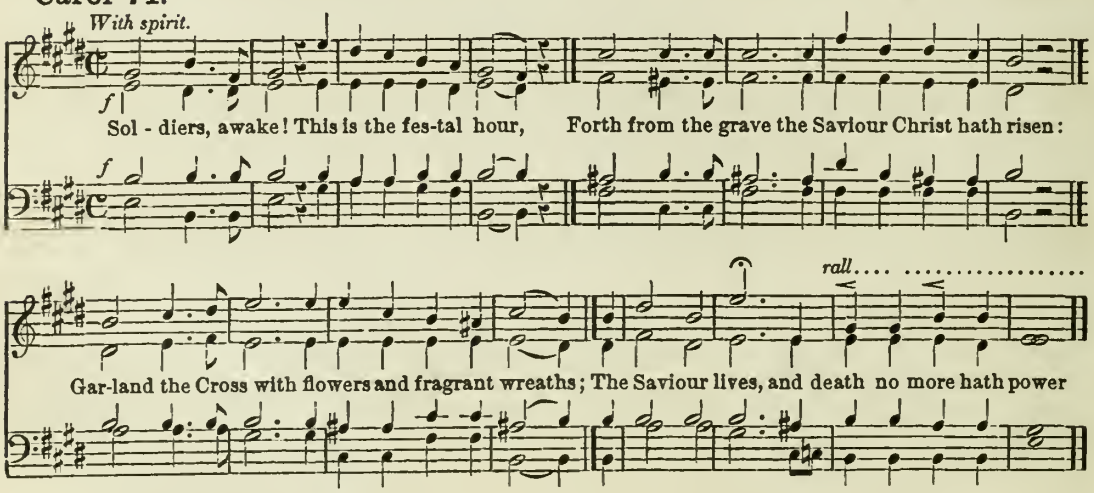
4

As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offer homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.

Soldiers, awake! This is the festal hour.

(For Easter.)

Carol 74. *W. H. Walter.*


With spirit.
f
Sol - diers, awake! This is the fes-tal hour, Forth from the grave the Saviour Christ hath risen:
f
rall.
Gar-land the Cross with flowers and fragrant wreaths; The Saviour lives, and death no more hath power

2

Soldiers arouse! Banish all Lenten gloom,
Let sacred joy this Easter morn attend;
Jesus hath burst the mighty bands of death,
And holy angels guard the riven tomb.

3

Soldiers, to prayer! Kneel first this blessed day
To Him, The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
See on your banner His redeeming Cross,
And there your motto, "Ever watch and pray."

4

Soldiers, to arms! Forth to life's battle-field,
The Spirit's sword your only trust shall be;
While on your brow Salvation's helmet rests,
And Christian faith protects you as a shield.

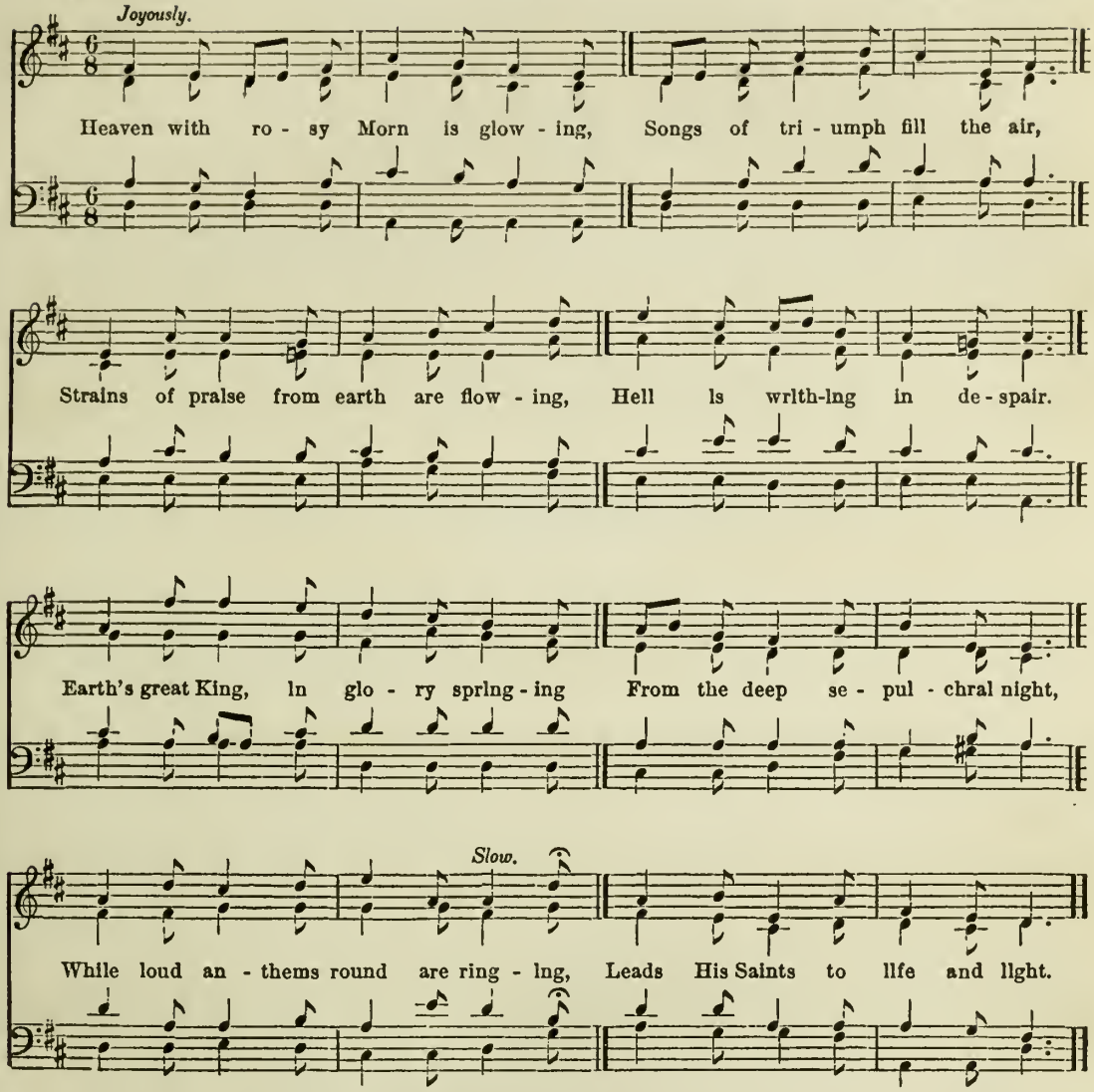
5

Soldiers, salute, with Heaven's triumphant host,
Jesus, the Prince of Peace, the Conqueror!
Yield Him the homage, due Almighty God:
Worship the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Heaven with rosy Morn is glowing.

(For Easter.)

Carol 75. *J. R. Higinbotham.*


Joyously.
Heaven with ro - sy Morn is glow - ing, Songs of tri - umph fill the air,
Strains of pralse from earth are flow - ing, Hell is wrlth-lng in de - spair.
Earth's great King, In glo - ry sprlng - ing From the deep se - pul - chral night,
Slow.
While loud an - thems round are ring - lng, Leads His Saints to llfe and llght.

2

Useless watch the guard are keeping
O'er that tomb so still and lone;
He who there In death was sleeping,
Bursts the seal, and rends the stone.
"Weep no more; no more be given
Gushing tears and mournful sighs,
For the grave's dark gates are riven;
Christ is risen!" the angel cries.

3

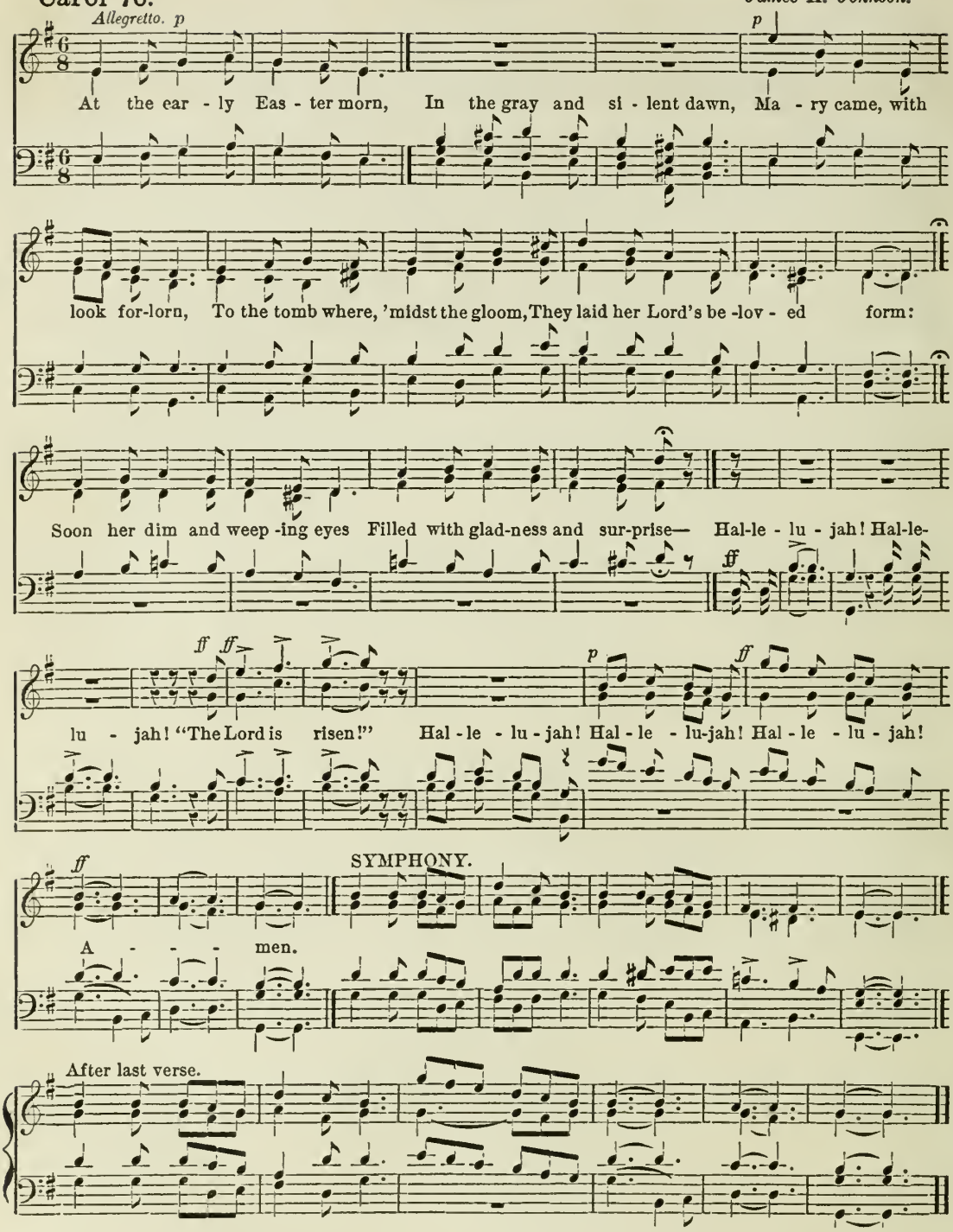
Be our Paschal joy unending!
And, O Lord, deign Thou to save
Contrite souls, that lowly bending,
Pray for life beyond the grave.
Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, who rose this day,
To the Spirit praise be given—
Three in One, and One in Three

At the early Easter Morn.

(For Easter.)

Carol 76.

James A. Johnson.


Allegretto. p
At the ear - ly Eas - ter morn, In the gray and si - lent dawn, Ma - ry came, with
look for-lorn, To the tomb where, 'midst the gloom, They laid her Lord's be -lov - ed form:
Soon her dim and weep -ing eyes Filled with glad-ness and sur-prise— Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le-
lu - jah! "The Lord is risen!" Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
SYMPHONY.
A - - - men.
After last verse.

2

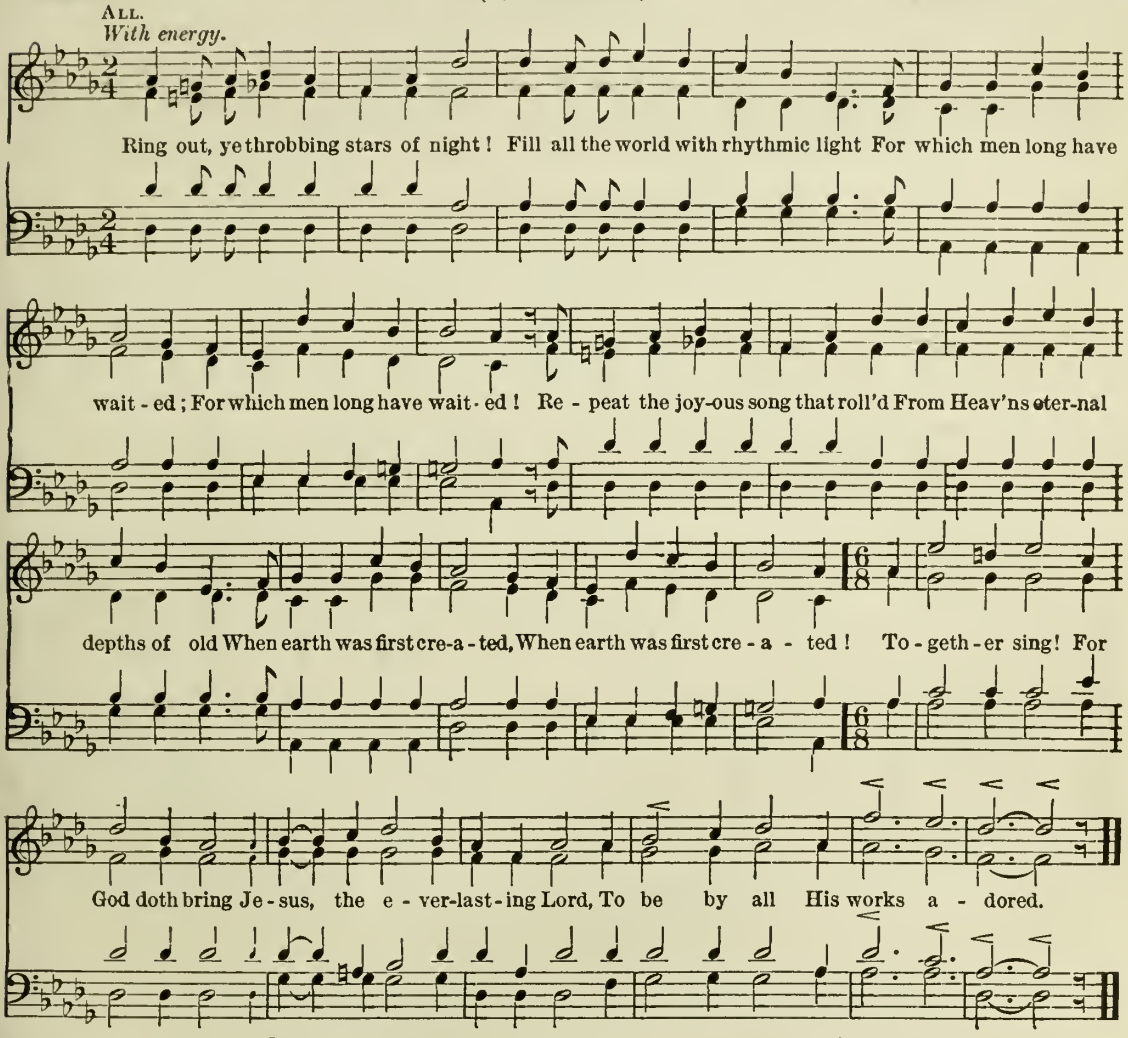
See, the stone is rolled away,
Death hath yielded up his prey;
Angels bright directing, say,
"He ye seek is risen indeed,—
He left the Tomb ere break of day."
O the glad and cheering sound,
Causing hearts with joy to bound!
Hallelujah, &c.

3

Ye who pine in gloom and night,
Waiting for the coming light,
See, it breaks in radiance bright;
Easter Morning, in its dawning,
Fills our souls with calm delight;
Let us then, with one accord,
Praise our newly-risen Lord.
Hallelujah, &c.

Ring out, ye throbbing stars of night.

Carol 77. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Mrs J. H. Barbour.*

ALL.
With energy.

Ring out, ye throbbing stars of night! Fill all the world with rhythmic light For which men long have
wait-ed; For which men long have wait-ed! Re-peat the joy-ous song that roll'd From Heav'ns eter-nal
depths of old When earth was first cre-a-ted, When earth was first cre-a-ted! To-geth-er sing! For
God doth bring Je-sus, the e-ver-last-ing Lord, To be by all His works a-dored.

2

GIRLS. Break forth in praise, angelic throngs!
Spread Bethlehem's plains with sweetest songs,
A cloud of uttered glory;
Enfold therein the shepherds meek,
And those who fadeless pastures seek,
Described in prophets' story.
ALL. Adore your King!
For God doth bring
Emanuel the Holy Child
By whom the world is reconciled.

3

BOYS. Rejoice, ye waiting Jews devout!
Let your victorious faith ring out
In swelling *Benedictus*!
The night of watching now is past,
Redemption's day has come at last,
No more can fear afflict us!
ALL. Let trumpets ring
For God doth bring
The promised heir of David's throne,
Whose kingdom all the earth shall own!

4

GIRLS. Lift up, ye Gentiles, from afar
Your voice of triumph to the star
On Sion's forehead flaming.
For lo! it burns with heavenly fire,
Of cherished dreams and vague desire
Fulfilment now proclaiming!
ALL. Let pæans ring
For God doth bring
The King all nations longed to find!
The Light and Leader of mankind!

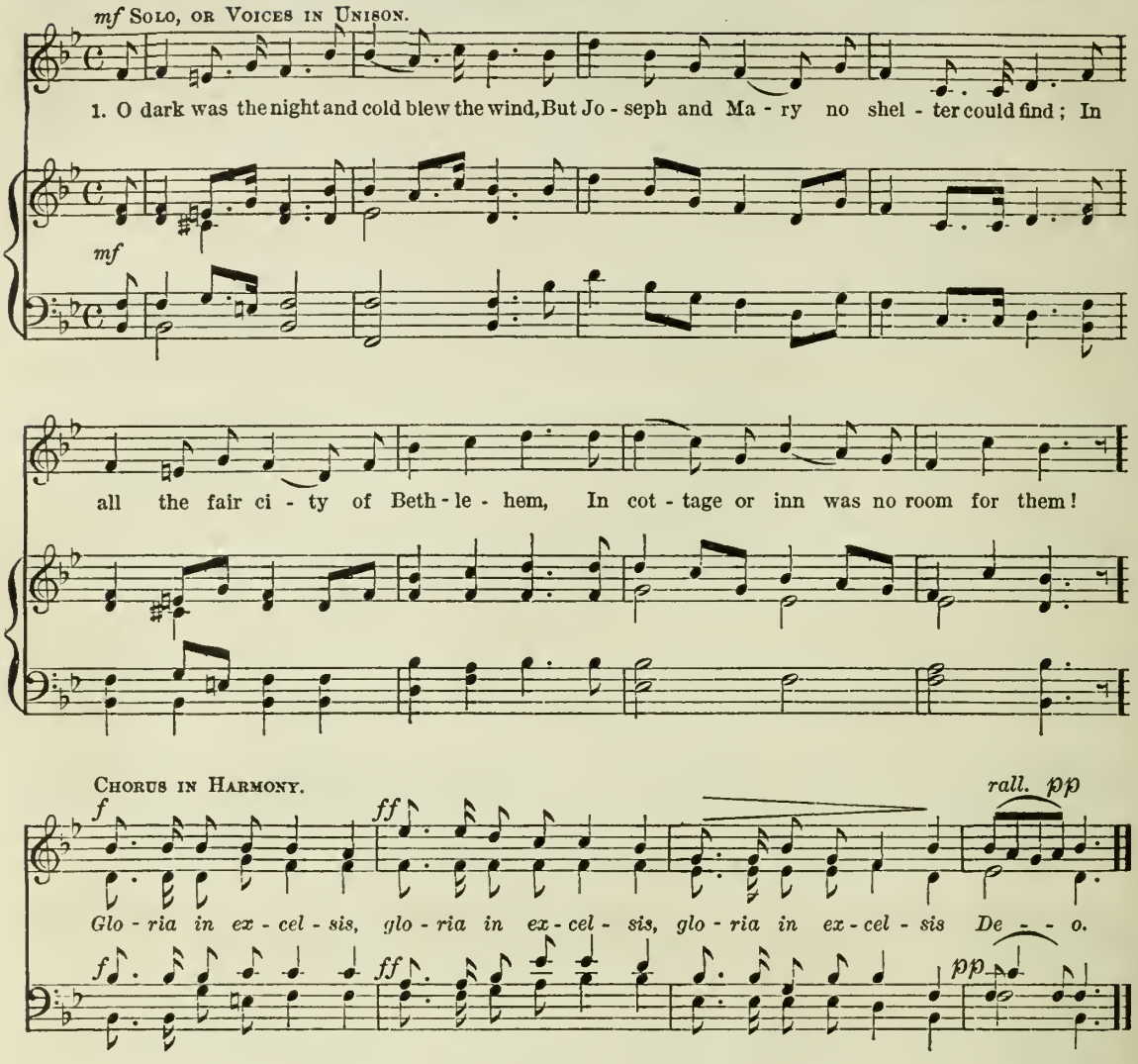
5

ALL. Hark! how the bells together chime!
All ringing in the Golden time
The age of love and glory;
The choirs of Heaven and those of earth
Unite, O Christ! to hail Thy birth,
All worlds as one adore Thee.
One anthem rolls
From ransomed souls,
From nature and each living thing,
To Thee, incarnate Son and King!

Parish Choir, No. 174—4.

O dark was the night.

Carol 78. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *B. W. J. Trevaldwyn.*


mf Solo, or Voices in Unison.
1. O dark was the night and cold blew the wind, But Jo - seph and Ma - ry no shel - ter could find; In
mf
all the fair ci - ty of Beth - le - hem, In cot - tage or inn was no room for them!
Chorus in Harmony.
f
ff
rall. pp
Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis, glo - ria in ex - cel - sis, glo - ria in ex - cel - sis De - - o.
f
ff
pp

2.

But in a poor stable their couch was made,
And low in a manger the Babe was laid,
O fair was the Child, the mother how fair!
But only the oxen stood waiting there!

3.

But out on the hills was a wondrous light,
And heavenly music entranced the night;
And beasts of the field were roused in their lair
By the sound of voices and harps in the air.

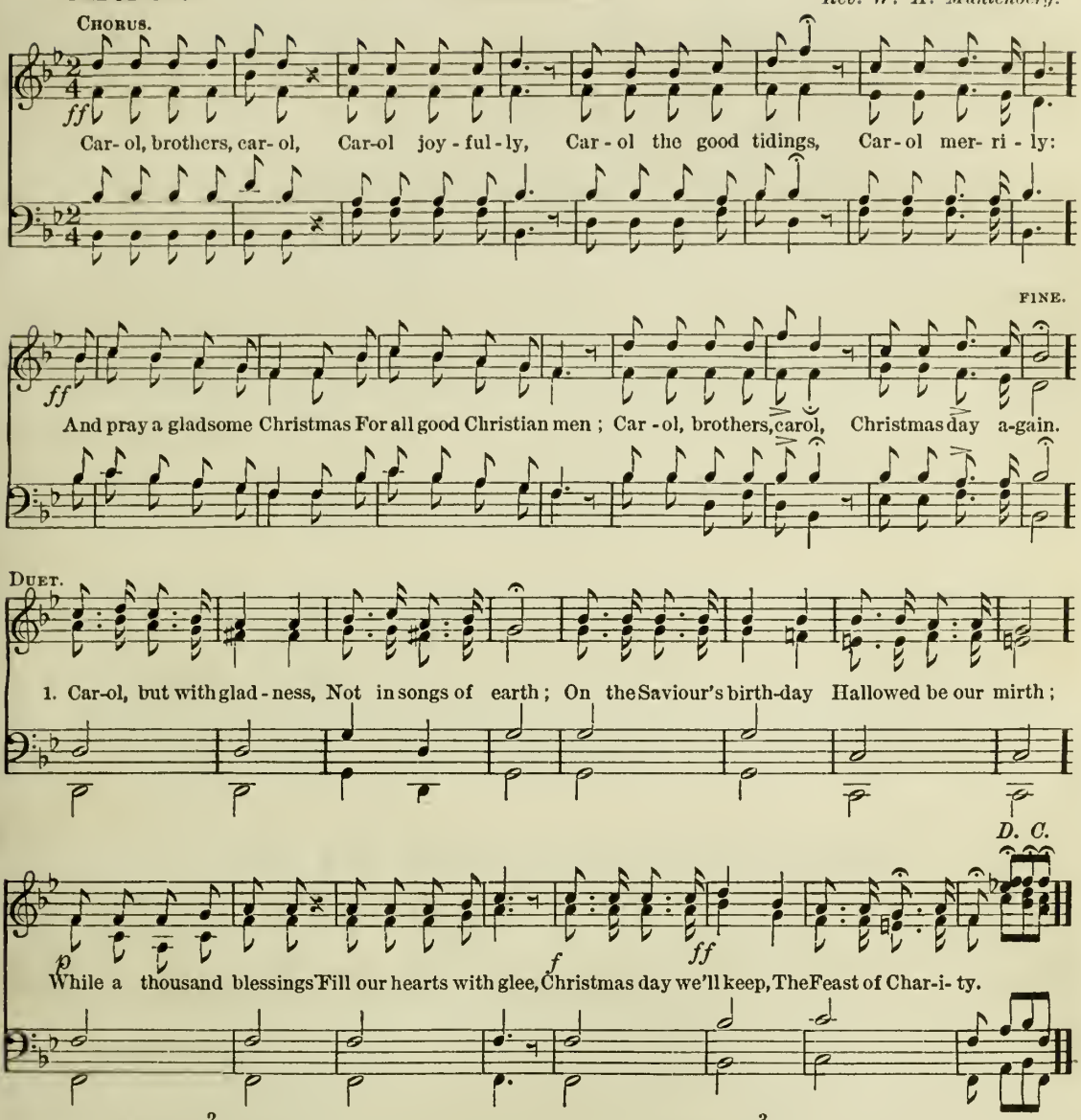
4.

And shepherds a-watching their flocks by night
Espied in the heavens a marvellous sight;
Of angels and spirits a mighty throng,
For joy and great gladness singing this song:

5.

O come then, ye faithful, ye men of good will,
Let joy and thanksgiving every heart fill;
Tell out the glad tidings that Jesus has come,
To open the way to the heavenly home.

Carol, brothers, carol.

Carol 79. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg.*

Chorus.
ff
Car- ol, brothers, car- ol, Car-ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol the good tidings, Car - ol mer- ri - ly:
FINE.
ff
And pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men ; Car - ol, brothers, carol, Christmas day a-gain.
Duet.
1. Car-ol, but with glad - ness, Not in songs of earth ; On the Saviour's birth-day Hallowed be our mirth ;
D. C.
p
While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day we'll keep, The Feast of Char-i- ty.

2

At the merry table,
Think of those who've none,
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone.
Bountiful your offerings
To the altar bring ;
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.
Cho.—Carol, brothers, carol, &c,

3

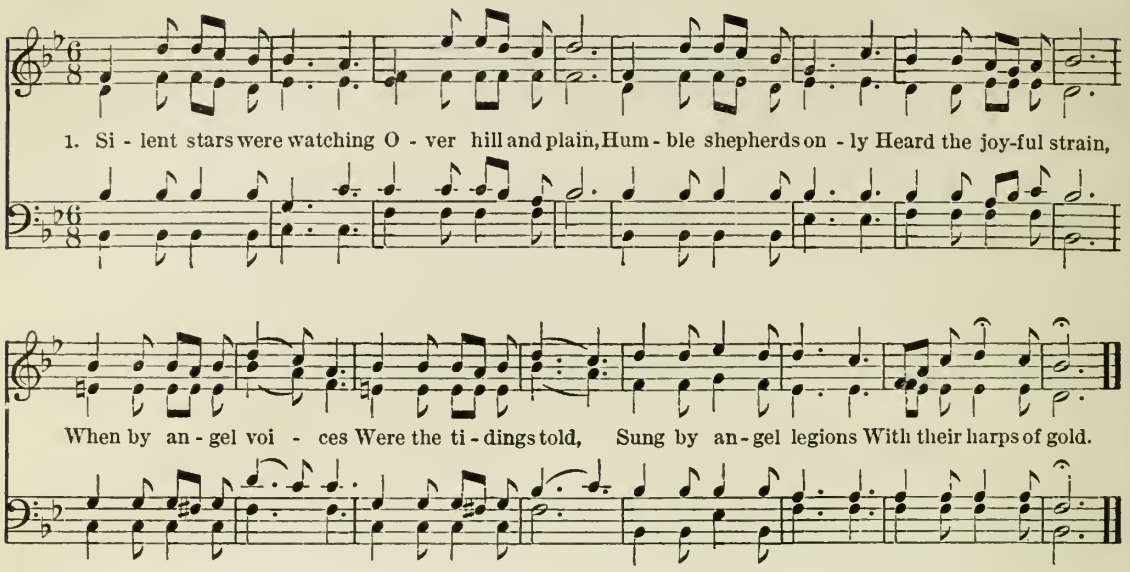
Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease—
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace?
While the heavens are telling
To mankind good will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.
Cho.—Carol, brothers, carol, &c,

4

Let our hearts, responding
To the seraph band,
With this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land:
Word, and deed, and prayer
Speak the grateful sound,
Telling "Merry Christmas"
All the world around.
Cho.—Carol, brothers, carol, &c,

Silent stars were watching.

Carol 80. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *W. H. A. Hall.*


1. Si - lent stars were watching O - ver hill and plain, Hum - ble shepherds on - ly Heard the joy-ful strain,
When by an - gel voi - ces Were the ti - dings told, Sung by an - gel legions With their harps of gold.

2

Then, in haste, the shepherds
Heedless of their fold,
Seek King David's city
As the angels told.
There they find the manger,
There the Infant King,
There they tell the story
To the wondering.

3

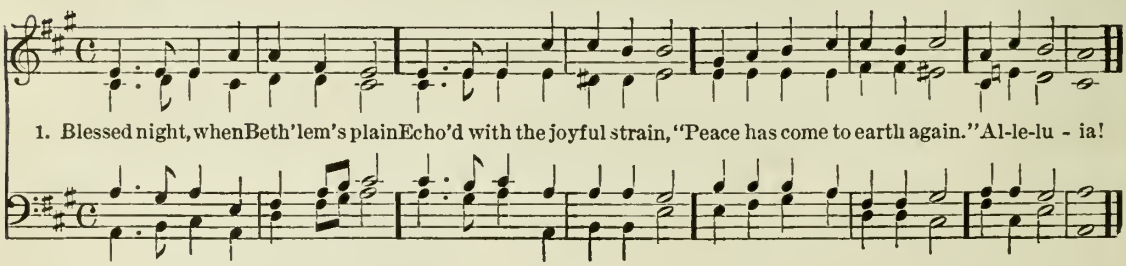
In the East, the wise men
Journeying from afar,
Guided to the manger
By the mystic star.
Gold and fragrant incense,
Costly gifts they bring,
In the stable lay them,
Kingly offering.

4

And on this our Christmas,
While our hearts we bring,
Hear the wondrous story,
Joyous carols sing;
To the holy Christ-child
Grant, O Lord, that we,
Like the kings and shepherds,
May be led by Thee.

Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain.

Carol 81. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *J. W. Sidebotham.*



2

Blessed hills that heard the song
Of the glorious angel throng
Swelling all your slopes along
Alleluia!

3

Happy shepherds, on whose ear,
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."
Alleluia!

4

Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia!

5

Entering by the narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor,
Placed in yonder manger poor.
Alleluia!

6

We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing:
Our best offering to Thee bring.
Alleluia!

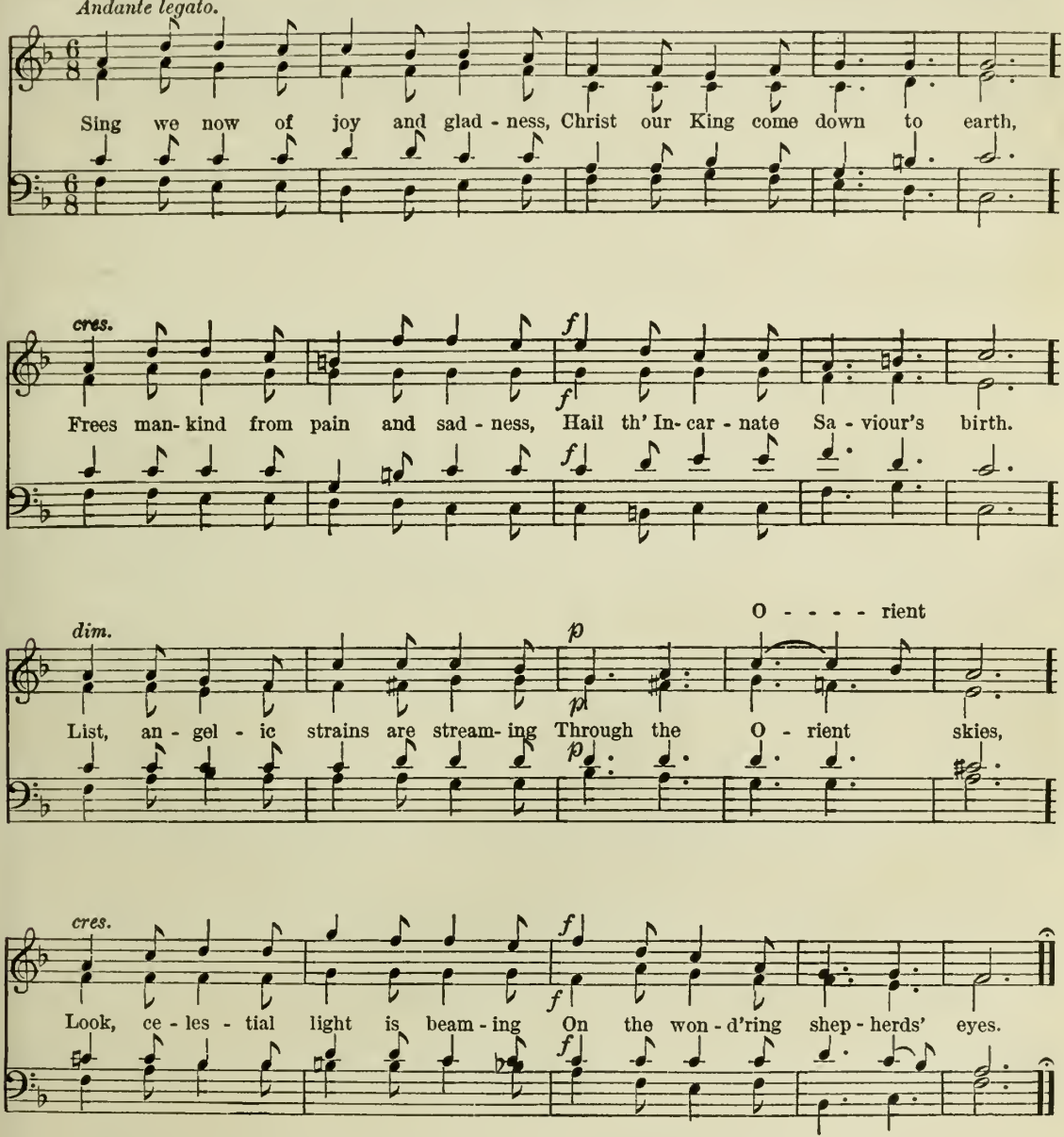
7

Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of Glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy Kingdom cease!
Alleluia!

Sing we now of joy and gladness.

Carol 82. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *W. Gilbert.*

Andante legato.


Sing we now of joy and glad - ness, Christ our King come down to earth,
cres.
Frees man- kind from pain and sad - ness, Hail th' In- car - nate Sa - viour's birth.
dim.
O - - - - rient
List, an - gel - ic strains are stream- ing Through the O - rient skies,
cres.
Look, ce - les - tial light is beam - ing On the won - d'ring shep - herds' eyes.

2

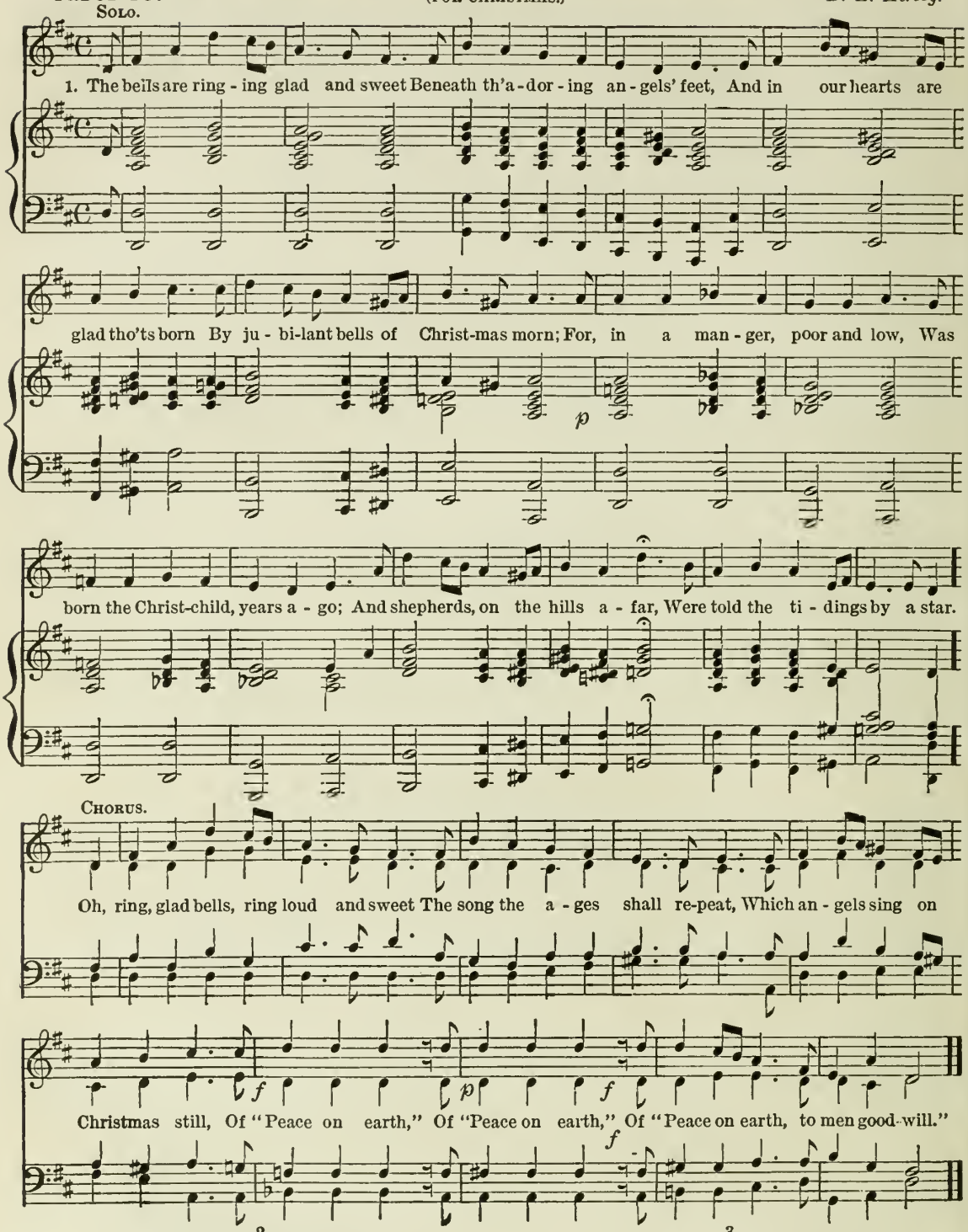
Haste we then, this birth-day morning,
To the Bethlehem cattle-shed;
Heed we not, tho' scant adorning
Deck the lowly manger bed:
Though man's fleshly form He weareth,
In His birth-place bare,
He the Eternal Kingdom shareth,
Christ Himself is cradled there.

3

Offer we in plenteous measure
Gold and gem and costly spice,
If our hearts attend our treasure
He'll accept the sacrifice:
If to Him our life be given,
Raised from earth our eyes,
He will grant us rest in heaven,
In His rest—in Paradise.

The bells are ringing glad and sweet.

Carol 83. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *D. E. Hervey.*


Solo.
1. The bells are ring - ing glad and sweet Beneath th'a - dor - ing an - gels' feet, And in our hearts are
glad tho'ts born By ju - bi-lant bells of Christ-mas morn; For, in a man - ger, poor and low, Was
p
born the Christ-child, years a - go; And shepherds, on the hills a - far, Were told the ti - dings by a star.
Chorus.
Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet The song the a - ges shall re-peat, Which an - gels sing on
f
p
f
Christmas still, Of "Peace on earth," Of "Peace on earth," Of "Peace on earth, to men good-will."
f

2

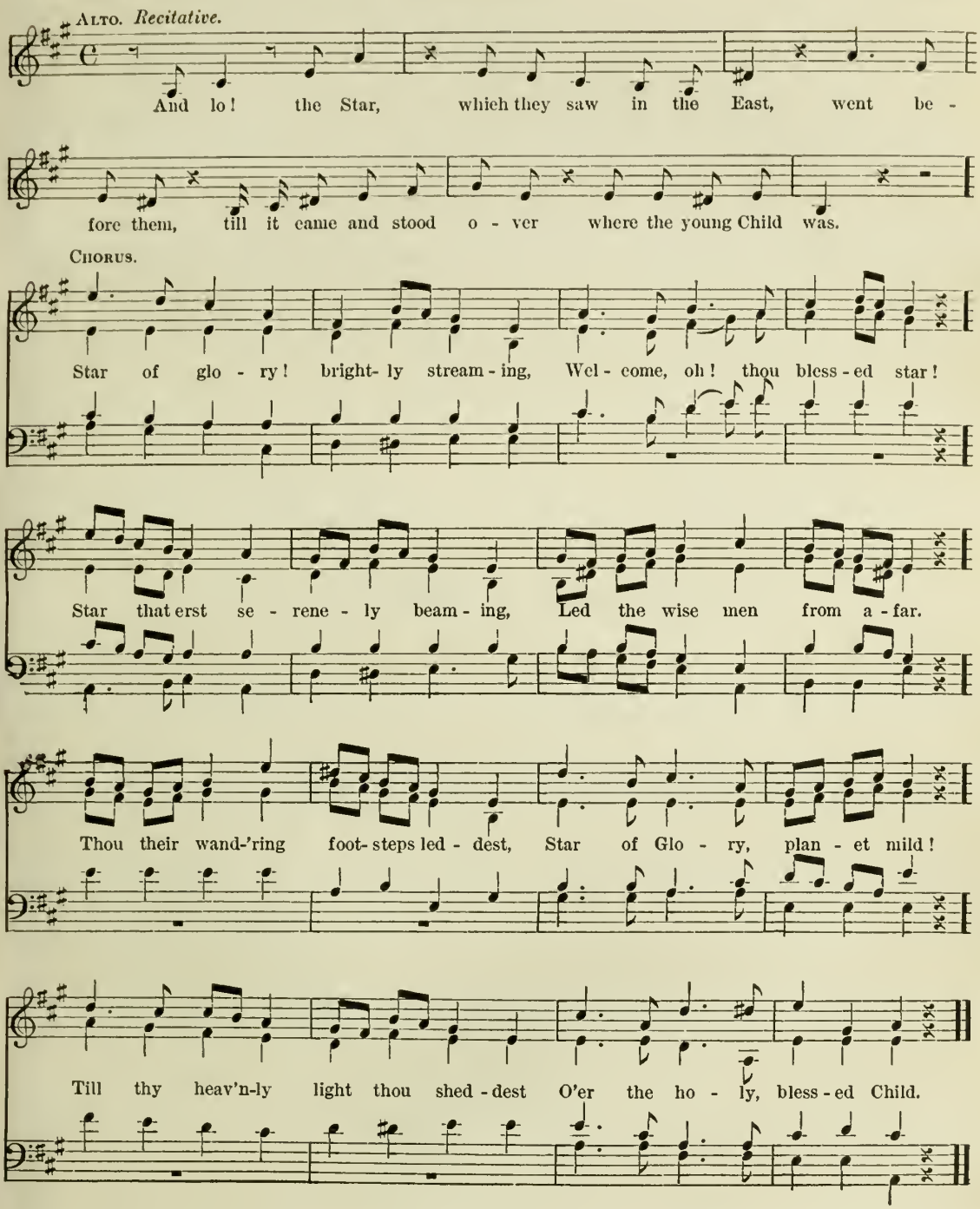
O Christ-child, in a manger born,
The stars sang on Thy birthday morn.
While cradled on Thy mother's breast,
The wise men sought Thy place of rest;
Then peace descended on the earth,
In honour of Thy lowly birth.
Ah! Thou hast died for us, and them
Who hailed Thee King at Bethlehem.—CHO.

3

Oh, song, adown the centuries roll'd!
Oh, song, which never can grow old!
O Christ-child, born a cross to bear,
That we, at last, a crown might wear,—
Let us, like shepherds, to Thy feet
Bring love, as tribute-offering meet,
And worship there, while angels sing
In praise of Jesus Christ, our King.—CHO.

Star of glory, brightly streaming.

Carol 84. (FOR EPIPHANY.) *J. Garnett.*

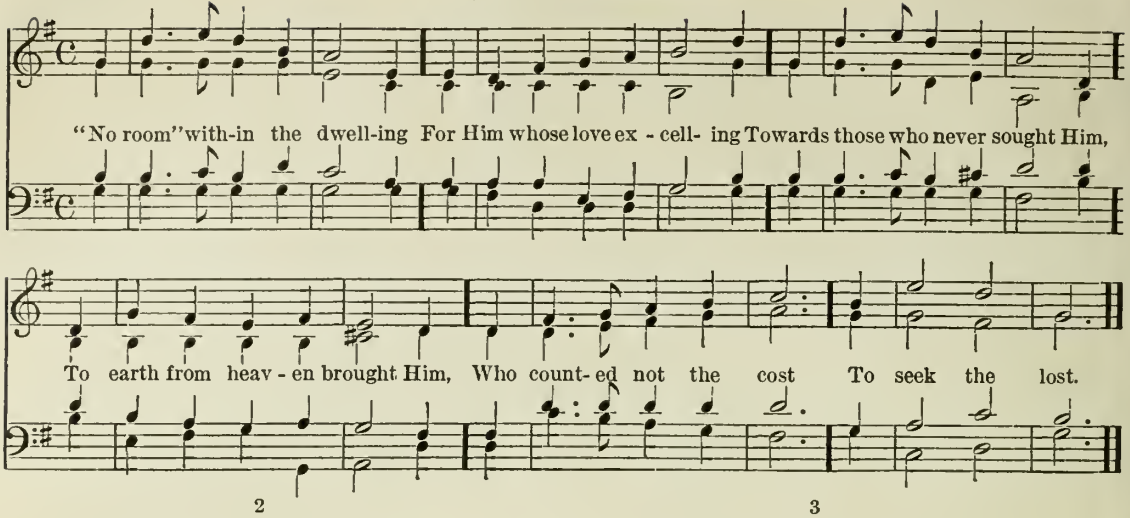

Alto. Recitative.
And lo! the Star, which they saw in the East, went be -
fore them, till it came and stood o - ver where the young Child was.
Chorus.
Star of glo - ry! bright- ly stream - ing, Wel - come, oh! thou bless - ed star!
Star that erst se - rene - ly beam - ing, Led the wise men from a - far.
Thou their wand-'ring foot- steps led - dest, Star of Glo - ry, plan - et mild!
Till thy heav'n-ly light thou shed - dest O'er the ho - ly, bless - ed Child.

2

Holy Father! Thou who gavest
Them that light and grace to see!
Holy Son! O Christ, who savest
All that look for light to Thee!
Holy Spirit, ever pouring
Grace on them that seek aright!
Grant us, Lord, with hearts adoring,
Still to walk with Thee in light.

No room within the dwelling.

Carol 85. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Rev. R. F. Dale.*


"No room" with-in the dwell-ing For Him whose love ex - cell- ing Towards those who never sought Him,
To earth from heav - en brought Him, Who count- ed not the cost To seek the lost.

2

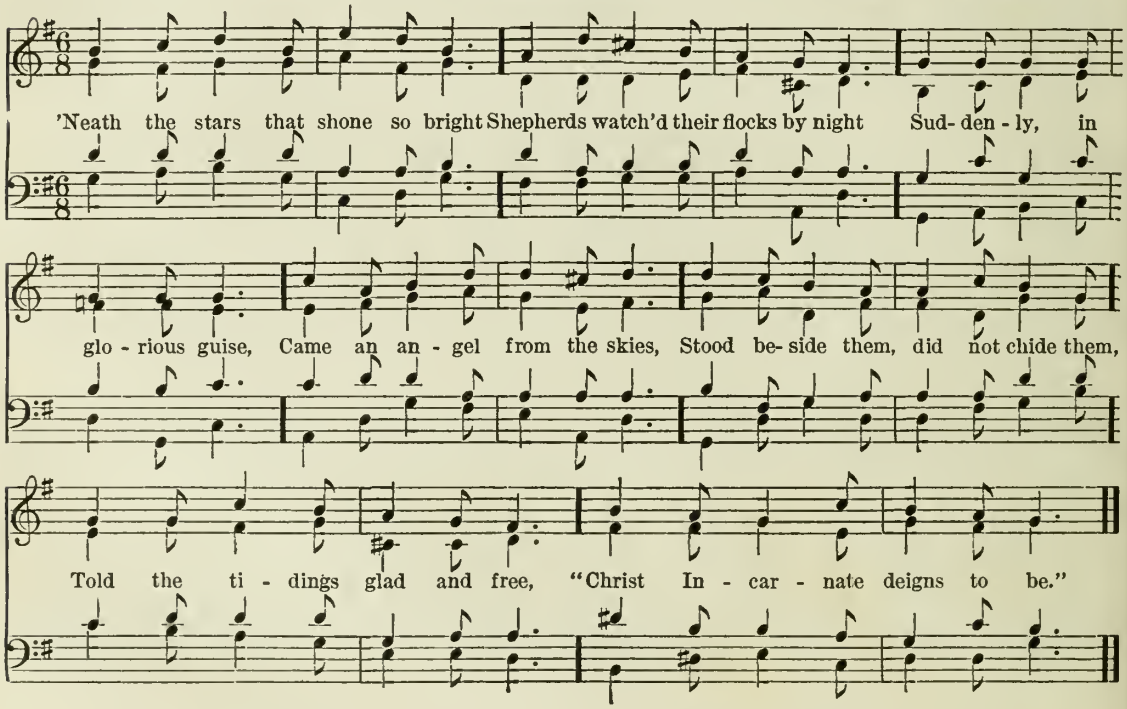
"No room;" so to the manger
They bore the kingly stranger;
But angel hosts attended,
And angel voices blended,
Whilst on His mother's breast
He lay at rest.

3

"No room;" O Babe so tender
To Thee our hearts we render,
Not meet for Thy possessing,
Yet make them by Thy blessing
A home wherein to dwell,
EMMANUEL!

'Neath the stars that shone so bright.

Carol 86. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Matthew Cooke.*


'Neath the stars that shone so bright Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night Sud- den - ly, in
glo - rious guise, Came an an - gel from the skies, Stood be- side them, did not chide them,
Told the ti - dings glad and free, "Christ In - car - nate deigns to be."

2

Born this day of David's line
Now behold the Babe Divine;
Rude the raiment that enfolds Him,
Rough the manger-bed that holds Him;
Lord all holy, laid so lowly,
Who from highest realm of heaven
Stoops that man may be forgiven.

3

May we all with heart and voice
Still in Bethlehem rejoice;
Thither by the bright star led
To the House of Living Bread;
Chant the story of His glory
Till His Majesty we see
At His last Epiphany.

Near the Tomb where Jesus slept.

Carol 87. (FOR EASTER.) *Geo. P. Grantham.*

Con spirito.

1. Near the Tomb where Je - sus slept, Ro - man guards their night - watch kept,
Pa - cing to and fro a - lone, By the close - ly seal - ed stone.

CHORUS.

f

Christ! Thou Con - quer - or! All hail! Guard and stone can nought a - vail!
Death is slain in mor - tal strife; Hail the Prince and Lord of Life!

2
In the darksome midnight, lo!
Hark! an earthquake rolls below!
Sign of deadly conflict o'er,
Death despoiled for evermore!
Chorus.

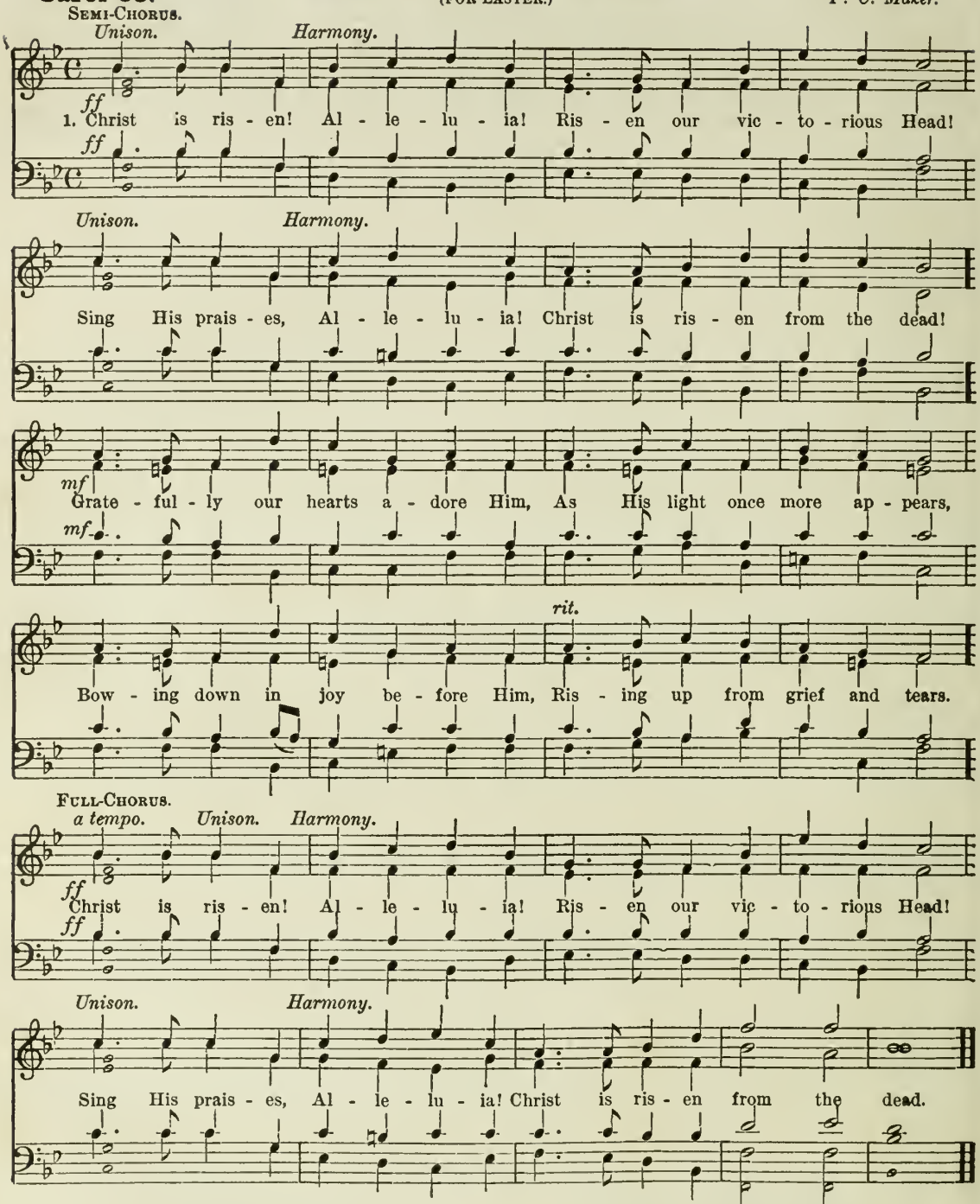
3
That which by the cave-mouth lay,
Angel hands have rolled away;
And the Lord, His three days sped,
Comes triumphant from the dead!
Chorus.

4
O! the breathless fear which fell
On the guards no tongue may tell;
Prostrate all, in sore dismay,
As He rose, and passed away!
Chorus.

5
Christ! Thou Victor o'er the tomb,
Take us in the Day of Doom,
Take us to Thine own dear side,
At the last great Easter-tide!

Chorus after last verse.
Christ! Thou Conqueror! all hail!
Let not Death o'er us prevail:
Help us in our mortal strife,
Bring us to the Land of Life!

Christ is risen! Alleluia!

Carol 88. (FOR EASTER.) *F. C. Maker.*

SEMI-CHORUS.
Unison.
Harmony.
ff
1. Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!
Unison.
Harmony.
Sing His prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead!
mf
Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears,
rit.
Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
FULL-CHORUS.
a tempo.
Unison.
Harmony.
Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!
Unison.
Harmony.
Sing His prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead.

2

Christ is risen! all the sadness
Of our Lenten fast is o'er;
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more;
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise, the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending
Glory round His wounded brow:
CHO.— Christ is risen! &c.

3

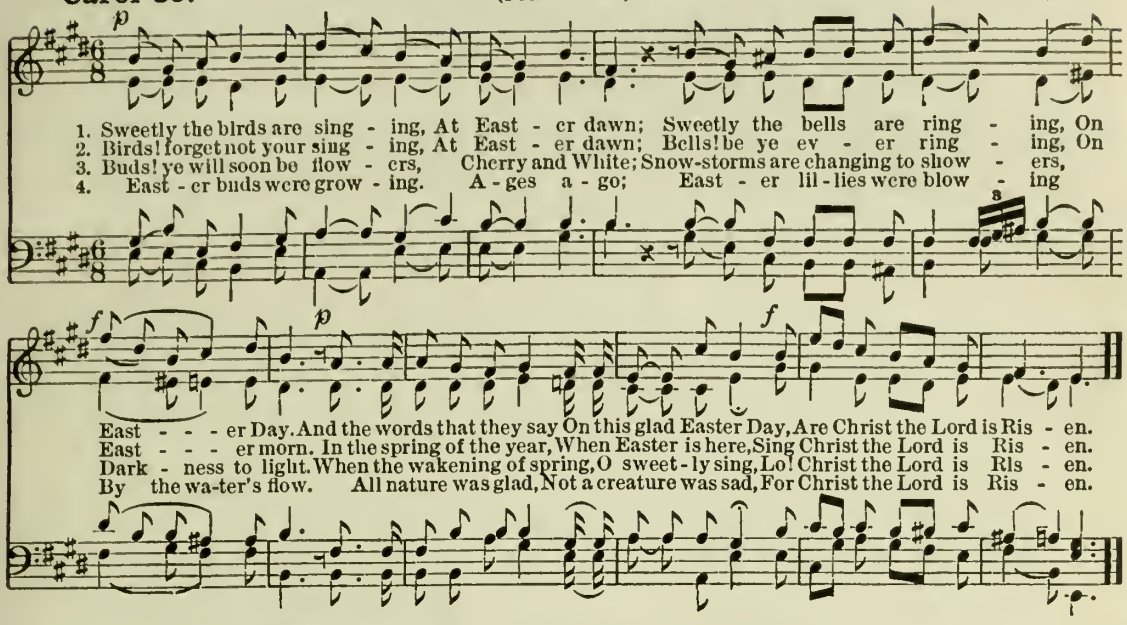
Christ is risen! all the sorrow
That last evening round Him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day;
And the grave its first fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now He liveth,
He was lost, but He is found:
CHO.— Christ is risen! &c.

4

Christ is risen! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
Be we Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all:
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of Resurrection!
Let us rise and keep the Feast;
CHO.— Christ is risen! &c.

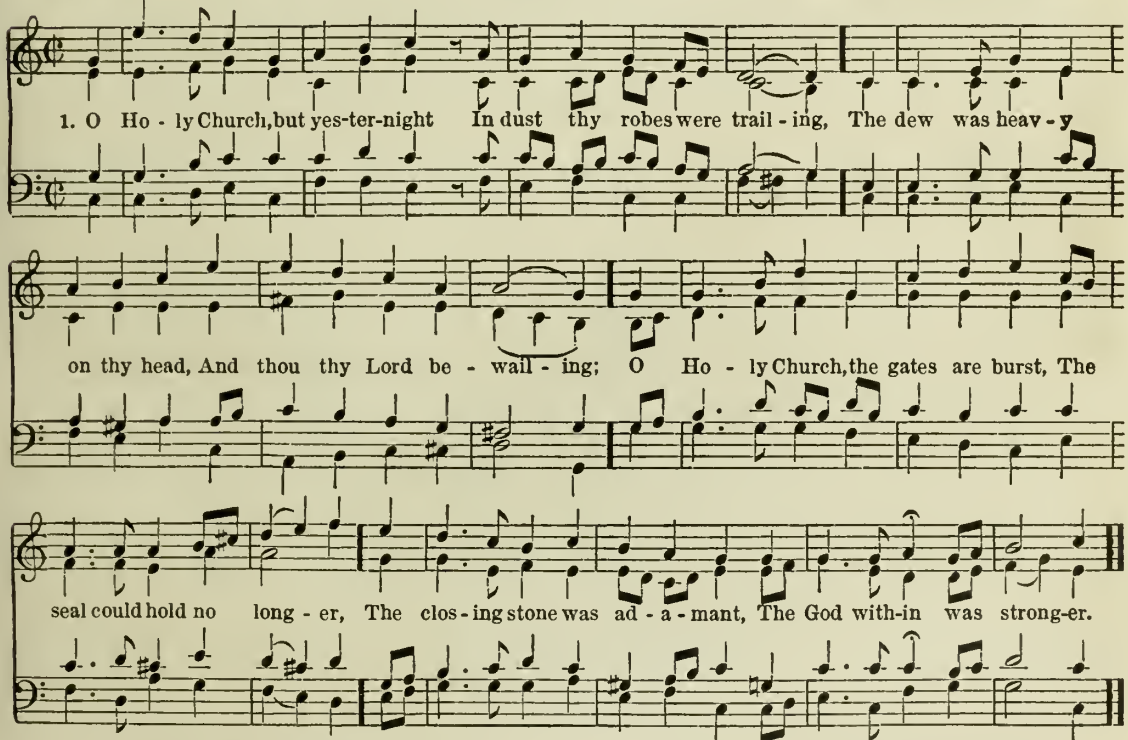
Sweetly the birds are singing.

Carol 89. (FOR EASTER.) *C. F. Roper.*


1. Sweetly the birds are sing - ing, At East - er dawn; Sweetly the bells are ring - ing, On
2. Birds! forget not your sing - ing, At East - er dawn; Bells! be ye ev - er ring - ing, On
3. Buds! ye will soon be flow - ers, Cherry and White; Snow-storms are changing to show - ers,
4. East - er buds were grow - ing. A - ges a - go; East - er lil - lies were blow - ing
East - - - er Day. And the words that they say On this glad Easter Day, Are Christ the Lord is Ris - en.
East - - - er morn. In the spring of the year, When Easter is here, Sing Christ the Lord is Ris - en.
Dark - ness to light. When the wakening of spring, O sweet - ly sing, Lo! Christ the Lord is Ris - en.
By the wa-ter's flow. All nature was glad, Not a creature was sad, For Christ the Lord is Ris - en.

O Holy Church, but yester-night.

Carol 90. (FOR EASTER.) *Melody by H. G. B.*
Harmonized by Rev. Wm. Staunton.


1. O Ho - ly Church, but yes-ter-night In dust thy robes were trail - ing, The dew was heav - y
on thy head, And thou thy Lord be - wail - ing; O Ho - ly Church, the gates are burst, The
seal could hold no long - er, The clos - ing stone was ad - a - mant, The God with-in was strong-er.

2

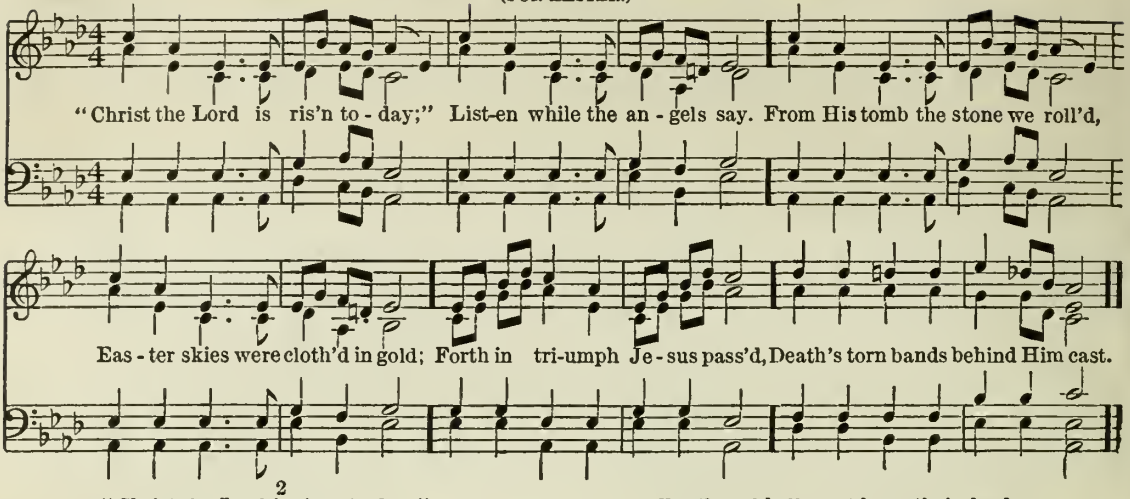
O Holy Church, this Easter morn,
Thy richest banquet spread,
Thy risen Lord, a-hungered comes
To bless and share thy bread;
O Holy Church, the Lord is here,
Let him repent who heareth,
"Arise and shine," Thy Light is come,
Thy glory now appeareth.

3

O Holy Church, dear Bride of Christ,
With flow'rs bedeck Thine altar,
Array thy courts in evergreens,
Intone thy richest psalter;
O Mother dear, who all thy Lord's
Rare graces dost inherit,
Now bid the loud TER SANCTUS rise,
To Father, Son, and Spirit.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Carol 91. (FOR EASTER.)


"Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day;" List-en while the an - gels say. From His tomb the stone we roll'd,
Eas - ter skies were cloth'd in gold; Forth in tri-umph Je - sus pass'd, Death's torn bands behind Him cast.

2

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day;"
Listen while the Soldiers say:
Arms uplift from rest and sleep,
Sword nor Spear the Lord could keep;
Calvary's mount did rock and reel;
Burst the guard of stone and seal.

3

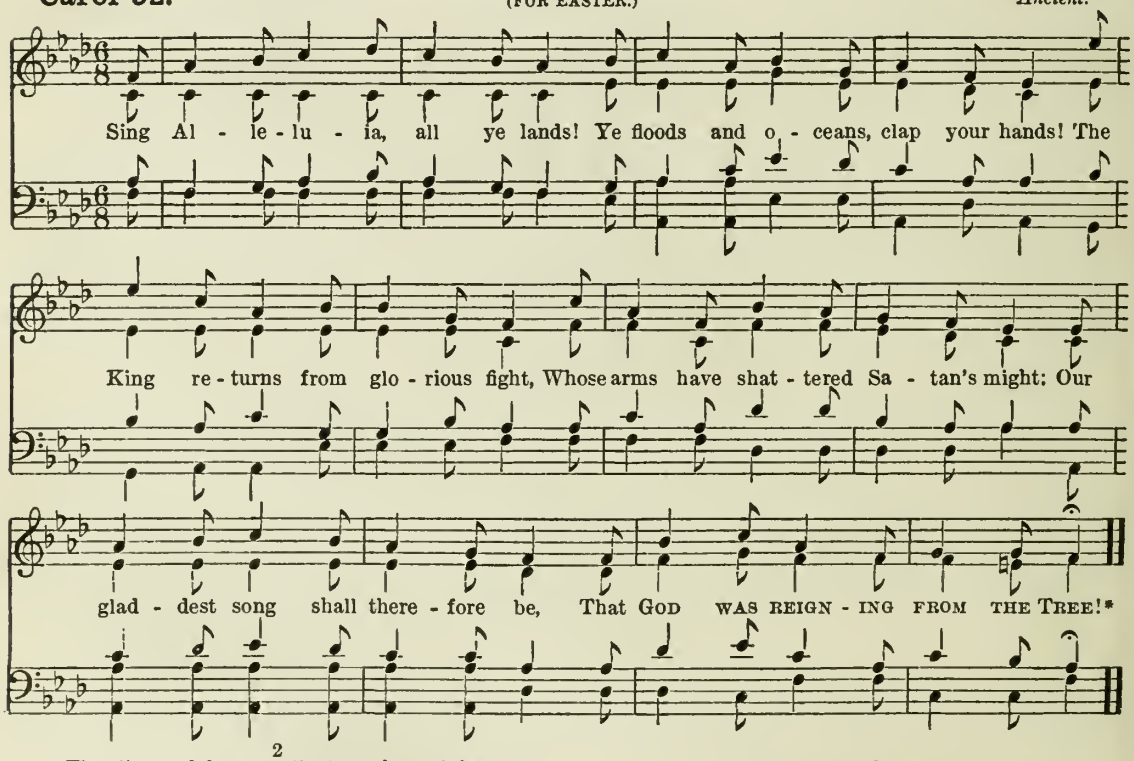
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day;"
Listen while the Prophets say:
Where lay bound His sacred Head,
Death and hell must loose their dead;
Preach it to a captive world,
Easter Banners are unfurled.

4

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day;"
Listen while His bless'd lips say;
Graves and seas shall hear My word,
Saints shall wake and hail Me Lord;
Where He soars lift we our heart,
Christ from us Death cannot part.

Sing Alleluia, all ye lands.

Carol 92. (FOR EASTER.) *Ancient.*


Sing Al - le - lu - ia, all ye lands! Ye floods and o - ceans, clap your hands! The
King re - turns from glo - rious fight, Whose arms have shat - tered Sa - tan's might: Our
glad - dest song shall there - fore be, That GOD WAS REIGN - ING FROM THE TREE!*

2

The sling and five smooth stones have slain
The giant on the battle plain;
And Holofernes' falchion dread,
Hath sever'd Holofernes' head;
Our Chief is crown'd, for slain was He,
When GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

3

Alone, despised, and set at naught,
The press He trod, the fight He fought;
Alone He crush'd the Dragon down,
And so alone He wears the crown;
The sun is bright, the clouds must flee,
For GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

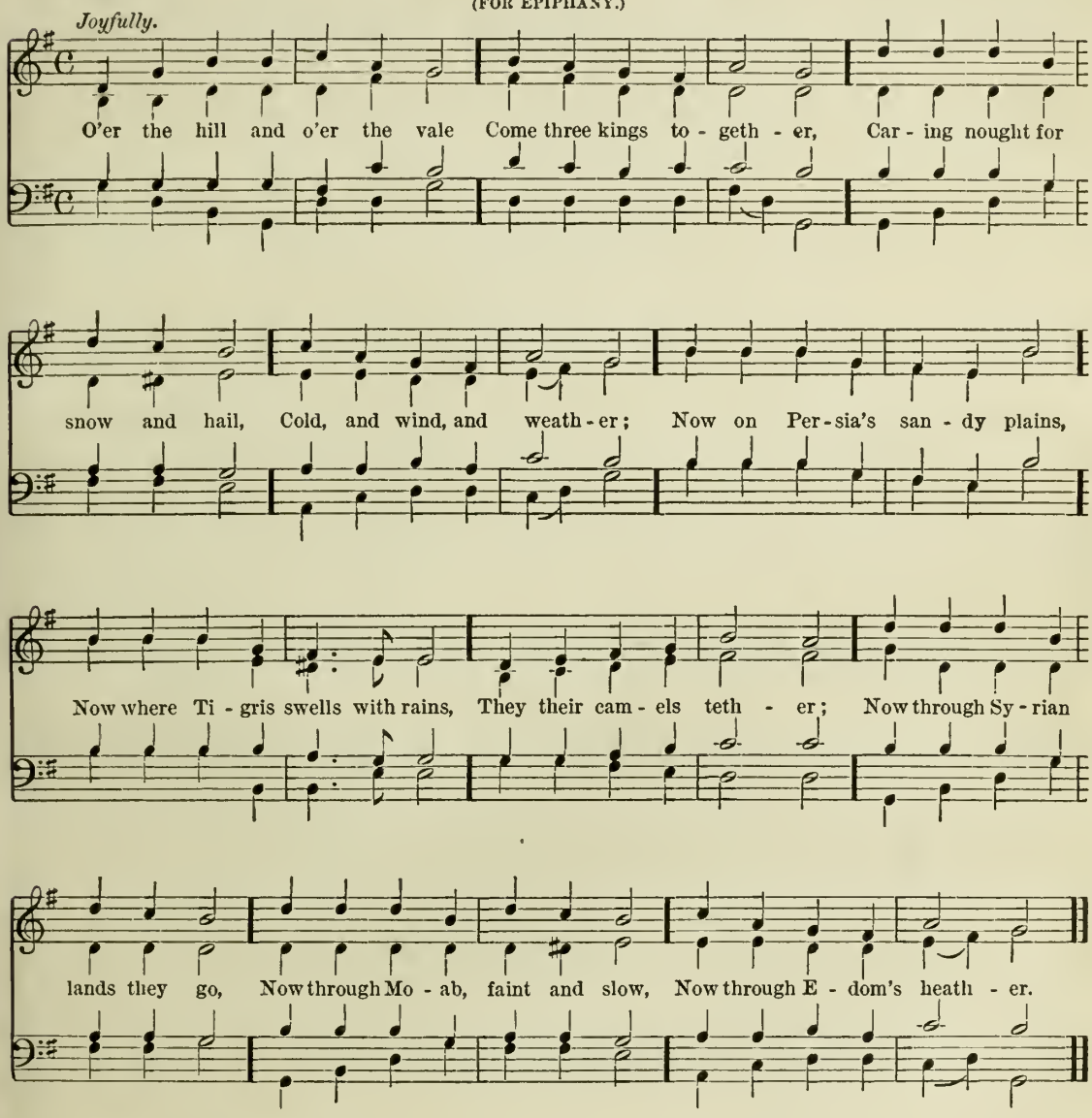
4

Jerusalem, arise and shine!
The glory of thy Lord is thine;
The victor's crown, the Royal Throne,
Are all His gift, and all thine own;
For all of His thine own shall be,
Since GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

*The allusion is to the old rendering of Psalm xcvi: 10, so often quoted by early writers in their controversies with the Jews: *Tell it out among the nations, The Lord hath reigned from the Tree.*

O'er the hill and o'er the vale.

Carol 93. (FOR EPIPHANY.) *F. J. Dugard.*

Joyfully.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale Come three kings to - geth - er, Car - ing nought for
snow and hail, Cold, and wind, and weath - er; Now on Per - sia's san - dy plains,
Now where Ti - gris swells with rains, They their cam - els teth - er; Now through Sy - rian
lands they go, Now through Mo - ab, faint and slow, Now through E - dom's heath - er.

2

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present:
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a peasant;
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant.
Therefore onward, onward still!
Ford the stream and climb the hills:
Love makes all things pleasant.

3

He is God ye go to meet;
Therefore incense proffer.
He is King ye go to greet:
Gold is in your coffer.
Also Man He comes to share
Every woe that man can bear.
Tempter, Railer, Scoffer;
Therefore now against the day,
In the grave where Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.

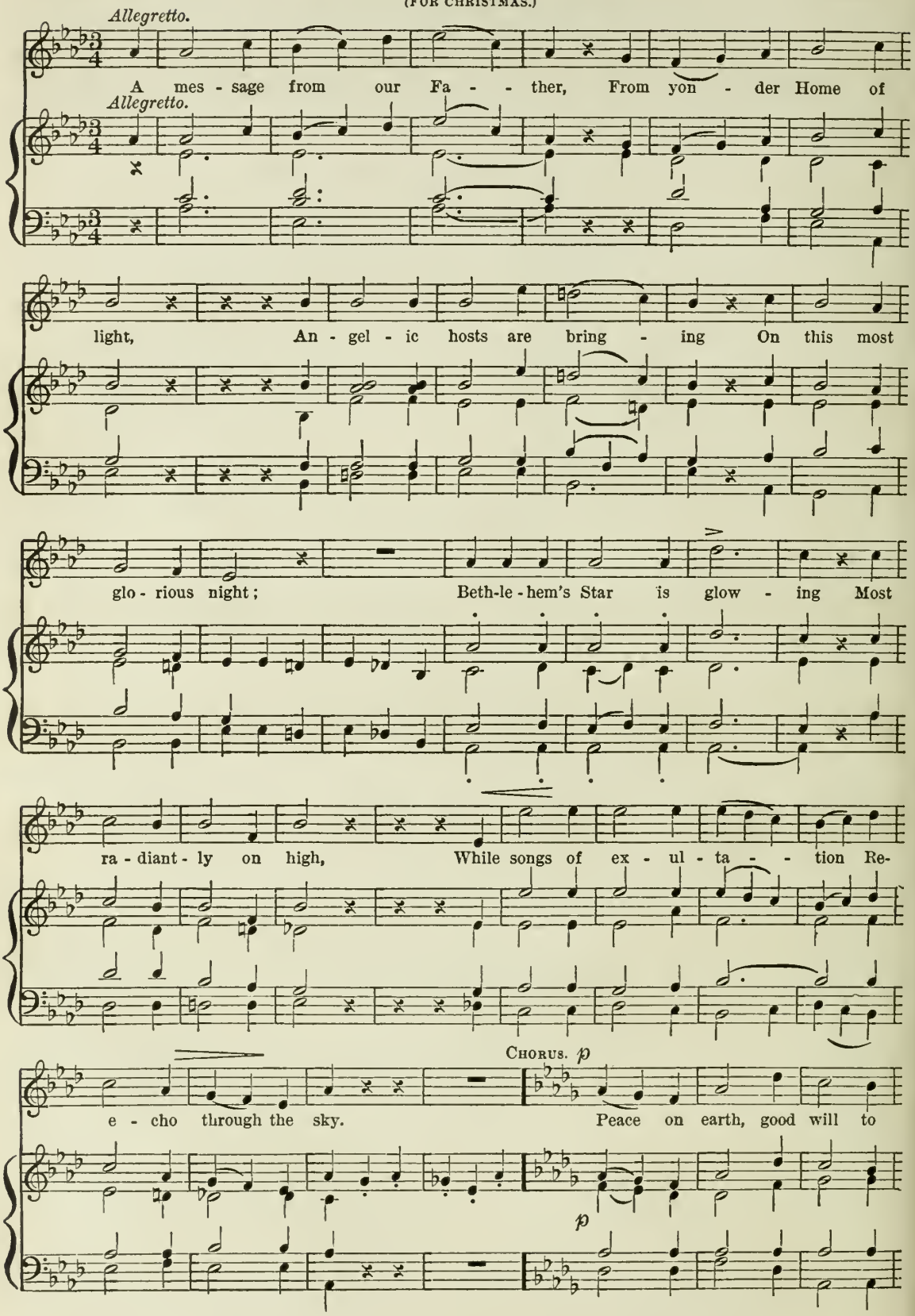
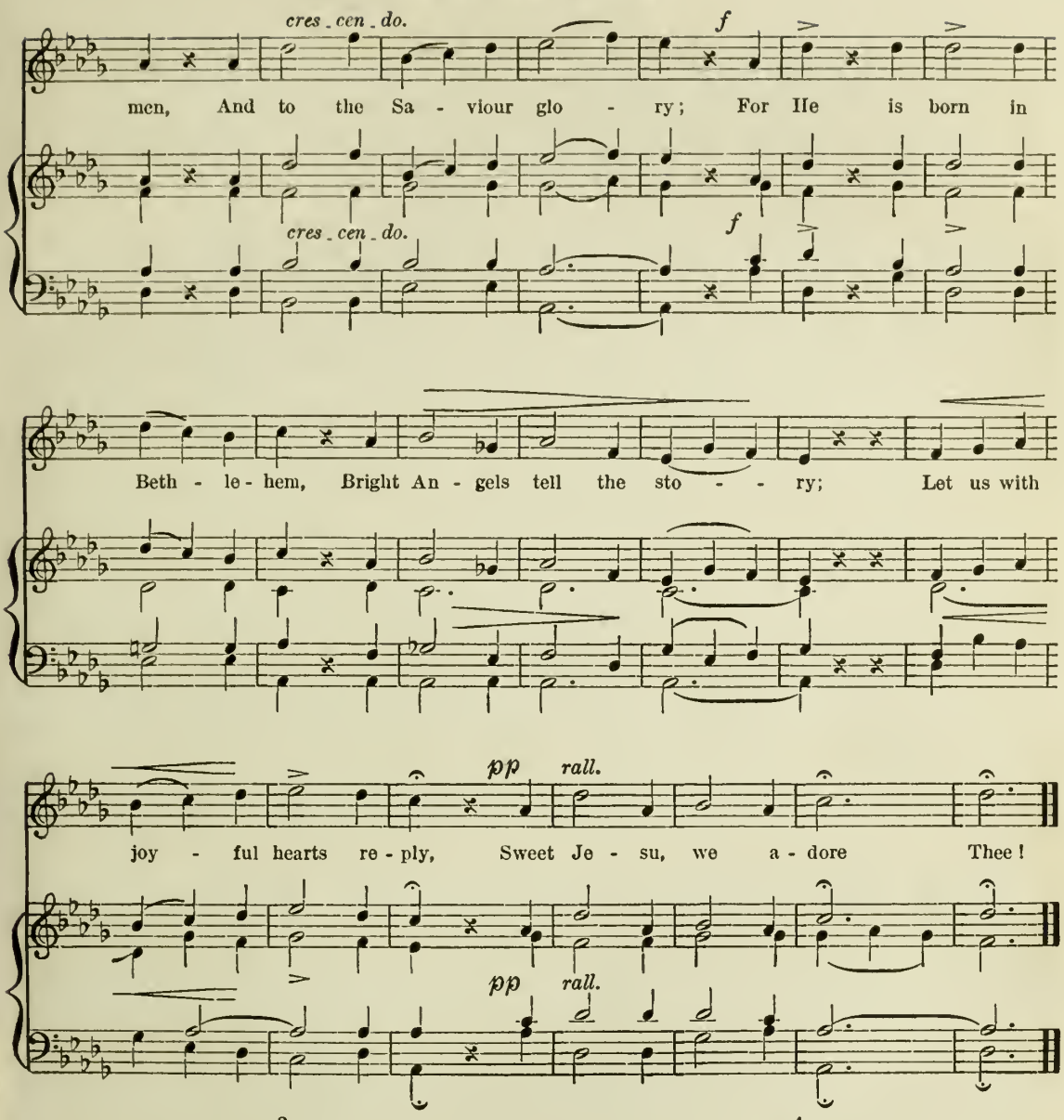
Parish Choir, No. 206—4.

The Christmas Message.

Carol 94.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

H. Lo Bianco.


Allegretto.
A mes - sage from our Fa - - ther, From yon - der Home of
light, An - gel - ic hosts are bring - ing On this most
glo - rious night; Beth-le - hem's Star is glow - ing Most
ra - diant - ly on high, While songs of ex - ul - ta - - tion Re-
Chorus. p
e - cho through the sky. Peace on earth, good will to
p

cres. cen. do.
f
men, And to the Sa - viour glo - ry; For He is born in
cres. cen. do.
f
Beth - le - hem, Bright An - gels tell the sto - - ry; Let us with
pp
rall.
joy - ful hearts re - ply, Sweet Je - su, we a - dore Thee!
pp
rall.

2

We seek the lowly stable,
Led by the Angels fair,
For Christ, the Son of Mary,
Is humbly cradled there;
With Cherubs watching o'er Him,
And Seraphs thronging round;
O enter in with holy joy!
That place is hallowed ground.
CHORUS.—Peace on earth, &c.

3

With shepherds poor and lowly,
Our Infant God we greet;
We offer soul and body
In homage at His Feet;
He lieth in the Manger
Who rules the worlds on high;
O Mighty God, we bless Thee,
We own Thy Majesty!
CHORUS.—Peace on earth, &c.

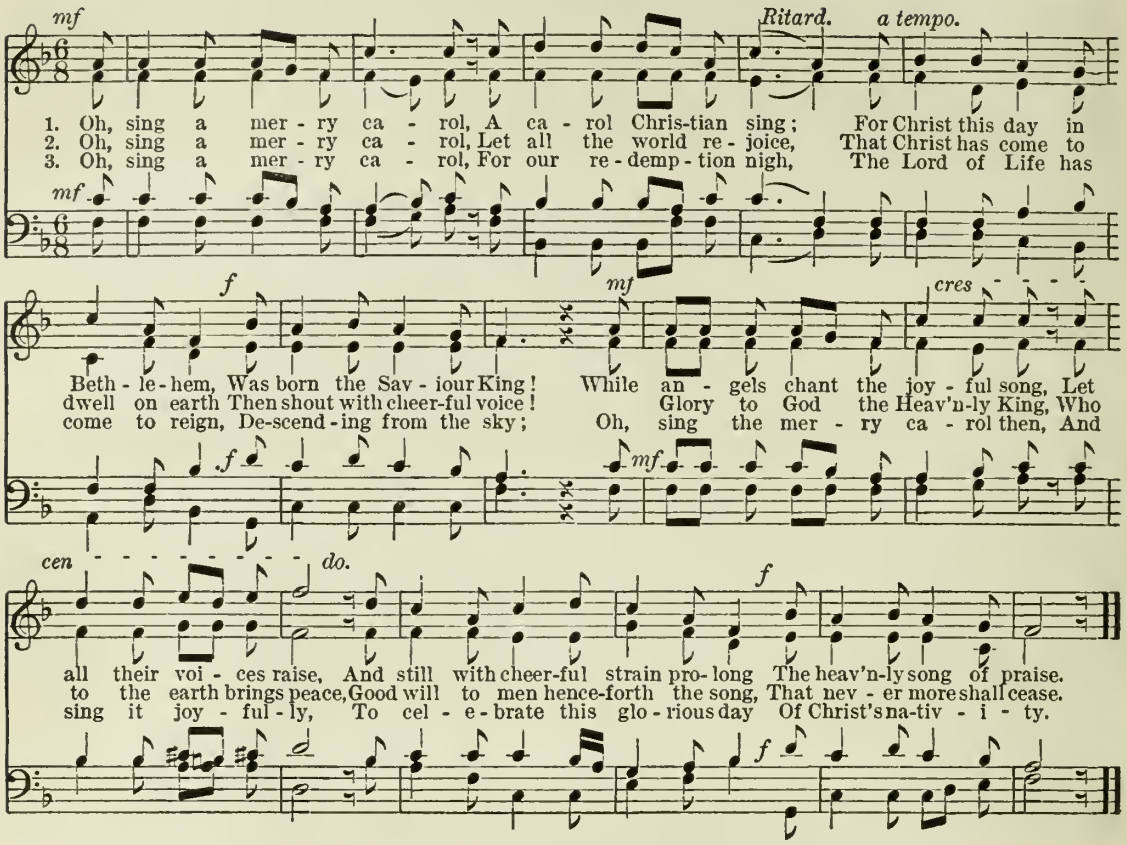
4

Hail, sweet and precious Saviour,
Now born to set us free!
Hail, lovely Rose of Sharon
All glory be to Thee!
Hail, greater Son of David,
Our Father's Gift of Love!
We bless, adore, and praise Thee,
O Day-star from above!
CHORUS.—Peace on earth, &c.

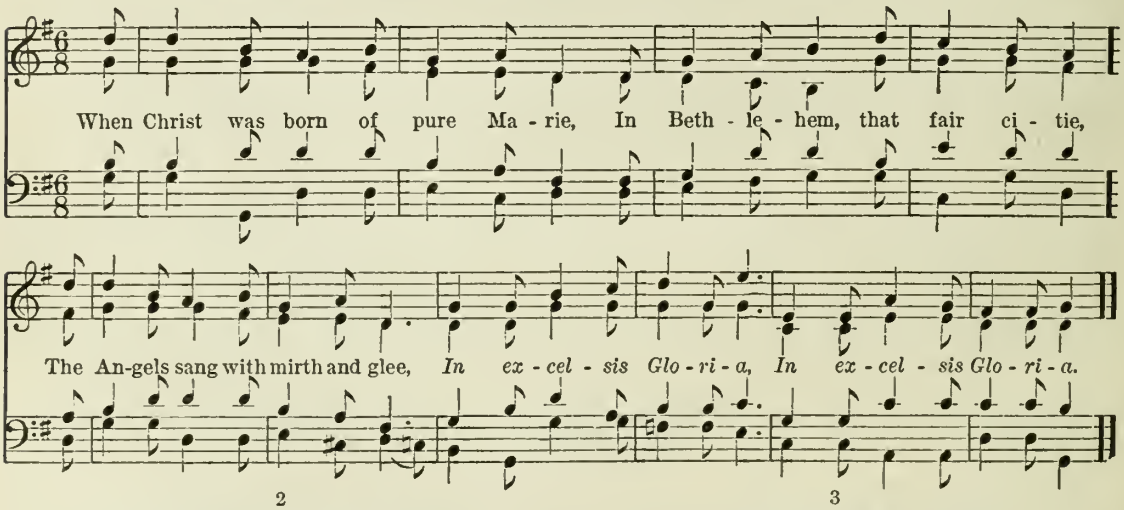
5

With Christmas benediction
Fill ev'ry soul, O Lord!
Desire of all the nations,
Our blest, Incarnate God!
A message from our Father
Sweet angel-voices bring;
Light up with joy the tapers,
Let ev'ry church-bell ring!
CHORUS.—Peace on earth, &c.

Oh! sing a merry Carol.

Carol 95. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *C. F. Roper.*

mf
Ritard.
a tempo.
1. Oh, sing a mer - ry ca - rol, A ca - rol Chris-tian sing; For Christ this day in
2. Oh, sing a mer - ry ca - rol, Let all the world re - joice, That Christ has come to
3. Oh, sing a mer - ry ca - rol, For our re - demp - tion nigh, The Lord of Life has
mf
f
mf
cres
Beth - le - hem, Was born the Sav - iour King! While an - gels chant the joy - ful song, Let
dwell on earth Then shout with cheer-ful voice! Glory to God the Heav'n-ly King, Who
come to reign, De-scend - ing from the sky; Oh, sing the mer - ry ca - rol then, And
f
mf
cen
do.
f
all their voi - ces raise, And still with cheer-ful strain pro- long The heav'n-ly song of praise.
to the earth brings peace, Good will to men hence-forth the song, That nev - er more shall cease.
sing it joy - ful - ly, To cel - e - brate this glo - rious day Of Christ's na-tiv - i - ty.
f

When Christ was born of pure Marie.

Carol 96. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *H. S. Irons.*

When Christ was born of pure Ma - rie, In Beth - le - hem, that fair ci - tie,
The An-gels sang with mirth and glee, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a.

2

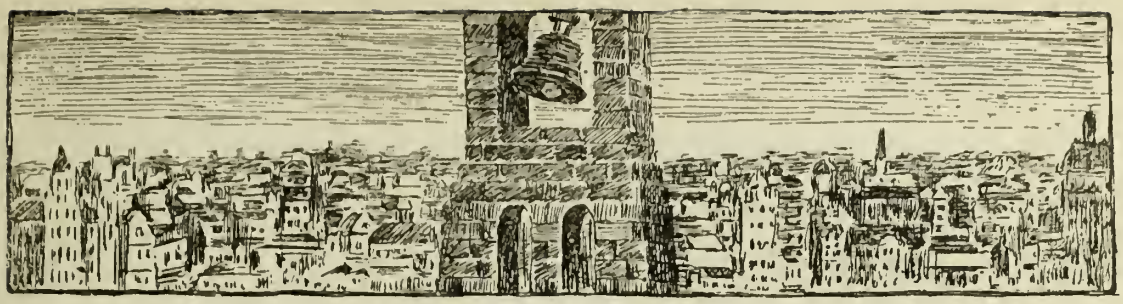
Herdmen beheld those Angels bright,
To them appeared they with great light;
And said God's Son is born to-night,
In Excelsis Gloria.

3

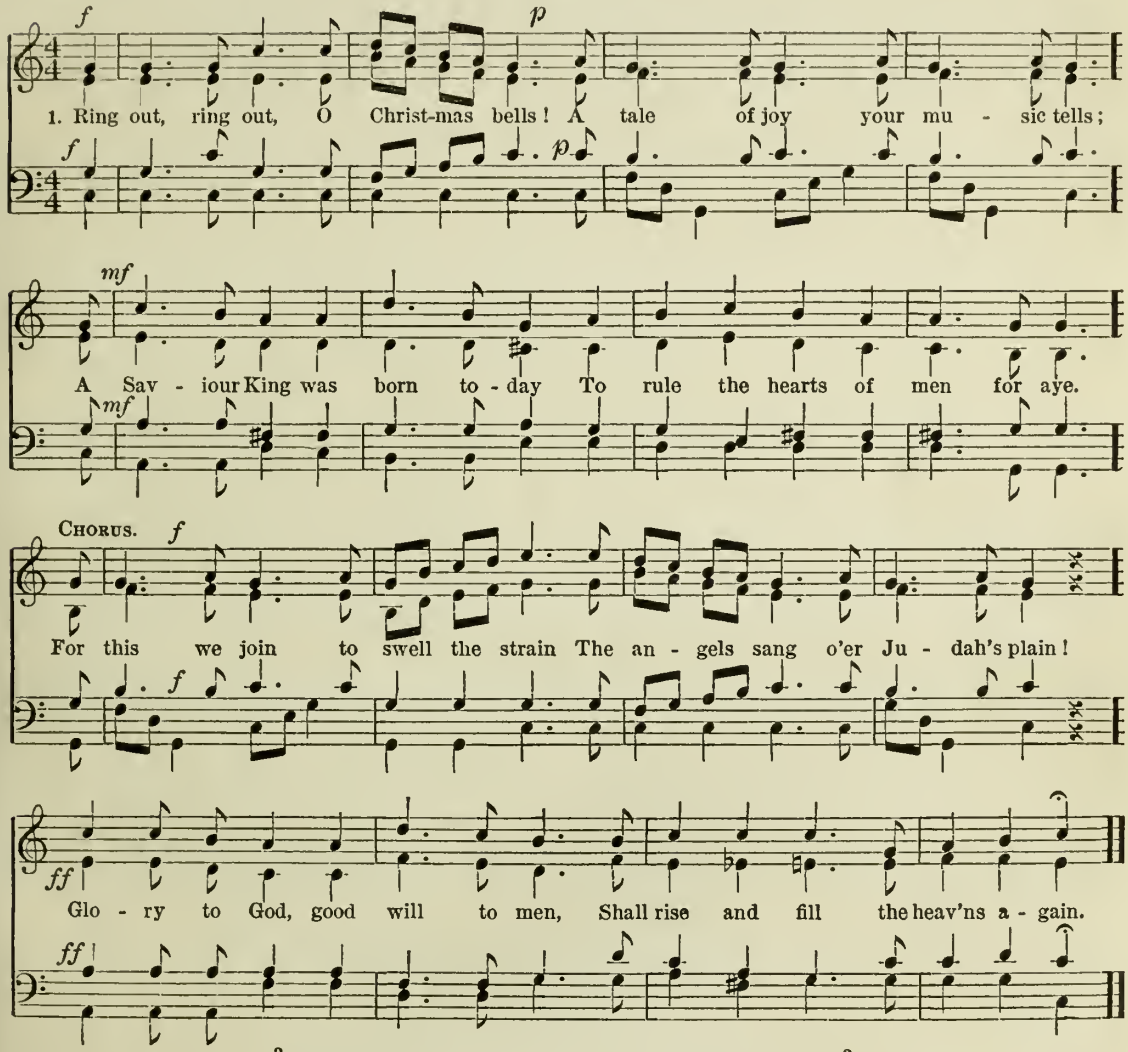
This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised, as we find,
Therefore this Song have we in mind,—
In Excelsis Gloria.

4

Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great Grace,
In heaven the bliss to see Thy Face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,—
In Excelsis Gloria.



Ring out, ring out, O Christmas bells.

Carol 97. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *C. F. Roper.*

1. Ring out, ring out, O Christ-mas bells! A tale of joy your mu - sic tells;
A Sav - iour King was born to - day To rule the hearts of men for aye.
Chorus.
For this we join to swell the strain The an - gels sang o'er Ju - dah's plain!
Glo - ry to God, good will to men, Shall rise and fill the heav'ns a - gain.

3

O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Sweet peace and joy Thy presence brings;
We know the Father loves us well
To rescue thus our souls from hell.
Chorus.—For this we join, &c.

3

But who can measure all the love
That brought Thee from Thy throne above,
With us to live, for us to die,
That we might reign with Thee on high.
Chorus.—For this we join, &c.

4

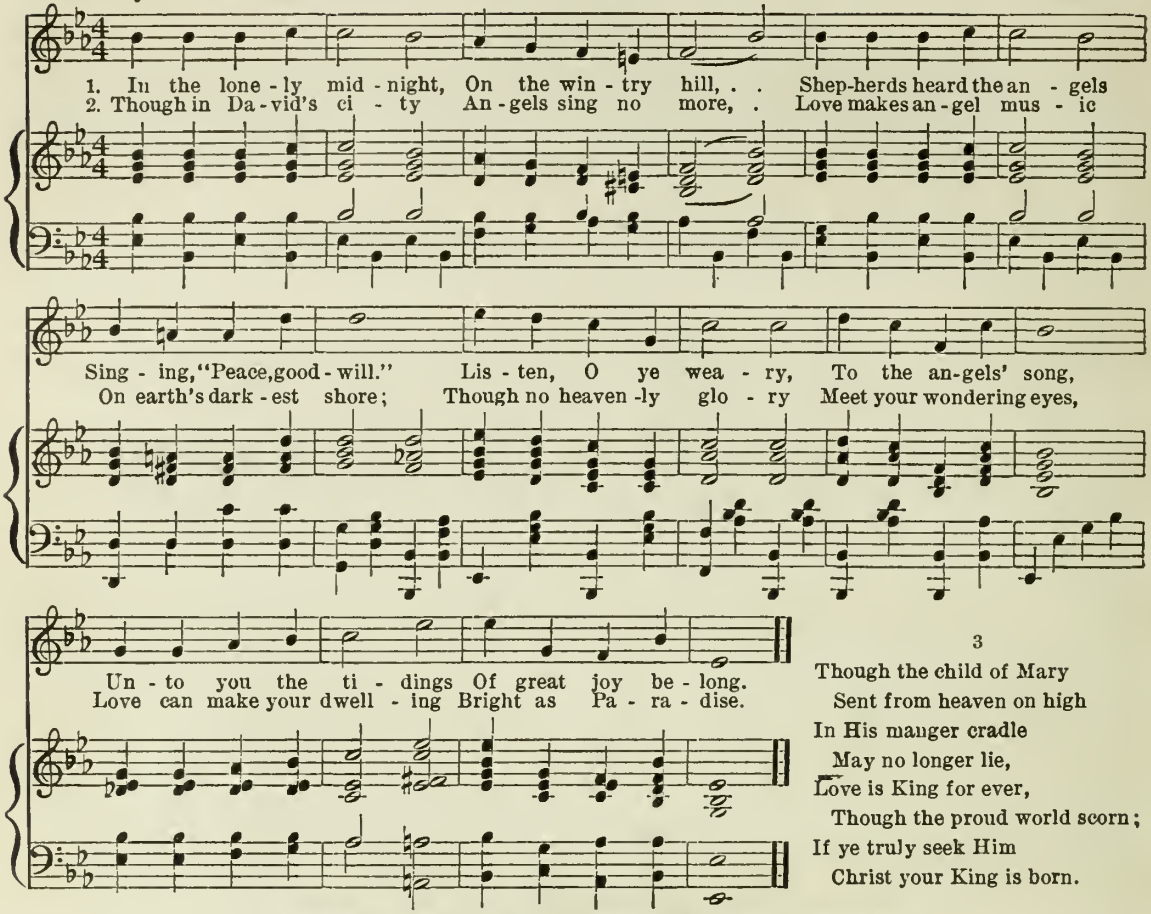
Dear Saviour, Elder Brother, Friend,
Abide with us till life shall end;
And then, when death shall set us free,
Within the kingdom won by Thee,
Chorus.—Earth's ransomed ones shall swell the strain,
"All worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Honour and glory to receive
From all created things that breathe."

In the lonely midnight.

Carol 98.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *T. C. Williams.* *A. P. Howard.*


1. In the lone - ly mid - night, On the win - try hill, . . Shep-herds heard the an - gels
2. Though in Da - vid's ci - ty An - gels sing no more, . Love makes an - gel mus - ic
Sing - ing, "Peace, good - will." Lis - ten, O ye wea - ry, To the an-gels' song,
On earth's dark - est shore; Though no heaven -ly glo - ry Meet your wondering eyes,
Un - to you the ti - dings Of great joy be - long.
Love can make your dwell - ing Bright as Pa - ra - dise.

3

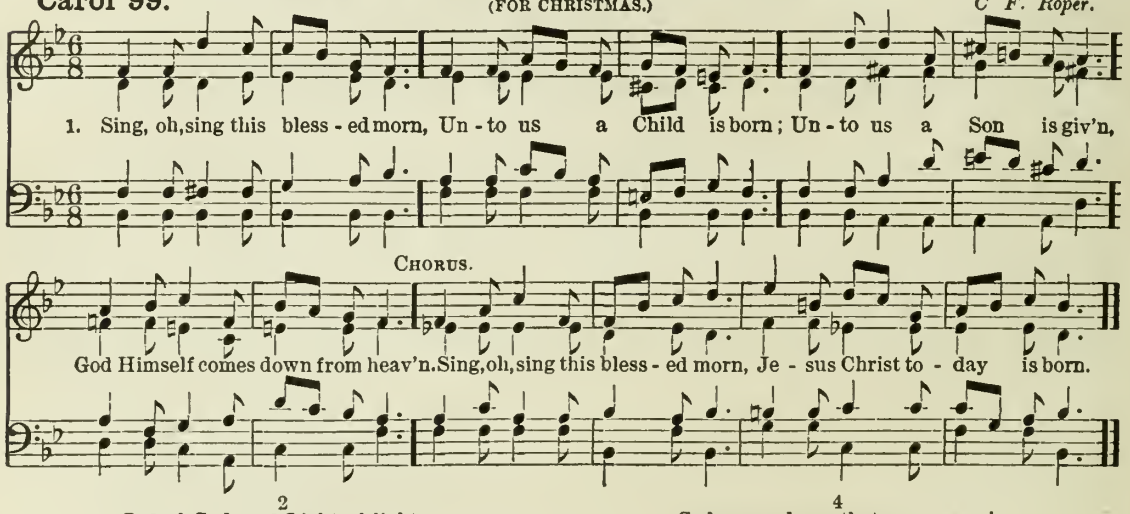
Though the child of Mary
Sent from heaven on high
In His manger cradle
May no longer lie,
Love is King for ever,
Though the proud world scorn;
If ye truly seek Him
Christ your King is born.

Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn.

Carol 99.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

C F. Roper.


1. Sing, oh, sing this bless - ed morn, Un - to us a Child is born; Un - to us a Son is giv'n,
CHORUS.
God Himself comes down from heav'n. Sing, oh, sing this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born.

2

God of God, and Light of light,
Comes with mĕrcies infinite;
Joining in a wondrous plan,
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

3

God with us, Immanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell,
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

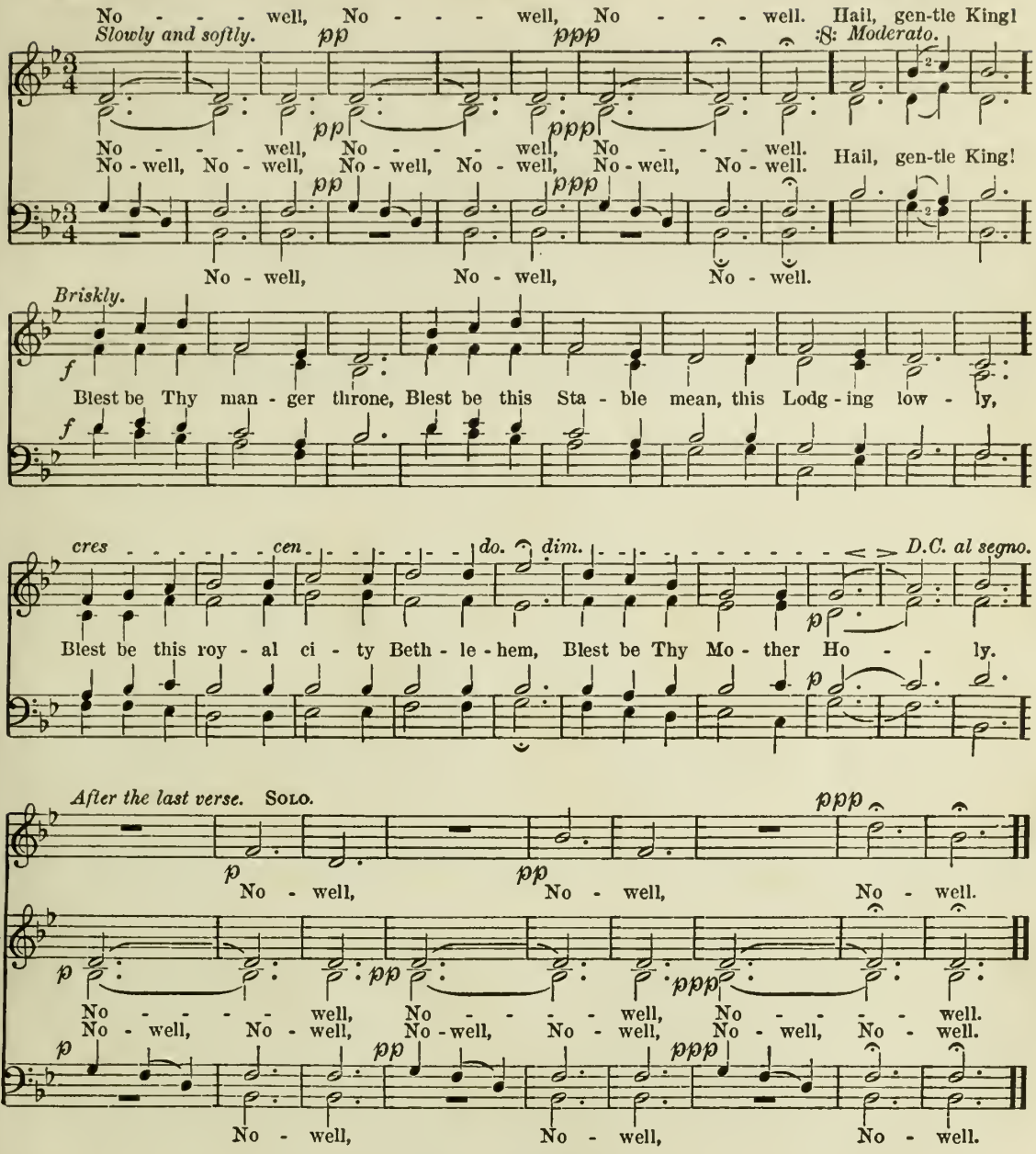
4

God comes down that man may rise,
Liften by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

4

Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be,
With the Father and with Thee.
CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

Nowell. Hail, gentle King.

Carol 100. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Walter Maristow.*

No - - - well, No - - - well, No - - - well. Hail, gen-tle King!
Slowly and softly.
pp
ppp
Moderato.
No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well. Hail, gen-tle King!
No - well, No - well, No - well.
Briskly.
Blest be Thy man - ger throne, Blest be this Sta - ble mean, this Lodg - ing low - ly,
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. dim.
D.C. al segno.
Blest be this roy - al ci - ty Beth - le - hem, Blest be Thy Mo - ther Ho - - - ly.
After the last verse. Solo.
No - well, No - well, No - well.
No - - - well, No - - - well, No - - - well.
No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well.
No - well, No - well, No - well.

2

HAIL, GRACIOUS LORD! Blest be the Kindly Night,
Hushing in slumber pure the World unholy,
Veiling in dusky shade the landscape wide,
Hiding Thy Cabin Lowly.

3

HAIL, PRINCE OF PEACE! Blest be Thy Star above,
Telling the Sleeping Earth the happy Story;
Blest the Angelic Choir, whose echoing song
Welcomes Thy rising Glory.

4

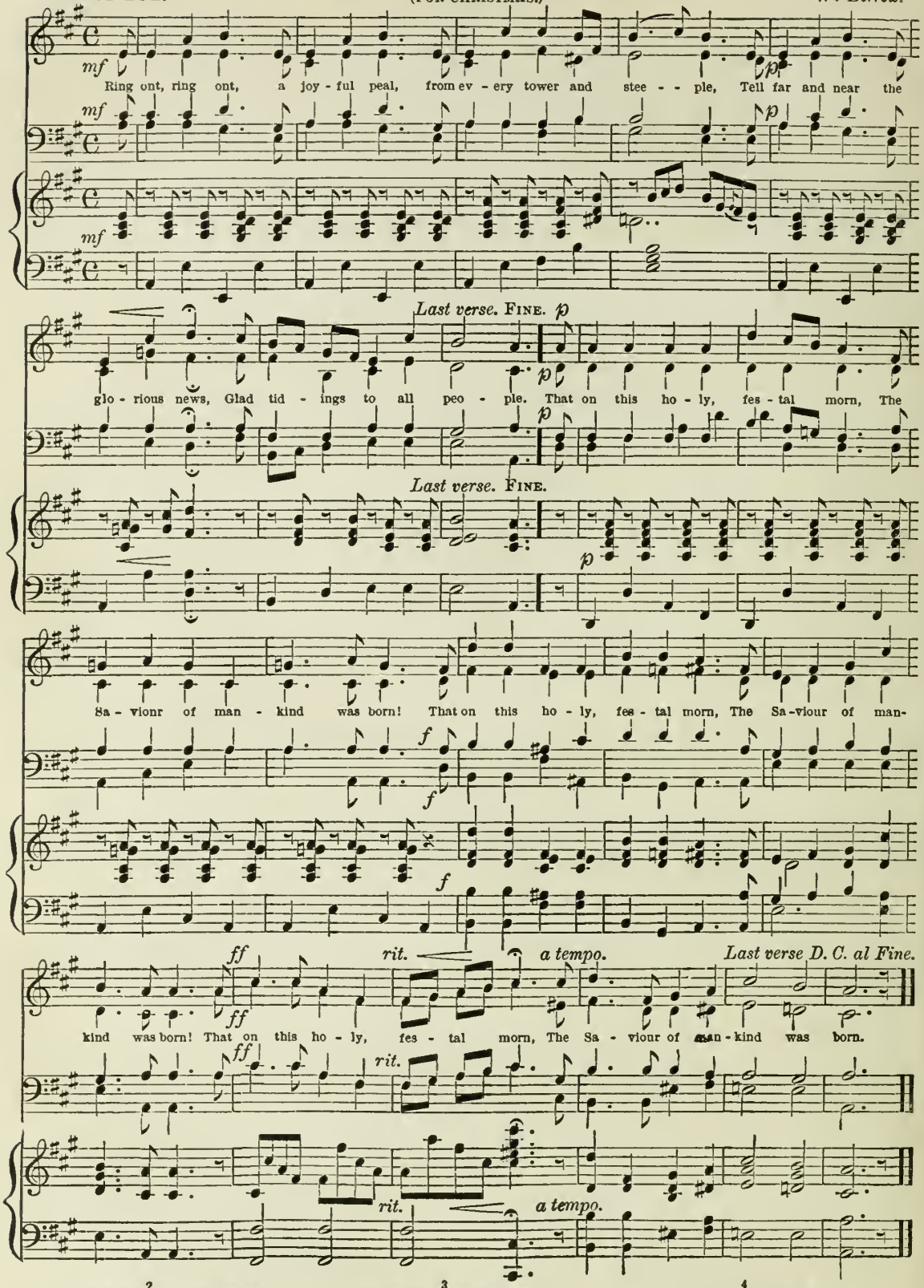
HAIL, LIGHT OF LIGHT! Rise on our darkened Hearts,
Let Thy bright Beams dispel our Sin and Sadness,
Brighter and Brighter shining, till the Day
Dawn in eternal Gladness.

5

HAIL, LORD OF LIFE! Blest be Thy wondrous Love,
Blest be Thy pitying Care for Sinners friendless,
Blest be the Father. Son and Holy Ghost,
Blest through the Ages endless.

NOWELL.

Ring out, ring out a joyful peal.

Carol 101. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *W. Borrow.*

mf
Ring ont, ring ont, a joy - ful peal, from ev - ery tower and stee - - ple, Tell far and near the
Last verse. FINE. p
glo - rious news, Glad tid - ings to all peo - ple. That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The
Last verse. FINE.
Sa - vionr of man - kind was born! That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The Sa - viour of man-
f
ff
rit.
a tempo.
Last verse D. C. al Fine.
kind was born! That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The Sa - viour of man - kind was born.

2

To shepherds, who on Judah's plains
By night their watch were keeping,
The glory of the Lord appeared
While all aronnd were sleeping:
They first the Angel's message heard,
They first went forth to see their Lord.

3

While sages from a distant land,
A star their footsteps leading,
Came seeking for the Holy Child,
No toil nor danger heeding:
They came, to pay their worship meet,
And lay their offerings at His feet.

4

To Him, then, let us also pay
Our grateful adoration,
Whose birth we celebrate to-day
With songs of exultation;
Lift up our hearts with one accord
To Jesus, our Incarnate Lord.

Easter flowers are blooming bright.

Carol 102. (FOR EASTER.) *J. T. Field.*

Allegro. ♩= 144.

f Eas- ter flowers are blooming bright, Eas -ter skies pour ra- diant light, Christ our Lord is *cres.*

risen in might, Glory in the high - est. An -gels caroll'd this sweet lay, When in manger rude He lay;

rall. *a tempo.*

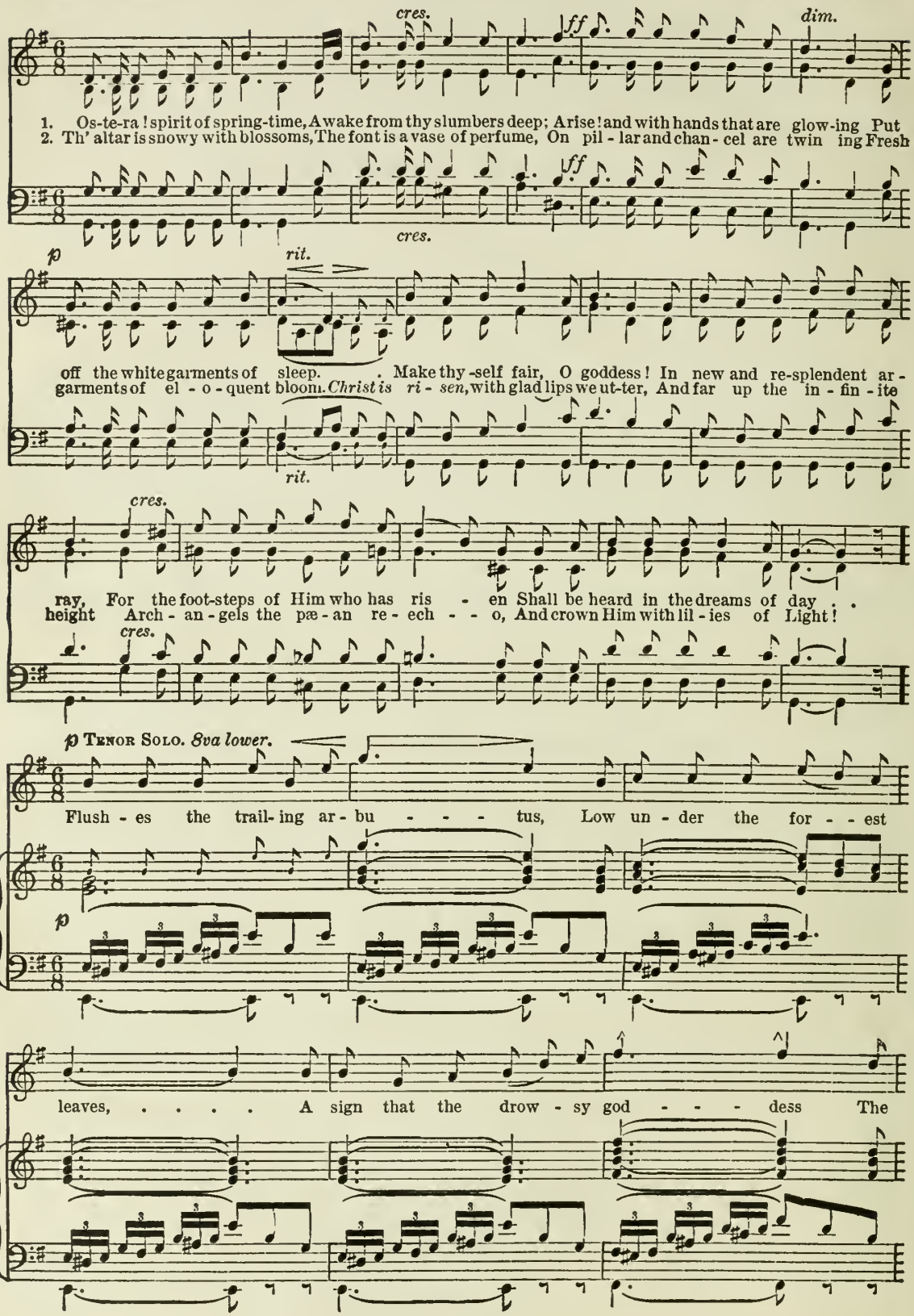
Now once more cast grief a - way, Glo - ry in the high - est. Eas -ter flowers are blooming bright,

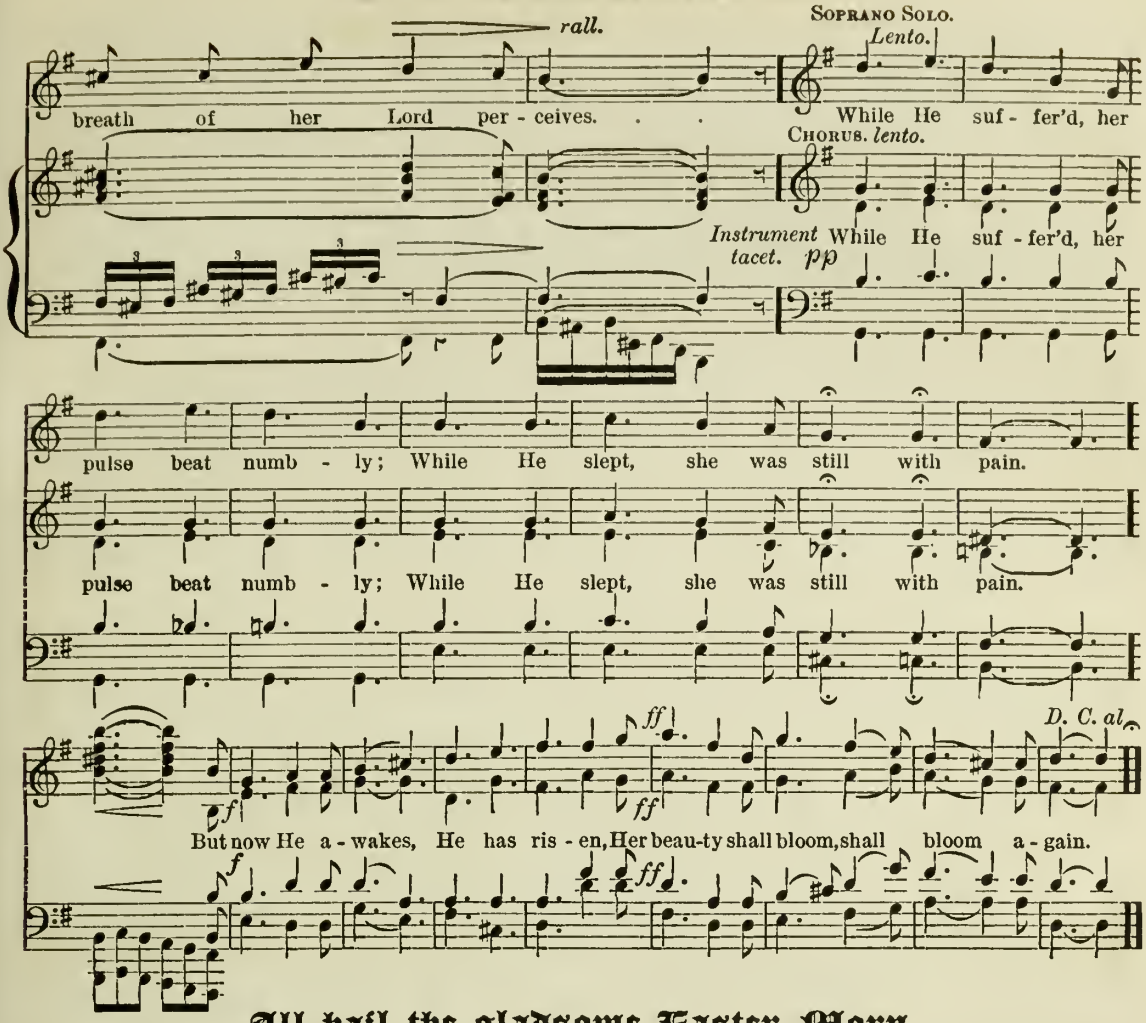
Eas - ter skies pour ra-diant light, Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo -ry in the high - est!

2

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.
As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.
Easter flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light,
Christ our Lord is risen in might,
Glory in the highest!

Ostera! spirit of spring-time.

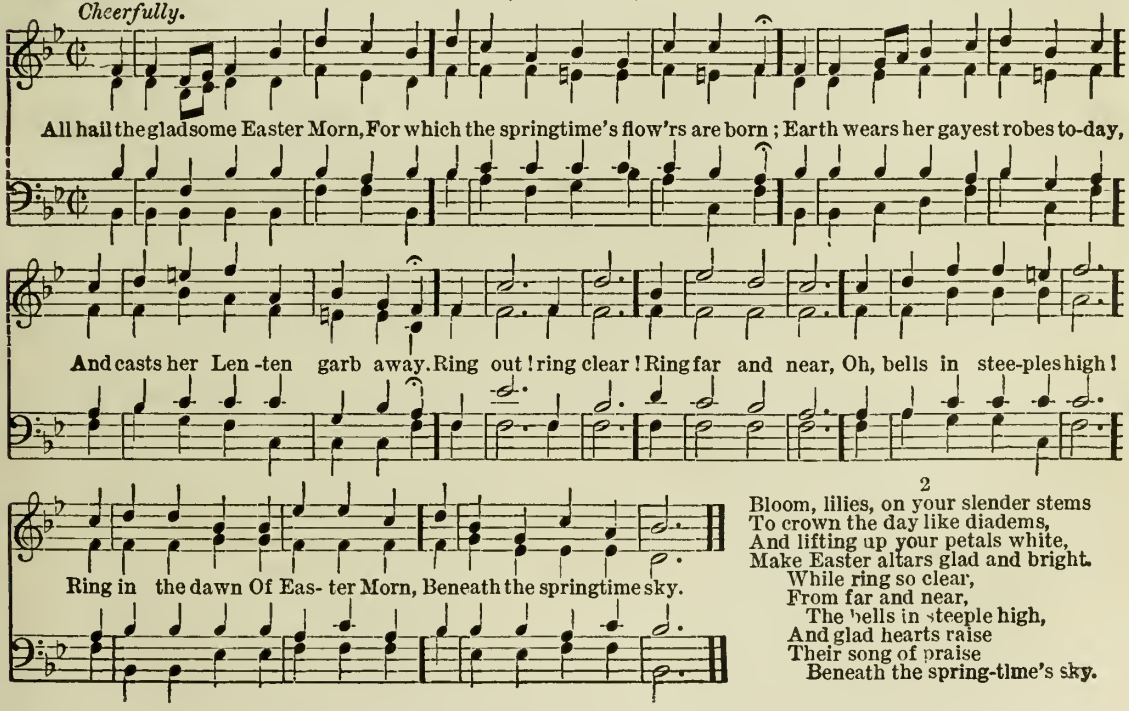
Carol 103. (FOR EASTER.) *James I. Alexander.*

cres.
ff
dim.
1. Os-te-ra! spirit of spring-time, Awake from thy slumbers deep; Arise! and with hands that are glow-ing Put
2. Th' altar is snowy with blossoms, The font is a vase of perfume, On pil - lar and chan - cel are twin ing Fresh
cres.
ff
p
rit.
off the white garments of sleep. . Make thy-self fair, O goddess! In new and re-splendent ar -
garments of el - o - quent bloom. *Christ is ri - sen,* with glad lips we ut-ter, And far up the in - fin - ite
rit.
cres.
ray, For the foot-steps of Him who has ris - en Shall be heard in the dreams of day . .
height Arch - an - gels the pæ - an re - ech - - o, And crown Him with lil - ies of Light!
cres.
p TENOR SOLO. *8va lower.*
Flush - es the trail- ing ar - bu - - - - tus, Low un - der the for - - est
p
leaves, ... A sign that the drow - sy god - - - - dess The


rall.
Soprano Solo.
Lento.
breath of her Lord per - ceives. . .
While He suf - fer'd, her
Chorus. lento.
Instrument tacet. pp
While He suf - fer'd, her
pulse beat numb - ly; While He slept, she was still with pain.
pulse beat numb - ly; While He slept, she was still with pain.
D. C. al
f
ff
But now He a - wakes, He has ris - en, Her beau-ty shall bloom, shall bloom a - gain.

All hail the gladsome Easter Morn.

Carol 104. (FOR EASTER.) *Bowness Briggs.*

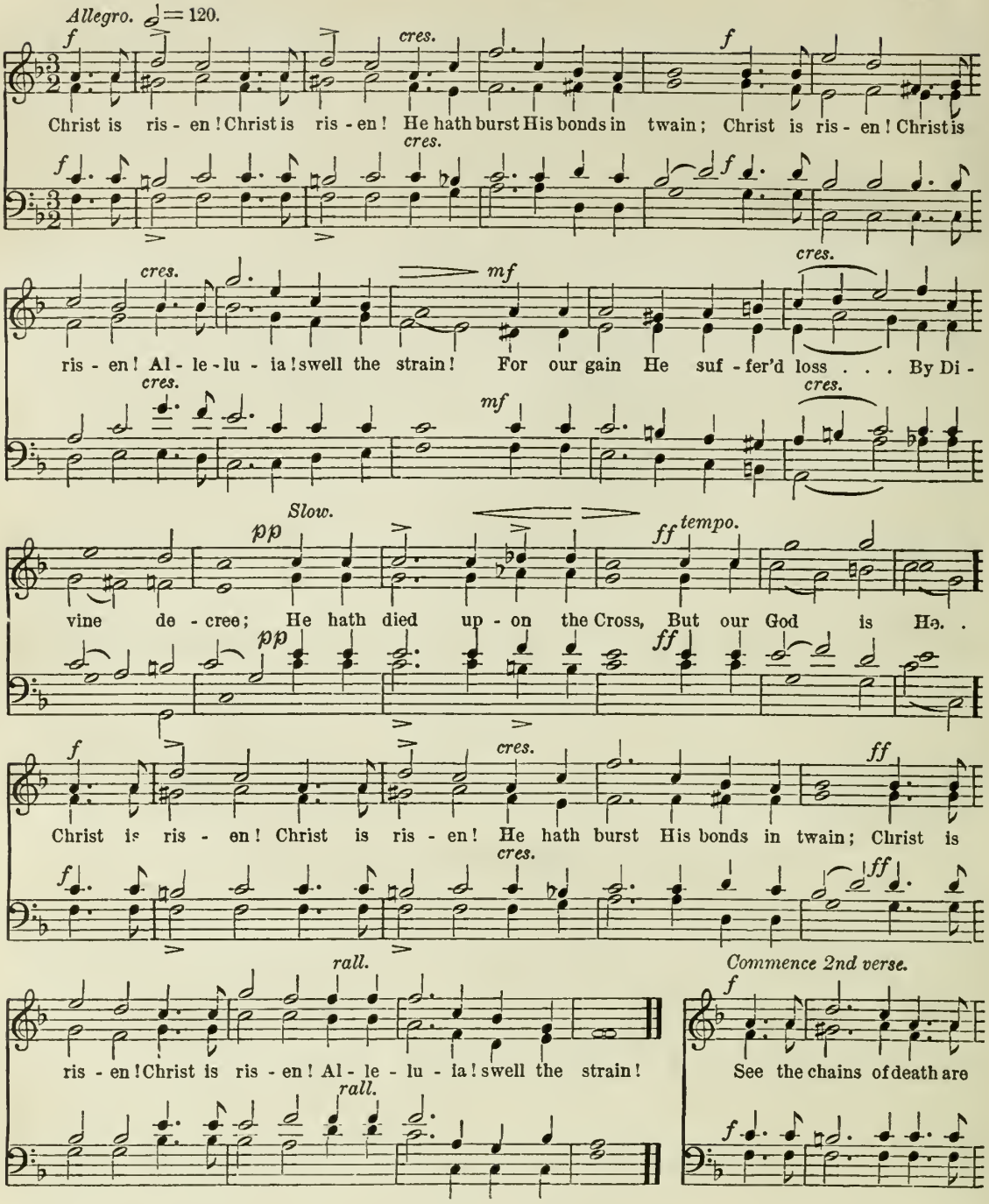
Cheerfully.


All hail the gladsome Easter Morn, For which the springtime's flow'rs are born; Earth wears her gayest robes to-day,
And casts her Len - ten garb away. Ring out! ring clear! Ring far and near, Oh, bells in stee-ples high!
Ring in the dawn Of Eas - ter Morn, Beneath the springtime sky.

2

Bloom, lilies, on your slender stems
To crown the day like diadems,
And lifting up your petals white,
Make Easter altars glad and bright.
While ring so clear,
From far and near,
The bells in steeple high,
And glad hearts raise
Their song of praise
Beneath the spring-time's sky.

Christ is risen!

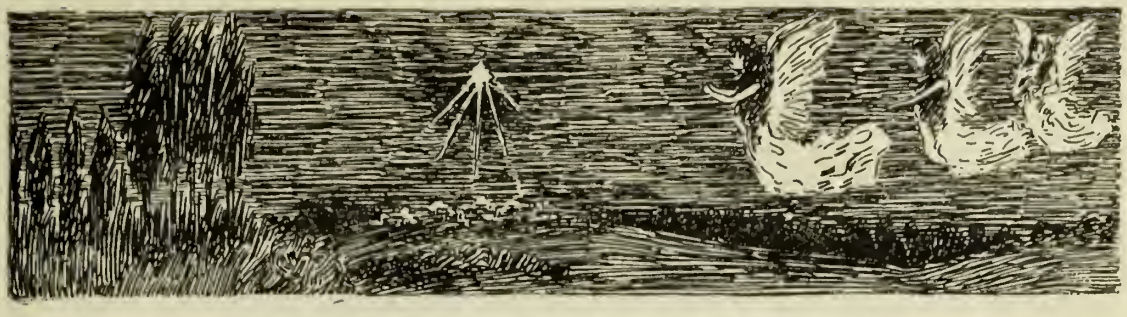
Carol 105. (FOR EASTER.) *J. T. Field.*

Allegro. ♩ = 120.
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en! Christ is
ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He suf - fer'd loss . . . By Di -
vine de - cree; He hath died up - on the Cross, But our God is He. .
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is
ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
See the chains of death are

2

See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

3

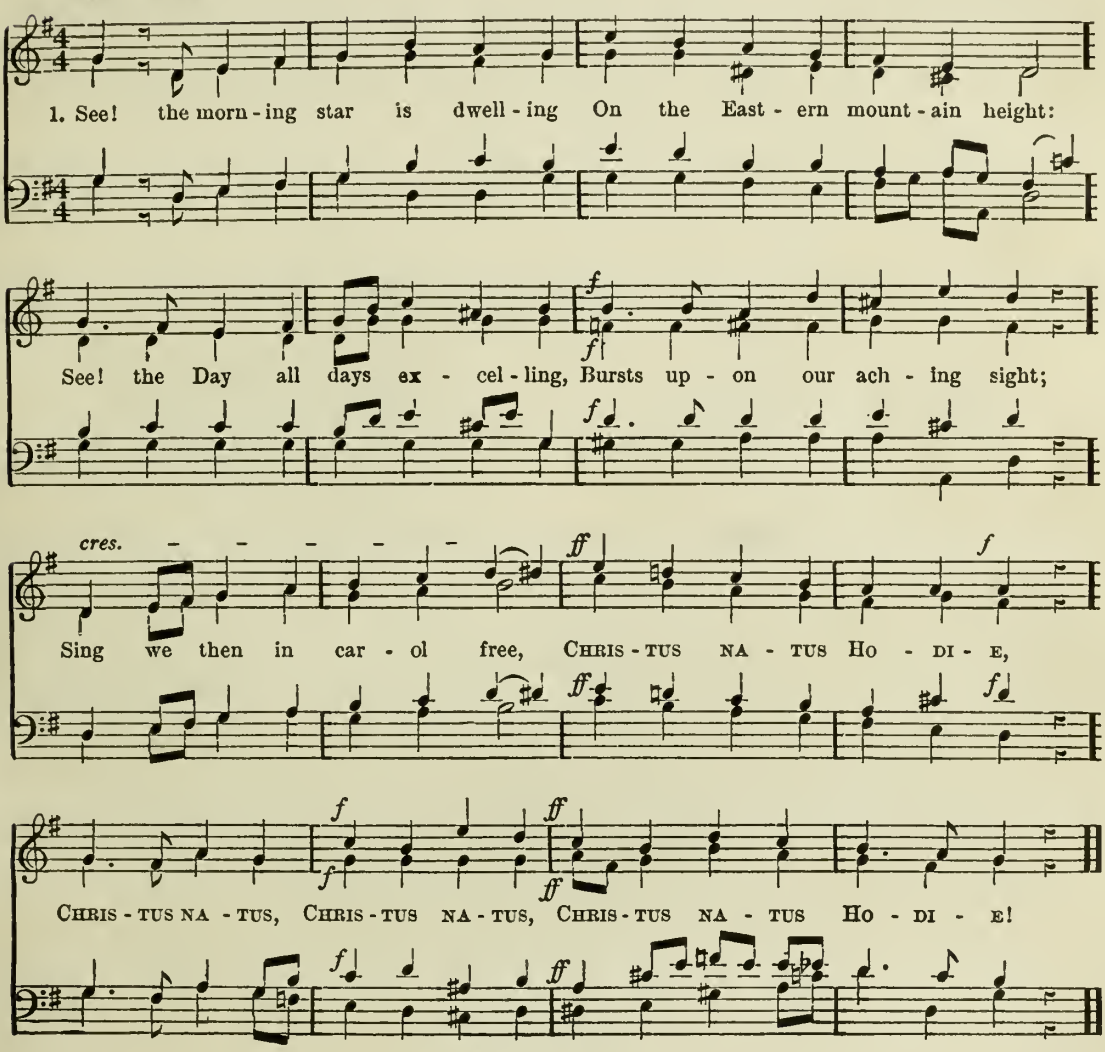
Glorious Angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven with joy and holy longing
For the Word Incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.



See! the morning star is dwelling.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 106. *John E. Pinkham.*


1. See! the morn - ing star is dwell - ing On the East - ern mount - ain height:
See! the Day all days ex - cel - ling, Bursts up - on our ach - ing sight;
cres.
Sing we then in car - ol free, CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS HO - DI - E,
CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS, CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS, CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS HO - DI - E!

2

Long our watch has been and dreary,
Long we wandered from afar;
So the wise men, worn and weary,
Followed still the leading Star,
Till the Day-Spring's Self they see,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE,
CHRISTUS NATUS, CHRISTUS NATUS,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE.

3

Hence away! all care and sadness!
Hence, and ne'er return again!
Angels sing with notes of gladness
"Peace on earth, Good-will to men."
Join we then in carol free,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE,
CHRISTUS NATUS, CHRISTUS NATUS,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE.

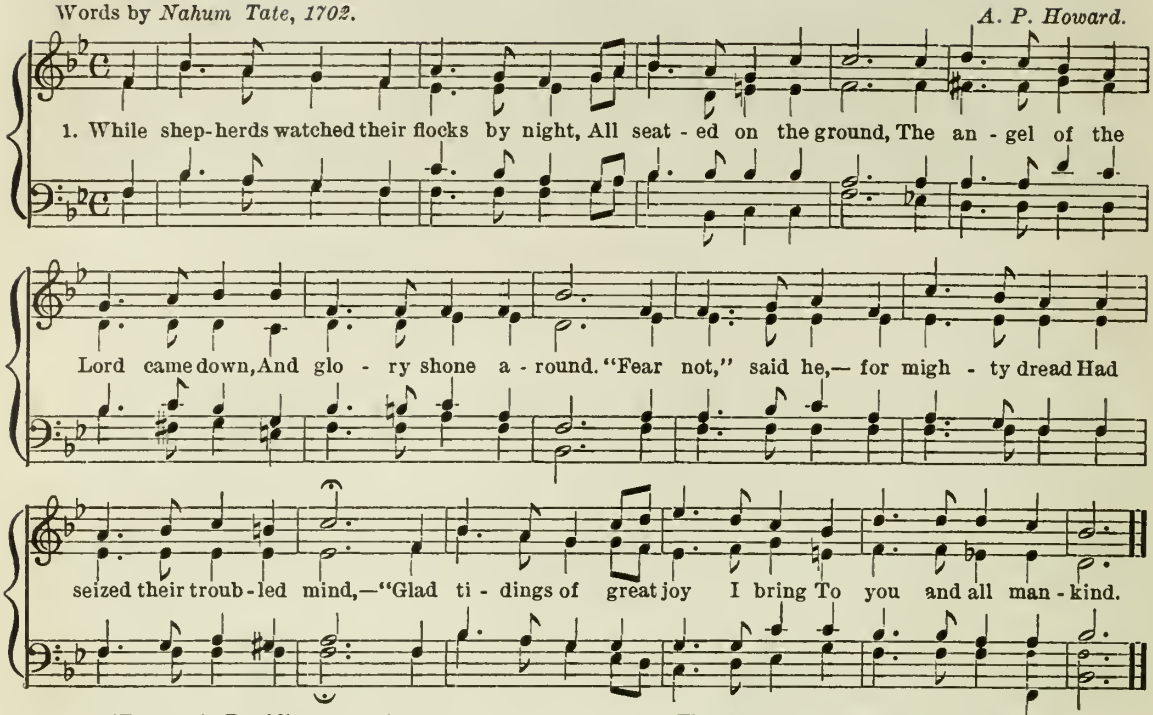
Parish Choir, No. 240—4.

The Vision of the Shepherds.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 107.

Words by *Nahum Tate, 1702.* *A. P. Howard.*

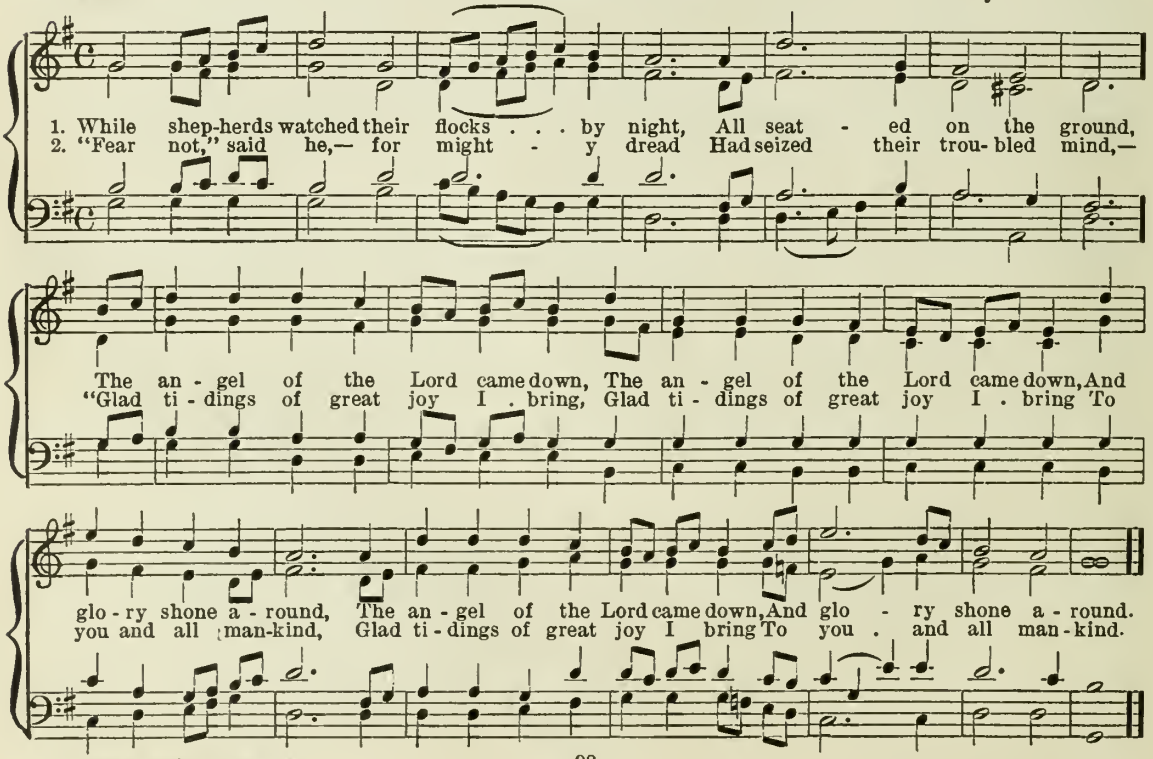

1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the
Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he,— for migh - ty dread Had
seized their troub - led mind,—"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign,—
The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song,—
'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

While Shepherds watched.

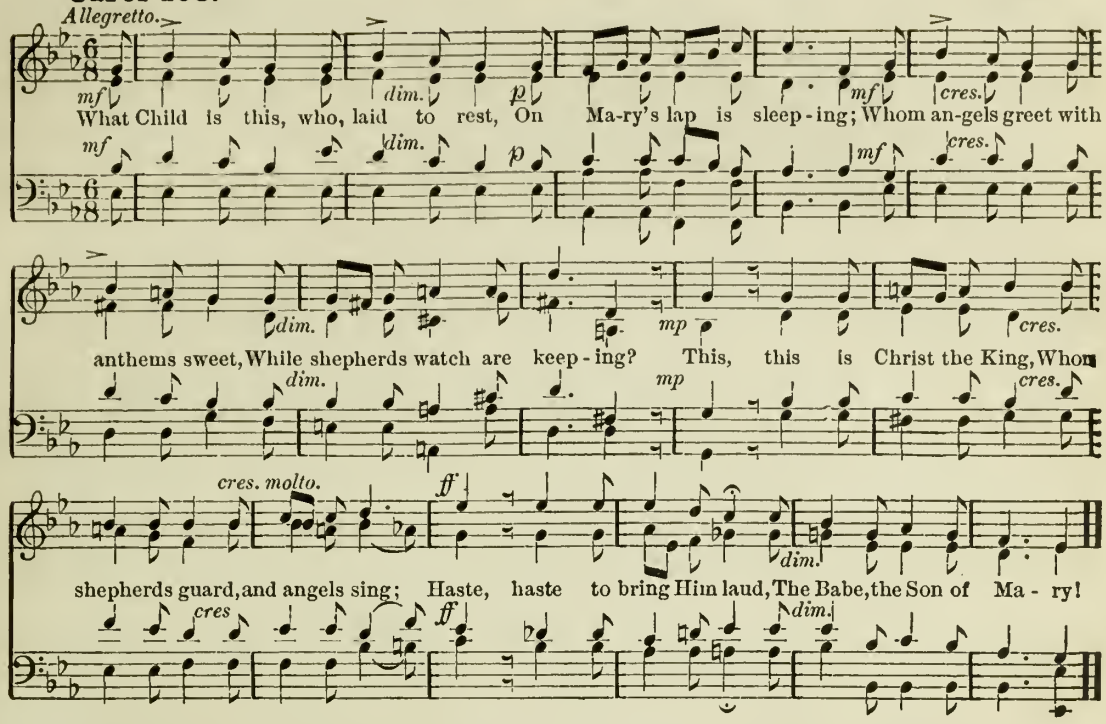
CHRISTMAS.

Carol 107.(2) Another setting of the above carol. Arr. by *H. S. Irons.*

1. While shep-herds watched their flocks . . . by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
2. "Fear not," said he,— for might - y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind,—
The an - gel of the Lord came down, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I . bring, Glad ti - dings of great joy I . bring To
glo - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
you and all man-kind, Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you . and all man - kind.

What child is this?

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 108. *J. T. Field.*


Allegretto.
What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma-ry's lap is sleep-ing; Whom an-gels greet with
anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are keep-ing? This, this is Christ the King, Whom
shepherds guard, and angels sing; Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma-ry!

2

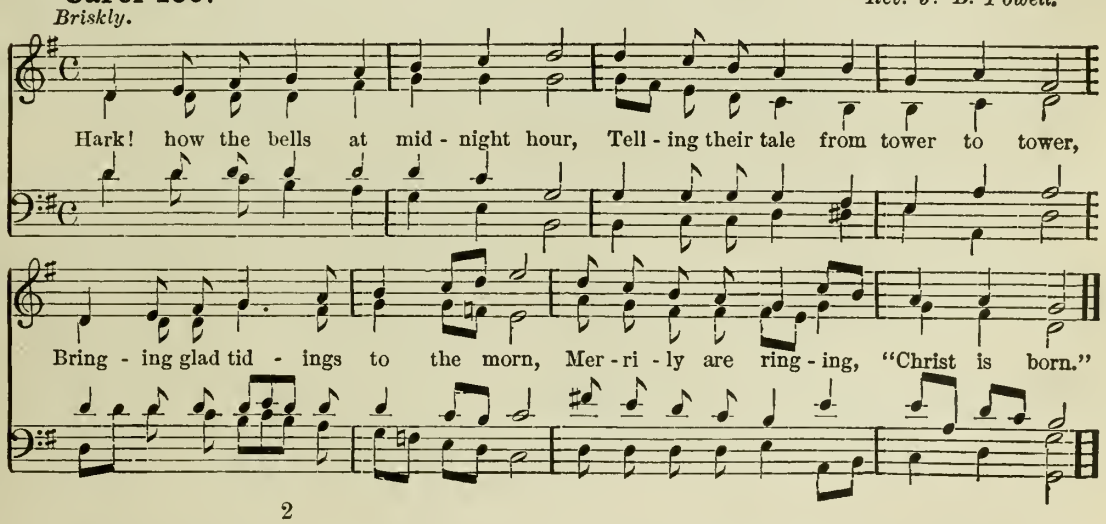
Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you;
Hail! hail! the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, King, to own Him;
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy! joy! for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Hark! how the bells.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 109. *Rev. J. B. Powell.*

Briskly.
Hark! how the bells at mid-night hour, Tell-ing their tale from tower to tower,
Bring-ing glad tid-ings to the morn, Mer-ri-ly are ring-ing, "Christ is born."

2

Hark to the songs of heavenly love
Angels are hymning from above;
Hark! as again we hear them sing
"Glory in the highest; Christ is King!"

3

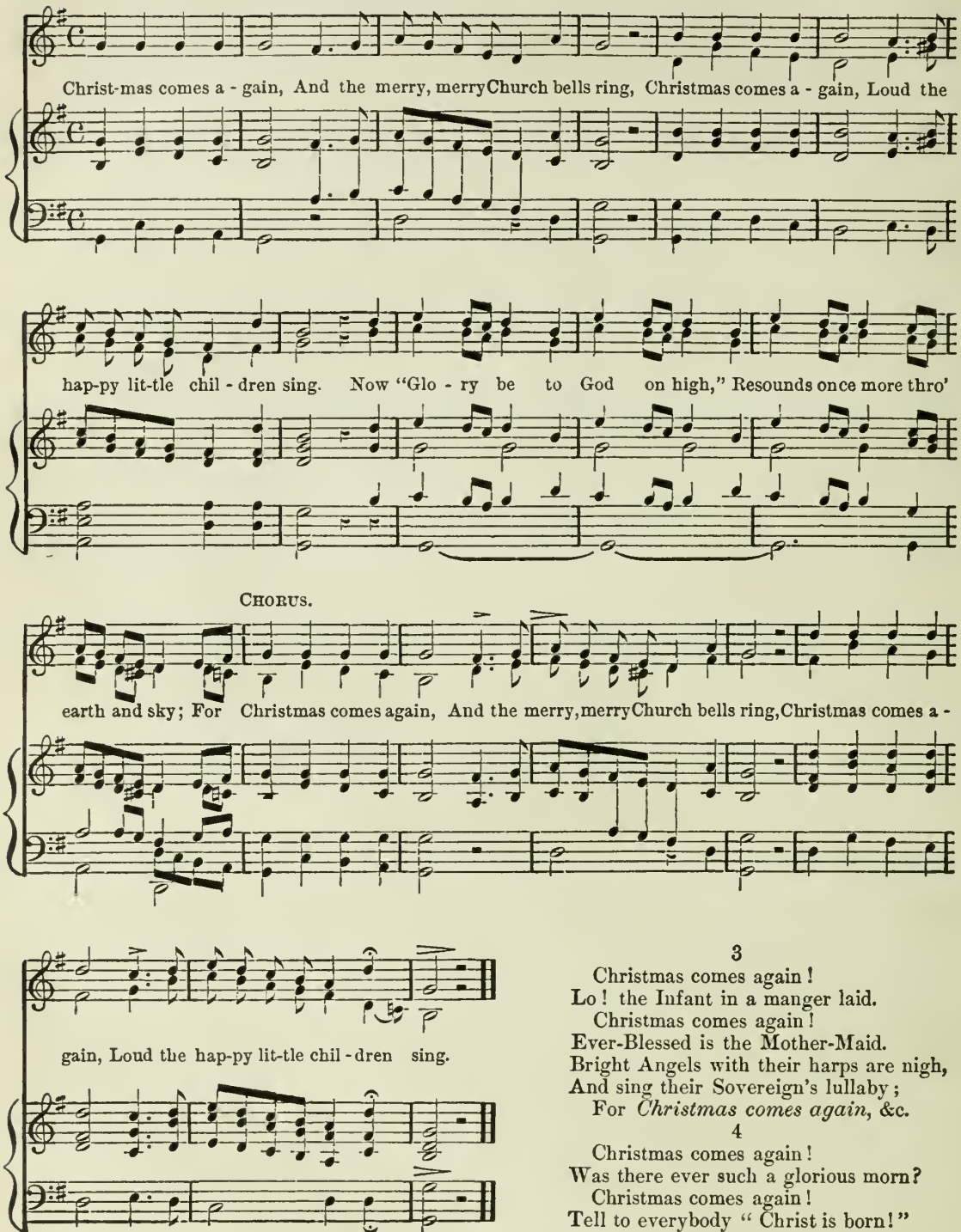
Hail to the King! who comes so meek,
Hail to the Child! so poor, so weak;
Hail to the Son! our God, the Word,
Alleluia! praise ye Christ, the Lord.

4

Come, Christians, come and joyous greet
Jesus, the Child; with welcome meet;
Bringing salvation, born for you,—
Laud Him then with hearts and voices true.

Christmas comes again.

Carol 110. *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*


Christ-mas comes a - gain, And the merry, merry Church bells ring, Christmas comes a - gain, Loud the
hap-py lit-tle chil - dren sing. Now "Glo - ry be to God on high," Resounds once more thro'
Chorus.
earth and sky; For Christmas comes again, And the merry, merry Church bells ring, Christmas comes a -
gain, Loud the hap-py lit-tle chil - dren sing.

2

Christmas comes again!
See the shepherds on their winding way,
Christmas comes again!
At their feet the little lambkins play.
Three Wise Men from the East are there,
And bring their gifts both rich and rare;
For *Christmas comes again*, &c.

3

Christmas comes again!
Lo! the Infant in a manger laid.
Christmas comes again!
Ever-Blessed is the Mother-Maid.
Bright Angels with their harps are nigh,
And sing their Sovereign's lullaby;
For *Christmas comes again*, &c.

4

Christmas comes again!
Was there ever such a glorious morn?
Christmas comes again!
Tell to everybody "Christ is born!"
All round the world let echoes fly,
And never shall that chorus die:
For *Christmas comes again*, &c.

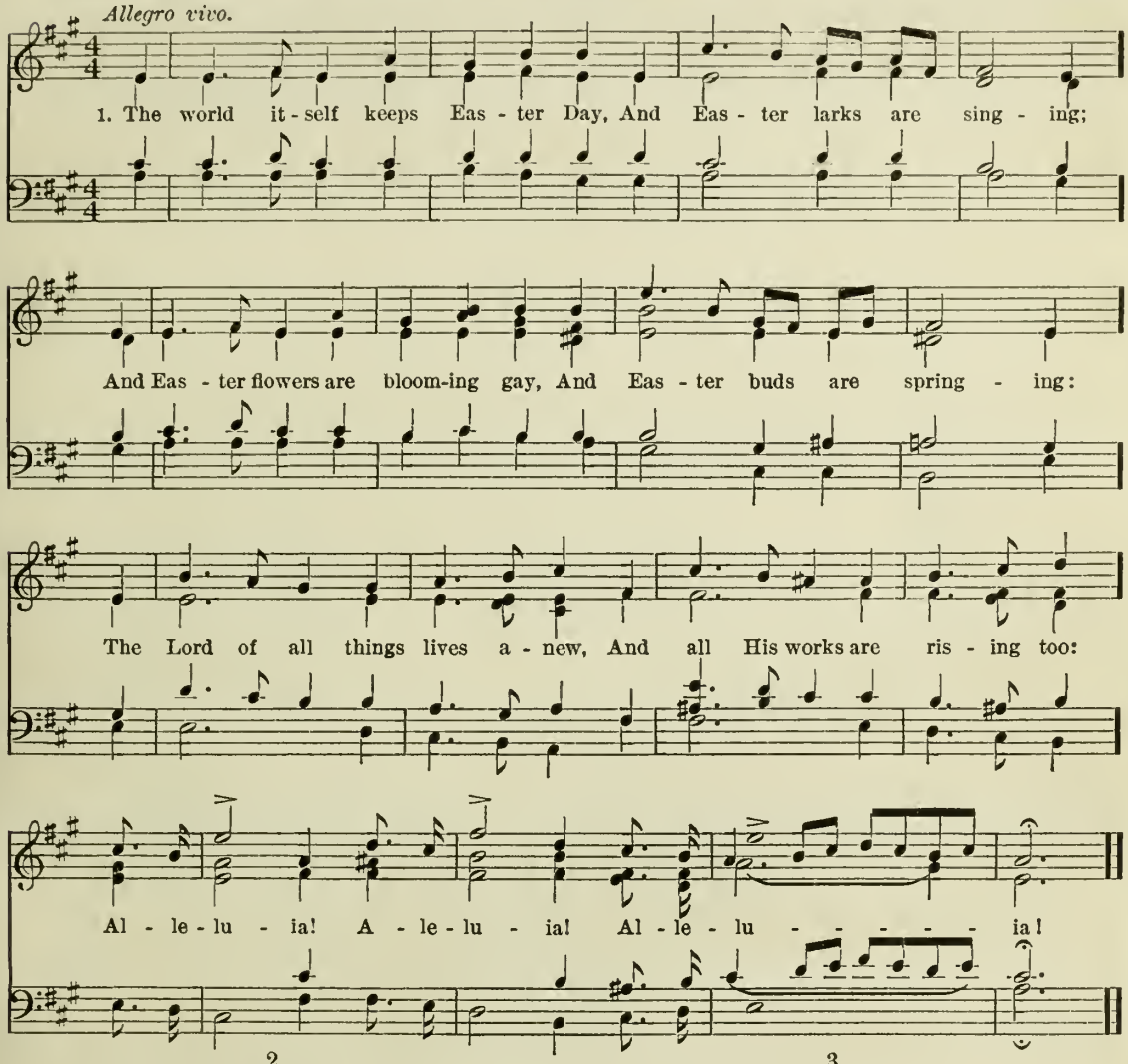
5

Christmas comes again!
Let the Tree with lighted tapers shine!
Christmas comes again!
All its pretty things are yours and mine!
Unload the gifts from every bough,
And give us all our presents *now!*
For *Christmas comes again*, &c.

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

Carol 111. (FOR EASTER). *John A. Preston.*

Allegro vivo.


1. The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are sing - ing;
And Eas - ter flowers are bloom-ing gay, And Eas - ter buds are spring - ing:
The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are ris - ing too:
Al - le - lu - ia! A - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - - - - ia!

2

There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
With loving, but with erring mind,
They come, the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

4

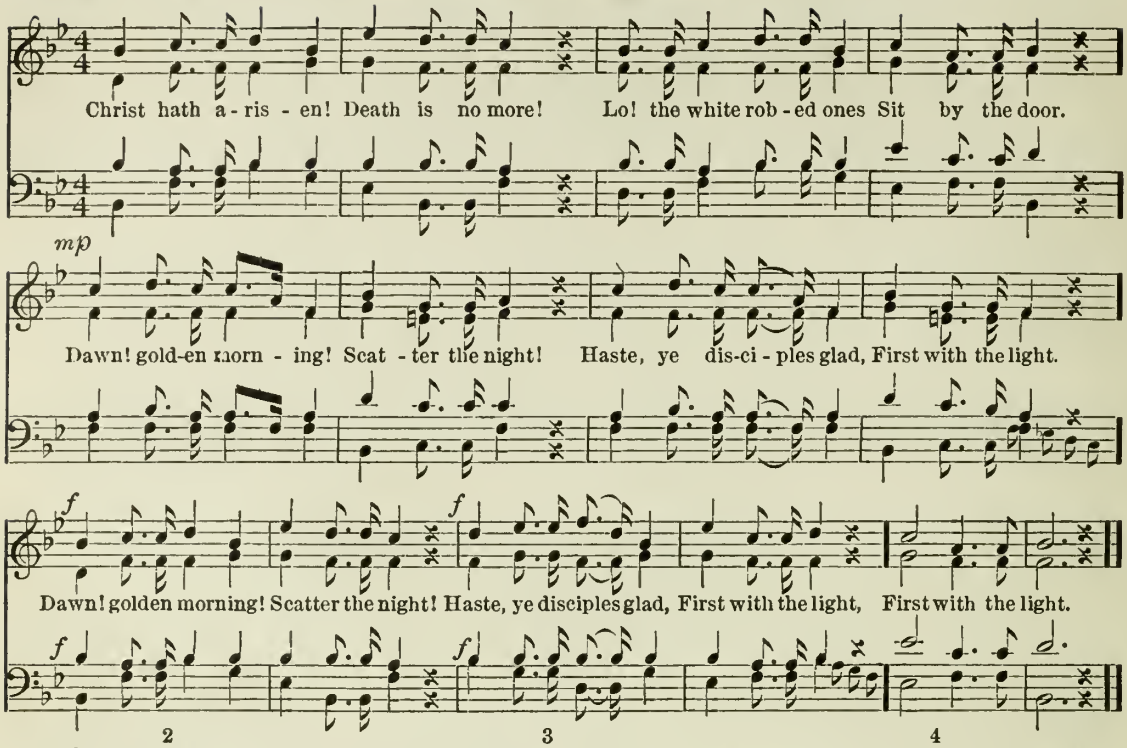
The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
The Lord is risen, as all things tell·
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

(1005)

Christ hath arisen.

Carol 112.

(FOR EASTER.)


Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white rob - ed ones Sit by the door.
mp
Dawn! gold-en morn - ing! Scat - ter the night! Haste, ye dis-ci - ples glad, First with the light.
f
Dawn! golden morning! Scatter the night! Haste, ye disciples glad, First with the light, First with the light.

2

Break forth in singing,
O world new-born!
Chaunt the great Eastertide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chaunt Him, young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth!
Chaunt, all ye winds of God,
Coursing the earth!
Chaunt Him, etc.

3

Chaunt Him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod:
Chaunt Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God!
Break from *thy* winter,
Sad heart, and sing!
Bud with thy blossoms fair;
Christ is thy spring.
Break from thy winter, etc.

4

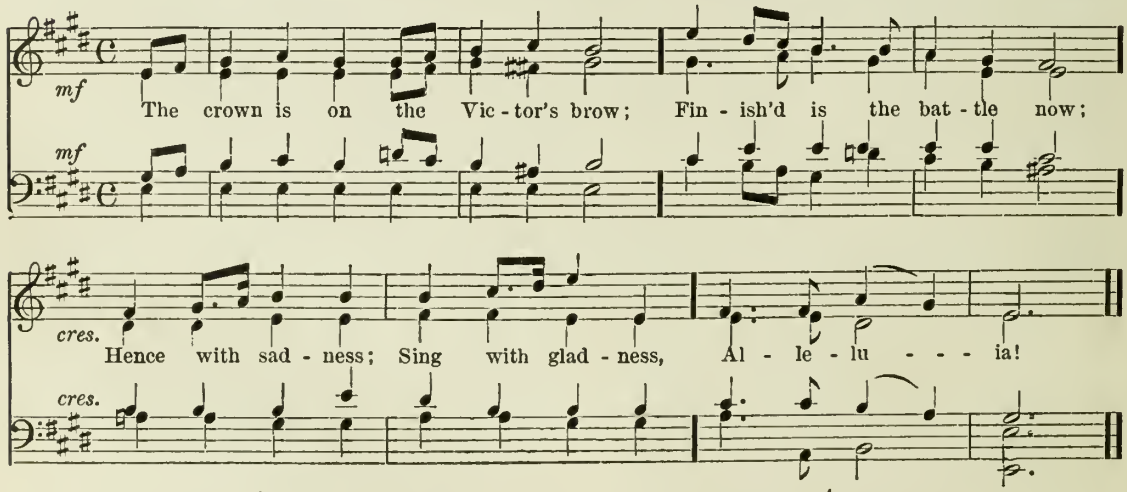
Come where the Lord hath lain,
Past is the gloom;
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
Hark! angel voices
Fall from the skies:
Christ hath arisen!
Glad heart, arise!
Hark! angel voices, etc.

The Crown is on the Victor's Brow.

Carol 113.

(FOR EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.



2

p For after death that Him befell;
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell:
cres. Heaven is ringing,
f Earth is singing, Alleluia!

3

f On that third morning He arose,
Bright with triumph o'er His foes;
Sing we lauding,
And applauding, Alleluia!

4

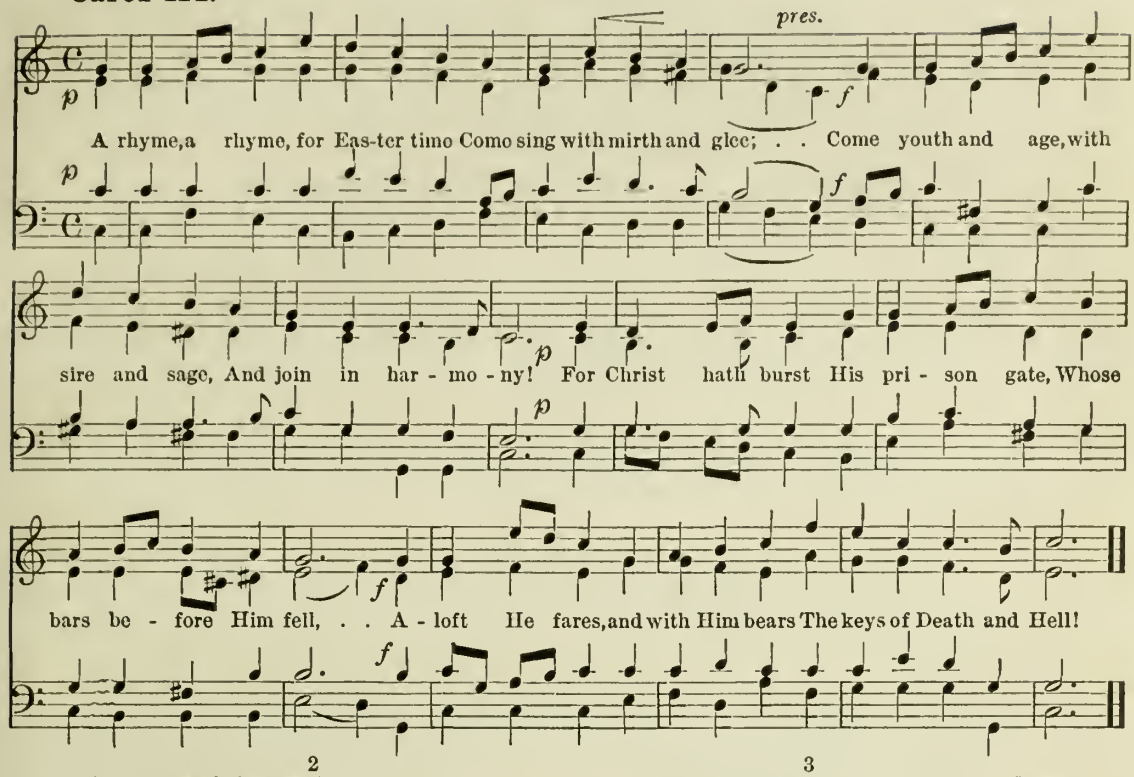
f For He hath closed hell's yawning door,
Heaven is open evermore:
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness, Alleluia!

5

mp Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,
So from death to set us free,
cres. That our living
f Be thanksgiving! Alleluia!

A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time.

Carol 114. (FOR EASTER.)


pres.
A rhyme, a rhyme, for Eas-ter time Come sing with mirth and glee; . . Come youth and age, with
sire and sage, And join in har - mo - ny! For Christ hath burst His pri - son gate, Whose
bars be - fore Him fell, . . A - loft He fares, and with Him bears The keys of Death and Hell!

2

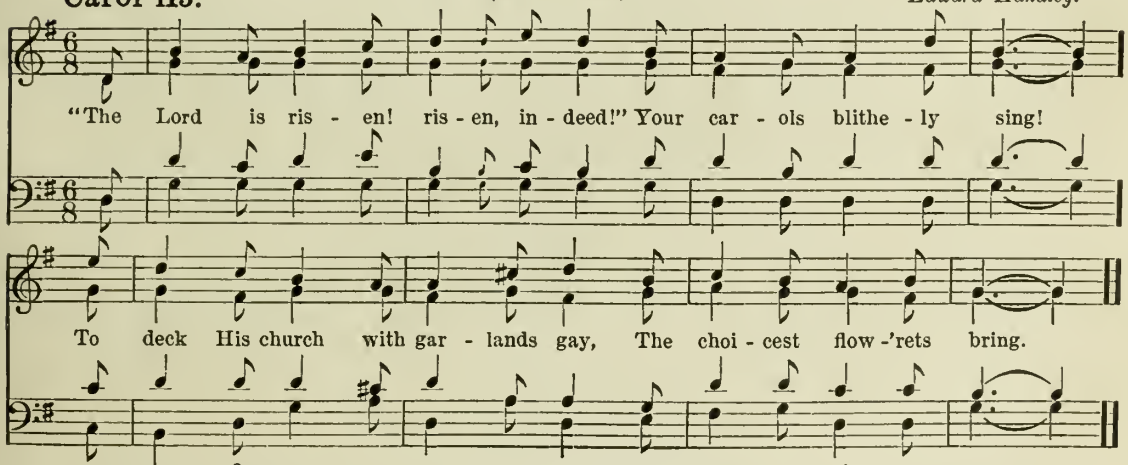
No powers of night can keep His soul
Its prison bournes within;
Corruption foul can ne'er control
His form unstained by sin.
His three days o'er, He comes once more
To tread the hallowed sod
By Sion's gate, where hellish hate
Had slain the Son of God.

3

And so, through Him who conquered Death,
May we, too, upward press
From death of sin sweet life to win
Of truth and holiness!
And, like the Saints returning home
With Christ, we pray that we
May to God's holy City come
And true Mount Sion see!

The Lord is risen!

Carol 115. (FOR EASTER.) *Edward Handley.*


"The Lord is ris - en! ris - en, in - deed!" Your car - ols blithe - ly sing!
To deck His church with gar - lands gay, The choi - cest flow -'rets bring.

2

Come sing His praises loud and high,
Ere yet appears the dawn—
The birth-day of our Christian hope!
The glorious Easter Morn.

3

For when the light of Easter dawned,
Victorious in the strife,
The Saviour burst the bands of death,
And won our endless life.

4

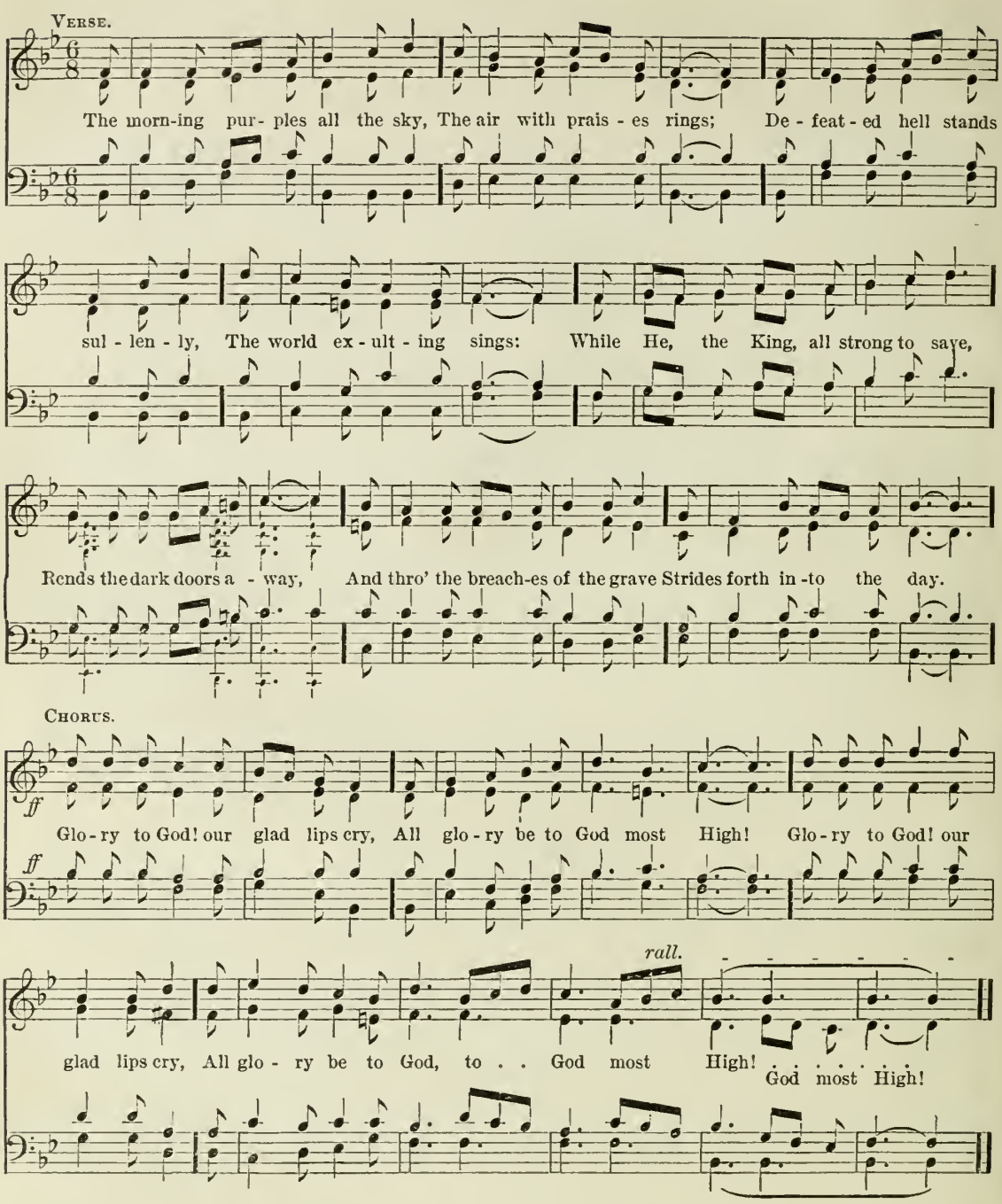
He rose, and took the sting from death,
Took from the grave its might;
He led the way from earth to heaven,
Through darkness into light.

5

"The Lord is risen." Let each voice
Sing carols glad and gay,
From morn till eve each heart repeat
"The Lord is risen today!"

The morning purples all the sky.

Carol 116. (FOR EASTER.)


Verse.
The morn-ing pur- ples all the sky, The air with prais - es rings; De - feat - ed hell stands
sul - len - ly, The world ex - ult - ing sings: While He, the King, all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors a - way, And thro' the breach-es of the grave Strides forth in -to the day.
Chorus.
ff
Glo - ry to God! our glad lips cry, All glo - ry be to God most High! Glo - ry to God! our
rall.
glad lips cry, All glo - ry be to God, to . . God most High!
God most High!

2

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.
The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All glory be to God most High!

A meteor bright its wondrous light.

Carol 117. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Edwin Lemare.*

Andante grazioso. ♩. = 72.

f

A me - teor bright its won - drous light O'er Beth - l'em's ci - ty shed, To

lead the way where Je - sus lay, Up - on His lone - ly bed. . . . No

rall. - - - - *a tempo.*

no - bles wait, no pomp or state Sur - rounds the Babe di - vine, But

o'er His head bright cir - cles spread, In gold - en glo - ries shine.

2

The wise men came to bless His Name
And own the Saviour King,
And shepherd swains from far-off plains
Their hearts' glad incense bring.
So lowly born, He was the scorn
Of nations, kings, and priests;
No belfry chime that Christmas-time
Rang at their lordly feasts.

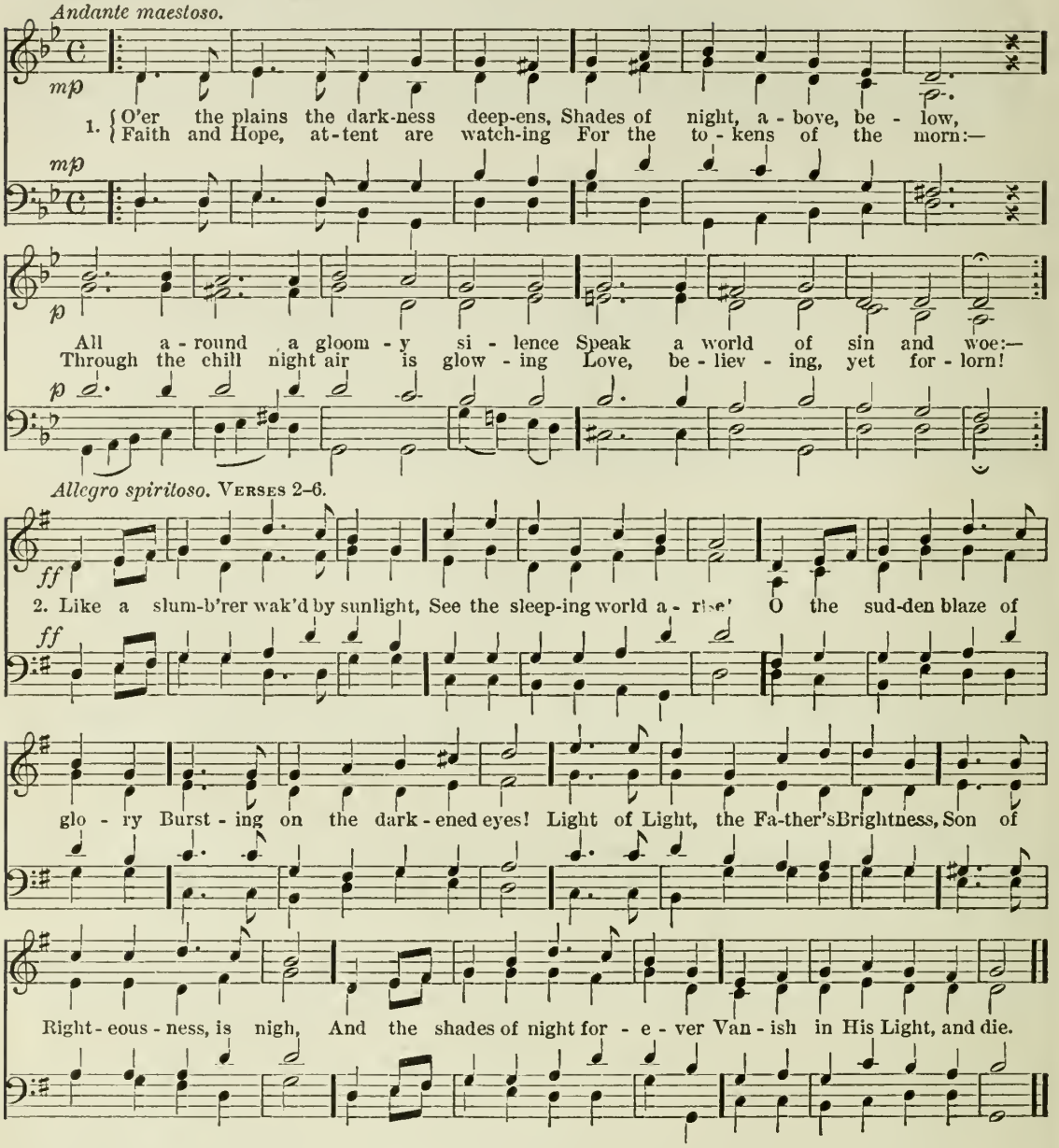
3

But heavenly choirs attuned their lyres
To hail a Prince's birth,
And rapturous song from angel throng
Greeted the ear of earth.
The star is gone—the song flows on
To herald brighter days;
And truth's pure beams in glowing streams
Make clear life's darkened ways.

O'er the plains.

Carol 118. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Frances R. Havergal.*

VERSE 1. *Repeating for 2nd half*


Andante maestoso.
mp
1. O'er the plains the dark-ness deep-ens, Shades of night, a - bove, be - low,
Faith and Hope, at-tent are watch-ing For the to - kens of the morn:—
mp
p
All a - round a gloom - y si - lence Speak a world of sin and woe:—
Through the chill night air is glow - ing Love, be - liev - ing, yet for - lorn!
p
Allegro spiritoso. VERSES 2–6.
ff
2. Like a slum-b'rer wak'd by sunlight, See the sleep-ing world a - rise! O the sud-den blaze of
ff
glo - ry Burst - ing on the dark - ened eyes! Light of Light, the Fa-ther'sBrightness, Son of
Right - eous - ness, is nigh, And the shades of night for - e - ver Van - ish in His Light, and die.

3

Hark! what music fills the Heavens,
Chanted by celestial choirs!
From the deep unseen resounding,
Echoing to seraphic lyres!
Rapt in solemn awe, adoring
Three in One and One in Three,—
All Creation wonders, listening
To the Angels' minstrelsy.

4

Hail! ye mortals! captive, blinded,
Straying, wandering, dying, dead,—
Yours are freedom, truth, and guidance,
God's own Light is on you shed!
Peace and Mercy, Life and Glory,
All are yours, in God who dwell;—
God is Love! He comes to give you
His own self, Emmanuel!

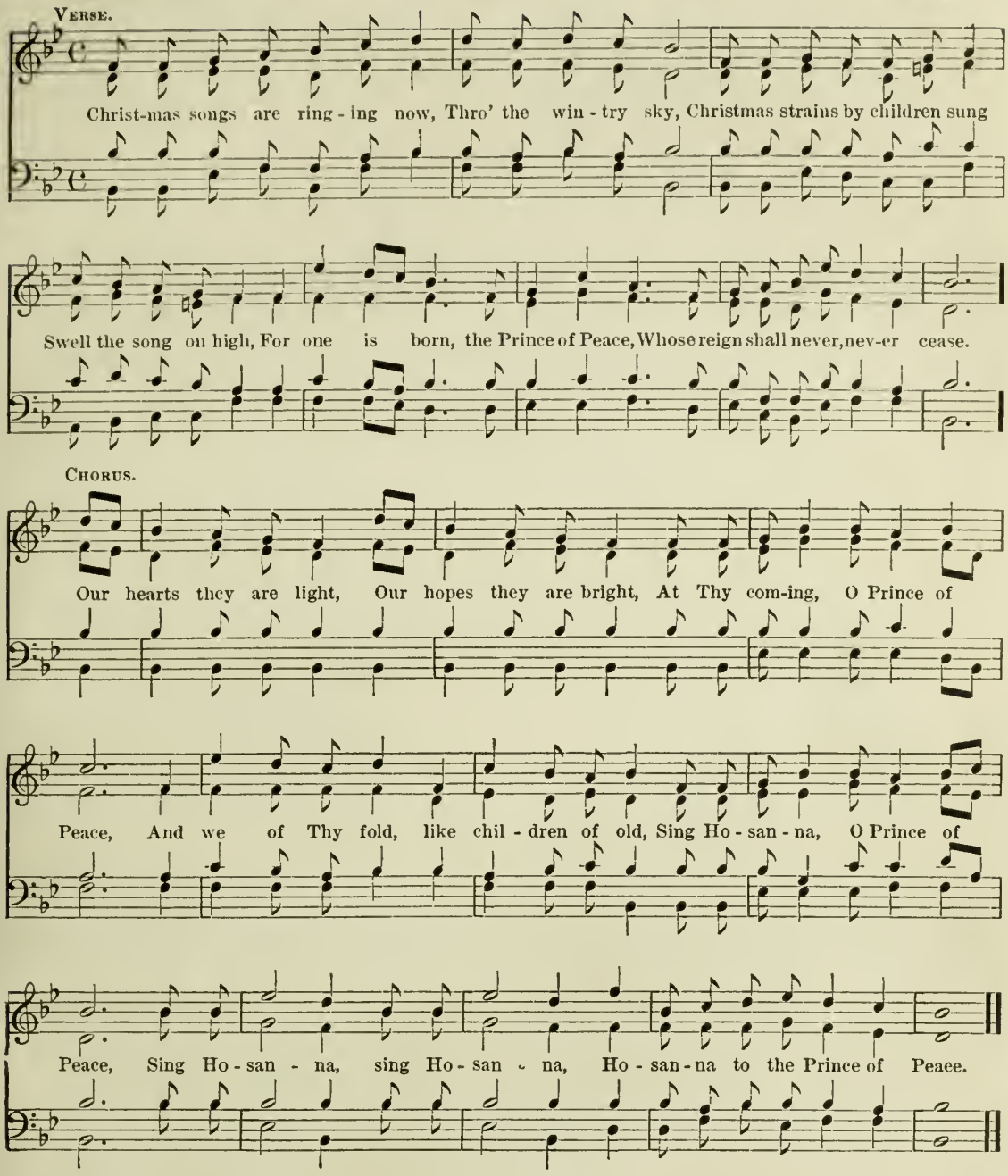
5

Hail! immortal heirs of Glory!
Citizens of Heaven above!
God in Man is in yon manger,—
Cradled there, Eternal Love!
Babe of Bethlehem! we know Thee,
Dying, Risen, Ascended Lord!
Mighty God! Triumphant Victor!
By angelic Hosts adored!

6

Glory to the Eternal Father!
To the Incarnate Son, we sing!
Glory to the Spirit dwelling
In the hearts where Christ is King—
Glory to Jehovah Jesus!
Glory to the Three in One!
Hallelujah! God is Human,
Man Divine, in God's own Son!

Christmas songs are ringing now.

Carol 119. *Knapp.*

Verse.
Christ-mas songs are ring - ing now, Thro' the win - try sky, Christmas strains by children sung
Swell the song on high, For one is born, the Prince of Peace, Whose reign shall never, nev-er cease.
Chorus.
Our hearts they are light, Our hopes they are bright, At Thy com-ing, O Prince of
Peace, And we of Thy fold, like chil - dren of old, Sing Ho - san - na, O Prince of
Peace, Sing Ho - san - na, sing Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the Prince of Peace.

2

Christmas joy is all around,
Soft'ning pain and loss,
Christmas peace is everywhere,
Blessing every cross;
They spring from Him the Prince of Peace,
Whose reign shall never, never cease.
Chorus. bright,
Our hearts they are light, our hopes they are
At Thy coming, O Prince of Peace,
And we of Thy fold, like children of old,
Sing Hosanna, O Prince of Peace,
Sing Hosanna, sing Hosanna,
Hosanna to the Prince of Peace!

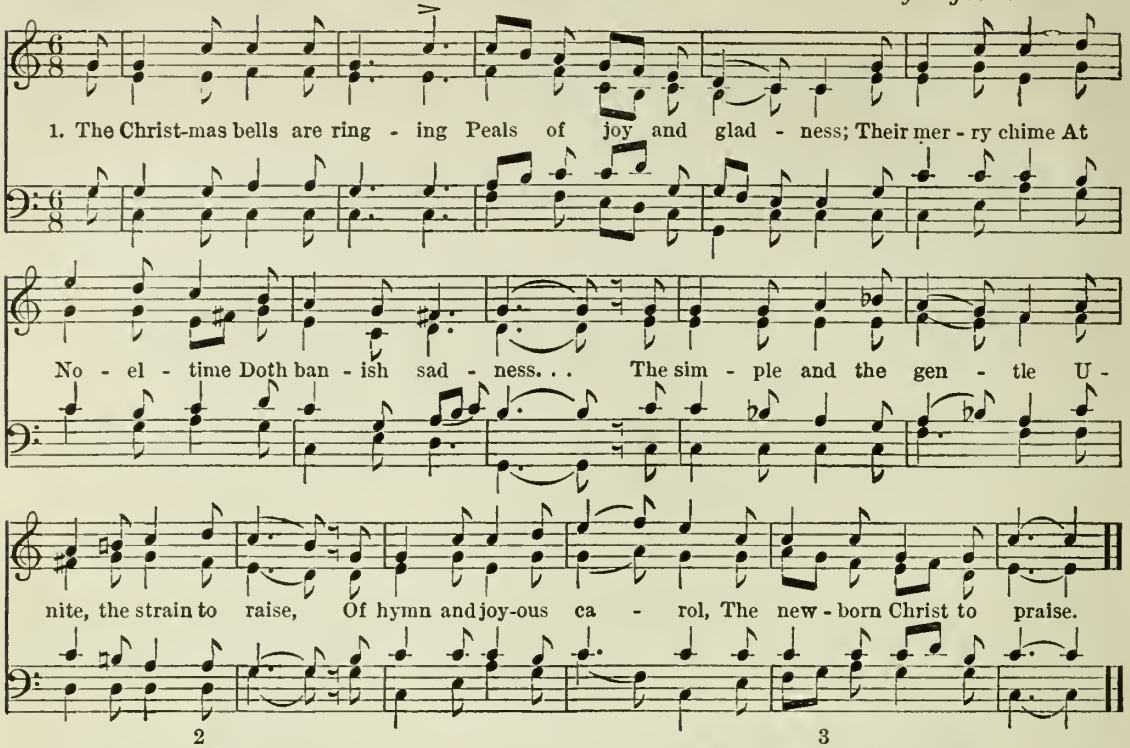
3

Christmas praise from children's lips,
God delights to hear,
Carols from our grateful hearts
Please His waiting ear;
Then hail Him, hail Him, Prince of Peace
Whose reign shall never, never cease.
Chorus. bright,
Our hearts they are light, our hopes they are
At Thy coming, O Prince of Peace,
And we of Thy fold, like children of old,
Sing Hosanna, O Prince of Peace,
Sing Hosanna, sing Hosanna,
Hosanna to the Prince of Peace!

The Christmas bells are ringing.

Carol 120. (FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Flemish.
Arranged by H. S. Irons.


1. The Christ-mas bells are ring - ing Peals of joy and glad - ness; Their mer - ry chime At
No - el - time Doth ban - ish sad - ness. . . The sim - ple and the gen - tle U -
nite, the strain to raise, Of hymn and joy-ous ca - rol, The new - born Christ to praise.

2

The bells they seem to utter,—
Ring away all malice,
And each base part
From every heart
In hut or palace!
And love ye all as brethren;
For Christ from Satan's thrall
Was born to-day to save you,
And breathe good-will to all!

3

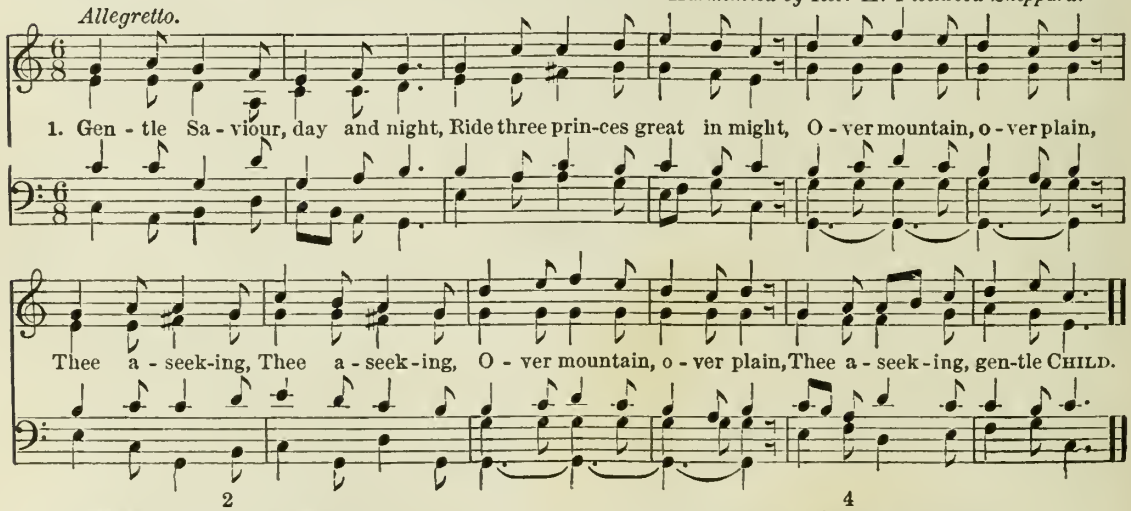
The Christmas bells are ringing
Gaily in the steeple;—
For Christ's dear sake,
To prayer awake,
All Christian people!
And joyfully your off'ring
To God's fair Altar bring,
And there the Love Eternal
Of Christ your Saviour sing.

Gentle Saviour, day and night.

Carol 121. (FOR EPIPHANY.)

French Flanders.
Harmonized by Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

Allegretto.


1. Gen - tle Sa - viour, day and night, Ride three prin-ces great in might, O - ver mountain, o - ver plain,
Thee a - seek-ing, Thee a - seek-ing, O - ver mountain, o - ver plain, Thee a - seek - ing, gen-tle Child.

2

Gaspar, Melchior, Bálthăzár,
Those three princes from afar,
Gold and myrrh, and incense bear
For an offering, for an offering,
To the sweet and gentle Child.

3

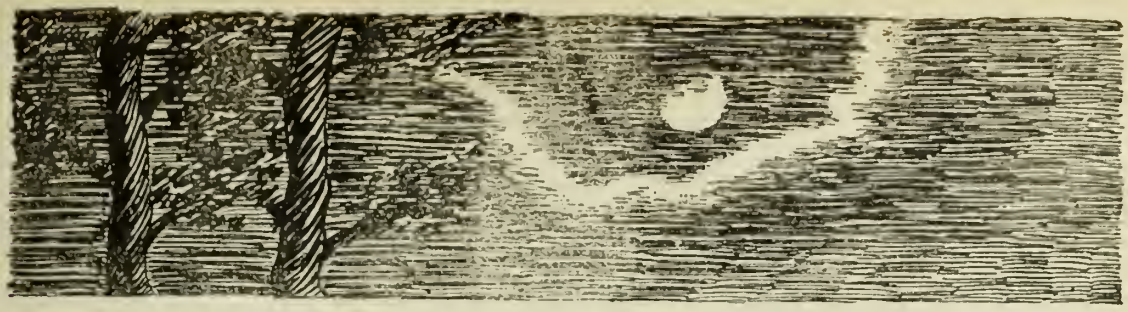
Gentle Saviour in the cold,
In the dark with gifts of gold,
Those three princes at the door
Stand a-knocking, stand a-knocking,
Thee to worship, gentle Child.

4

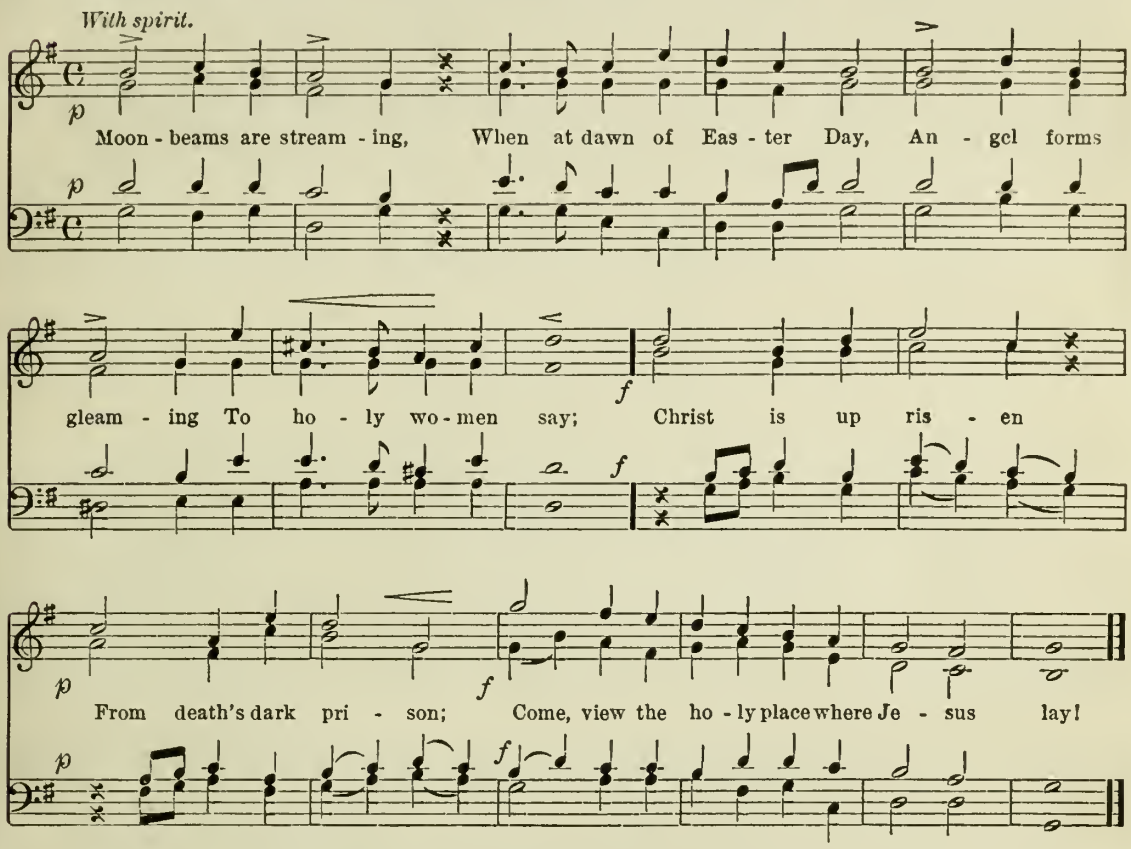
Enter princes, from the night!
Here, within, is warmth and light,
Jesus smiles, His hands outspreads
For the offerings, for the offerings,
Praise to Him, the gentle Child.

5

Joseph, sweep the stable clean,
Strew the straw, though all is mean.
Here the Temple, here the Throne,
Here the Altar, here the Altar,
Of our King, this gentle Child.



Moonbeams are streaming.

Carol 122. (FOR EASTER.)

With spirit.
Moon - beams are stream - ing, When at dawn of Eas - ter Day, An - gel forms
gleam - ing To ho - ly wo - men say; Christ is up ris - en
From death's dark pri - son; Come, view the ho - ly place where Je - sus lay!

2

p Magdalen weeping
Sees two angels of the sky
Watch softly keeping,
As Jesus draweth nigh.
mf Rise, Mary, speed thee!
Lone hearts now need thee;
Go, tell My brethren I ascend on high!

3

p To Peter wailing
Who his Lord hath thrice denied,
Comes Love unfailing—
Comes Christ, the Crucified.
Dark scruples clearing
cr With accents cheering,
f All Peter's penitential tears He dried!

4

p Two sad ones walking,
Sorrowing for Christ's dear sake,
He joineth, talking,
And with them bread doth break.
cr Faith their sight aideth,
As His form fadeth:
f Burned not their hearts within them, while He spake?

5

p Ten Saints despairing
Meet for mutual solace kind;
cr Comes Jesus, bearing
Fair hope and joy entwined.
p Sweet Peace bequeathing,
cr Then on them breathing,
f Preach ye, baptize ye all, absolve and bind!

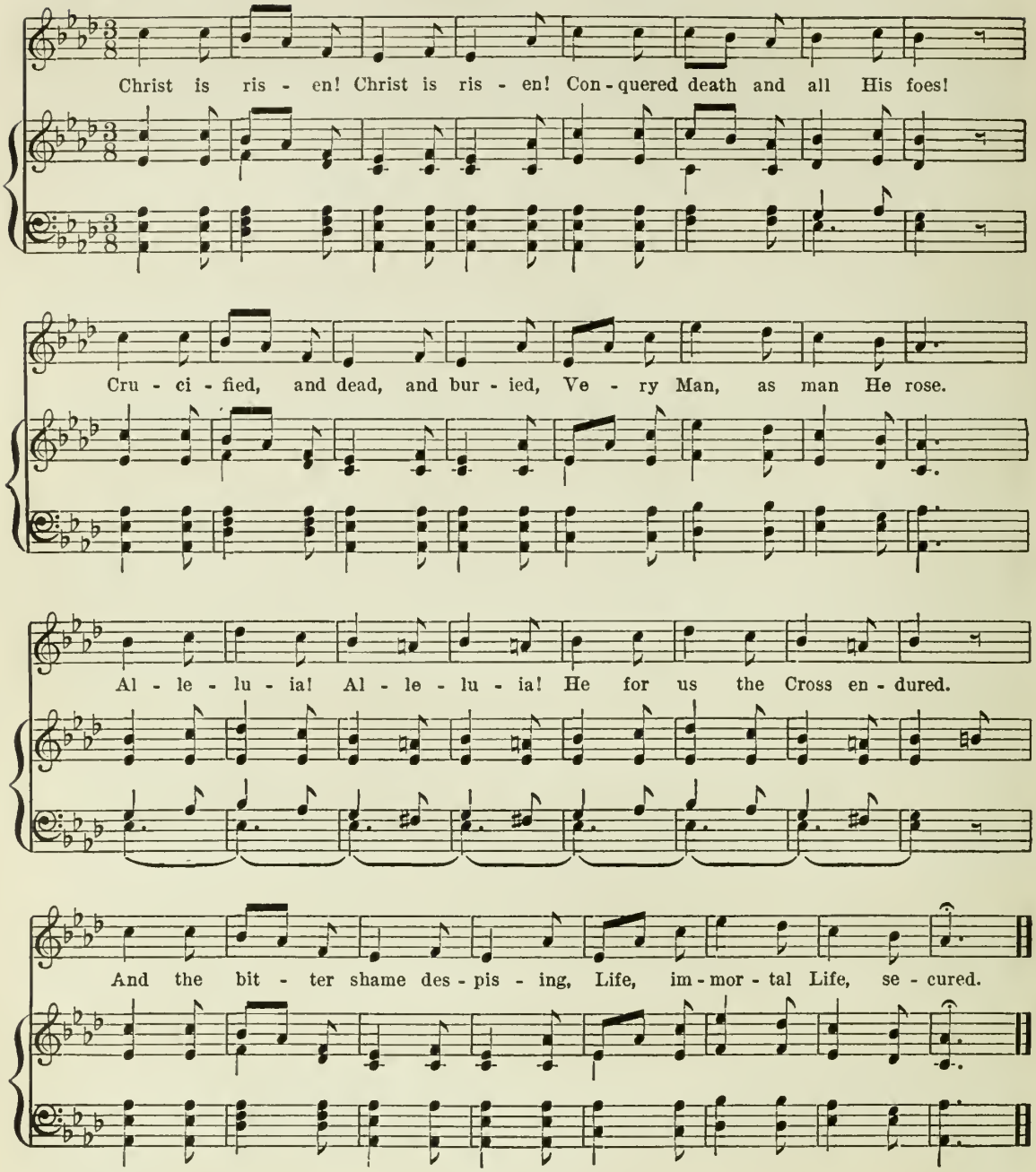
6

mf Golden the glory
Of the Seraphs, as they sing
Redemption's story,
f The triumph of their King.
With joys abounding,
Bright notes resounding,
ff Hark, how the silver bells of heaven out ring!

7

f We, in glad chorus,
Sing to Him in blest accord,
Who would restore us
To life, and love's reward.
ff Bright songs upraise we;
Christ risen praise we;
Hymn we a grateful strain to Christ our Lord!

Christ is risen.

Carol 123. (FOR EASTER.) *L. E. M.*

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Con - quered death and all His foes!
Cru - ci - fied, and dead, and bur - ied, Ve - ry Man, as man He rose.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! He for us the Cross en - dured.
And the bit - ter shame des - pis - ing, Life, im - mor - tal Life, se - cured.

2

Very God, He stooped to suffer
Keenest sorrows, sharpest pains:
Very man enthroned in glory
Now as King of kings He reigns.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Blessèd they who follow on;
Who by rack, or sword, or prison,
Share the crown that He hath won.

3

Blessèd they the Saints and Martyrs,
Foremost in the Church's van,
Virgin souls of maid and matron,
Babe, and youth, and hoary man.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Blessèd all the faithful throng,
Strong in Him to fight and conquer,
Pressing still His way along.

4

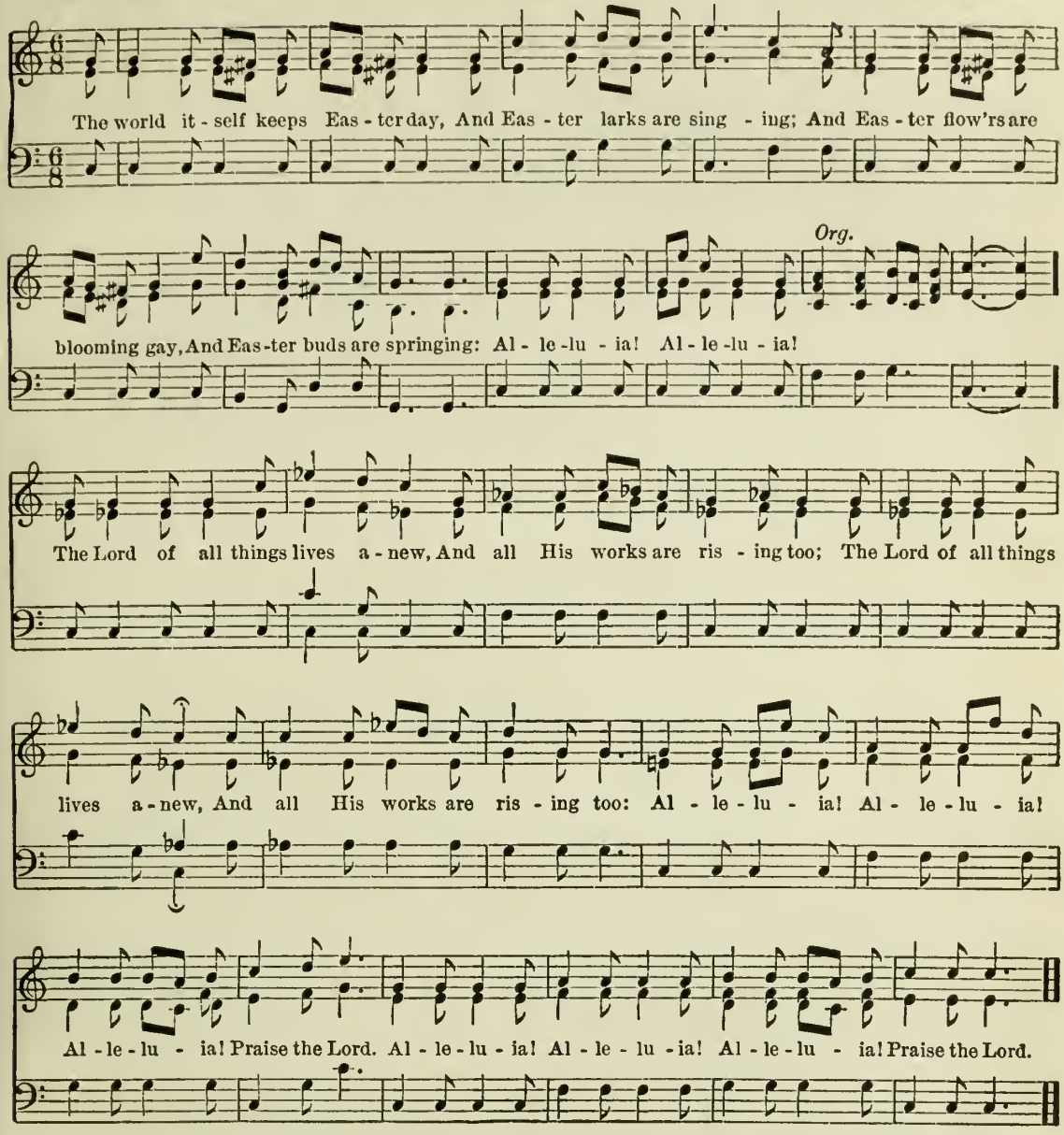
Lift the Cross to-day in triumph,
Lift His wondrous symbol high;
Standard that hath led its legions,
On to holy victory!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Once of death and shame the sign,
Now of glory never equalled—
See the Cross of Jesus shine!

5

Backward, forward, o'er the ages,
How its rays unearthly stream!
From eternity its splendours
To eternity shall gleam!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lift the matchless symbol high,
With the Resurrection's glory,
Kindling earth, and sea, and sky!

The world itself keeps Easter-day.

Carol 124. (FOR EASTER.) *L. H. Redner.*


The world it - self keeps Eas - ter day, And Eas - ter larks are sing - ing; And Eas - ter flow'rs are
Org.
blooming gay, And Eas - ter buds are springing: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are ris - ing too; The Lord of all things
lives a - new, And all His works are ris - ing too: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord.

2

There stood three Maries by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

3

But earlier still the angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
"Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all and make them blest,
"Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

4

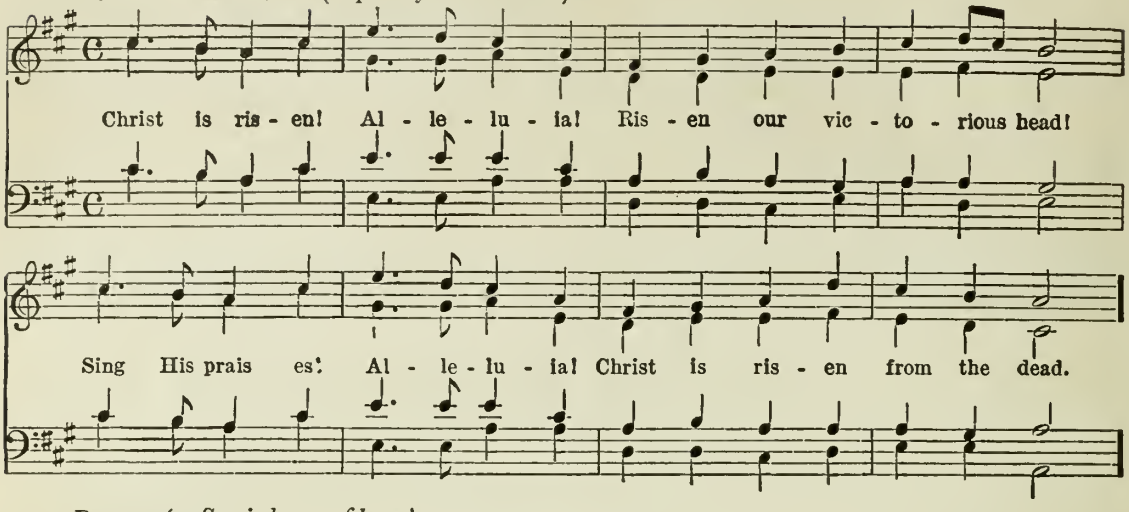
But one, and one alone, remained
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner Mary:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him who hung upon the tree:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

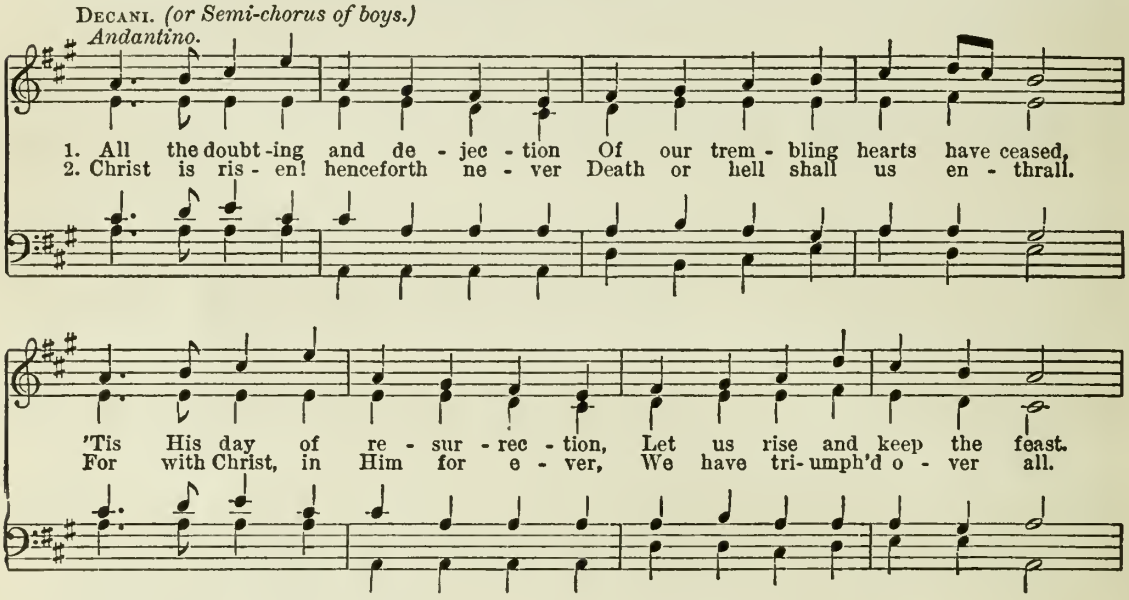
5

The Church is keeping Easter Day,
And Easter hymns are sounding,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The holy Font surrounding;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

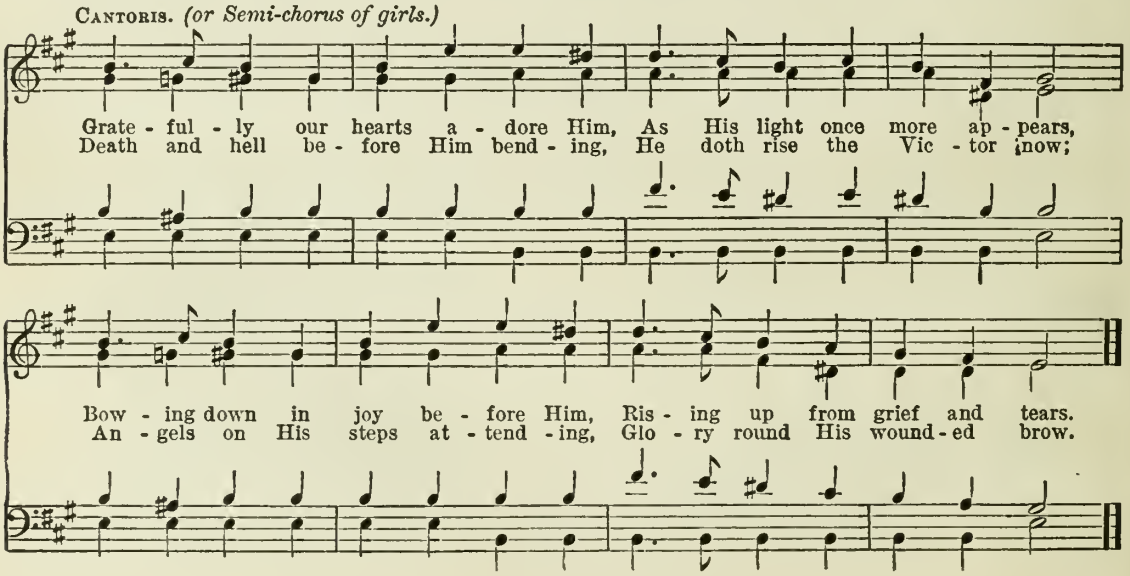
Christ is risen! Alleluia!

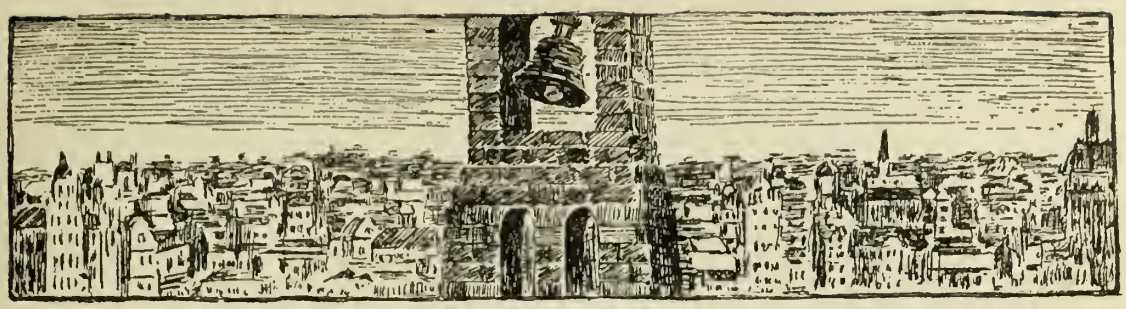
Carol 125. (FOR EASTER.) *George C. Pearson.*

CHORUS. *Maestoso.* (*Repeat after each verse*).

DECANI. *(or Semi-chorus of boys.)*

Andantino.

1. All the doubt - ing and de - jec - tion Of our trem - bling hearts have ceased,
2. Christ is ris - en! henceforth ne - ver Death or hell shall us en - thrall.
'Tis His day of re - sur - rec - tion, Let us rise and keep the feast.
For with Christ, in Him for e - ver, We have tri - umph'd o - ver all.

CANTORIS. *(or Semi-chorus of girls.)*


Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears,
Death and hell be - fore Him bend - ing, He doth rise the Vic - tor now;
Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing, Glo - ry round His wound - ed brow.



Joyously, joyously, silvery clear.

Carol 126. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *A. C. White.*

1. Joy - ous - ly, joy - ous - ly, sil - ver - y clear, Christ - mas bells fall on each lis - t'ning ear, Gai - ly they e - cho o'er land and o'er sea, Mu - si - cal peals full of mu - si - cal glee. E - choes of strains sung by An - gels on high, E - choes re - e - choed be - yond the blue sky, E - choes of strains sung by An - gels on high, E - choes re - e - choed be - yond the blue sky.

2

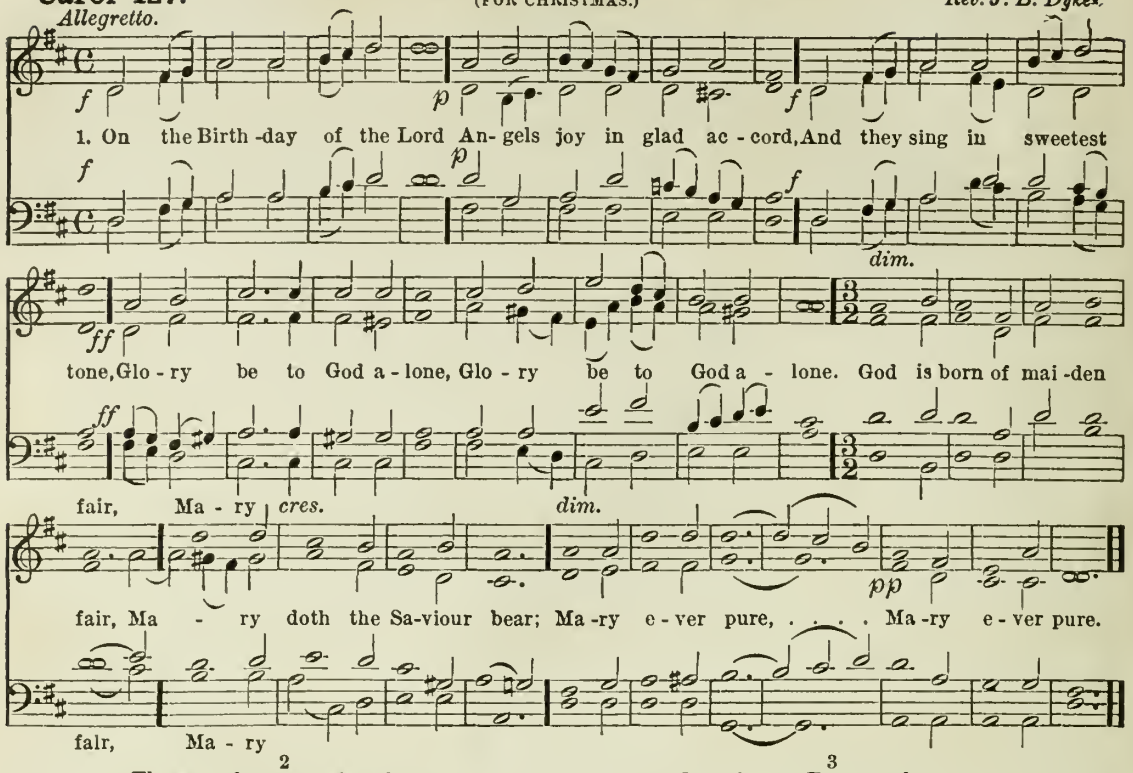
Hopefully, hopefully swells out the strain,
Telling of Christ's birth again and again,
Sweetly the harps tuned in Christ's home above
Take up the song and repeat it in love;
Echoes of strains sung by Angels on high,
Echoes re-echoed beyond the blue sky.

3

Tenderly, tenderly die now the chimes,
Passing away as they passed in old times,
Hushed now the music while grateful hearts share
In offerings gladly of song and of prayer;
Silent the bells, but in heart and with voice,
We hail the Lord's birth and for it rejoice.

Parish Choir, No. 300—4.

On the Birth-day of the Lord.

Carol 127. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

Allegretto.
1. On the Birth-day of the Lord An-gels joy in glad ac-cord, And they sing in sweetest
tone, Glo-ry be to God a-lone, Glo-ry be to God a-lone. God is born of mai-den
fair, Ma-ry
fair, Ma-ry doth the Sa-viour bear; Ma-ry e-ver pure, ... Ma-ry e-ver pure.
fair, Ma-ry

2

These good news an Angel told
To the shepherds by their fold,
Told them of the Saviour's Birth,
Told them of the joy for earth.
God is born, etc.

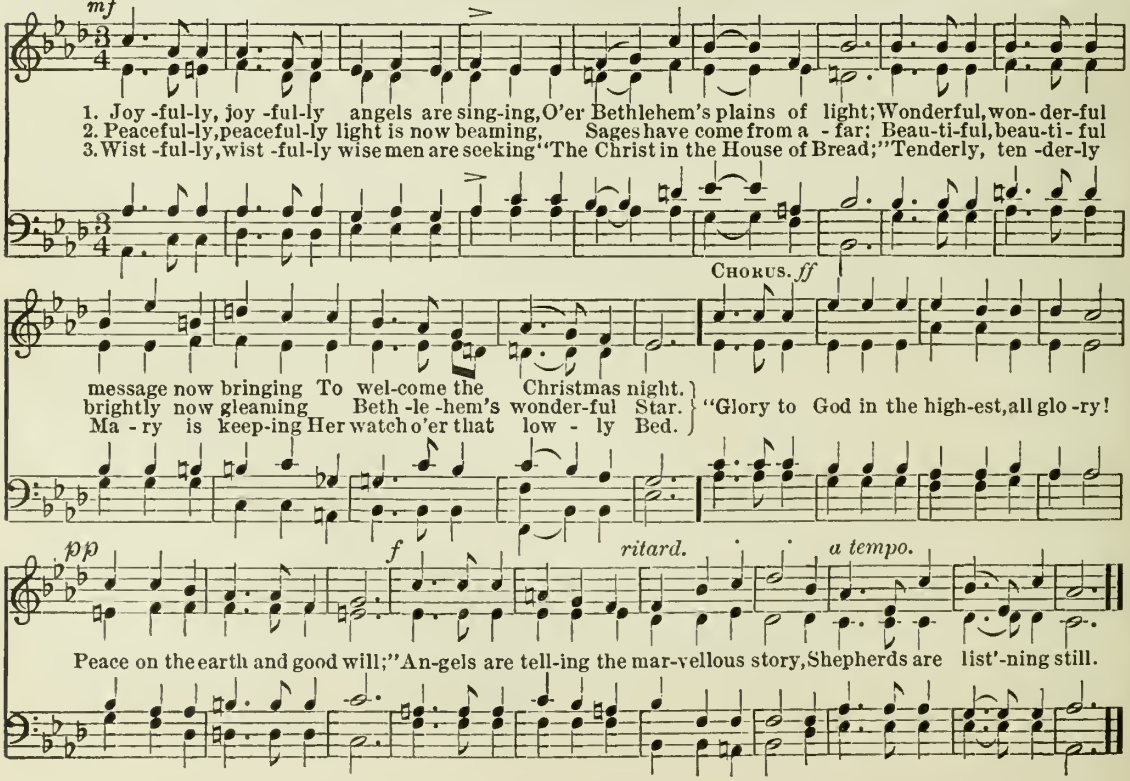
3

Born is now Emmanuel,
He, announced by Gabriel,
He, whom Prophets old attest,
Cometh from the Father's Breast.
God is born, etc.

4

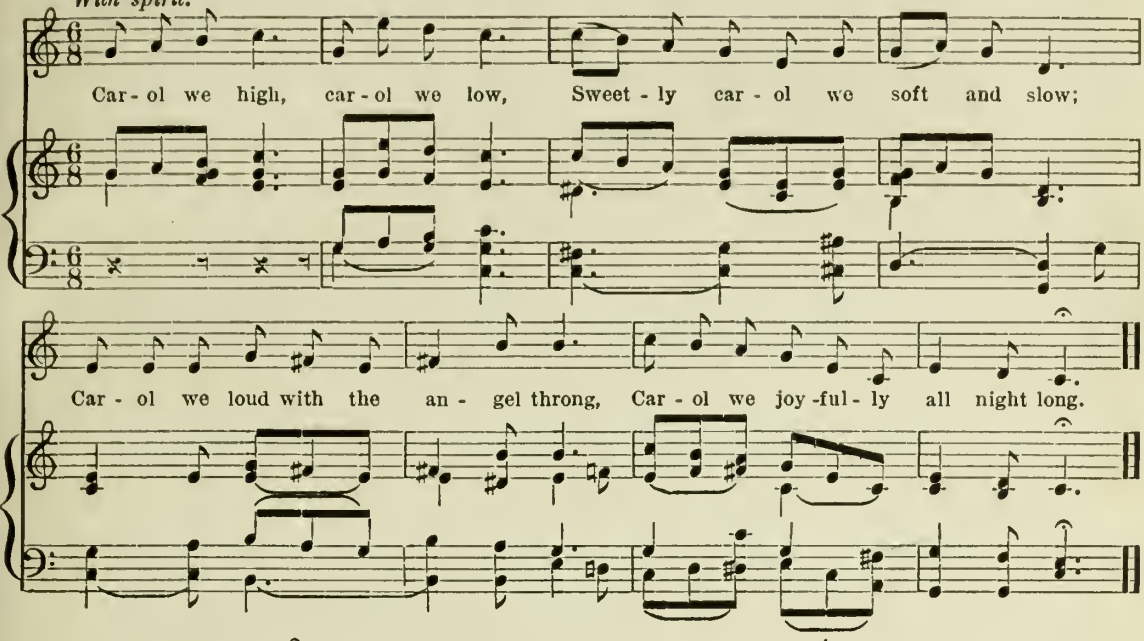
Born to-day is Christ the Child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
Born the King and Lord we own;
Glory be to God alone.
God is born, etc.

Joyfully, joyfully angels are singing.

Carol 128. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *C. F. Roper.*

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly angels are sing-ing, O'er Bethlehem's plains of light; Wonderful, won-der-ful
2. Peaceful-ly, peaceful-ly light is now beaming, Sages have come from a-far; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
3. Wist-ful-ly, wist-ful-ly wise men are seeking "The Christ in the House of Bread;" Tenderly, ten-der-ly
Chorus.
message now bringing To wel-come the Christmas night.
brightly now gleaming Beth-le-hem's wonder-ful Star.
Ma-ry is keep-ing Her watch o'er that low-ly Bed.
"Glory to God in the high-est, all glo-ry!
Peace on the earth and good will;" An-gels are tell-ing the mar-vellous story, Shepherds are list'-ning still.

Carol we high, carol we low.

Carol 129. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *A. Redhead.*

With spirit.

Car - ol we high, car - ol we low, Sweet - ly car - ol we soft and slow;
Car - ol we loud with the an - gel throng, Car - ol we joy - ful - ly all night long.

2
Carol of fields, where in the night
Wakeful shepherds beheld a light;
Heard with amaze how in Bethlehem
Jesus, the Saviour, was born for them.

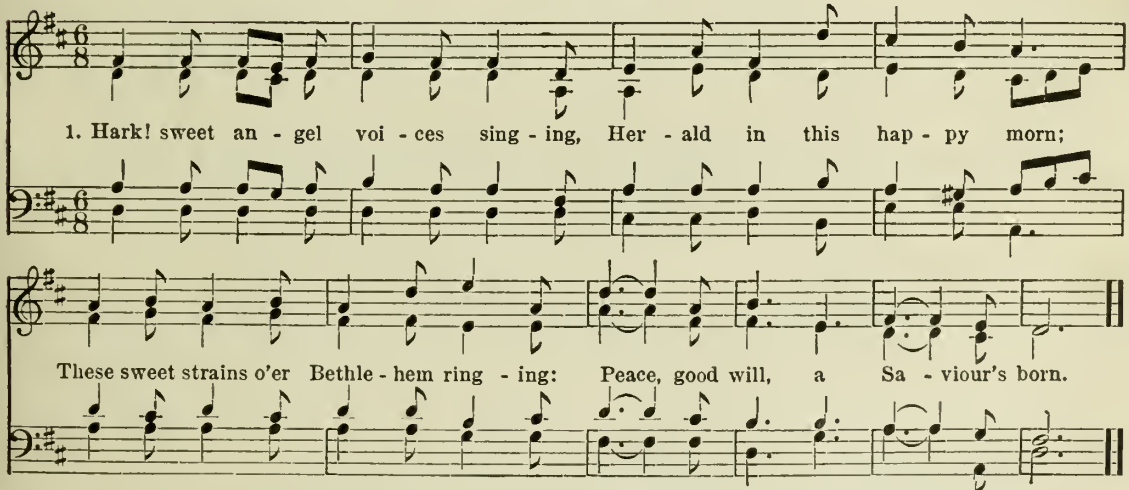
3
Carol how they joyfully ran,
There to behold their God made Man;
Leaving their flocks in the fields to be
Kept by the angels, right fearlessly.

4
Carol of how all on the hay
He whom the angels told of, lay;
Tenderly cherished by Mary's love,
Rev'rently worshipped by hosts above.

5
Carol we still — O it is sweet
Thus the Infant Divine to greet,
Know that He loves us, feel He is nigh,
Though He is God who reigneth on high.

6
Carol how He cometh again,
Seated on clouds, the Judge of men;
Then shall His children with great delight
Rise up to meet Him in glory bright.

Hark! sweet angel voices singing.

Carol 130. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *W. T. Belcher.*

1. Hark! sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing, Her - ald in this hap - py morn;
These sweet strains o'er Bethle - hem ring - ing: Peace, good will, a Sa - viour's born.

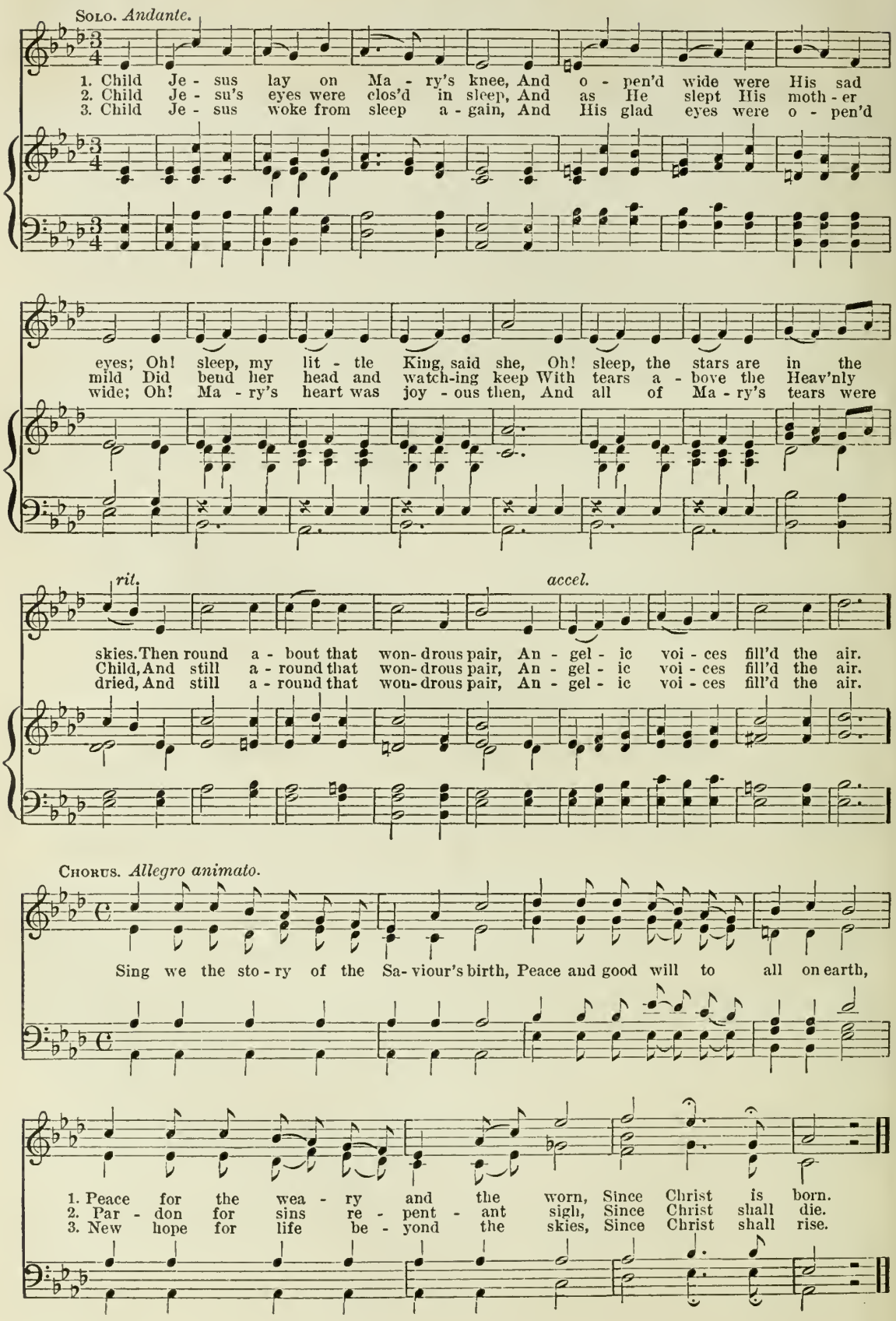
2
Glory to the Lord most highest,
Peace on earth, good will to man,
Love that sin and death defiest,
Destined yet our earth to span.

3
Hearts rejoice with joy responding,
Yield to the inspiring strain,
Hearts with sin, grief, care, desponding,
Breathe new life, bright hopes proclaim.

4
Hearts rejoice, all terrors vanish,
When His love pervades the soul,
All your doubting anguish banish,
Let His life your life control.

5
Hark! sweet angel voices singing,
Swell their anthem, join their praise,
Heaven and earth this joy is ringing
God mankind to heaven will raise

Child Jesus lay on Mary's knee.

Carol 131. (FOR CHRISTMAS.) *Clarence M. Conant.*

Solo. Andante.
1. Child Je - sus lay on Ma - ry's knee, And o - pen'd wide were His sad
2. Child Je - su's eyes were clos'd in sleep, And as He slept His moth - er
3. Child Je - sus woke from sleep a - gain, And His glad eyes were o - pen'd
eyes; Oh! sleep, my lit - tle King, said she, Oh! sleep, the stars are in the
mild Did bend her head and watch-ing keep With tears a - bove the Heav'nly
wide; Oh! Ma - ry's heart was joy - ous then, And all of Ma - ry's tears were
rit.
accel.
skies. Then round a - bout that won- drous pair, An - gel - ic voi - ces fill'd the air.
Child, And still a - round that won- drous pair, An - gel - ic voi - ces fill'd the air.
dried, And still a - round that won- drous pair, An - gel - ic voi - ces fill'd the air.
Chorus. Allegro animato.
Sing we the sto - ry of the Sa- viour's birth, Peace and good will to all on earth,
1. Peace for the wea - ry and the worn, Since Christ is born.
2. Par - don for sins re - pent - ant sigh, Since Christ shall die.
3. New hope for life be - yond the skies, Since Christ shall rise.

Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives.

Carol 132. (FOR EASTER.) *C. Fitzsimmons.*

Lively.

1. Ring out the an - them, Je - sus lives, No more to shed His blood; His death to us sal - va - tion gives, And now He reigns with God. Then ring the church - bell, The hap - py news tell The wide world a - broad.

CHORUS.

INTERLUDE.

2

He lives to hear the children's prayer,
To wake the children's song;
He listens to its music there
Amid the heavenly throng.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell,
The glad sound prolong.

3

He lives to plead when children sin,
To wash away each stain,
Their souls from Satan's grasp to win,
Saved from eternal pain.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell,
While earth shall remain.

4

He lives to bless each little heart
Which rests on Jesu's love,
His grace and mercy to impart,
And every fear remove.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell
Till the Easter above.

5

Upon each little restless head
To lay His unseen hand,
And guide the wandering little feet
To Canaan's promised land.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell,
A heaven-bound band.

6

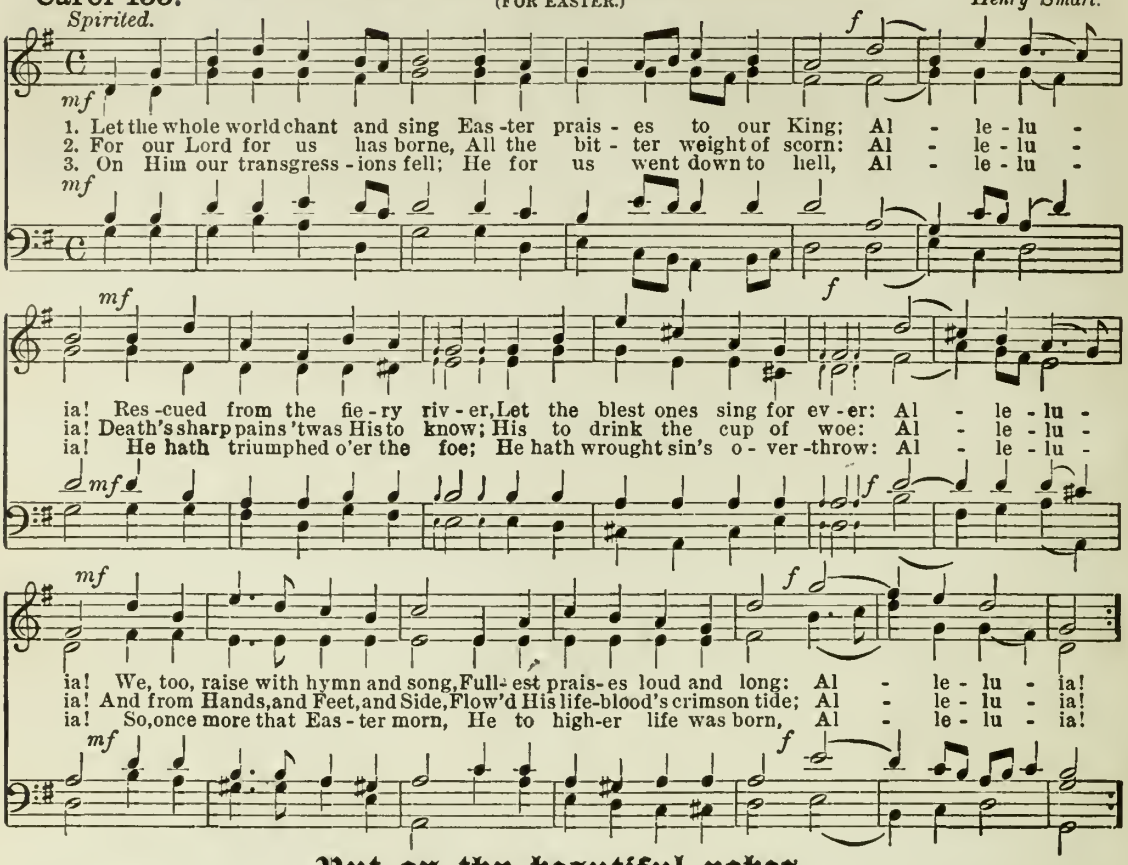
He now prepares the children's home,
Way up beyond the sky,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
And children never die.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell.
Let the echo reply.

7

Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives!
Repeat the joyful lays
Till every child on earth believes
And sings the Saviour's praise.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell
Throughout endless days.

Let the whole world chant and sing.

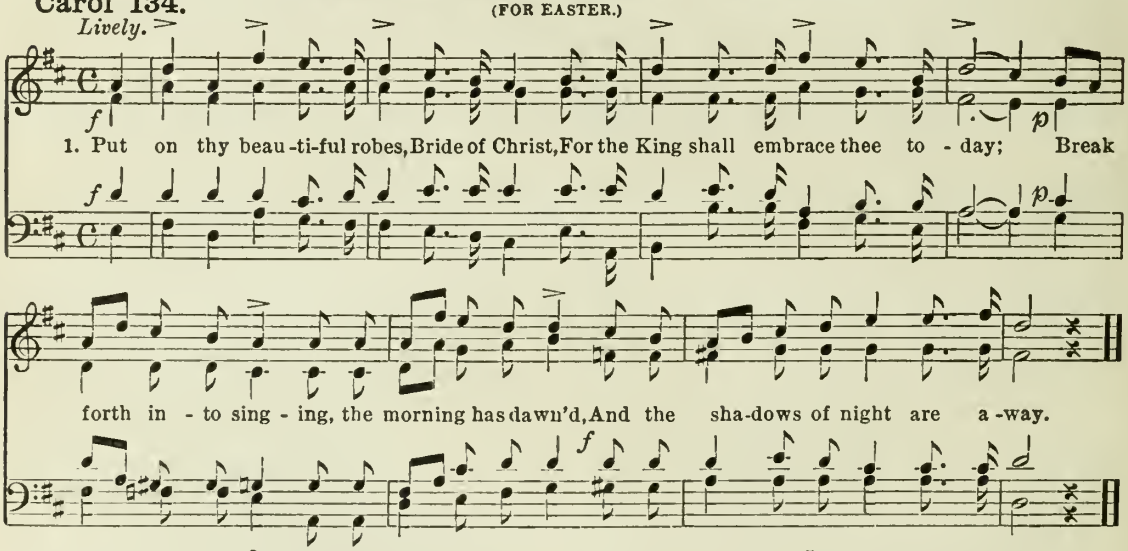
Carol 133. (FOR EASTER.) *Henry Smart.*

Spirited.

1. Let the whole world chant and sing Eas-ter prais-es to our King; Al-le-lu-
2. For our Lord for us has borne, All the bit-ter weight of scorn: Al-le-lu-
3. On Him our transgress-ions fell; He for us went down to hell, Al-le-lu-
ia! Res-cued from the fie-ry riv-er, Let the blest ones sing for ev-er: Al-le-lu-
ia! Death's sharp pains 'twas His to know; His to drink the cup of woe: Al-le-lu-
ia! He hath triumphed o'er the foe; He hath wrought sin's o-ver-throw: Al-le-lu-
ia! We, too, raise with hymn and song, Full-est prais-es loud and long: Al-le-lu-ia!
ia! And from Hands, and Feet, and Side, Flow'd His life-blood's crimson tide; Al-le-lu-ia!
ia! So, once more that Eas-ter morn, He to high-er life was born, Al-le-lu-ia!

Put on thy beautiful robes.

Carol 134. (FOR EASTER.)

Lively.


1. Put on thy beau-ti-ful robes, Bride of Christ, For the King shall embrace thee to-day; Break
forth in-to sing-ing, the morning has dawn'd, And the sha-dows of night are a-way.

2

Shake off the dust from thy feet, Bride of Christ,
For the Conqueror, girded with might,
Has vanquished the foe, the dragon cast down,
And the cohorts of hell put to flight.

3

Thou art the Bride of His love, His elect,
Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past;
Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,
But He comes with the morning at last.

4

The winds bear the noise of His chariot wheels,
And the thunders of victory roar;
Lift up thy beautiful gates, Bride of Christ,
For the grave has dominion no more.

5

Once they arrayed Him with scorn: but see!
His apparel is glorious now;
In His hands are the keys of death and of hell,
And the diadem gleams on His brow.

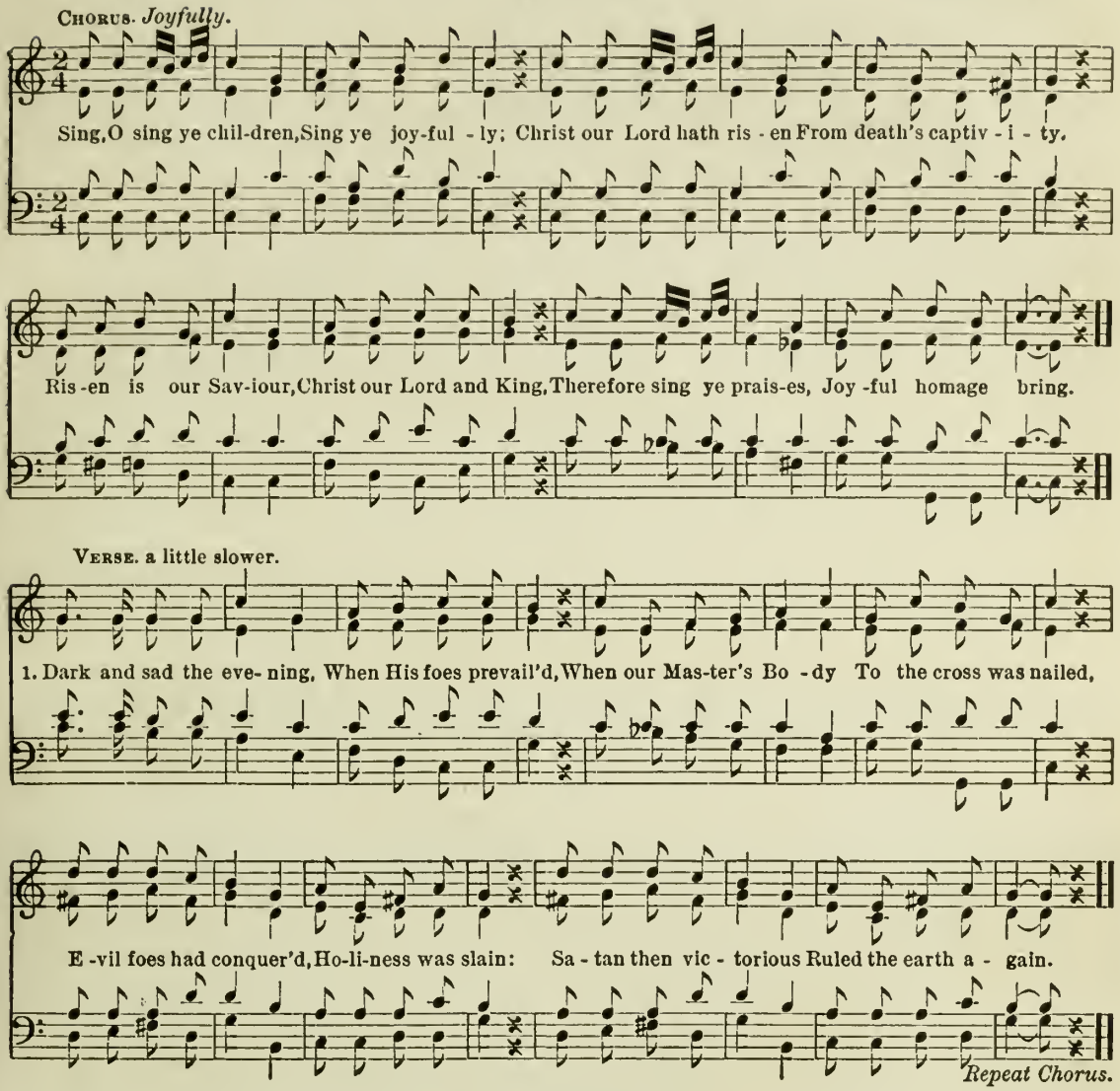
6

Hark! 'tis her voice; Alleluia — she sings —
Alleluia, the captives are free;
Unfolded the gates of Paradise stand,
And unfolded for ever shall be.

7

Choir answers choir, where the song has no end,
All the saints raise Hosannas on high;
Deep calls to deep in the ocean of love,
As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry.

Sing, O sing, ye children.

Carol 135. (FOR EASTER.) *George C. Pearson.*

Chorus. Joyfully.
Sing, O sing ye chil-dren, Sing ye joy-ful - ly; Christ our Lord hath ris - en From death's captiv - i - ty.
Ris-en is our Sav-iour, Christ our Lord and King, Therefore sing ye prais-es, Joy-ful homage bring.
Verse. a little slower.
1. Dark and sad the eve- ning, When His foes prevail'd, When our Mas-ter's Bo - dy To the cross was nailed,
E-vil foes had conquer'd, Ho-li-ness was slain: Sa - tan then vic - torious Ruled the earth a - gain.
Repeat Chorus.

2

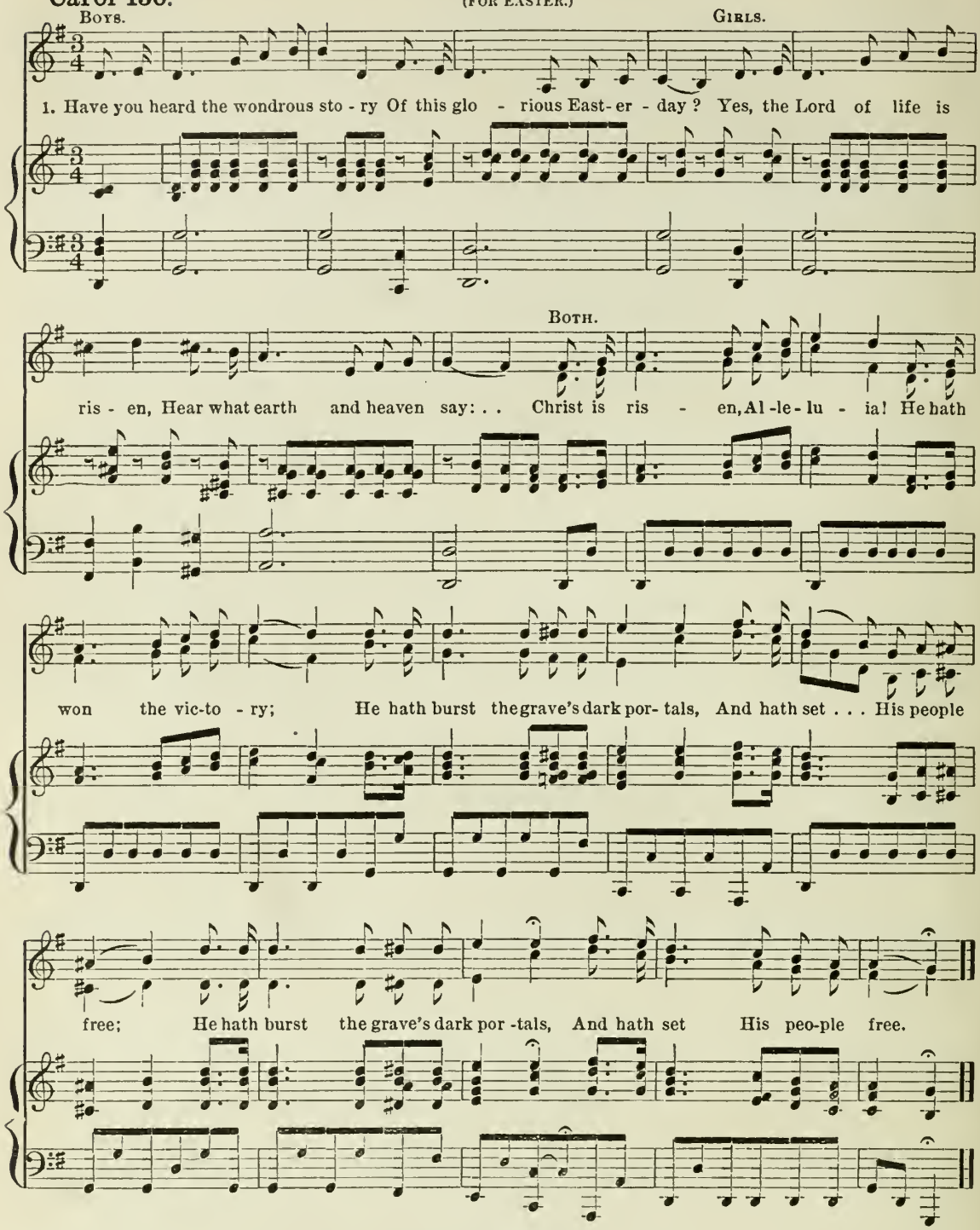
Follow to the garden,
To the rocky tomb,
Where His friends had laid Him
In the deep'ning gloom;
Roman guards are stationed,
Fixed the Jewish seal,
Lest, by night, the faithful,
Should His Body steal.
Sing, O sing, etc.

3

Ever in the heavens
Reigneth Christ our King,
And, His might extolling,
We His praises sing;
Sing the wondrous glory
Of the joyful hour,
When the grave was conquered
By His mighty power!
Sing, O sing, etc.

Have you heard the wondrous story?

Carol 136. (FOR EASTER.) *H. W. Parker.*


Boys.
Girls.
1. Have you heard the wondrous sto - ry Of this glo - rious East- er - day? Yes, the Lord of life is
Both.
ris - en, Hear what earth and heaven say: . . Christ is ris - en, Al - le - lu - ia! He hath
won the vic-to - ry; He hath burst the grave's dark por- tals, And hath set . . . His people
free; He hath burst the grave's dark por -tals, And hath set His peo-ple free.

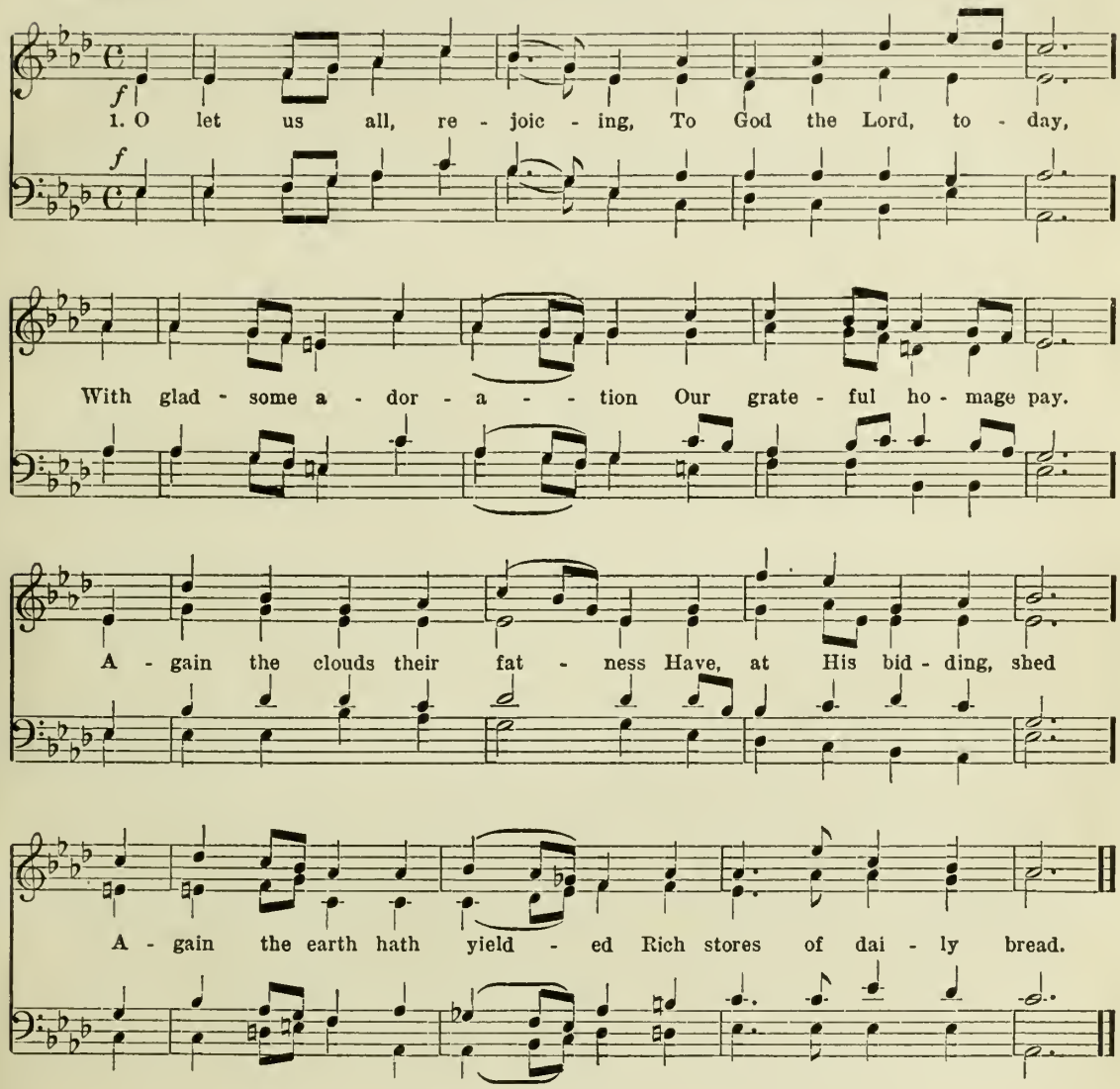
2

How shall we show forth our gladness
On this blessed Easter-day?
Praise the Lord of life and glory,
And with all His people say:
Christ is risen, etc.

3

But can words show forth the measure
Of the debt of love we'd pay?
No, in holy deed and loving
Let our lives forever say:
Christ is risen, etc.

O let us all, rejoicing.

Carol 137. (HARVEST.) *H. S. Irons.*

f
1. O let us all, re - joic - ing, To God the Lord, to - day,
f
With glad - some a - dor - a - - tion Our grate - ful ho - mage pay.
A - gain the clouds their fat - ness Have, at His bid - ding, shed
A - gain the earth hath yield - ed Rich stores of dai - ly bread.

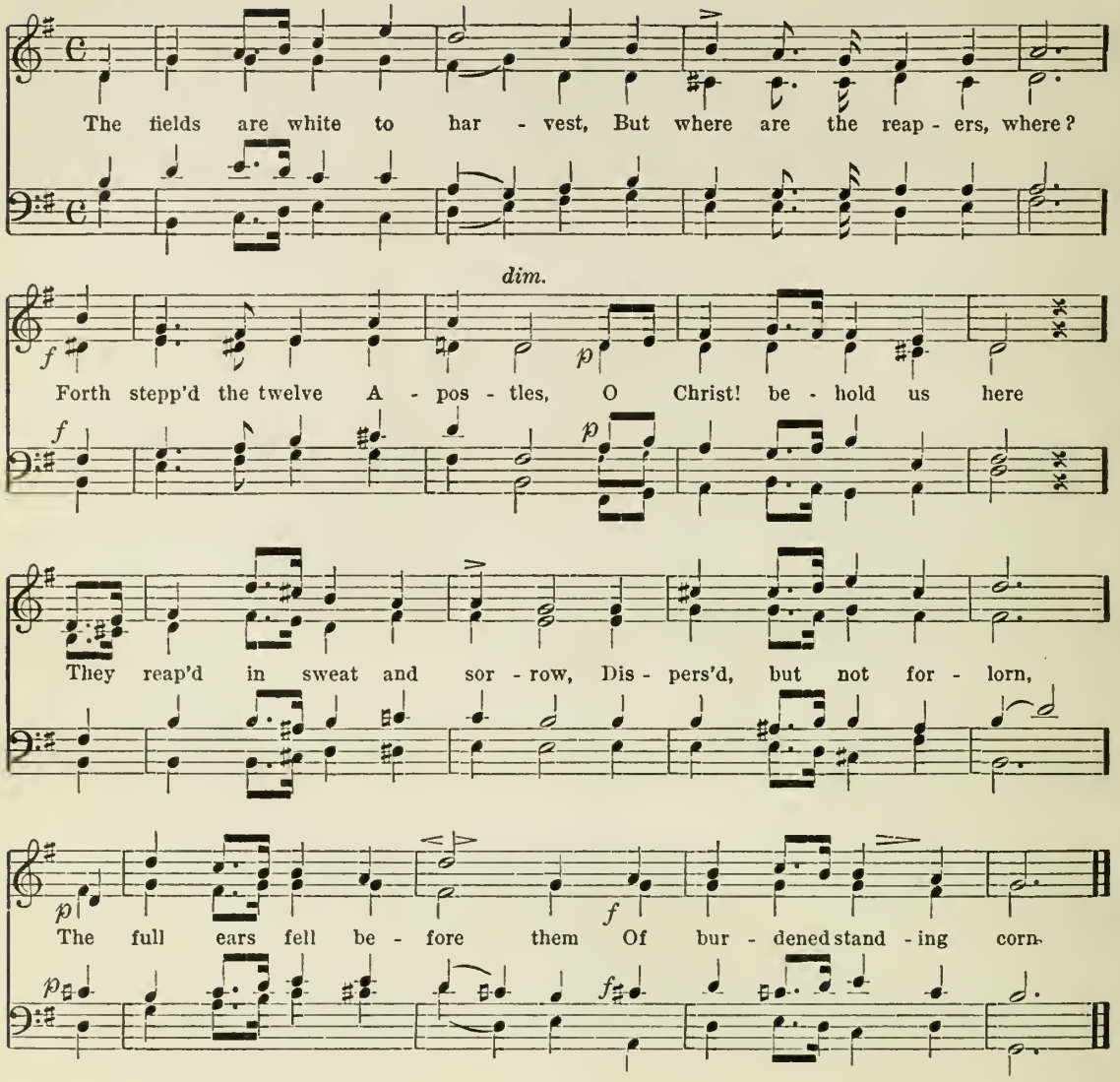
2

mf Again in every garner,
A plenteous winter hoard,
Safe through a Father's goodness,
The yellow sheaves are stored.
Now therefore to Thy temple
Both young and old we come,
cr Father, to Thee upraising
f Our song of Harvest Home.

3

p And though with lips unworthy
Our hymns of joy we sing,
For Jesu's sake forgiving
cr Accept the praise we bring:
mf And help us, by Thy Spirit
With gifts of grace endued,
To live to Thee hereafter
f A life of gratitude.

The fields are white to harvest.

Carol 138. (HARVEST.) *H. Fleetwood Sheppard.*

The fields are white to har - vest, But where are the reap - ers, where?
dim.
Forth stepp'd the twelve A - pos - tles, O Christ! be - hold us here
They reap'd in sweat and sor - row, Dis - pers'd, but not for - lorn,
The full ears fell be - fore them Of bur - dened stand - ing corn.

2

To laborers fainting, bleeding,
To eyes that fill with tears,
Still on the blue horizon
A new white field appears.
"To where the angel faces
Look pleadingly to Rome,
And green ears daily ripen,
Go forth from friend and home."

3

"I go," says brave Augustine,
The gospel on his heart,
"In the great harvest labour,
With joy to take my part."
On white cliffs where the eagle
Of Cæsar once did perch,
Angustine plants Christ's standard,
And founds the Christian Church.

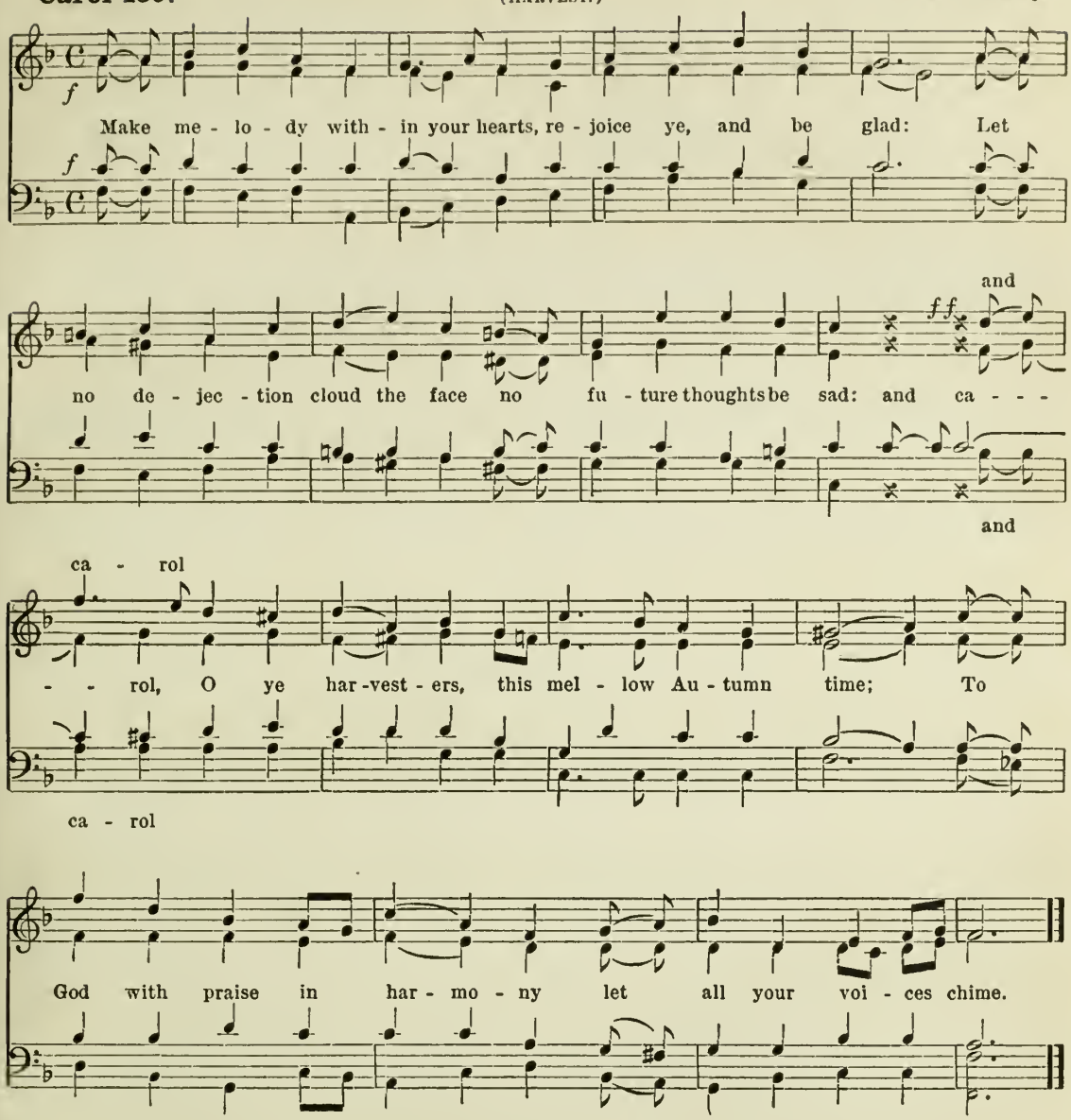
4

And through the sweep of ages
His followers are seen,
Now sowing, and now reaping,
Fields ripening and green.
The garners brim not over,
The labourers are few,
Though God still sends His sunshine,
And drops His quickening dew

5

O Master of the corn-fields,
Call as Thou didst of old!
Men's hearts will leap to labour,
And reap the growing gold.
And what for us Augustine
Did work, we will repay,
To other lands where whitens
God's harvest field to-day.

Make melody within your hearts.

Carol 139. (HARVEST.) *Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.*

Make me - lo - dy with - in your hearts, re - joice ye, and be glad: Let
and
no de - jec - tion cloud the face no fu - ture thoughts be sad: and ca - - -
and
ca - rol
- - rol, O ye har - vest - ers, this mel - low Au - tumn time; To
ca - rol
God with praise in har - mo - ny let all your voi - ces chime.

2

mf The year upon the lap of earth casts flowers fresh and fair,
The year is crowned with treasures, and with blessings rich and rare:
About her ample brows a wreath most joyfully is worn
Of clustered vine, fruit-laden boughs, and stalks of bearded corn.

3

p To cheer us on our pilgrimage in sunshine or in shade,
Floats the murmur of sweet music from ev'ry branchy glade,
And the warbling of the wild birds, with bleatings of the fold,
Mingled softly with the lowing of cattle on the wold;

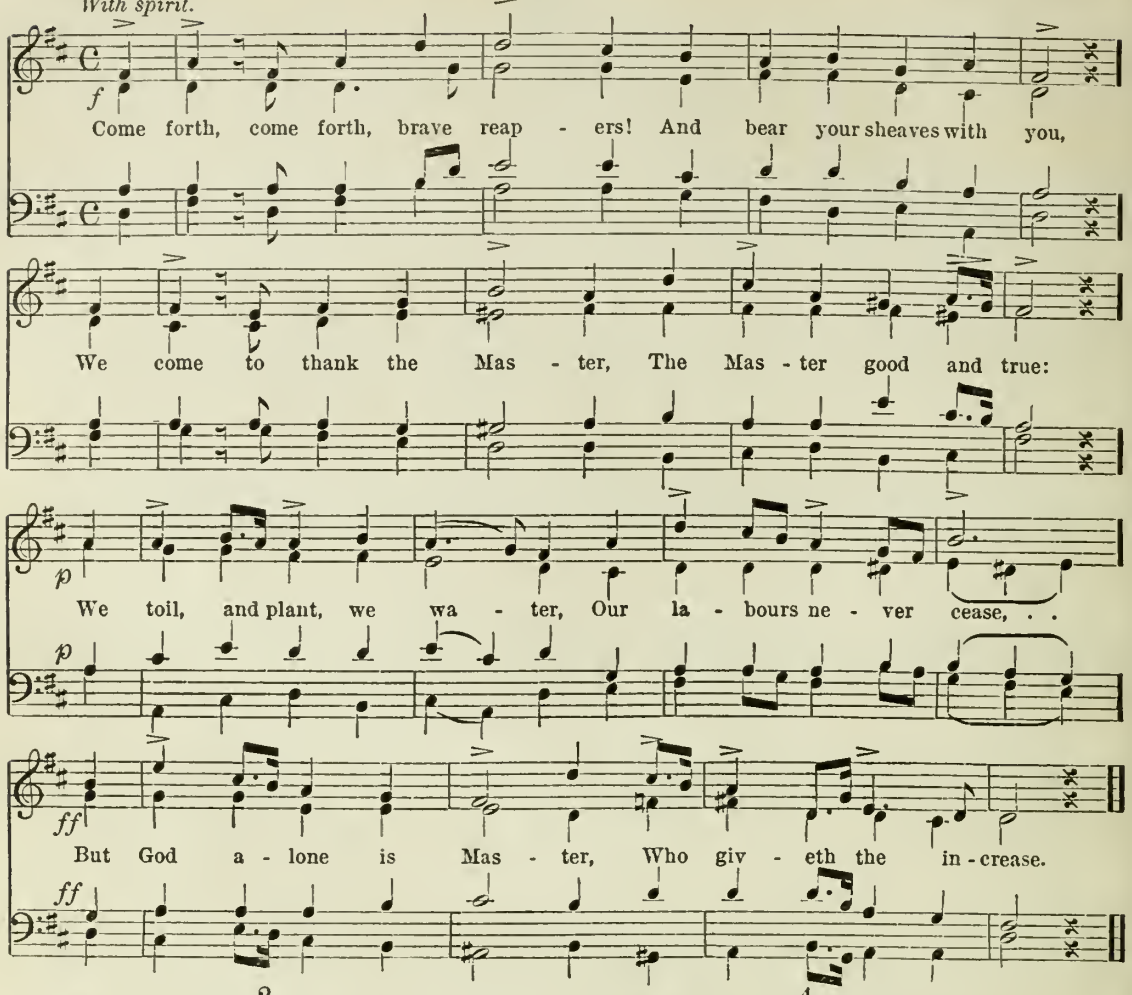
4

mp And the rustle of the leaflets on slender stem and spray,
As though for joy they clapp'd their palms throughout the livelong day,
And the merry rant of children that frolic on the lea,
Fill up the swelling chorus of universal glee.

Come forth, come forth, brave reapers!

Carol 140. (HARVEST.) *G. B. Lissant.*

With spirit.


Come forth, come forth, brave reap - ers! And bear your sheaves with you,
We come to thank the Mas - ter, The Mas - ter good and true:
We toil, and plant, we wa - ter, Our la - bours ne - ver cease, . .
But God a - lone is Mas - ter, Who giv - eth the in - crease.

2

p We sow in tears and labour,
cr We reap in joy and strength,
p We tread our pathway weeping,
cr Good seed we bear at length;
mf Our mouth is filled with laughter,
Our tongue is filled with mirth,
The Harvest is of Heaven,
The labour was of earth.

3

mf The Lord of Life saith to us,
"Come gather in your wheat!
But when you keep your Harvest
p One thing do not forget:
There comes another Harvest
For which no mortal delves,
There I am Harvest-Master,
The sheaves are you yourselves.—

4

My Angels are the Reapers,
Both night and day they care
To see the seed grow riper
Within the bending ear:
At last through Heaven's bright portal
The Guardian Angels sweep,
And say 'The corn is ready,
Give, Lord, the word to reap.'"

5

mf And then the word is given,
"Go forth and reap the corn,
The fields so white to Harvest
Upon this Harvest morn:
Go forth, My Angel Reapers,
And in your bosoms bear
The sheaves to My full garner,
And store the Harvest there."

6

f O joy! O Life for ever!
O Life of days to come!
O Day which knows no ending!
O endless Harvest-Home!
A Harvest-Home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy!
A blest Abode! A Feast of God!
A Paradise of joy!

Child Divine.

Carol 141. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. F. Bridge. Mus. Doc.*

Smoothly, and not too fast.

1. List! a - far! what an - gel voi - ces Fall up - on the win- ter night! Earth a - mid the
sound re - joi - ces; Broods of E - vil speed their flight. List—for aye sweet words of glad - ness
Through the ge - ne - ra - tions roll, Calm - ing ev' - ry mourner's sadness:—"CHRIST is born—to
save thy soul." Child Di-vine—what Pow'rs are round Thee! Health to man Thy Presence brings:
Age by age have my-riads found Thee LORD of Lords and KING of . . . Kings.

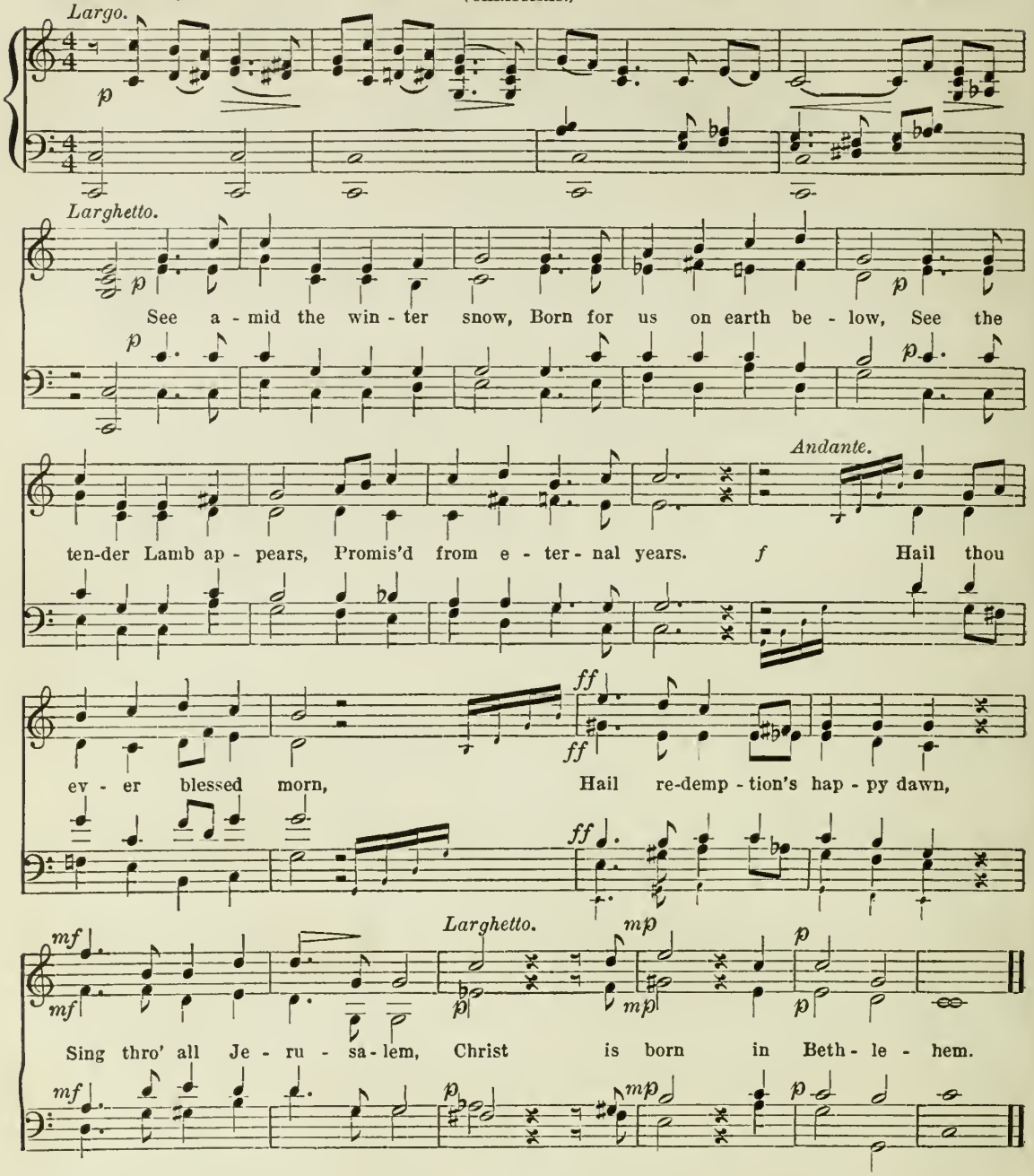
2 Born to heal what sin hath broken —
Born its captives to release —
Born — by Prophet-lips forespoken —
MIGHTY GOD and PRINCE of Peace;
When the Passions rage in blindness,
Thou their stormy waves canst still,
Turning by Thy Spell of Kindness
Hate and Malice to Good-will,
Child Divine — whoe'er hath known Thee
Hails the joy Thy Presence brings:
Thine through life — in Death we own Thee
LORD of Lords and KING of Kings.

3 Sing, ye hosts — triumphant thronging
Round The LAMB enthroned in Light.
Sing, O man — the hymn prolonging
Through thy toils of hourly fight.
Sing what Grace, what nameless Glory
Stooped to rescue sons of Earth;
Grateful spread the wondrous story,—
Hail The Incarnate SAVIOUR's Birth.
Child Divine, all hearts that know Thee
Know the strength Thy Presence brings,—
Know what debt of Love we owe Thee,
LORD of Lords and KING of Kings.

Parish Choir, No. 342—4.

See amid the winter snow.

Carol 142. (CHRISTMAS.) *R. A. Smith.*


Largo.
Larghetto.
See a - mid the win - ter snow, Born for us on earth be - low, See the
Andante.
ten-der Lamb ap - pears, Promis'd from e - ter - nal years. Hail thou
ev - er blessed morn, Hail re-demp - tion's hap - py dawn,
Larghetto.
Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

2

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the earth and skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.— Hail, etc.

3

"Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have you left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?"—Hail, etc.

4

"As we watched at dead of night
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing, Peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."—Hail, etc.

5

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!—Hail, etc.

6

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.— Hail, etc.

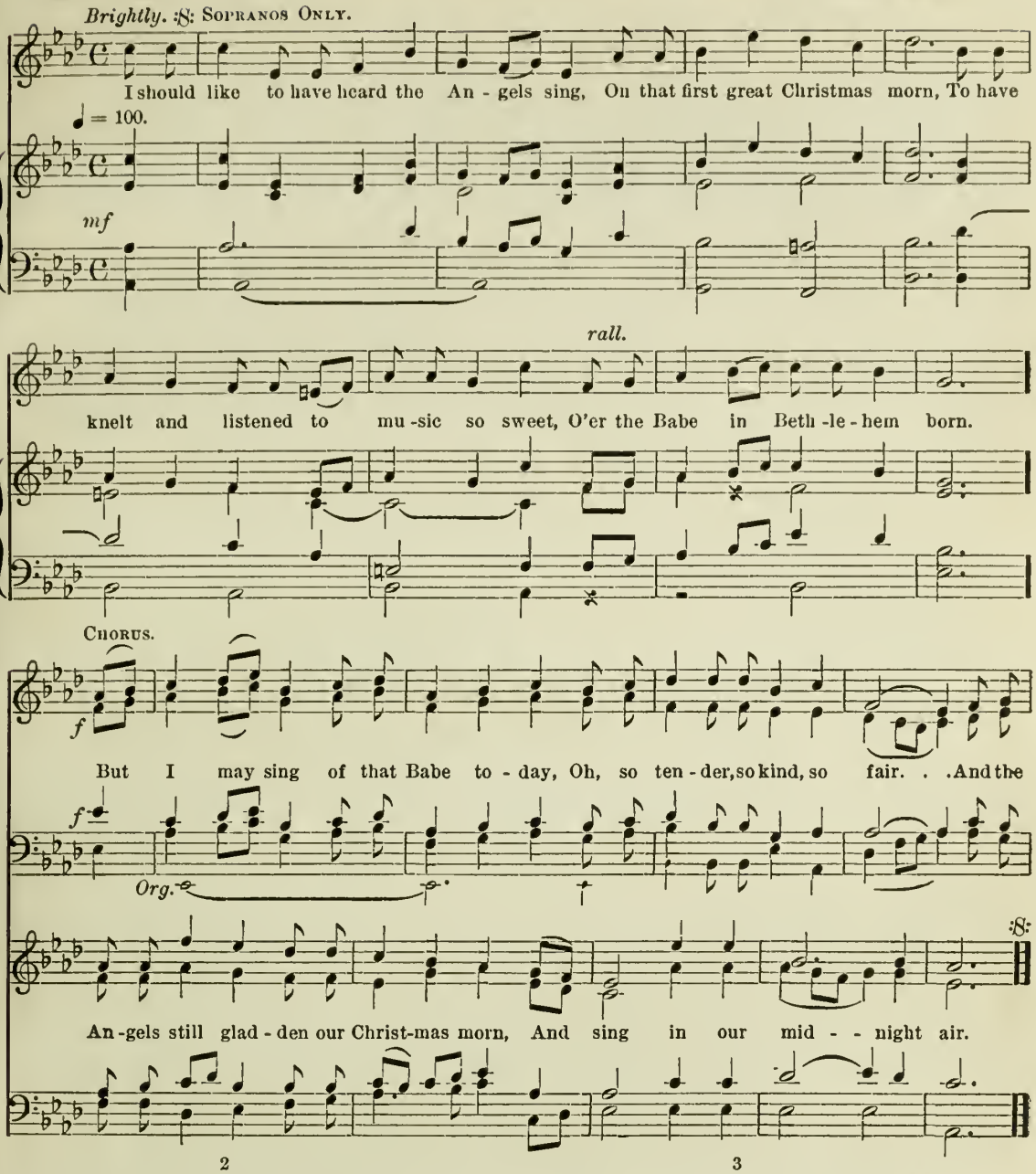
7

Virgin Mother! Mary blest!
By the joys that fill Thy breast,
Pray for us, that we may prove
Worthy of our Saviour's love.— Hail, etc.

The first Christmas Night.

Carol 143.

W. H. Sangster. Mus. Doc.


Brightly. :S: Sopranos Only.
I should like to have heard the An - gels sing, On that first great Christmas morn, To have
♩ = 100.
mf
rall.
knelt and listened to mu-sic so sweet, O'er the Babe in Beth-le-hem born.
Chorus.
f
But I may sing of that Babe to - day, Oh, so ten - der, so kind, so fair. . .And the
f
Org.
:S:
An-gels still glad - den our Christ-mas morn, And sing in our mid - - night air.

2

I should like to have watched the great stars shine,
As they did that Christmas night;
Till my heart was bright with a heavenly flame,
And my soul was bathed in light.
Cho. But the stars are there in heaven above,
And as sweetly still they shine;
And the lapse of years and the wear of time
Make no change in that heaven of mine.

3

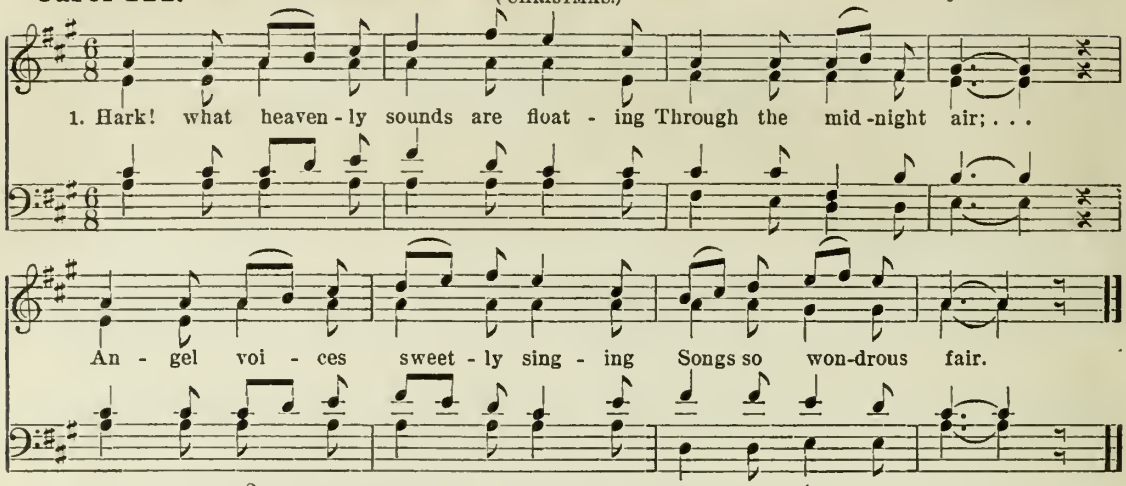
I should like to have been a shepherd there,
To have watched my flock by night,
To have seen the wonderful glory shine,
Till the hills were paved with light.
Cho. But I need no Bethel hill to climb
Nor a shepherd my calling be,
For I'm but a sheep, and no shepherd I,
That Jesus must be to me.

4

I should like to have seen that manger crib,
To have knelt before that shrine,
To have laid my gift at those tender feet,
And have worshipped the Babe divine.
Cho. But I may worship that Babe to-day,
And as truly my Christmas see,
For His presence is now my Bethlehem,
And His love shall my carol be.

Hark! what heavenly sounds are floating.

Carol 144. (CHRISTMAS.) *Henry T. Tiltman.*



2

"Come and worship" seems the burthen
Of their festal lay,
"In the little city yonder,
Christ is born to-day."

3

See around the lowly cradle
Wise men from afar
Bow in deepest adoration
To the Holy Star.

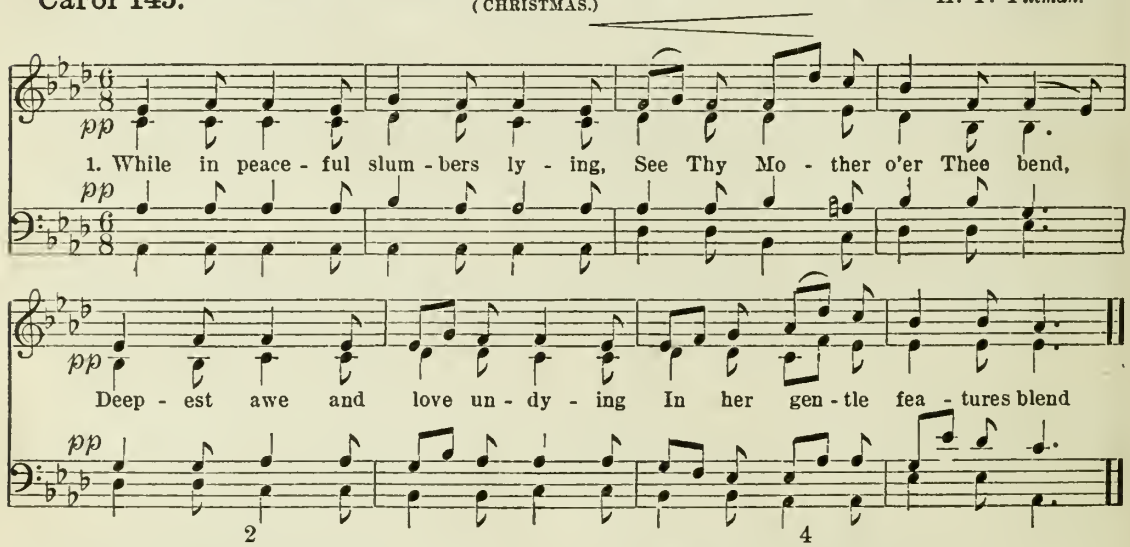
4

Shouts of praise and songs celestial
Mount up to the skies,
Shadows of terrestrial darkness
From creation rise.

5

Lo! the long expected Jesus
Comes to set us free,
Lift your voices, swell the anthem
To the one in Three.

While in peaceful slumbers lying.

Carol 145. (CHRISTMAS.) *H. T. Tiltman.*

pp
1. While in peace - ful slum - bers ly - ing, See Thy Mo - ther o'er Thee bend,
Deep - est awe and love un - dy - ing In her gen - tle fea - tures blend

2

Rest Thee, Holy Babe, reposing
On the blessed Virgin's knee,
Though without the night is closing,
There can be no night near Thee.

3

For around Thy lowly manger
Glows a radiance all divine,
Angels guarding Thee from danger,
With increasèd brightness shine.

4

As a sacred circle forming,
Each with outspread silver wing,
In the dark and early morning,
Softly, reverently, they sing: —

5

Hush'd our songs of exultation,
Hymns and praise alike must cease,
Lo, we watch in adoration,
Christ, our Messenger of Peace.

6

"There He lies so calmly sleeping,
And as yet untouched by care;
Rest Thee, Babe, our guard we're keeping,
We Thy parents' vigil share."

The Easter sunshine breaks again.

Carol 146. (EASTER.) *Geo. E. Oliver.*

Allegro pomposo.

♩ = 120.

rall.

1. The
2. Fair
3. So

East - er sun - shine breaks a - gain On all the sin - ful earth, More
blos - soms on the East - er morn, Fling forth their fra - grance sweet, And
on this glo - rious East - er day Our glad - some songs we raise, And

glo - rious than the star - lit morn, We've sang at Je - sus' Birth! We've
tell of Res - ur - rec - tion - joy, And Je - sus' work com - plete! But
ech - o e'en to Heav'n's own gates Our hap - py notes of praise! For

rall. *mf*

Tempo rubato. *p* *f atempo.*

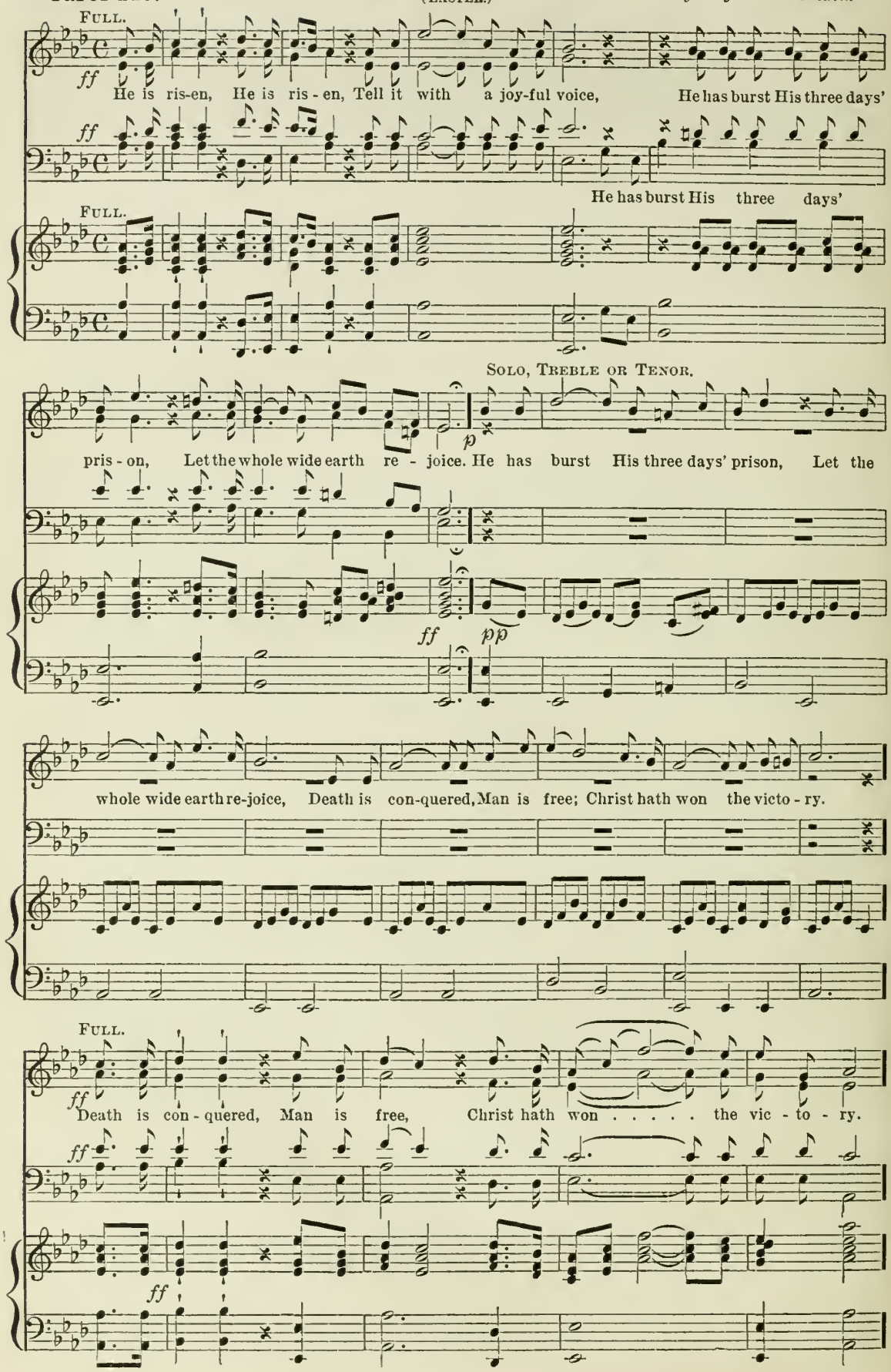
watch'd be - side our Sav - iour's Cross, We've sor - row'd at His Grave; But
fair - er still the of - fer - ing Each lov - ing heart should bring, Of
He who died is ris'n a - gain, "The Life, the Truth, the Way!" Sing

rall.

now He's bro - ken Death's dark bands, Our Je - sus, strong to save!
faith and love and pen - i - tence, To Christ, its ris - en King.
on, ye hap - py Chris - tian hearts, The Lord is ris'n to - day.

He is risen.

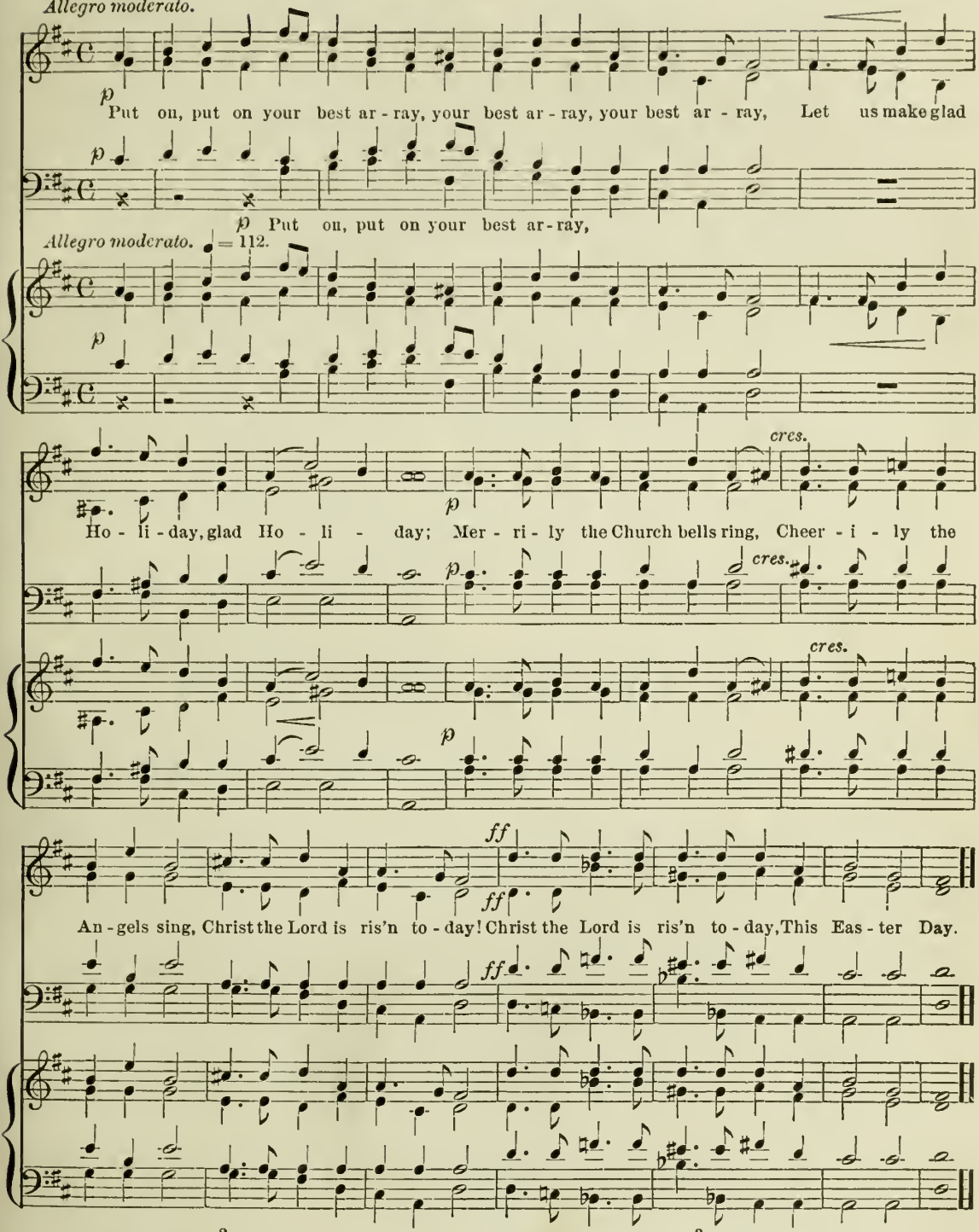
Carol 147. (EASTER.) *Arranged by R. R. Arndell.*


FULL.
ff
He is ris-en, He is ris - en, Tell it with a joy-ful voice, He has burst His three days'
ff
He has burst His three days'
FULL.
SOLO, TREBLE OR TENOR.
pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice. He has burst His three days' prison, Let the
p
ff
pp
whole wide earth re-joice, Death is con-quered, Man is free; Christ hath won the victo - ry.
FULL.
ff
Death is con - quered, Man is free, Christ hath won . . . . . the vic - to - ry.
ff
ff

Put on, put on your best array.

Carol 148. (EASTER.) *E. Greatorex.*

Allegro moderato.


p
Put on, put on your best ar - ray, your best ar - ray, your best ar - ray, Let us make glad
p
Put on, put on your best ar-ray,
Allegro moderato. ♩ = 112.
cres.
Ho - li - day, glad Ho - li - day; Mer - ri - ly the Church bells ring, Cheer - i - ly the
ff
An - gels sing, Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, This Eas - ter Day.

2.

Sing, sing ye birds on ev'ry tree,
Carol, warblers, o'er the lea;
Gone are winter's gloomy days,
Banished by the Sun's bright rays;
Christ from death hath set us free!
This Easter Day.

3.

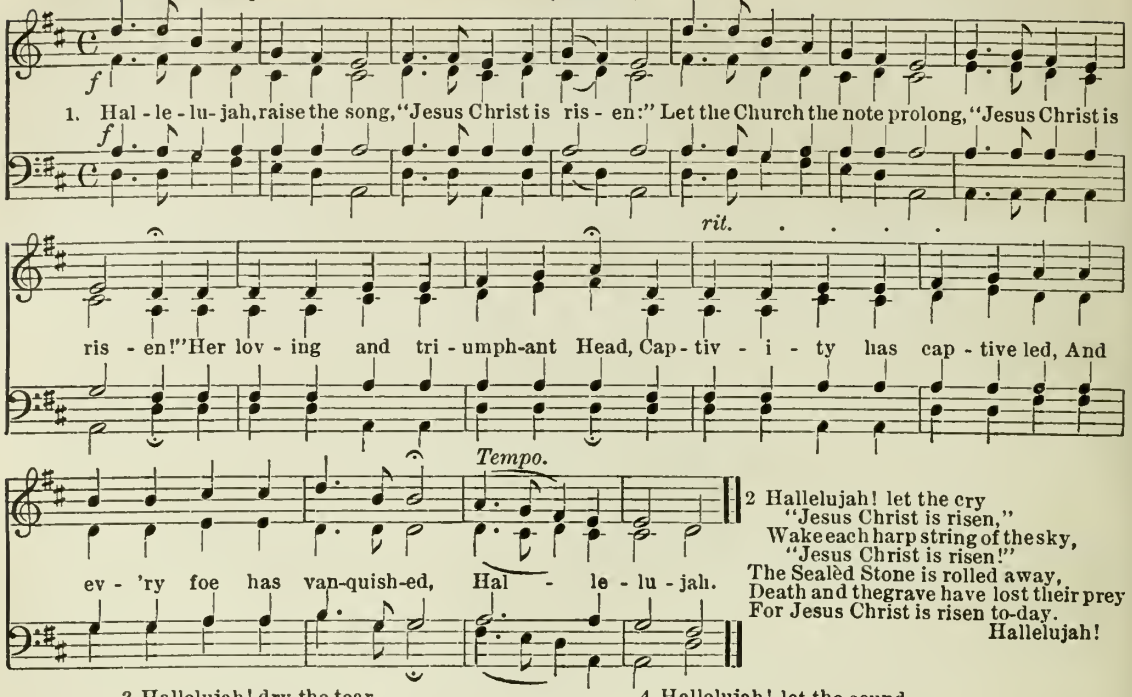
Spring, spring, ye flowers of richest dyes,
Lift to Heav'n your dewy eyes;
Spring has come from God on high,
We wake to life no more to die,
Christ the Risen bids us rise,
This Easter Day.

4.

Depart, depart, ye shades of night,
Before our Risen Sun's great Light;
Lift we up our chant of praise
Quickened by His orient rays,
All is glorious, all is bright
This Easter Day.

Hallelujah, raise the song.

Carol 149. *Briskly.* (EASTER.) *J. Warren Andrews.*


1. Hal - le - lu - jah, raise the song, "Jesus Christ is ris - en:" Let the Church the note prolong, "Jesus Christ is
rit.
ris - en!" Her lov - ing and tri - umph-ant Head, Cap - tiv - i - ty has cap - tive led, And
Tempo.
ev - 'ry foe has van-quish-ed, Hal - le - lu - jah.

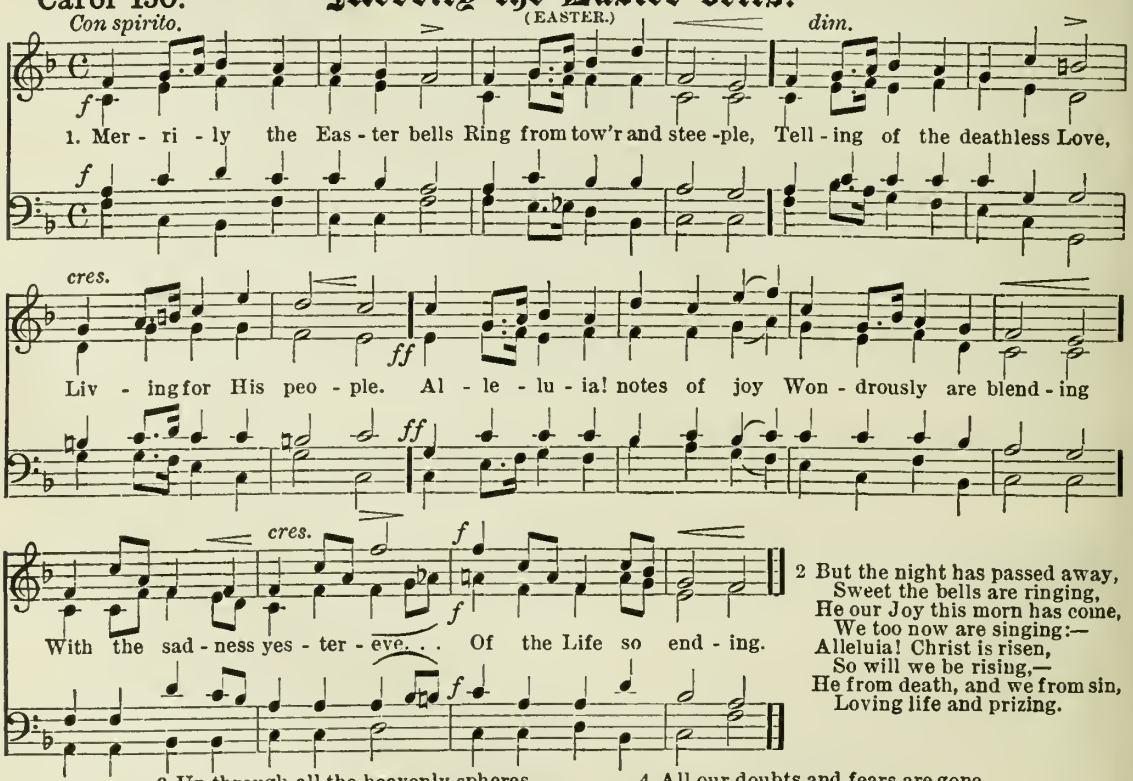
2 Hallelujah! let the cry
"Jesus Christ is risen,"
Wake each harp string of the sky,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
The Sealèd Stone is rolled away,
Death and the grave have lost their prey
For Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
Hallelujah!

3 Hallelujah! dry the tear,
"Jesus Christ is risen;"
Sound o'er every silent bier,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Thrice blessed pledge, ye mourners keep,
Who for your lost and loved ones weep,
Because He lives, they only sleep. Hallelujah!

4 Hallelujah! let the sound,
"Jesus Christ is risen,"
Circulate the world around,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Soon may the world's great Easter be,
When, her now bondaged children free,
Exultant, Lord, shall reign with Thee. Hallelujah!

Merrily the Easter bells.

Carol 150. *Con spirito.* (EASTER.)


dim.
1. Mer - ri - ly the Eas - ter bells Ring from tow'r and stee - ple, Tell - ing of the deathless Love,
cres.
ff
Liv - ing for His peo - ple. Al - le - lu - ia! notes of joy Won - drously are blend - ing
cres.
With the sad - ness yes - ter - eve. . . Of the Life so end - ing.

2 But the night has passed away,
Sweet the bells are ringing,
He our Joy this morn has come,
We too now are singing:—
Alleluia! Christ is risen,
So will we be rising,—
He from death, and we from sin,
Loving life and prizing.

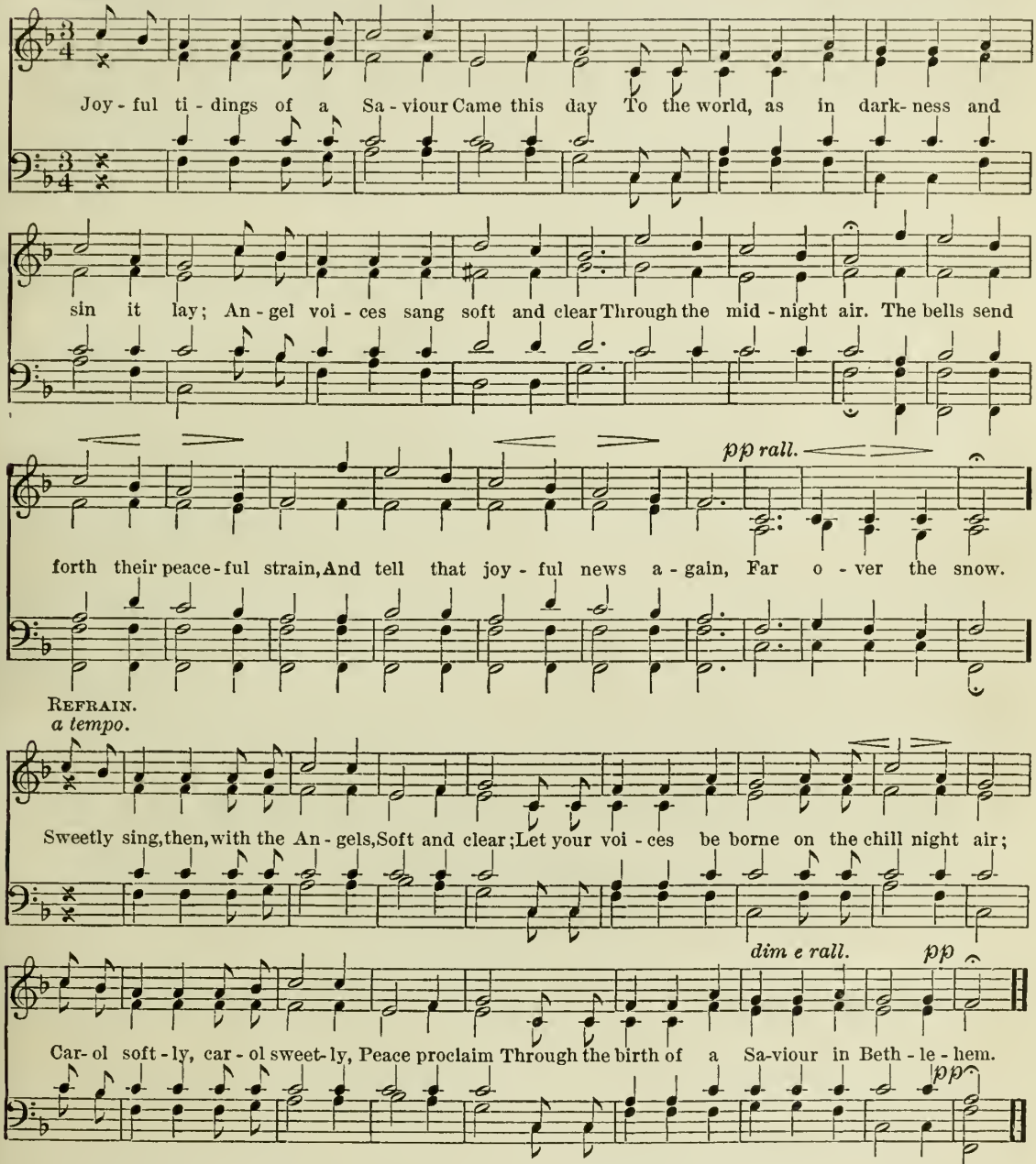
3 Up through all the heavenly spheres
Ring the old, old story,
As we sing the Easter joy
Of the Lord of Glory.
Alleluia! angels sing
Songs of joy with mortals—
Of the way of Life to-day
Christ unbarred the portals.

4 All our doubts and fears are gone,
Cheerily the pealing
Through the blinding mist of tears
Wakens joyous feeling.
Alleluia! ring again,
Christ has passed the river,
As He rose and lives would we
Rise and live for ever!

Joyful tidings of a Saviour.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 151. *Rev. S. M. Nourse.*


Joy - ful ti - dings of a Sa - viour Came this day To the world, as in dark- ness and
sin it lay; An - gel voi - ces sang soft and clear Through the mid - night air. The bells send
pp rall.
forth their peace - ful strain, And tell that joy - ful news a - gain, Far o - ver the snow.
Refrain.
a tempo.
Sweetly sing, then, with the An - gels, Soft and clear; Let your voi - ces be borne on the chill night air;
dim e rall.
pp
Car- ol soft - ly, car - ol sweet- ly, Peace proclaim Through the birth of a Sa-viour in Beth - le - hem.
pp

2 Holy tributes to the manger
Let us bring,
Let us welcome the Saviour, our Lord and King;
While the earth with pure snow is clad
Let pure hearts be glad.
And bells ring out their joyful peal,
And Angel voices gently steal
Far through the still night.
Ref:—Sweetly sing, etc.

3 Humbly sheltered in a stable
Jesus lay;
May He likewise be found in our hearts this day:
Holy Saviour, do Thou be near,
Bring Thou holy cheer;
And we will sing in glad accord
With joyful bells and Angels' word,
Both now and for aye.
Ref:—Sweetly sing, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 389—4.

Hark! the joyful Christmas greeting.

Carol 152. *F. T. Southwick.*

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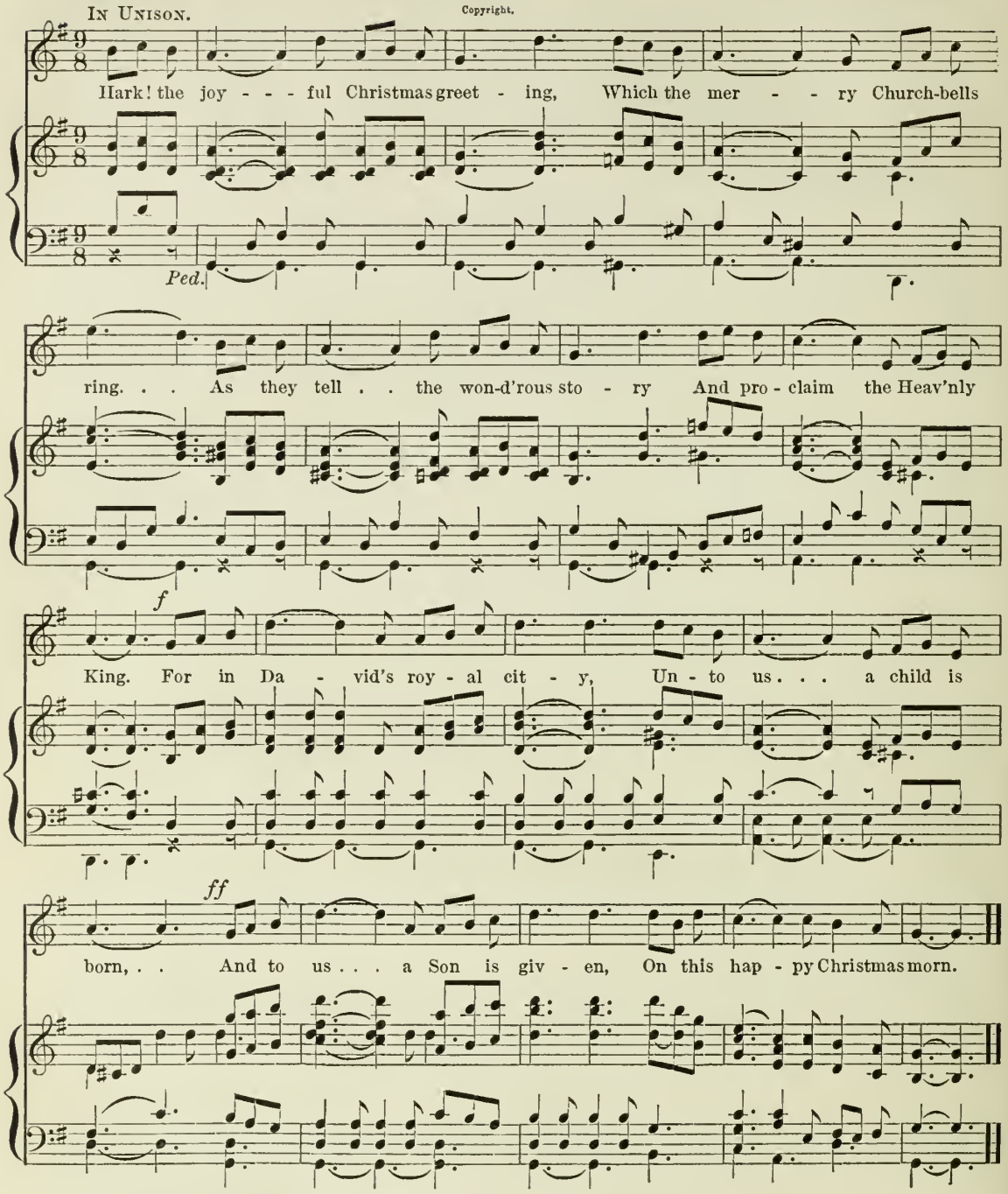
In Unison.


Hark! the joy - - - ful Christmas greet - ing, Which the mer - - - ry Church-bells
Ped.
ring. . . As they tell . . the won-d'rous sto - ry And pro - claim the Heav'nly
f
King. For in Da - vid's roy - al cit - y, Un - to us. . . a child is
ff
born, . . And to us . . . a Son is giv - en, On this hap - py Christmas morn.

2

Trustfully the sages sought Him
When they saw the star arise,
Beaming brightly, beckoning onward,
Moving through the Eastern skies.
And above a lowly stable
Soon it rested, shining clear;
Entering, the wise men found Him
In a manger rough and drear.

3

Precious gifts of gold and spices
From the Orient they brought;
Low in adoration, bending
To the King whose throne they sought.
In no robe of royal purple
Was He clothed, as princes wear,
But in humblest garb, the Saviour
Came our earthly lot to share.

4

As the wise men brought their treasures,
Offering them on bended knee,
So may we our prayer and praises
Ever offer, Lord, to Thee.
Let us then, with glad Hosannas,
Sing His praise with sweet accord,
Who was born this day to save us:
Jesus, Saviour, Christ, the Lord.

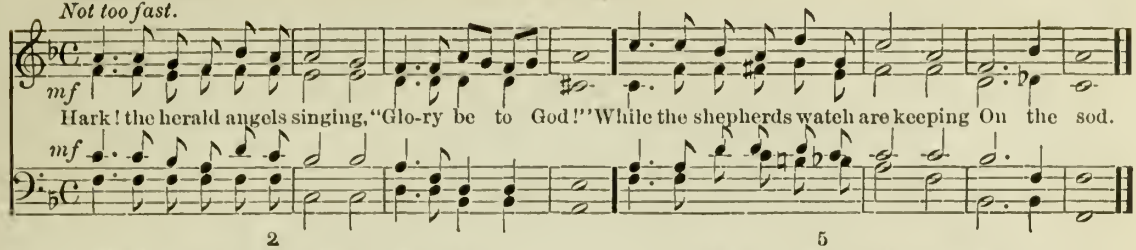
Hark! the herald angels singing.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Copyright.

Carol 153.

Not too fast.



2

p "Peace on earth," to man proclaiming
Joyous news to all:
Tidings great to mortals bringing,
Saved from thrall.

3

mf Lo, in Bethlehem, in a manger,
God Incarnate lies;
Come, to save a world in danger,
From the skies.

4

Hasten, shepherds, to adore Him!
Hail the Saviour—King!
Wise men, lay your gifts before Him—
Offerings bring.

5

p Though an Infant, mean and lowly,
He shall ever reign,
Prince of Peace, and Judge Most Holy,
Right maintain.

6

f Let the earth be filled with gladness
On this happy morn;
Vanish sorrow, fear, and sadness,
Christ is born!

7

f Mortals own your God and Saviour!
Join the angel lays;
Shout aloud His Name, and ever
Sing His praise.

8

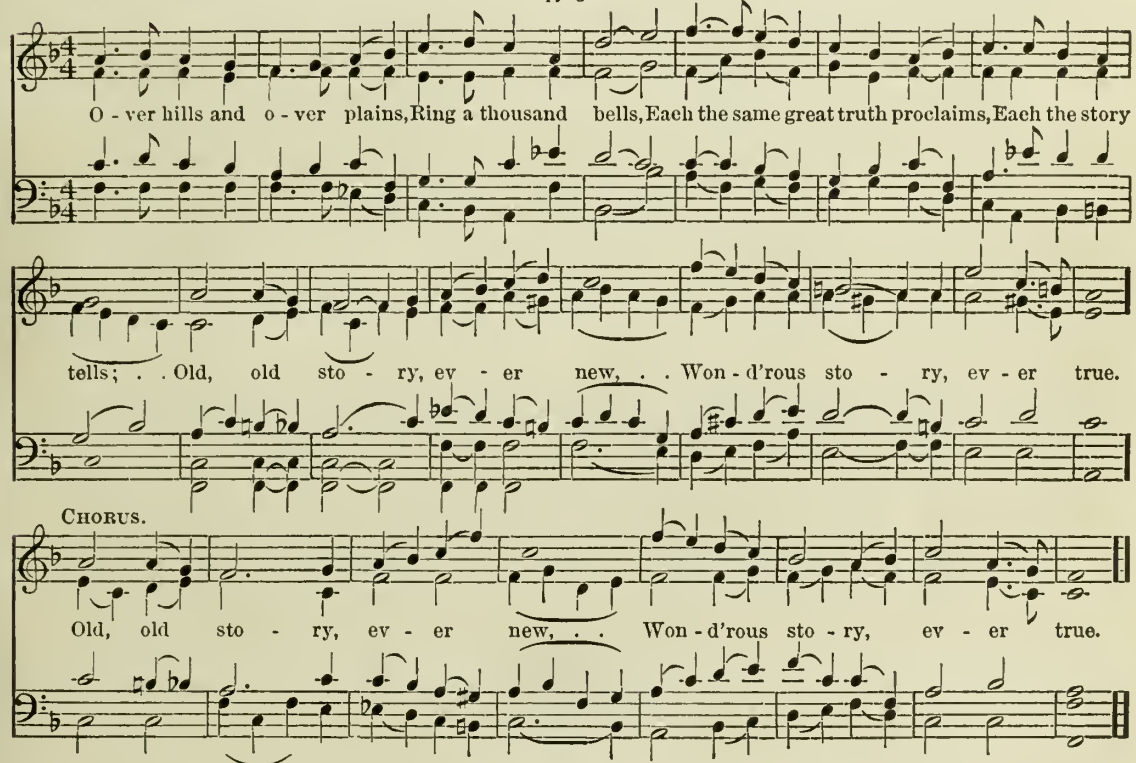
ff Hail! Emmanuel! King of Glory!
Great Deliverer, hail!
May Thy birth, in Bethlehem's story,
Never fail.

Over hills and over plains.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Copyright.

Carol 154.

Gordon Saunders.

O - ver hills and o - ver plains, Ring a thousand bells, Each the same great truth proclaims, Each the story
tells; . . Old, old sto - ry, ev - er new, . . Won - d'rous sto - ry, ev - er true.
Chorus.
Old, old sto - ry, ev - er new, . . Won - d'rous sto - ry, ev - er true.

2

Shepherds watching once by night,
Watching long ago,
Heard a Seraph choir bright
Murmur soft and low—
"Goodwill and love, love and goodwill."
Then Angels spoke, and all was still,
Chorus: Old, old story, &c.

3

Very humbly, in a manger—
Holy stars in sight—
Lowly lies a little stranger,
Messenger of light.
He, the promiséd of old,
He, the Saviour long foretold.
Chorus: Old, old story, &c.

4

Haste ye, shepherds, see the wonder,
Fear not mock or scorn;
Mark how in proud David's city
Christ your Lord is born.
His great mission ne'er shall cease
Till the world be filled with peace.
Chorus: Old, old story, &c.

5

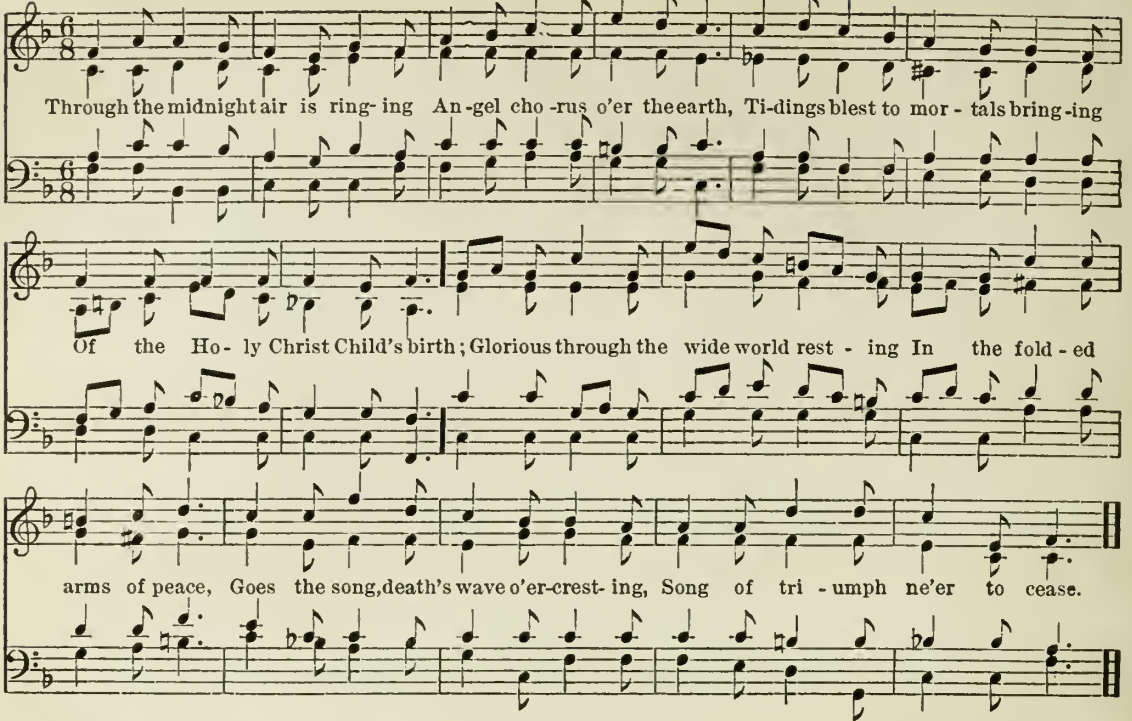
Sound the truth o'er all the nations,
Wide your joy-bells fling;
Christ has lived—our great exemplar,
Brother, Lord, and King.
Sound Christmas, ye seem to say,
"God's peace be unto all this day!"
Chorus: Old, old story, &c.

Through the midnight air.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Copyright.

Carol 155. *F. W. Dawkins.*


Through the midnight air is ring- ing An-gel cho-rus o'er the earth, Ti-dings blest to mor - tals bring-ing
Of the Ho- ly Christ Child's birth; Glorious through the wide world rest - ing In the fold - ed
arms of peace, Goes the song, death's wave o'er-crest- ing, Song of tri - umph ne'er to cease.

2

Lo! the star, the Christ revealing,
Bright above in Heaven doth shine,
Eastern princes, lowly kneeling,
Bow before the Babe Divine.
Israel's Sceptre is victorious,
Jesse's Rod as ensign stands,
Calling to a kingdom glorious,
People from far distant lands.

3

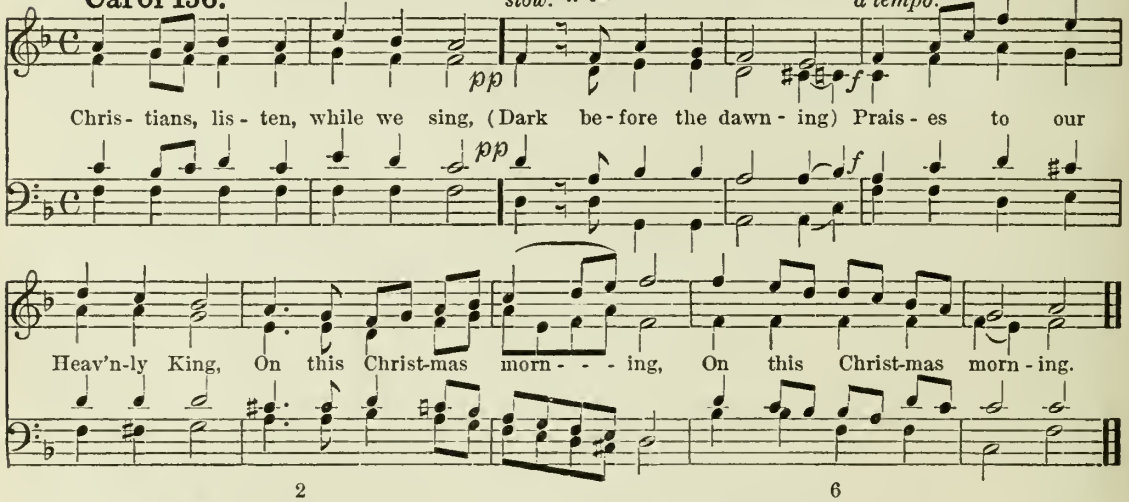
Swells the song, "A Son is given;
Unto us a child is born;"
Earth takes up the strain of heaven,
On the blessed Christmas morn.
Hail! All men lift up your voices,
Hail the new born King of kings;
And whilst earth in praise rejoices,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rings.

Christians, listen, while we sing.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Copyright.

Carol 156. *slow.* *a tempo.*


pp
f
Chris- tians, lis- ten, while we sing, (Dark be-fore the dawn - ing) Prais - es to our
pp
f
Heav'n-ly King, On this Christ-mas morn - - - ing, On this Christ-mas morn - ing.

2

Shepherds came to Bethlehem,
(Dark, before the dawning)
As it was commanded them,
On this Christmas morning.

3

In a manger of the stall,
(Dark, before the dawning)
There they found the Lord of all
On this Christmas morning.

4

There they found the mother mild,
(Dark, before the dawning)
Gazing on her new-born Child,
On this Christmas morning.

5

Christian, art thou far from ill?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will make thee happier still,
On this Christmas morning.

6

Is an hour of sorrow near?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will wipe away the tear
On this Christmas morning.

7

Blessings rest on all within!
(Dark, before the dawning)
Newer life, and hopes begin
On this Christmas morning.

8

Praise we then our Saviour King,
(Dark, before the dawning)
As the angels once did sing
On this Christmas morning:—

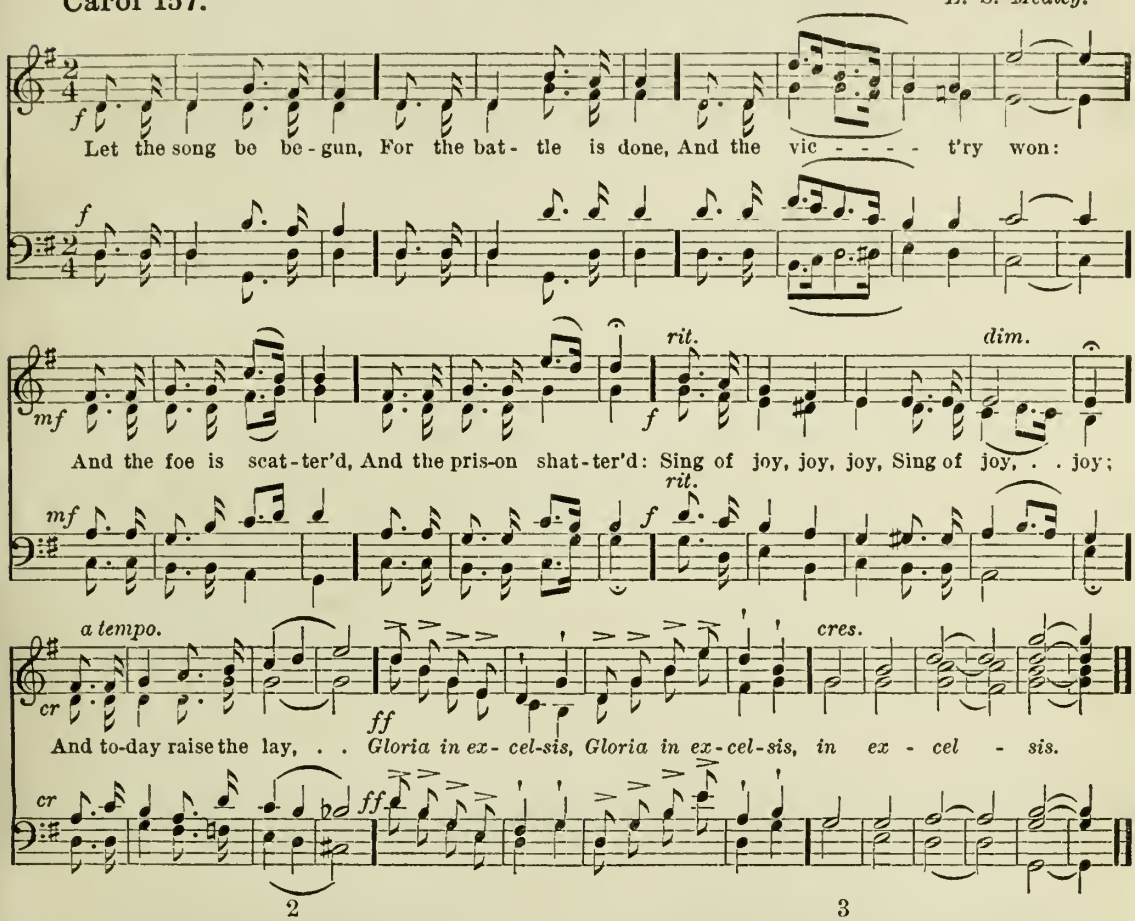
9

"Glory be to God on high,"
(Dark, before the dawning)
"Peace on earth and Charity"
On this Christmas morning.

Let the song be begun.

(EASTER.)

Carol 157. *E. S. Medley.*


Let the song be be-gun, For the bat- tle is done, And the vic - - - - t'ry won:
And the foe is scat-ter'd, And the pris-on shat-ter'd: Sing of joy, joy, joy, Sing of joy, . . joy;
rit.
dim.
a tempo.
cres.
And to-day raise the lay, . . Gloria in ex- cel-sis, Gloria in ex-cel-sis, in ex - cel - sis.

2

p They that follow'd in pain
mf Shall now follow to reign,
f And the crown shall obtain;
p They were sore assaulted;
f They shall be exalted;
p Sing of rest, rest, rest,
pp Sing of rest, rest;
cr And again,
Pour the strain,
ff *Gloria in excelsis.*

3

p For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore
When the conflict is o'er,
f There is joy supernal,
There is life eternal;
p Sing of peace, peace, peace,
pp Sing of peace, peace;
cr Earth and skies
Bid it rise,
ff *Gloria in excelsis.*

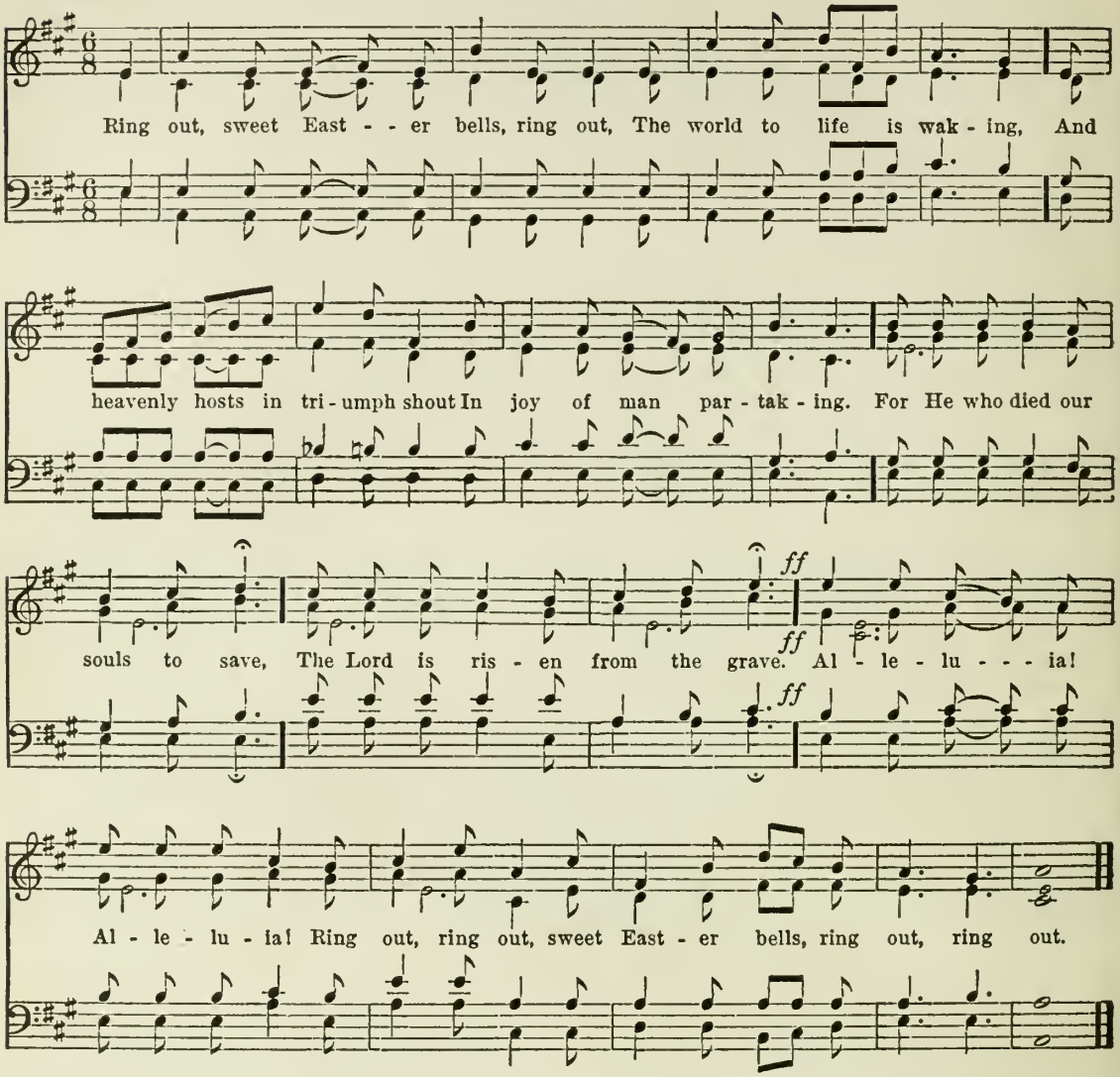
4

mf Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despis'd and ye few,
For the crown is for you;
f Christ that went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
mf Sing of hope, hope, hope,
Sing of hope, hope;
cr And to-day
Raise the lay,
ff *Gloria in excelsis.*

Ring out, sweet Easter bells, ring out.

(EASTER.)

Copyright, 1889.

Carol 158. *James Blaikie.*

Ring out, sweet East - - er bells, ring out, The world to life is wak - ing, And
heavenly hosts in tri - umph shout In joy of man par - tak - ing. For He who died our
souls to save, The Lord is ris - en from the grave. Al - le - lu - - - ia!
ff
ff
ff
Al - le - lu - ia! Ring out, ring out, sweet East - er bells, ring out, ring out.

2

Once more the sea its wave divides,
That we our Lord may follow,
Then o'er the foe in triumph rides,
The hosts of sin to swallow;
For, He, who saved us from our doom,
The Lord is risen from the tomb.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ring out, ring out!
Sweet Easter Bells,
Ring out, ring out!

3

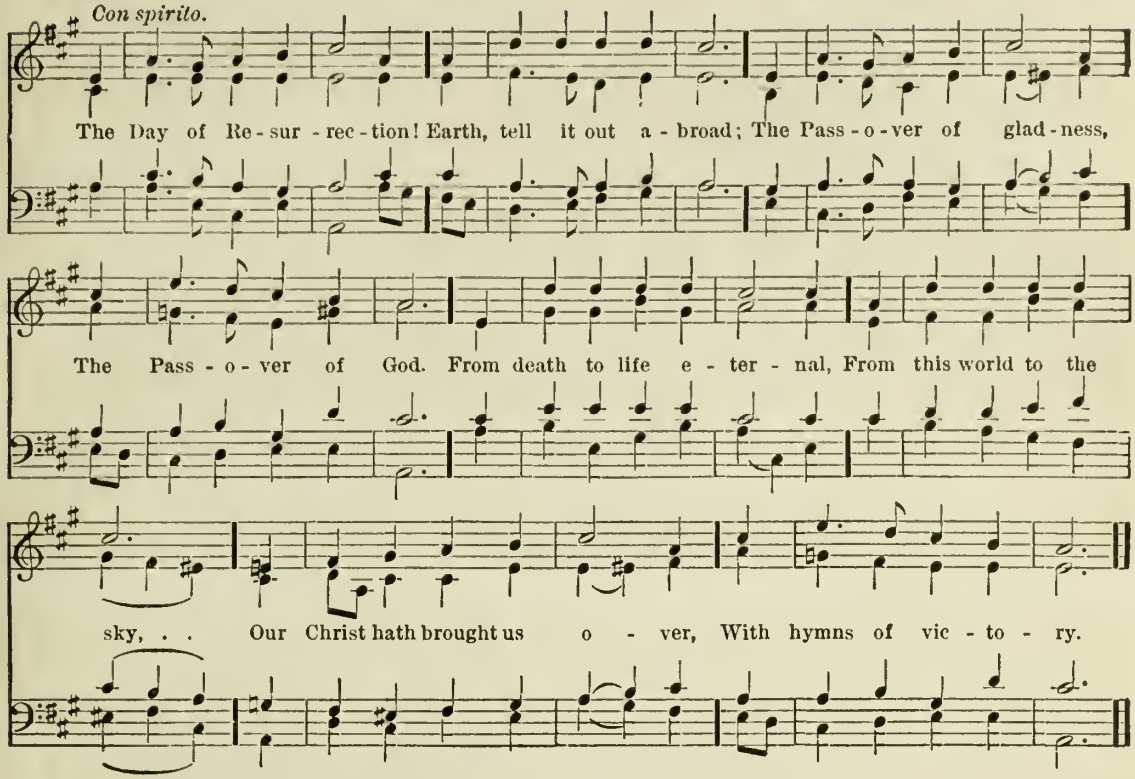
The Roman guard in vain shall keep
The dark and silent prison;
No more sad Magdalene shall weep,
For, Christ the Lord is risen!
The Saviour, Who for sinners bled,
The Lord is risen from the dead!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ring out, ring out!
Sweet Easter Bells,
Ring out, ring out!

4

Then ring, sweet bells, the joy of earth,
In Easter hymns, to Heaven,
And tell the new immortal Birth,
Of man, by Christ forgiven;
For, our dear Lord is risen indeed!
And lives on high to intercede.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ring out, ring out!
Sweet Easter Bells,
Ring out, ring out!

The Day of Resurrection.

Carol 159. *Rev. W. H. Vibbert. S.T.D.*


Con spirito.
The Day of Re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad; The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness,
The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the
sky, . . Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

2

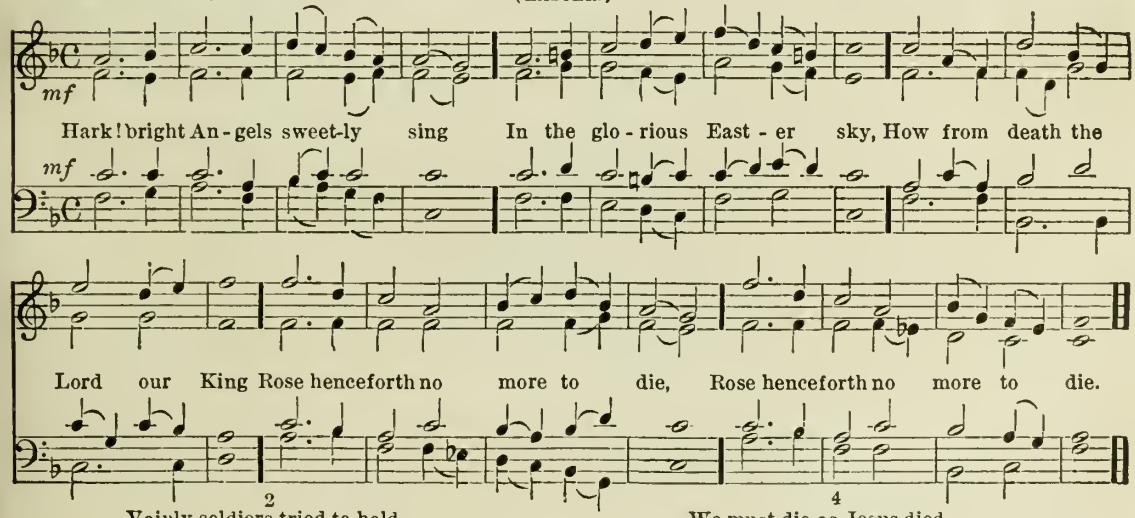
Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail!" and hearing
May raise the victor-strain.

3

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein,
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Hark! bright Angels sweetly sing.

Carol 160. (EASTER.)


mf
Hark! bright An - gels sweet-ly sing In the glo - rious East - er sky, How from death the
mf
Lord our King Rose henceforth no more to die, Rose henceforth no more to die.

2

Vainly soldiers tried to hold
Holy Jesus in the grave,
Sealed the stone, as they were told
At the entrance to the cave.

3

For on this day, Jesus said,
He would rise in triumph high;
Rise all glorious from the dead,
Clothed with light and majesty.

4

We must die as Jesus died,
But we hope with Him to rise,—
And in bodies glorified
Reign with Him beyond the skies.

5

Alleluia! evermore
Alleluia! Angels sing
Alleluia! we adore
Thee, O Christ, our God, and King!

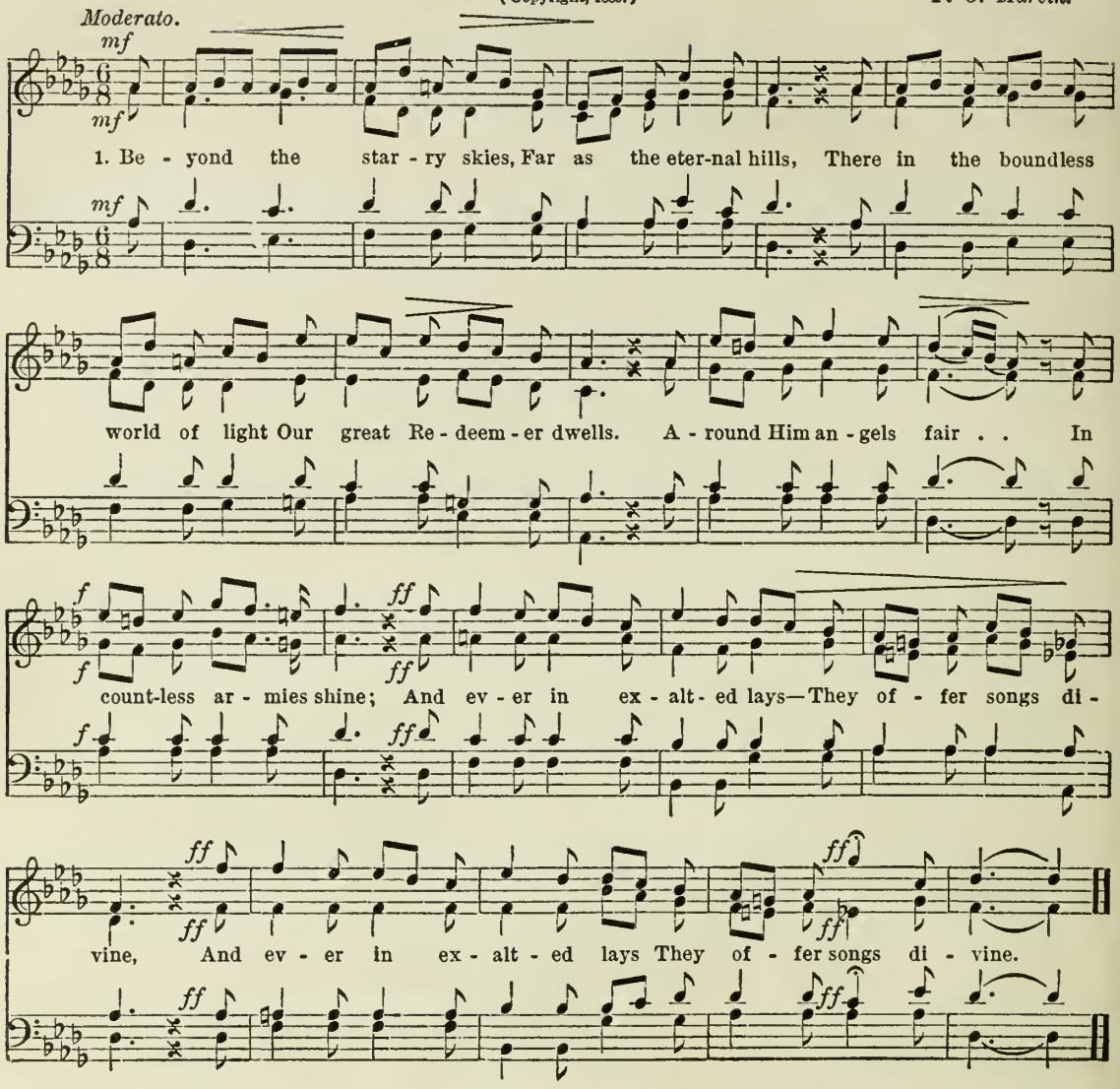
Beyond the starry skies.

Carol 161.

(EASTER.)

(Copyright, 1889.)

F. O. Marvin.


Moderato.
mf
1. Be - yond the star - ry skies, Far as the eter-nal hills, There in the boundless
world of light Our great Re - deem - er dwells. A - round Him an - gels fair . . In
count-less ar - mies shine; And ev - er in ex - alt - ed lays—They of - fer songs di -
vine, And ev - er in ex - alt - ed lays They of - fer songs di - vine.

2

"Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love,
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
And when He stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at His feet,
And waited in His train.

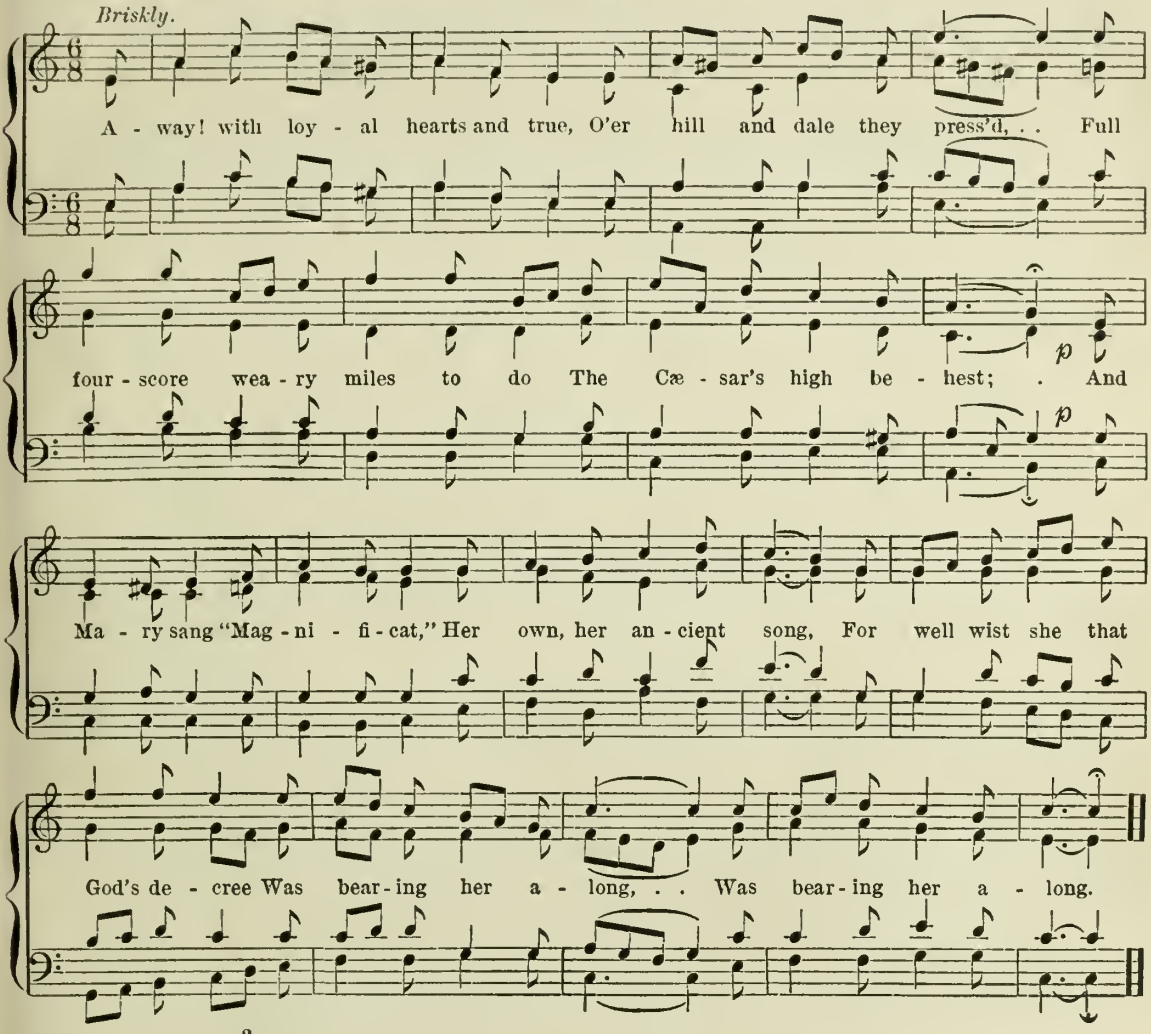
3

They saw Him on the cross,
While darkness veiled the skies,
And when He burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.
They thronged His chariot wheels,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,—
"The glorious work is done."

Away! with loyal hearts.

Carol 162. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. B. Gray.*

Briskly.


A - way! with loy - al hearts and true, O'er hill and dale they press'd, . . Full
four - score wea - ry miles to do The Cæ - sar's high be - hest; . And
p
p
Ma - ry sang "Mag - ni - fi - cat," Her own, her an - cient song, For well wist she that
God's de - cree Was bear - ing her a - long, . . Was bear - ing her a - long.

2

Away through fields and meadows green,
O'er purple heather-bed,
By mountain pass, or deep ravine,
The faithful couple sped.
And soft and sweet, where'er they went,
To glad the weary way,
Sang Mary that "Magnificat,"
Her own, her ancient lay.

3

O'er head the storm-clouds often wept,
And tempests o'er them passed,
And cold around them often swept
The bleak December blast.
But still she sang "Magnificat"
Through weather foul or fair;
For all was rest within her breast,
'Twas always sunshine there.

4

And when the pilgrimage was o'er,
And of their royal kin,
Not one would open wide his door,
And bid them enter in;
Still Mary sang "Magnificat"
With ever joyful tone;
"Whate'er betide, the Lord," she cried,
"Is mindful of His own."

5

Worn out at last, and ill bestead,
Right glad were they to find
Within a sorry cattle-shed
A shelter from the wind.
And Mary sang "Magnificat"
Right through that wondrous night,
And ere the birth of morn on earth
Was born the Light of Light.

6

Then let us all with one accord
Join Mary's song, and say,
"My soul doth magnify the Lord"
For ever and for aye.
Loud let us sing "Magnificat,"
That dear and ancient lay;
For God's own Son with us is one,
And He is born to-day.

Parish Choir, No. 442—4.

All jubilant with psalm and hymn.

Carol 163. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. F. Bridge.*

Allegro.

f

1. All ju - bi - lant with psalm and hymn A - round the Throne they stand, Heav'n's Che-ru-bim and
2. And one his gold - en ci-thern took, And spread his ra - diant wings, And with such fie - ry
3. Then backward sprung the gold-en doors, On that re-splen-dent morn, And Je - sus left Heaven's

dim. *cres.* *f*

Se - ra-phim En-crown'd and harp in hand. Un - fold, un - fold, ye gates of gold, The
rap - ture strook The wild and warb - ling strings, That all his won-d'ring breth-ren cried, "Our
a - zure floors To be the vir - gin born: And while our lit - tle pla - net-star Thro'

f *p*

fight shall now be won! He who by Pro-phets spake of old Now sends His on - ly Son.
he - rald thou shalt shine On this e - ter - nal Christ-mas-tide To lead our song di - vine."
its blue e - ther rolls, Those An - gel-notes shall blend a - far With songs of ransom'd souls.

p

Smoothly, and not too fast.

Glo - ry to God in the High - est be Now and for all e -

Glo - ry to God, ... Glo - ry to God, ...

Smoothly, and not too fast.

f

they sang, And swell'd the strain a -

pp

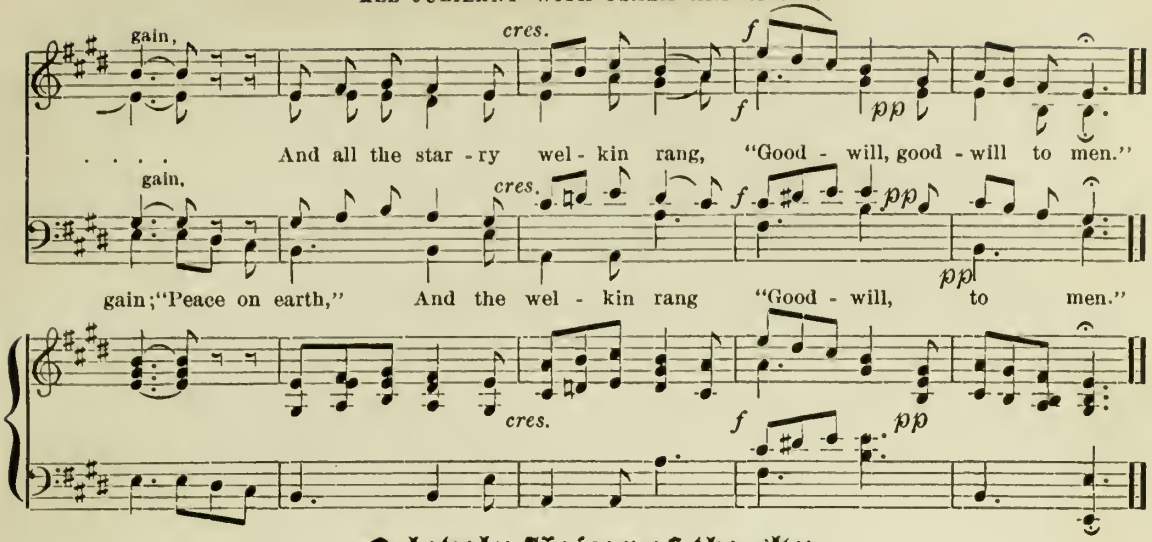
ter - ni - ty; Peace, peace on earth," peace on earth, ...

pp

they sang, And swell'd the strain a -

pp

pp


gain,
cres.
f
pp
. . . . And all the star - ry wel - kin rang, "Good - will, good - will to men."
gain;"Peace on earth," And the wel - kin rang "Good - will, to men."

O lovely Voices of the sky.

Carol 164. (EPIPHANY OR CHRISTMAS.) *Traditional.*

O love - ly Voi - ces of the sky, That hymned the Sav - iour's Birth, Are ye not sing - ing still on high, Who once sang "Peace on earth?" Still o'er us float those ho - ly strains, Where-with in days gone by Ye blessed the low - ly Sy - rian swains, O Voi - ces of the sky!

2

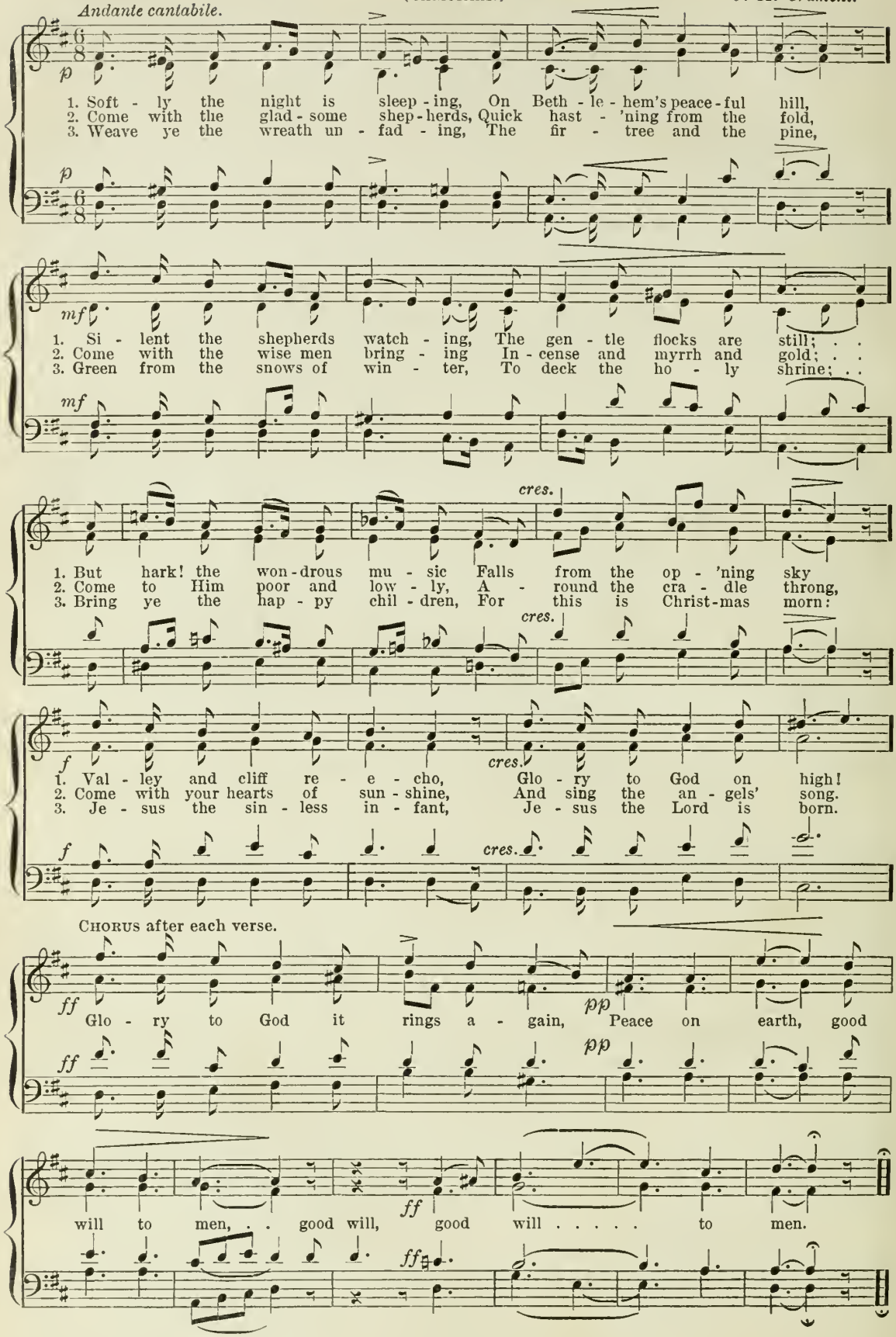
O clear and shining Light, whose beams
A heavenly radiance shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the Shepherd's head,—
Be near through life, be near in death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, of gladness, and of faith,
O clear and shining Light!

3

O Star, which ledd'st to Him Whose Love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Thou still art midst the hosts above,
We still may gaze on thee!
In Heaven thy light doth never set,
Thy rays earth may not dim;
O send them faith to guide us yet,
Bright Star which led to Him!

Softly the night is sleeping.

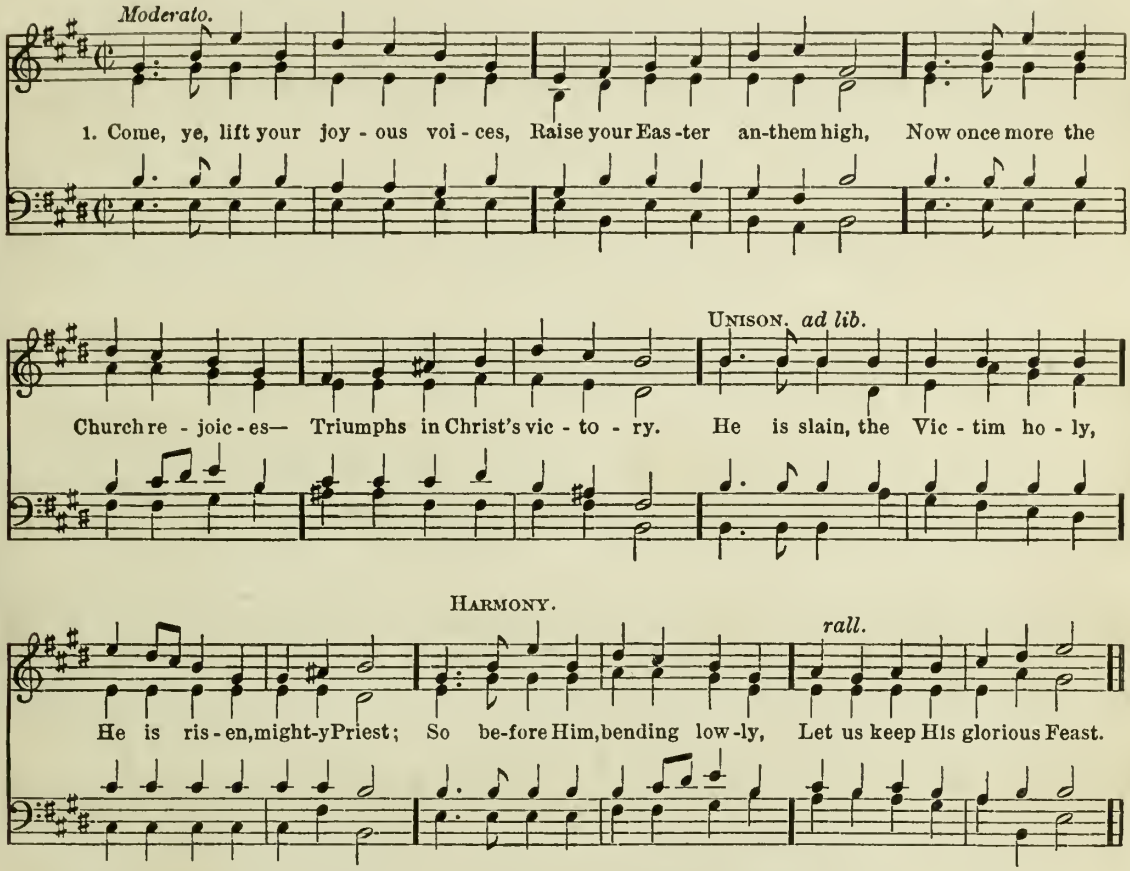
Carol 165. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. M. Crament.*

Andante cantabile.

p
1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing, On Beth - le - hem's peace - ful hill,
2. Come with the glad - some shep - herds, Quick hast - 'ning from the fold,
3. Weave ye the wreath un - fad - ing, The fir - tree and the pine,
mf
1. Si - lent the shepherds watch - ing, The gen - tle flocks are still; . .
2. Come with the wise men bring - ing In - cense and myrrh and gold; . .
3. Green from the snows of win - ter, To deck the ho - ly shrine; . .
cres.
1. But hark! the won - drous mu - sic Falls from the op - 'ning sky
2. Come to Him poor and low - ly, A - round the cra - dle throng,
3. Bring ye the hap - py chil - dren, For this is Christ - mas morn:
f
1. Val - ley and cliff re - e - cho, Glo - ry to God on high!
2. Come with your hearts of sun - shine, And sing the an - gels' song.
3. Je - sus the sin - less in - fant, Je - sus the Lord is born.
CHORUS after each verse.
ff
Glo - ry to God it rings a - gain, Peace on earth, good
pp
will to men, . . good will, good will . . . . . to men.

Come, ye, lift your joyous voices.

(EASTER.)

Carol 166. *Bowness Briggs.*


Moderato.
1. Come, ye, lift your joy - ous voi - ces, Raise your Eas - ter an-them high, Now once more the
Unison. ad lib.
Church re - joic - es— Triumphs in Christ's vic - to - ry. He is slain, the Vic - tim ho - ly,
Harmony.
rall.
He is ris - en, might-y Priest; So be-fore Him, bending low-ly, Let us keep His glorious Feast.

2 Christ is risen! Now no longer
Hades holds the Lord of life;
Death is strong, but Christ is stronger,
He hath conquer'd in the strife.
Once for us He crossed the river,
Now for aye He lives and reigns,
Of eternal life the giver
Sees the fruits of all His pains.

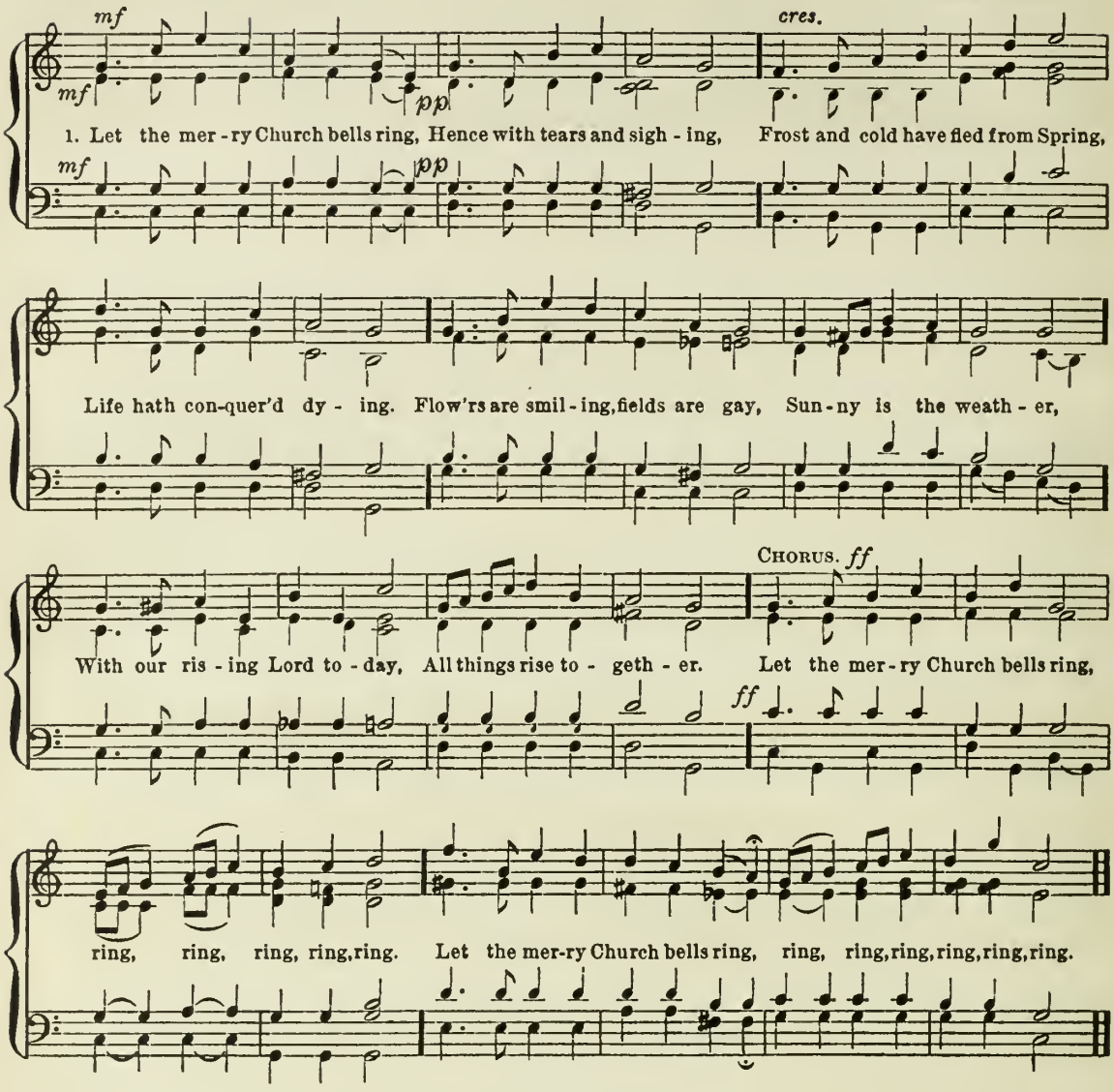
3 That new life within us springing
Die we daily unto sin;
Every idol boldly flinging
From the throne of Christ within.
Christ is risen! He in dying,
Rent apart the Temple veil;
By His rising proof supplying
That His power can never fail.

4 Though in Adam every mortal
Dies at the appointed hour,
Yet is Hades' gloomy portal
Conquered by the Saviour's power.
Glory, glory, never ceasing,
Unto Father, Spirit, Son!
Praise and blessing, still increasing,
To our God, the Three in One.

Let the merry Church bells ring.

EASTER.

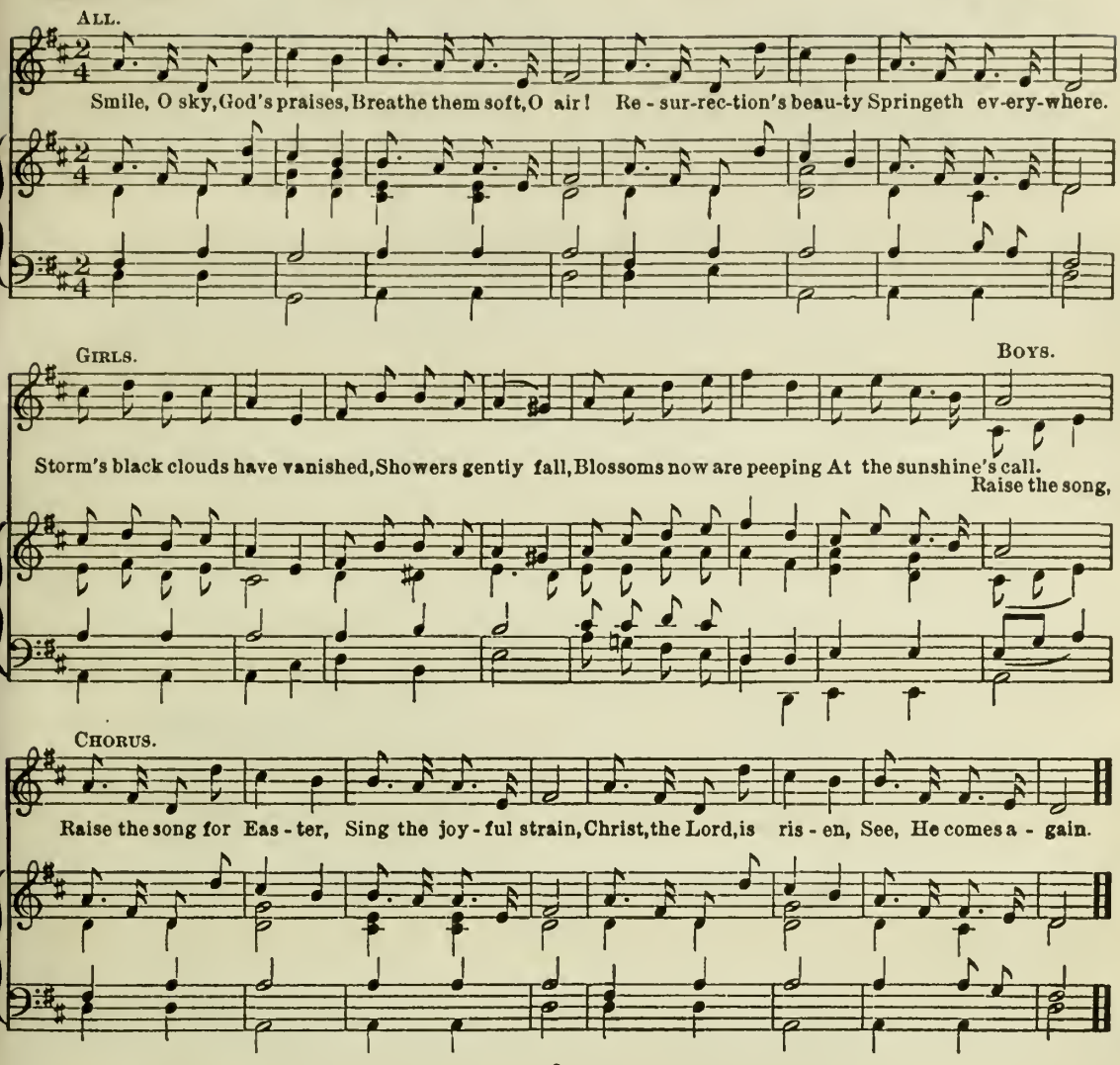
Carol 167.

James Blaikie.

mf
cres.
pp
1. Let the mer - ry Church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing, Frost and cold have fled from Spring,
Life hath con-quer'd dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath - er,
Chorus. ff
With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer - ry Church bells ring,
ff
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring.

2 Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter. Chorus.

3 Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth;
Mourning heart must needs be gav,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit. Chorus.

Raise the song for Easter.

Carol 168. *B. E. Backus.*

ALL.
Smile, O sky, God's praises, Breathe them soft, O air! Re - sur-rec-tion's beau-ty Springeth ev-ery-where.
GIRLS.
BOYS.
Storm's black clouds have vanished, Showers gently fall, Blossoms now are peeping At the sunshine's call.
Raise the song,
CHORUS.
Raise the song for Eas - ter, Sing the joy - ful strain, Christ, the Lord, is ris - en, See, He comes a - gain.

ALL. Wake, O Spring, in gladness,
Flowers now come forth,
With bright hues adorning,
The green sods of earth:

ALL. Sweep rich tides of music,
The new world along;
Pour in fullest measure
From sweet lyres a song.

ALL. Clap your hands, ye mountains;
Valleys, now resound!
Leap for joy, ye fountains!
Hills now catch the sound!

2

GIRLS. Violets so tender,
And sweet bluebells bright,
All your color blending,
With the lilies white.
BOYS. Raise the song.

3 CHORUS.

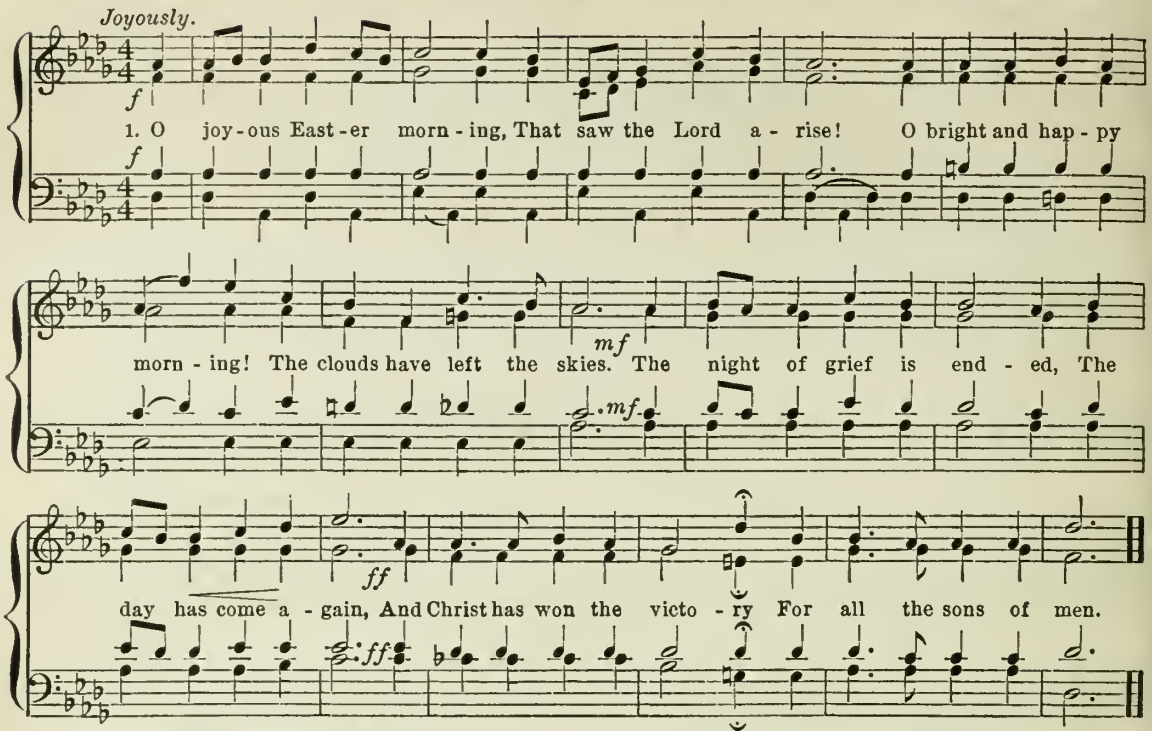
GIRLS. Tell the wondrous story
Of the joyful hour,
For the grave is conquered
By His mighty power.
BOYS. Raise the song.

4 CHORUS.

GIRLS. Ever in the heavens,
Reigneth Christ, our King,
Throng we then His temple,
And glad homage bring.
BOYS. Raise the song.
CHORUS.

O joyous Easter morning.

Carol 169. *George Edgar Oliver.*

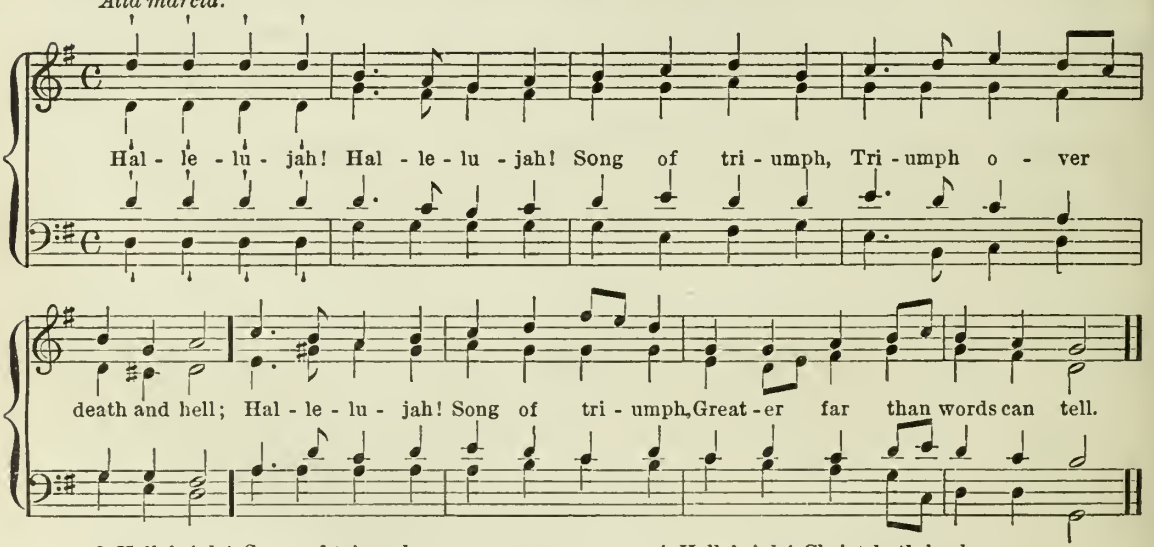

Joyously.
1. O joy-ous East-er morn-ing, That saw the Lord a-rise! O bright and hap-py
morn-ing! The clouds have left the skies. The night of grief is end-ed, The
day has come a-gain, And Christ has won the victo-ry For all the sons of men.

2 O gladsome Easter morning!
Our hearts rejoice today,
The grave and death are conquered
He is of Life the Way.
The hosts of sin are vanquished
He is the Victor King!
Then let us all with gladness
Our thankful praises sing.

3 O blessed Easter morning!
What day so bright as this,
When, through His mighty triumph,
He won the courts of bliss!
The doors of Heaven are open,
The grave no more has dread;
For risen is our Saviour,
The first fruits of the dead.

Hallelujah! Song of triumph.

Carol 170. (EASTER.)


Alla marcia.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Song of tri-umph, Tri-umph o-ver
death and hell; Hal-le-lu-jah! Song of tri-umph, Great-er far than words can tell.

2 Hallelujah! Song of triumph,
Christ, who came the lost to save,
Hallelujah! now hath risen,
Mighty Conqueror o'er the grave.

3 Hallelujah! Holy Angels
Came and rolled away the stone;
Hallelujah! now no longer
Death can claim Him for His own.

4 Hallelujah! Christ hath broken
Bars that none could break before;
Hallelujah! Death defeated,
Sinks to rise again no more.

5 Hallelujah! Song of triumph,
Loud through all Creation rolls;
Hallelujah! men and angels
Sing the song of ransomed souls.

There dwelt in old Judea.

Carol. 171. (CHRISTMAS.)

S: VOICE. *J. P. Harding.*

1. There dwelt in old Ju - de - a, A mai - den fair to see, The
2. And as the in - fant Je - sus, Lay on His low - ly bed, A
3. The shep-herds bowed be - fore Him, While an - gels swift did fly, On
4. For this was Prince Em - man - uel, Who laid a - side His crown, And

p *colla voce.*

moth - er mild and un - de - filed, Of a bless - ed babe was she.
cir - cle bright of heaven - ly light, Shone round a - bout His head.
blest em - ploy, with songs of joy, To fill the star - ry sky.
all to win our souls from sin, Un - to the earth came down.

CHORUS. *After each verse.*

p Oh! No - ël sing No - ël And mer - ry be al - way, For Christ was born in the ear - ly morn, *f*

p *f*

SOLO. . . . . *Small notes for Organ.*

FULL.

ff Christ was born in the ear - ly morn, All on a Christmas day, ... All on a Christmas day. *f*

ff *f*

After each verse. S: *Closing chord*

* Upper notes only on Hautboy stop.

Ring on, ye joyous Christmas Bells.

Carol. 172.

Henry Wilson.

Moderato.

mf

FULL CHORUS.

1. Ring on, ye joy-ous
2. Ring on, O mer-ry
3. Ring on, ye hap-py

f

Christmas-Bells! Ring on! ring on! What tale of love your mu-sic tells! Ring on! ring
Christmas-Bells! Ring on! ring on! What peace from out your clan-gor wells! Ring on! ring
Christmas-Bells! Ring on! ring on! With ho-ly joy the clam-or swells! Ring on! ring

f

SEMI-CHORUS. *Smoothly.*

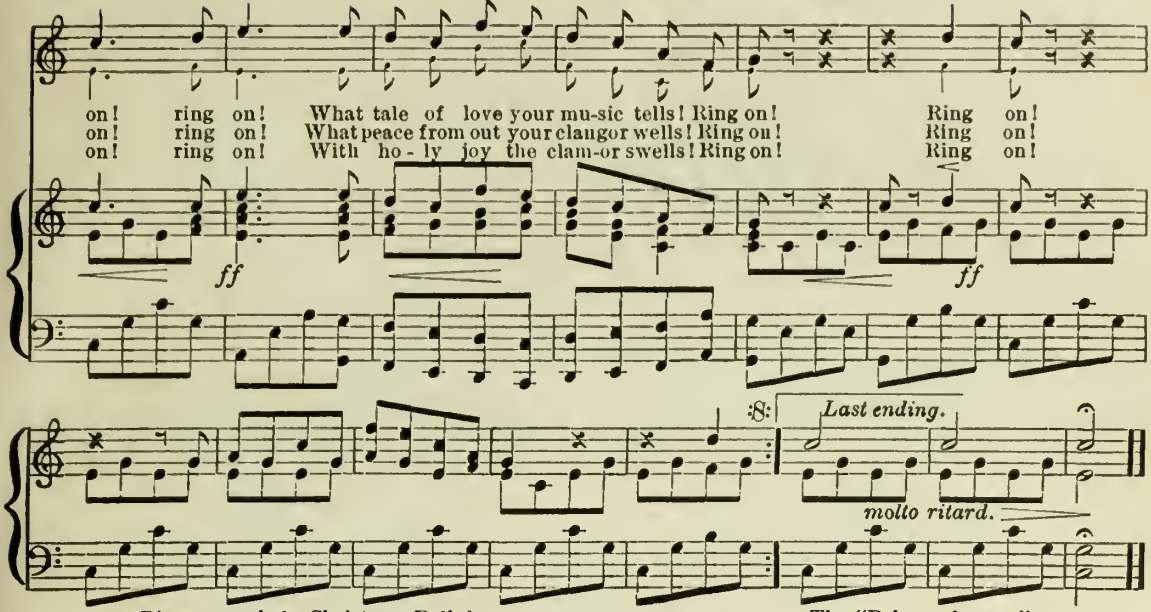
on! "The Christ" is born For sin-ful men: 'T is Christmas morn, Ring out a-gain! Ring out again! Ring
on! Peace comes to earth, "Good will to men"; A price-less birth, Ring out a-gain! Ring out again! Ring
on! Oh, hap-py day, For wea-ry men: Oh, roy-al day, Ring out a-gain! Ring out again! Ring

mf *ff*

FULL.

out a-gain! Ring out a-gain! Ring on, ye joy-ous Christmas-Bells! Ring
out a-gain! Ring out a-gain! Ring on, O mer-ry Christmas-Bells! Ring
out a-gain! Ring out a-gain! Ring on, ye hap-py Christmas-Bells! Ring

cres. *ff* *mf* *f*

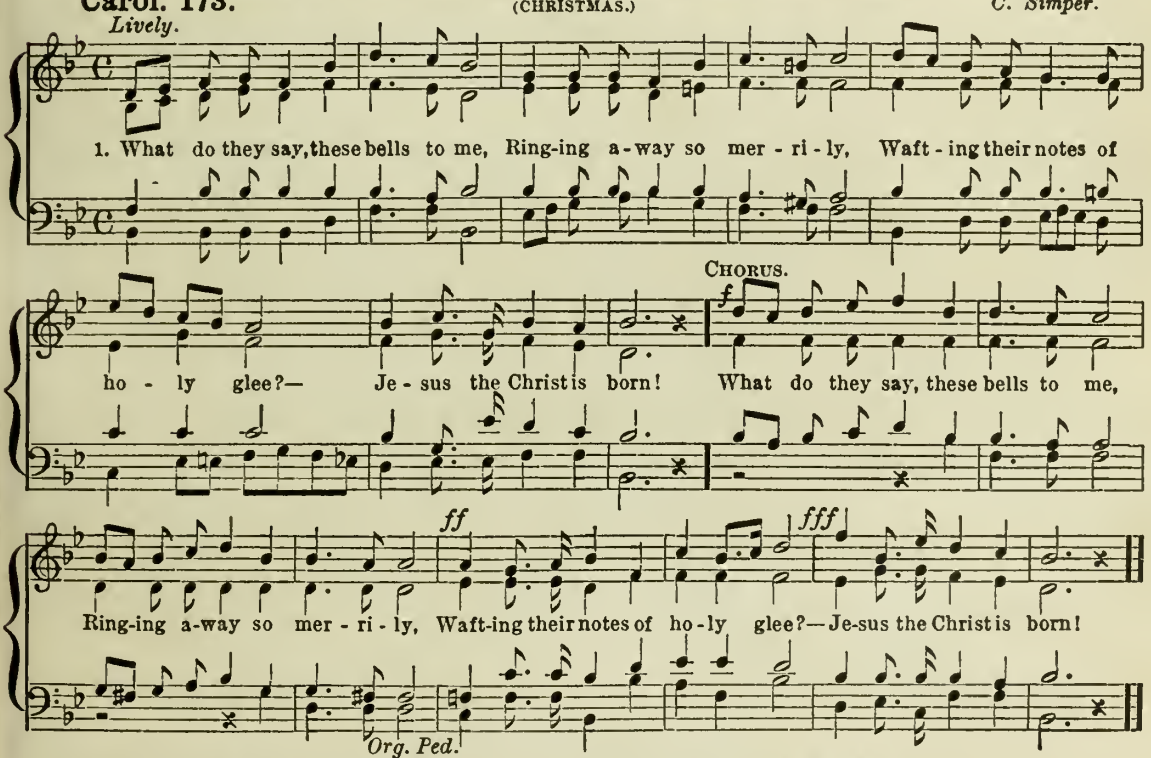

on! ring on! What tale of love your mu-sic tells! Ring on! Ring on!
on! ring on! What peace from out your clangor wells! Ring on! Ring on!
on! ring on! With ho-ly joy the clam-or swells! Ring on! Ring on!
ff
ff
:8:
Last ending.
molto ritard.

4 Ring on, ye holy Christmas Bells!
Ring on! ring on!
O'er hill and dale, through wildest dells,
Ring on! ring on!
In triumph ring—
For holy men
All gladness bring,
Ring out again!

5 Ring on, ye gladsome Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! ring on!
'T is "mercy mild" the sound foretells,
Ring on! ring on!
The "Prince of peace"
Now pleads for men;
He will not cease,
Ring out again!

6 Ring on, ye peaceful Christmas Bells!
Ring on! ring on!
Tell of the hope that in us dwells,
Ring on! ring on!
To JESUS now
All ranks of men
In worship bow,
Ring out again!

What do they say, these Bells to me?

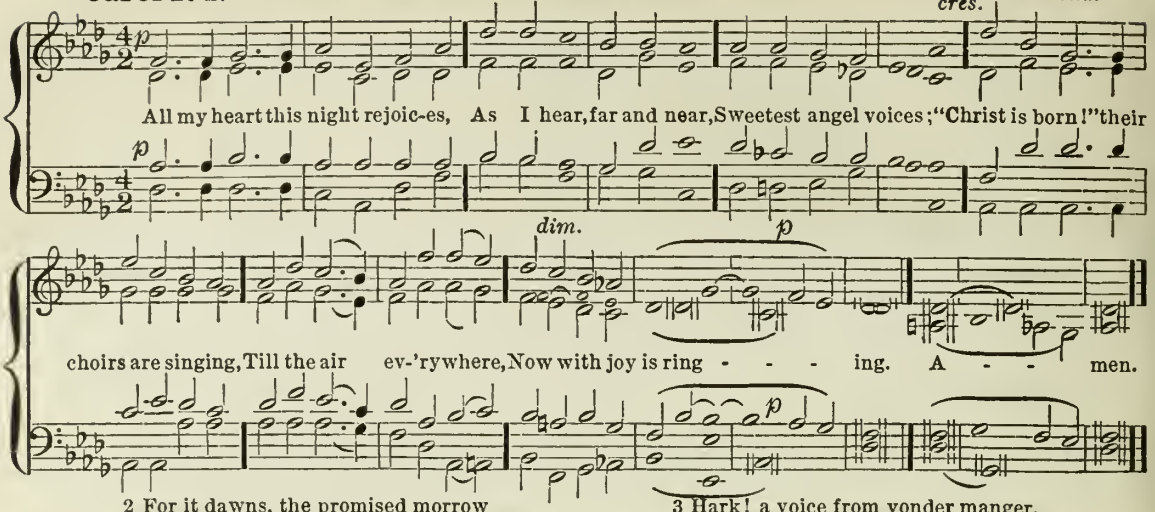
Carol. 173. (CHRISTMAS.) *C. Simper.*

Lively.
1. What do they say, these bells to me, Ring-ing a-way so mer-ri-ly, Waft-ing their notes of
CHORUS.
f
ho-ly glee?— Je-sus the Christ is born! What do they say, these bells to me,
ff
fff
Ring-ing a-way so mer-ri-ly, Waft-ing their notes of ho-ly glee?—Je-sus the Christ is born!
Org. Ped.

2 Out in the fields the shepherds lay—
There shone around a glorious ray:
What did they hear the angels say?—
Jesus the Christ is born!
Chorus—What do they say, etc.

3 Over the hills, across the sea,
Peace and good-will to men shall be;
Sound out the news, sing joyfully—
Jesus the Christ is born!
Chorus—What do they say, etc.

All my heart this night rejoices.

Carol 174. (CHRISTMAS.) *A. Esmond.*


cres.
All my heart this night rejoic-es, As I hear, far and near, Sweetest angel voices; "Christ is born!" their
dim.
choirs are singing, Till the air ev-'rywhere, Now with joy is ring - - - ing. A - - men.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

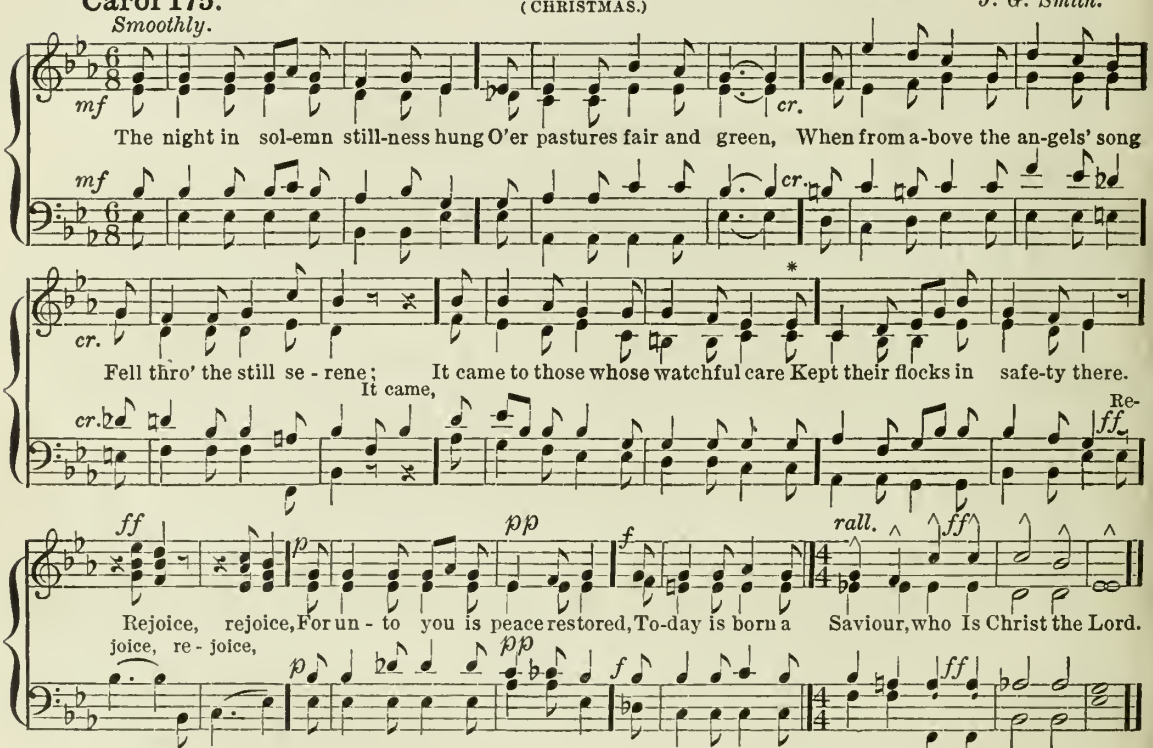
3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat—
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your Saviour gives you.

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning. Amen.

The night in solemn stillness hung.

Carol 175. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. G. Smith.*

Smoothly.


The night in sol-emn still-ness hung O'er pastures fair and green, When from a-bove the an-gels' song
Fell thro' the still se - rene; It came to those whose watchful care Kept their flocks in safe-ty there.
It came,
Re-
Rejoice, rejoice, For un - to you is peace restored, To-day is born a Saviour, who Is Christ the Lord.
joice, re - joice,

2 Great dread and wonder at the sound
Then filled each heaving breast,
And prone they lay upon the ground
By trembling fears possessed;
While louder still the anthem rung
By angels' myriad voices sung.
Rejoice, etc.

3 But lo! of joy and peace on earth
The angel voices spoke;
And of the Saviour's infant birth
The gladsome tidings broke;
And bade the shepherds bend their way,
To where the cradled infant lay.
Rejoice, etc.

4 And still the accents sweet and fair
Came through the starry night,
Then died away upon the air
With sounds of rich delight;
And lo! a star serenely shone
To guide their wandering footsteps on.
Rejoice, etc.

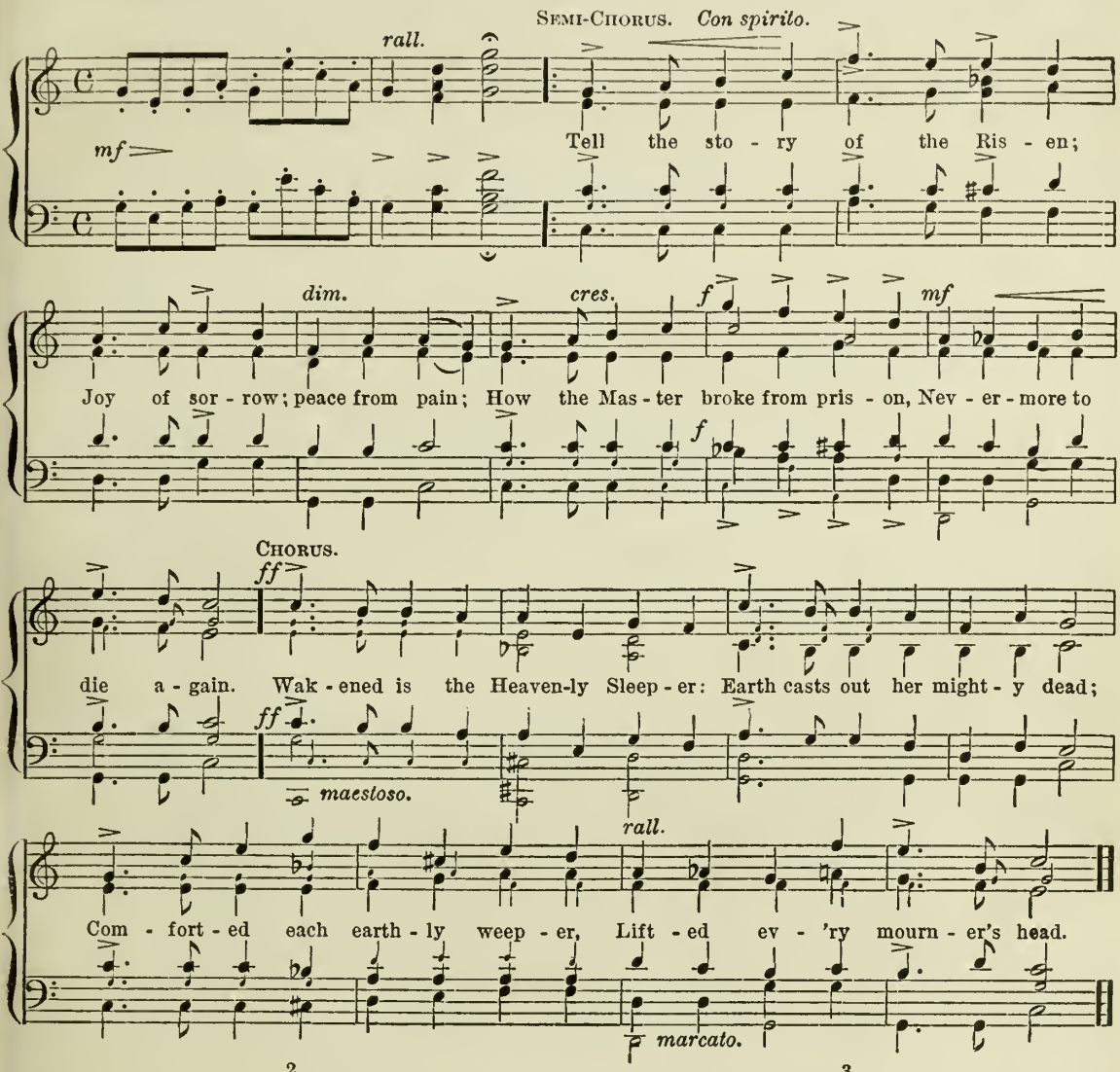
*This chord for verses 2, 3 and 4.

Sleeper awake.

Carol 176.

(EASTER.)

J. Albert Jeffery.


Semi-Chorus. Con spirito.
rall.
mf
Tell the sto - ry of the Ris - en;
dim.
cres.
f
mf
Joy of sor - row; peace from pain; How the Mas - ter broke from pris - on, Nev - er - more to
f
Chorus.
ff
die a - gain. Wak - ened is the Heaven-ly Sleep - er: Earth casts out her might - y dead;
ff
maestoso.
rall.
Com - fort - ed each earth - ly weep - er, Lift - ed ev - 'ry mourn - er's head.
marcato.

2

Tell the story of the Living;
Life from death; from night, the day;
This, the manner of God's giving;
So He deals with men, alway.

Chorus. Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper, etc.

3

Tell the story of Passover;
Dry-shod through the deep, dark sea,
Christ, the Lord of all, and Lover,
Leads His hosts to victory.

Chorus. Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper, etc.

4

Tell the story of the Easter;
Raise your voices high and sing;
Weeper, sleeper, faster, feaster,
Sursum Corda, Christ is King.

Chorus. Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper, etc.

By permission of Brandow Printing Co.

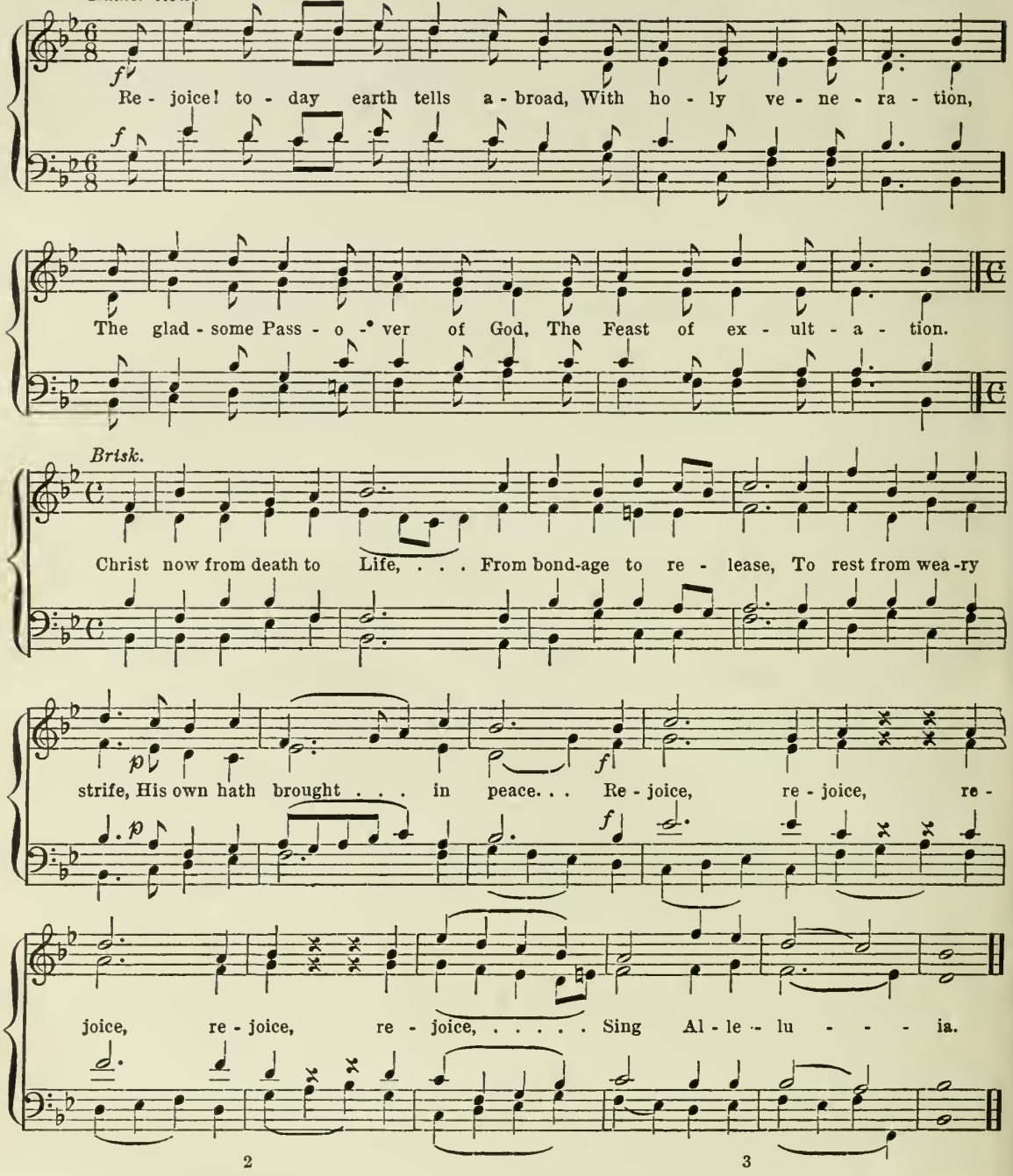
Parish Choir, No. 508—4.

Rejoice! to-day earth tells abroad.

(EASTER.)

Carol 177. *R. F. Smith.*

Rather slow.


Re - joice! to - day earth tells a - broad, With ho - ly ve - ne - ra - tion,
The glad - some Pass - o - ver of God, The Feast of ex - ult - a - tion.
Brisk.
Christ now from death to Life, . . . From bond-age to re - lease, To rest from wea-ry
strife, His own hath brought . . . in peace. . . Re - joice, re - joice, re -
joice, re - joice, re - joice, ... Sing Al - le - lu - - - - ia.

2

mf All hail! we know the Master's voice,
Those words of true endearing;
The Heavenly Bride must needs rejoice
In her dear King's appearing;
With hearts from evil free
We turn to Him, the Light,
Death's Conqueror we see,
And Life is in the sight!
f Rejoice, sing Alleluia!

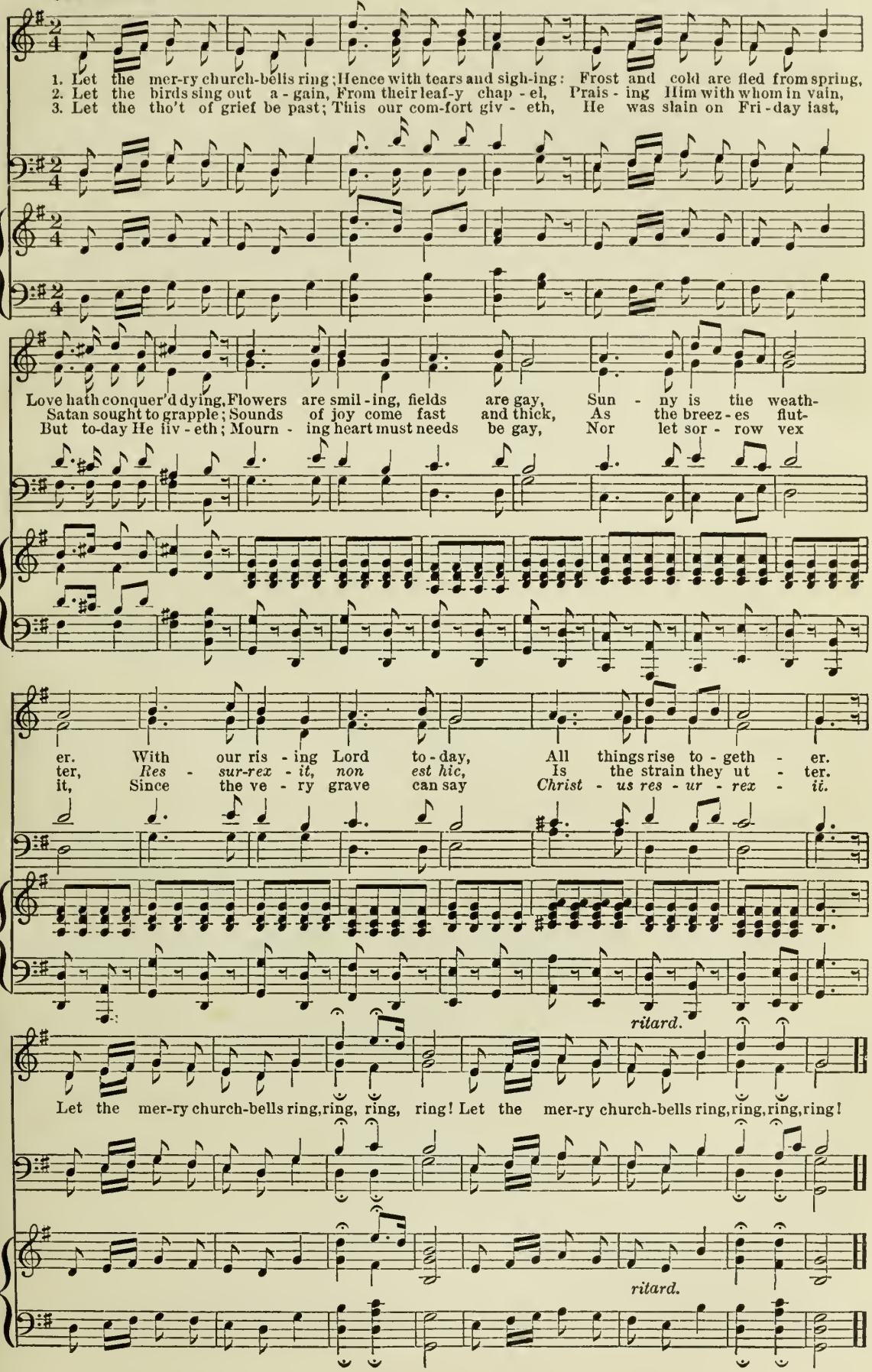
* *Sing thus:* *etc.*
"Let the round" etc.

3

* *f* Let the round world be very glad
And all that is within it;
He who awhile dominion had
No more, thank God, may win it!
Heaven keeps the Royal Feast;
Hell, at the sight dismayed,
Grows faint before the Least,
Before the Faint, afraid!
f Rejoice, sing Alleluia!

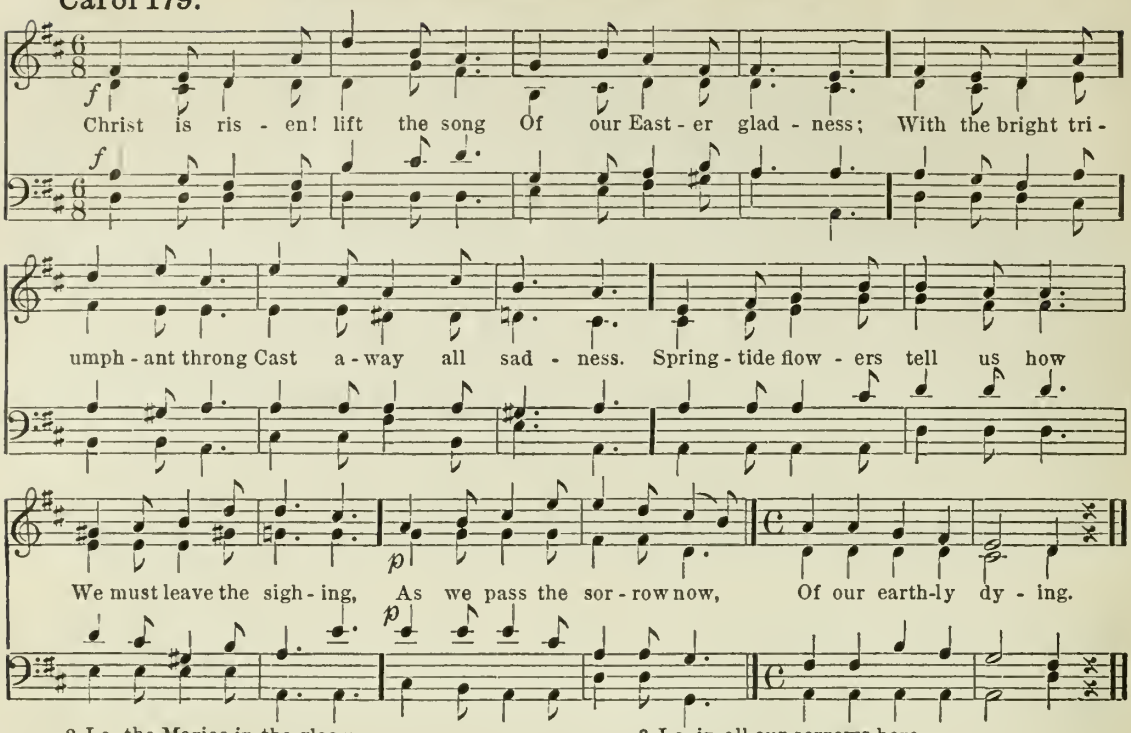
Easter Bells.

Carol 178. *A. P. Howard.*


1. Let the mer-ry church-bells ring; Hence with tears and sigh-ing: Frost and cold are fled from spring,
2. Let the birds sing out a-gain, From their leaf-y chap-el, Prais-ing Him with whom in vain,
3. Let the tho't of grief be past; This our com-fort giv-eth, He was slain on Fri-day last,
Love hath conquer'd dying, Flowers are smil-ing, fields are gay, Sun-ny is the weath-
Satan sought to grapple; Sounds of joy come fast and thick, As the breez-es flut-
But to-day He liv-eth; Mourn-ing heart must needs be gay, Nor let sor-row vex
er. With our ris-ing Lord to-day, All things rise to-geth-er.
ter, *Res-sur-rex-it, non est hic,* Is the strain they ut-ter.
it, Since the ve-ry grave can say *Christ-us res-ur-rex-it.*
ritard.
Let the mer-ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! Let the mer-ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
ritard.

Christ is risen! lift the song.

Carol 179.


Christ is ris - en! lift the song Of our East - er glad - ness; With the bright tri-
umph - ant throng Cast a - way all sad - ness. Spring - tide flow - ers tell us how
We must leave the sigh - ing, As we pass the sor - row now, Of our earth-ly dy - ing.

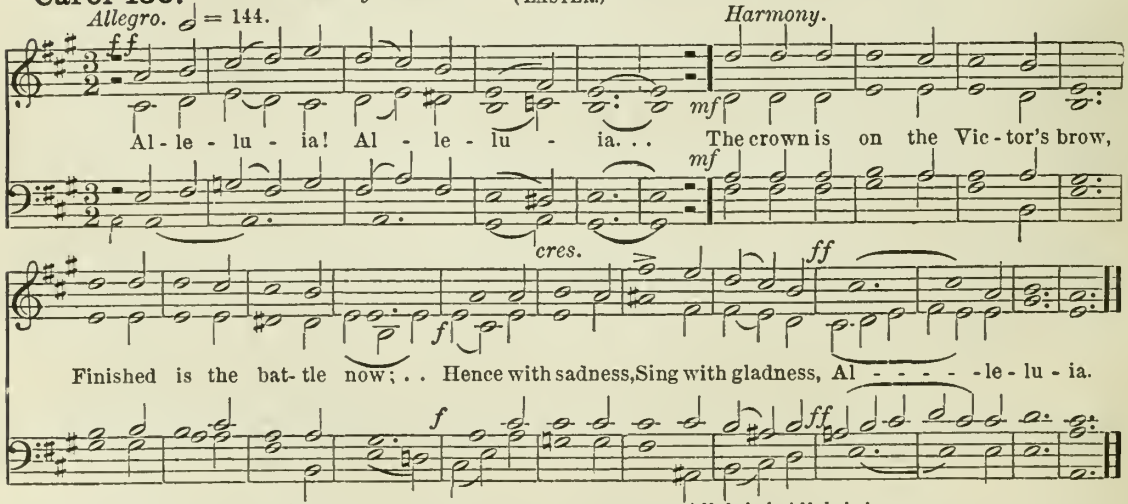
2 Lo, the Maries in the gloom
Weeping, bowed with sorrow,
Little dreaming at the Tomb
What their joy to-morrow.
Whom they sought the Lord they found
Now no more in sadness;
Where did woe and grief abound
There He brought the gladness!

3 Lo, in all our sorrows here,
Often deep repining,
Through all doubt and darksome fear
Easter Sun is shining;
Wherefore now on things above
Set we our affection,
Know the power of Jesus' Love
By His resurrection.

4 Gladsome birds, fresh breezes tell
With the sunny weather
That dear Creed we love so well
"All things rise together."
So the angels joyfully
Taught the wondrous story,
"Christ is risen! To Galilee,
Go and preach His glory."

The crown is on the Victor's brow.

Carol 180. CHOIR. *Melody in unison.* (EASTER.) *J. T. Field.*

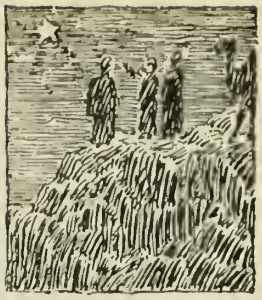

Allegro. ♩ = 144.
Harmony.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia... The crown is on the Vic - tor's brow,
cres.
Finished is the bat- tle now;.. Hence with sadness, Sing with gladness, Al - - - - - le - lu - ia.

2 Alleluia! Alleluia!
For after death that Him befell,
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell:
Heaven is ringing, Earth is singing. Alleluia!

3 Alleluia! Alleluia!
On that third morning He arose,
Bright with triumph o'er His foes;
Sing we lauding. And applauding. Alleluia!

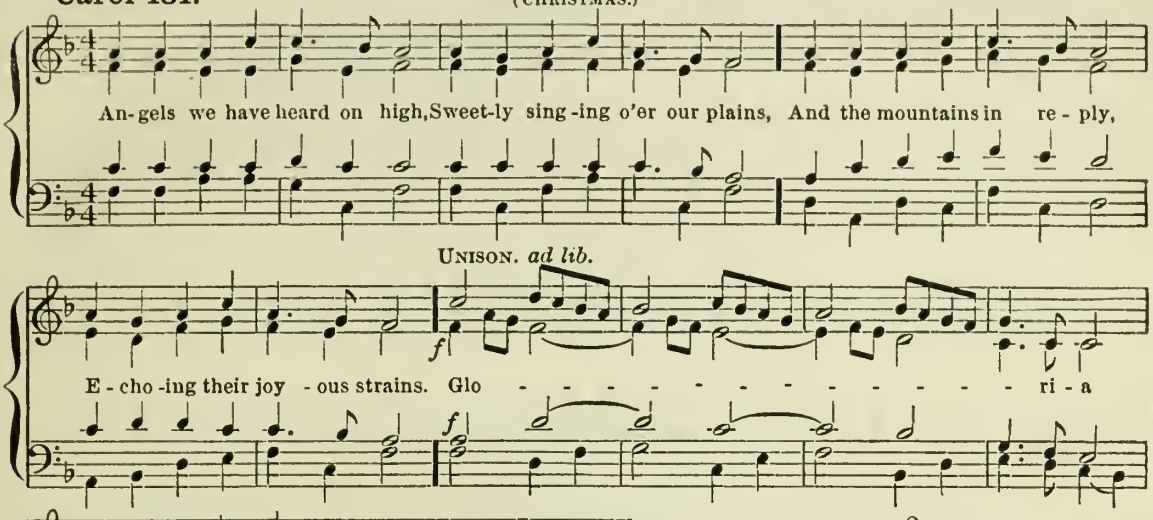
4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
For He hath closed hell's yawning door,
Heaven is open evermore:
Hence with sadness, sing with gladness. Alleluia!

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Slowly.
Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,
So from death to set us free,
That our living Be thanksgiving! Alleluia!



Angels we have heard.

Carol 181. (CHRISTMAS.) *Old French Carol.*


An-gels we have heard on high, Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er our plains, And the mountains in re-ply,
UNISON. *ad lib.*
E-cho-ing their joy-ous strains. Glo - - - - - - - - - - - - ri-a
in ex-cel-sis De - - o. . .

2

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?
f Gloria in excelsis Deo.

3

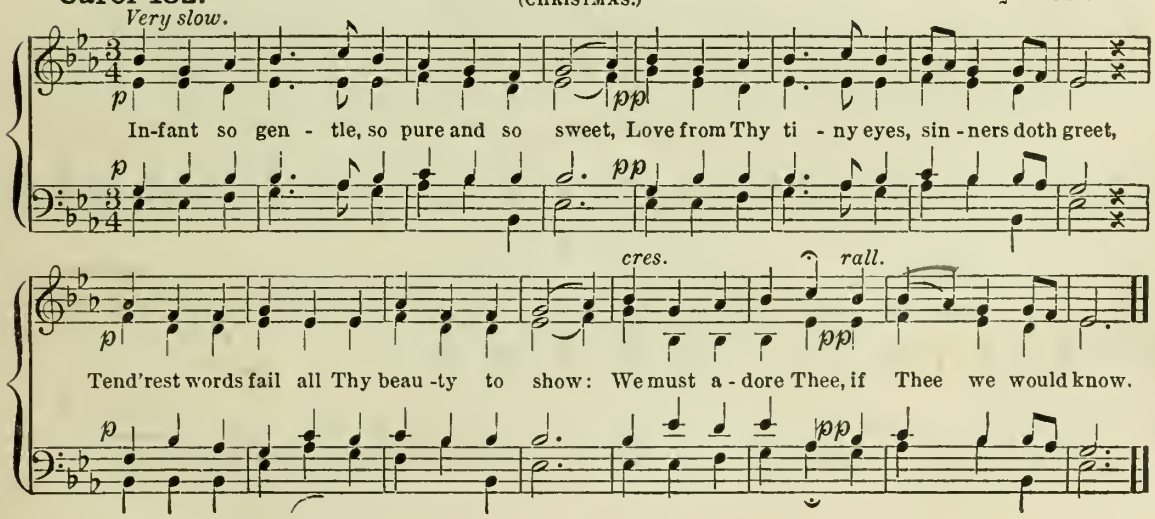
Come to Bethlehem, and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.
f Gloria in excelsis Deo.

4

See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.
f Gloria in excelsis Deo.

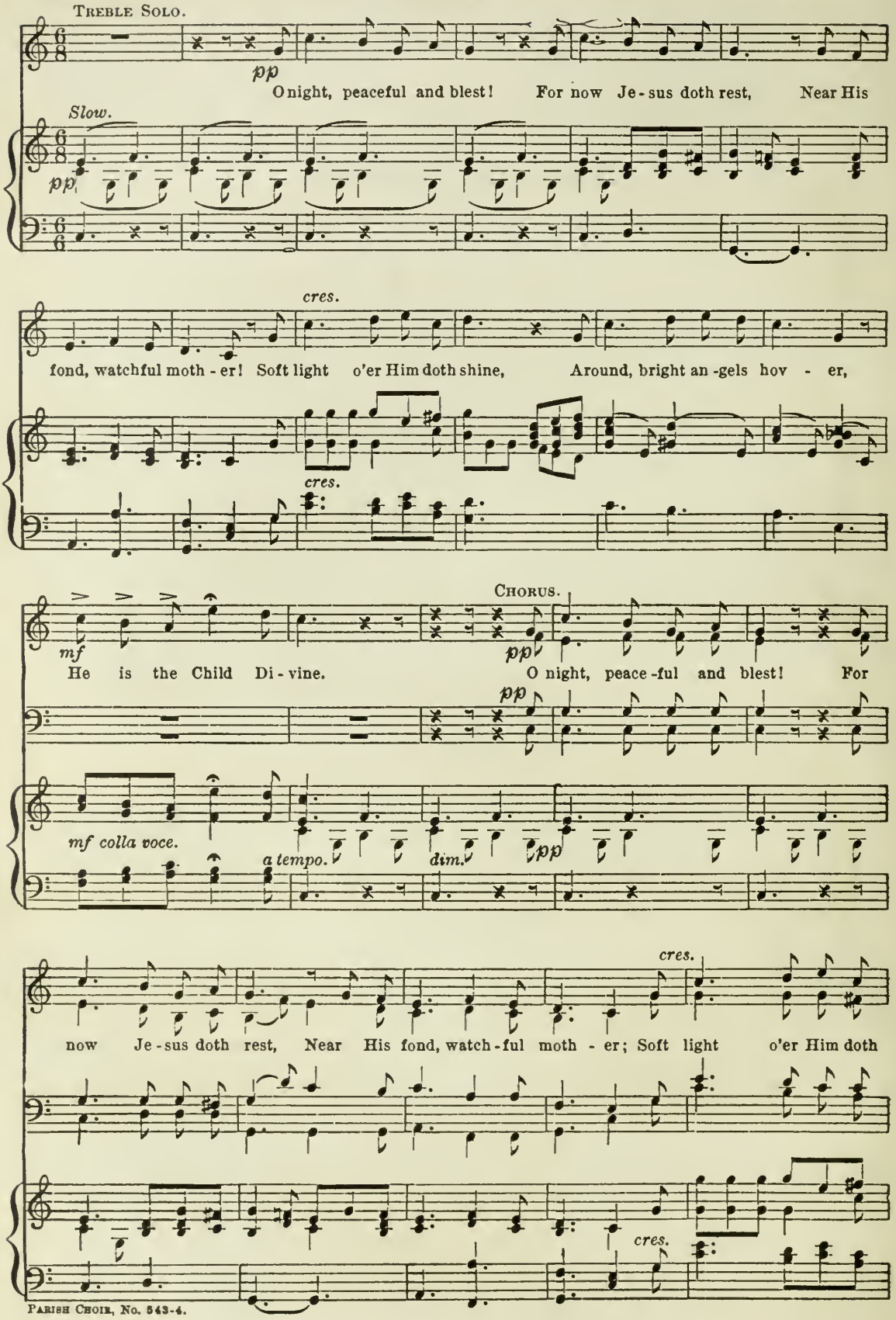
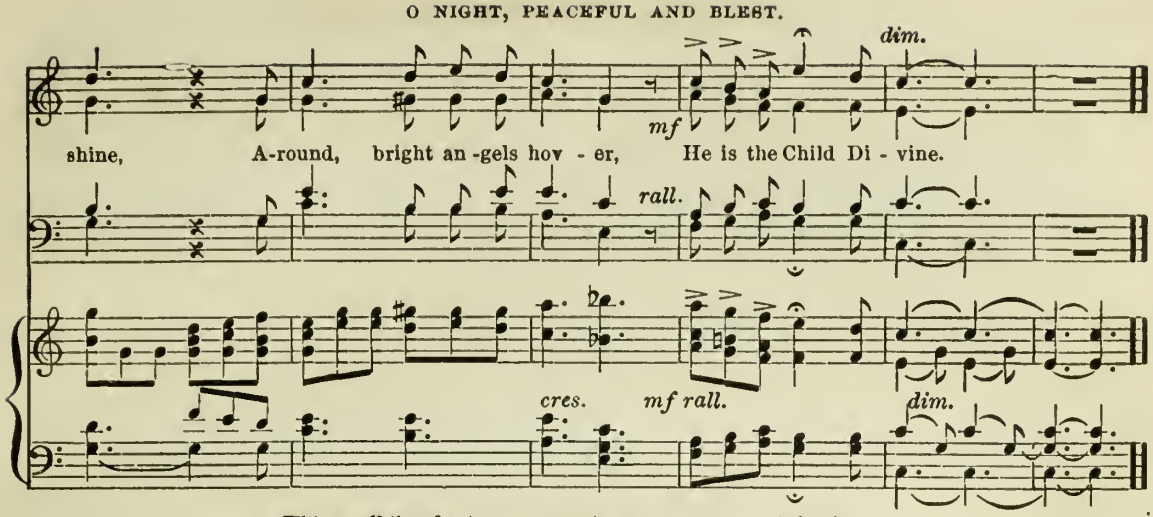
Infant so gentle.

Carol 182. (CHRISTMAS.) *Gascon Carol.*

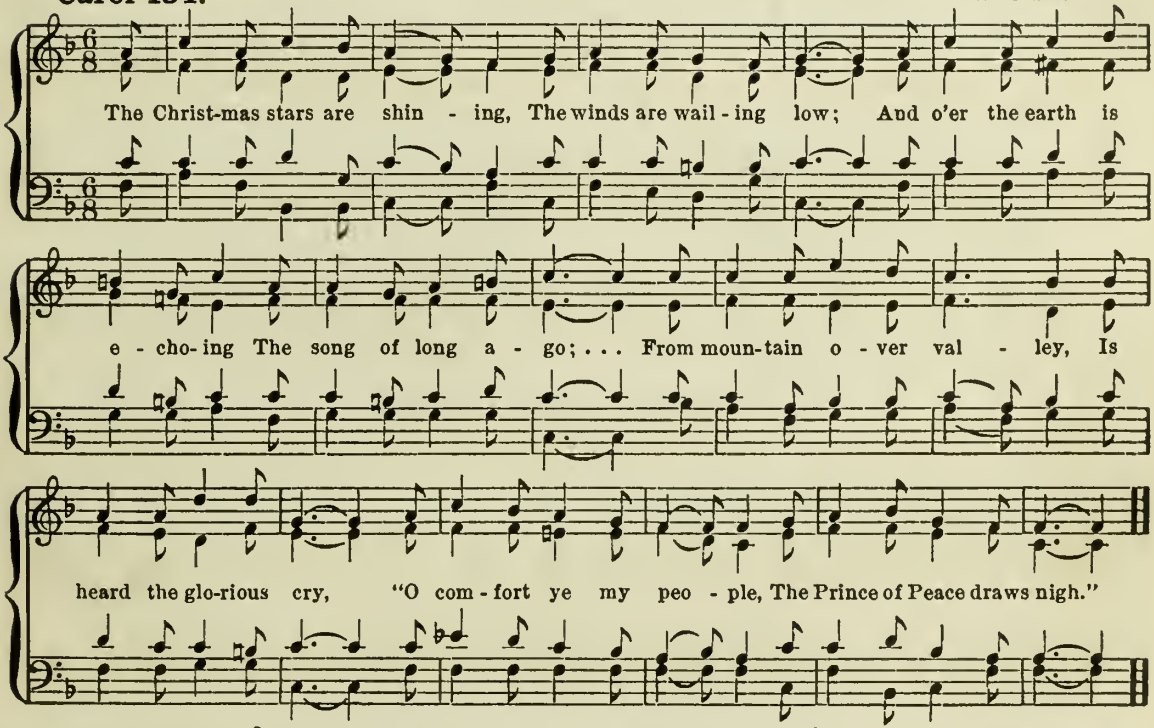

Very slow.
In-fant so gen-tle, so pure and so sweet, Love from Thy ti-ny eyes, sin-ners doth greet,
cres.
rall.
Tend'rest words fail all Thy beau-ty to show: We must a-dore Thee, if Thee we would know.

O night, peaceful and blest!

Carol 183. (CHRISTMAS.) *Normandie Carol.*



The Christmas stars are shining.

Carol 184. *F. W. Dawkins.*

The Christ-mas stars are shin - ing, The winds are wail - ing low; And o'er the earth is
e - cho- ing The song of long a - go; . . . From moun-tain o - ver val - ley, Is
heard the glo-rious cry, "O com - fort ye my peo - ple, The Prince of Peace draws nigh."

2

Sing of the Christ-Child's coming
In lowliest estate;
When long-time kings and prophets
With eager hearts did wait.
Where'er His footsteps linger
Shall blossom forth the rose;
And peace shall be abounding
Where'er His spirit goes.

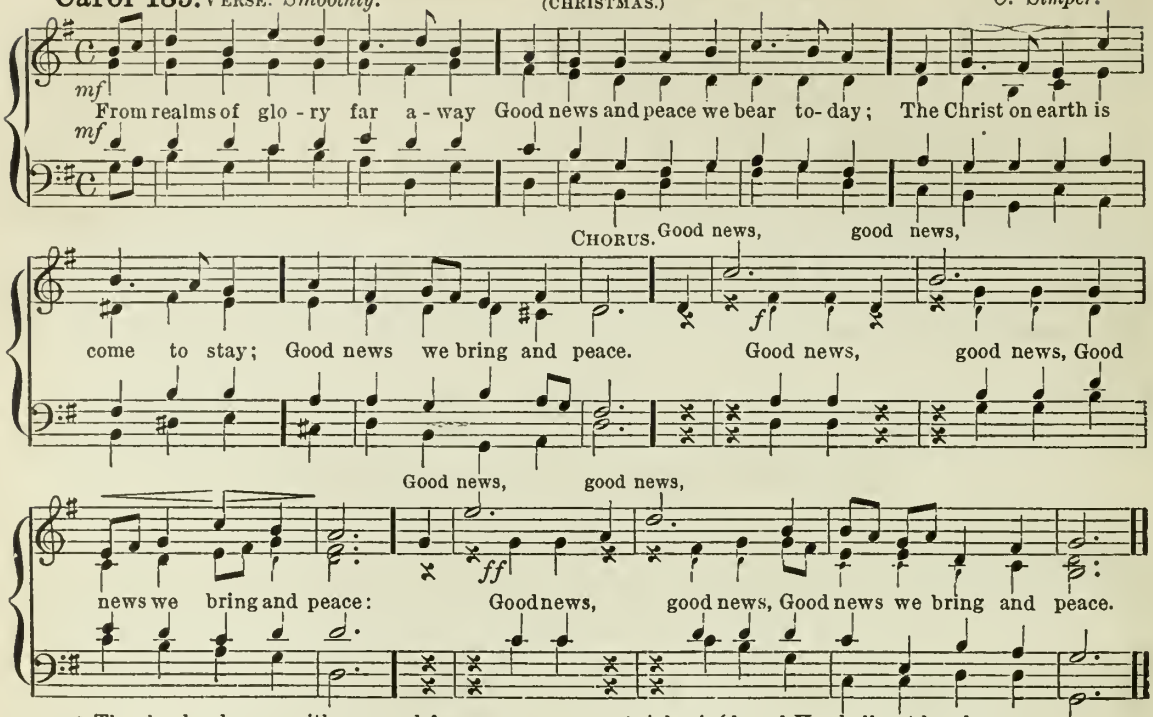
3

O Babe in humble manger,
Amongst the poor of earth,
Kings brought myrrh, gold, frankincense,
To offer at Thy birth,
The host of heaven triumphant
A glorious strain did sing,
"Peace and good will for ever
Through Christ, the new-born King."

4

Awake, awake, O Zion,
And put on all thy strength;
Filled is the throne of David,
Thy King hath come at length.
His star hath shone in heaven,
And angels at His birth,
Have brought the fair evangel
"Peace and good will on earth."

Good news we bring and peace.

Carol 185. VERSE. *Smoothly.* (CHRISTMAS.) *C. Simper.*

mf
From realms of glo - ry far a - way Good news and peace we bear to- day; The Christ on earth is
CHORUS. Good news, good news,
come to stay; Good news we bring and peace. Good news, good news, Good
Good news, good news,
news we bring and peace: Good news, good news, Good news we bring and peace.

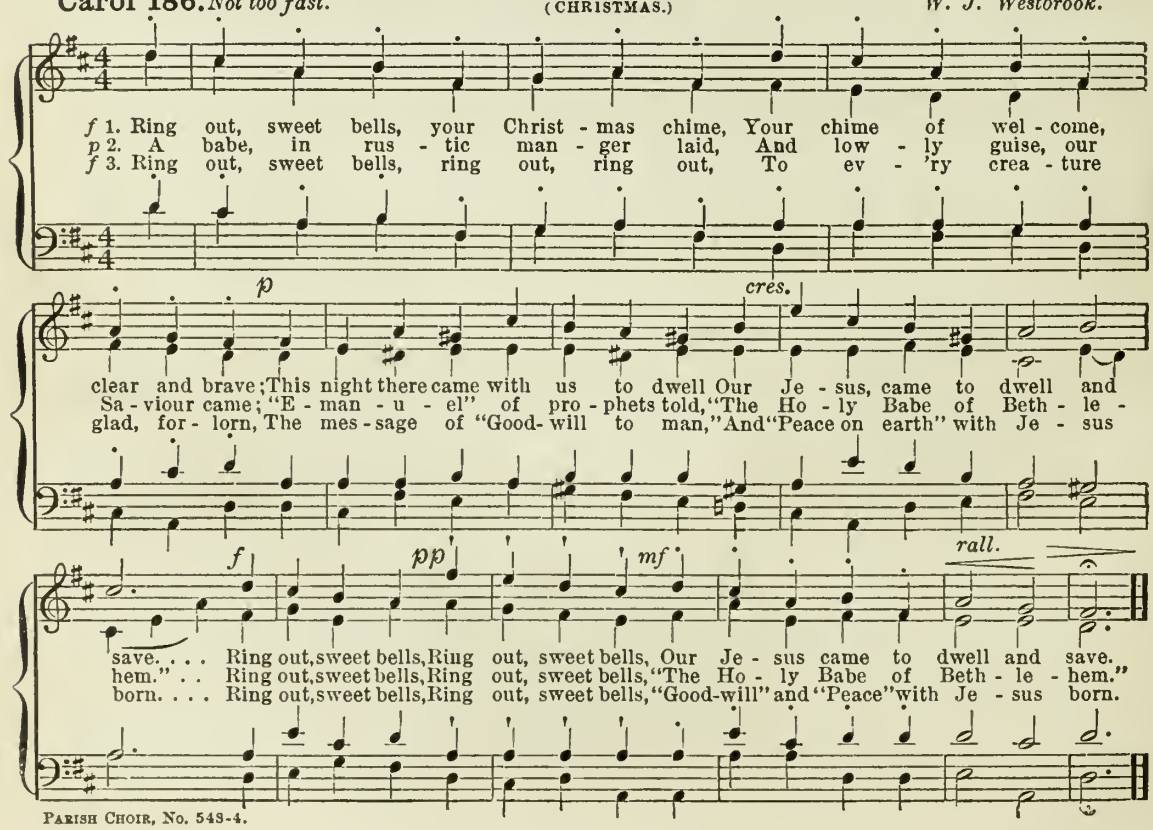
2 The shepherds rose with awe and fear,
To know that Christ their Lord was near,
When angels sang so sweet and clear;
Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

3 In David's city now is born
The Christ, to save a world forlorn;
Come, seek Him out this happy morn:
Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

4 A bruiséd reed He shall not break—
He comes! He comes! just for your sake;
Your hearts alone He seeks to take:
Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

5 Men, listen to the words we sing;
We are the heralds of our King;
And through all time this song shall sing:
Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

Ring out, sweet bells.

Carol 186. *Not too fast.* (CHRISTMAS.) *W. J. Westbrook.*

f 1. Ring out, sweet bells, your Christ - mas chime, Your chime of wel - come,
p 2. A babe, in rus - tic man - ger laid, And low - ly guise, our
f 3. Ring out, sweet bells, ring out, ring out, To ev - 'ry crea - ture
p
cres.
clear and brave; This night there came with us to dwell Our Je - sus, came to dwell and
Sa - viour came; "E - man - u - el" of pro - phets told, "The Ho - ly Babe of Beth - le -
glad, for - lorn, The mes - sage of "Good- will to man," And "Peace on earth" with Je - sus
f
pp
mf
rall.
save. . . . Ring out, sweet bells, Ring out, sweet bells, Our Je - sus came to dwell and save.
hem." . . Ring out, sweet bells, Ring out, sweet bells, "The Ho - ly Babe of Beth - le - hem."
born. . . . Ring out, sweet bells, Ring out, sweet bells, "Good-will" and "Peace" with Je - sus born.

Shades of silent night.

Carol 187. (CHRISTMAS.) *Chas. H. Sunderland.*

Andante.

mf

mp

Shades of si - lent night di - vid - ing,
Heav'n will guard their flocks from dan - ger,
Not a - lone do men un - learn - ed,

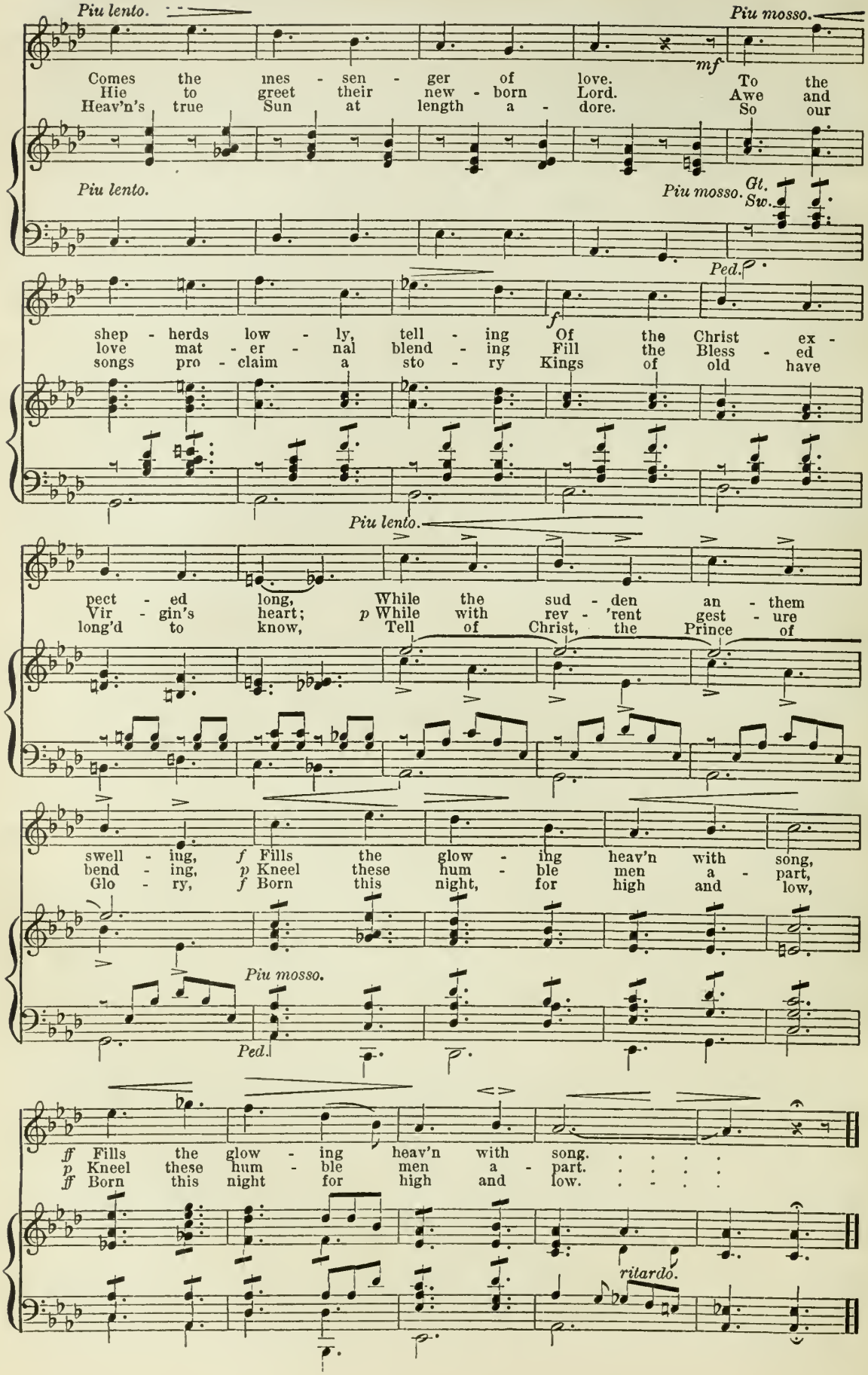
Bursts the glo - ry from a - bove.
Scat - ter'd o'er the moist green sward,
Bow the Ho - ly Child be - fore,

ritardo.

a tempo.

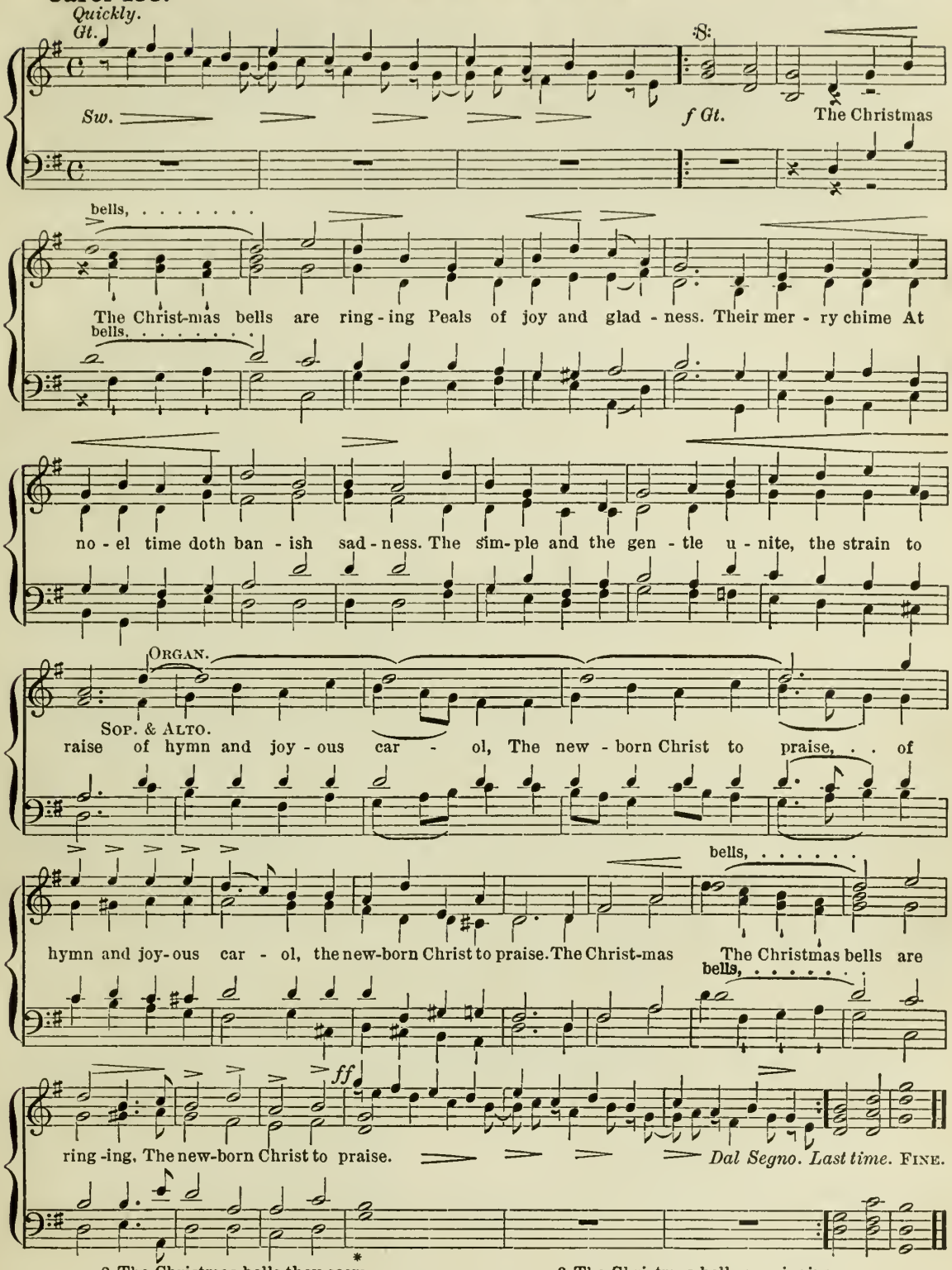
mf

Down the stream of bright - ness glid - ing,
While the swains to Beth - lehem's man - ger,
Sa - ges who for truth long yearn - ed,


Piu lento.
Piu mosso.
mf
Comes the mes - sen - ger of love. To the
Hie to greet their new - born Lord. Awe and
Heav'n's true Sun at length a - dore. So our
Piu lento.
Piu mosso.
Gt.
Sw.
Ped.
f
shep - herds low - ly, tell - ing Of the Christ ex -
love mat - er - nal blend - ing Fill the Bless - ed
songs pro - claim a sto - ry Kings of old have
Piu lento.
pect - ed long, While the sud - den an - them
Vir - gin's heart; p While with rev - 'rent gest - ure
long'd to know, Tell of Christ, the Prince of
swell - ing, f Fills the glow - ing heav'n with song,
bend - ing, p Kneel these hum - ble men a - part,
Glo - ry, f Born this night, for high and low,
Piu mosso.
Ped.
ff Fills the glow - ing heav'n with song.
p Kneel these hum - ble men a - part.
ff Born this night for high and low.
ritardo.

The Christmas Bells.

Carol 188.

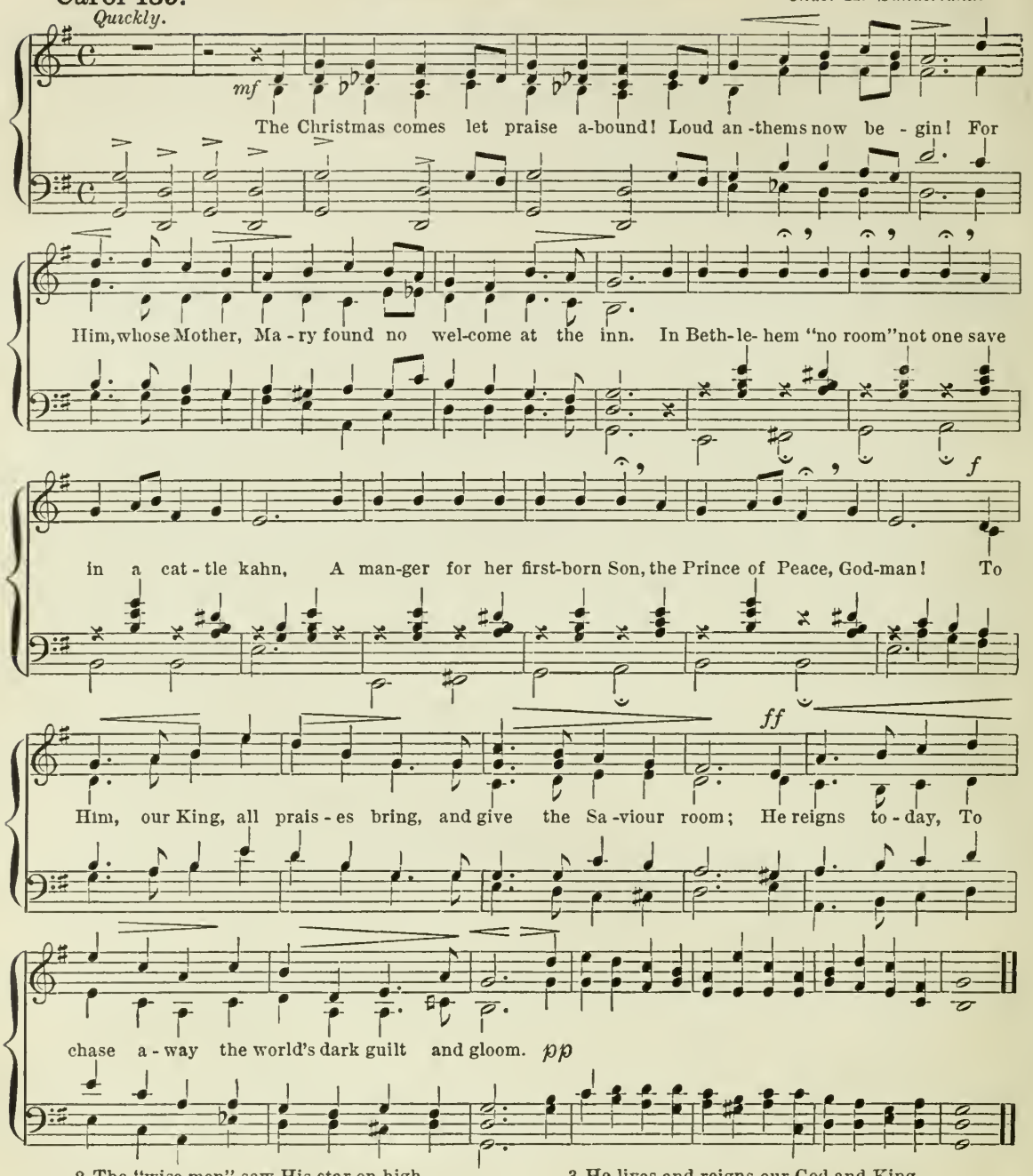
Chas. H. Sunderland.

Quickly.
Gt.
Sw.
f Gt.
The Christmas
bells,
The Christ-mas bells are ring-ing Peals of joy and glad-ness. Their mer-ry chime At
bells,
no-el time doth ban-ish sad-ness. The sim-ple and the gen-tle u-nite, the strain to
Organ.
Sop. & Alto.
raise of hymn and joy-ous car-ol, The new-born Christ to praise, of
bells,
hymn and joy-ous car-ol, the new-born Christ to praise. The Christ-mas
The Christmas bells are
bells,
ff
ring-ing, The new-born Christ to praise.
Dal Segno. Last time. Fine.

2 The Christmas bells they seem
To ring away all malice,
And each base part
For every heart
In hut and palace!
And love ye all as brethren
For Christ from Satan's thrall
‖: Was born to-day to save you
And breathe good-will to all. :‖
The Christmas bells are ringing
The new-born Christ to praise.

3 The Christmas bells are ringing
Gaily in the steeple:—
For Christ's dear sake
To prayer awake
All Christian people!
And joyfully your off'ring
To God's fair altar bring;
‖: And there the love eternal
Of Christ your Saviour, sing! :‖
The Christmas bells are ringing
The new-born Christ to praise.

* Full chord left hand. Right for "Peal" imitation. Be sure "praise" is sustained throughout the measure.

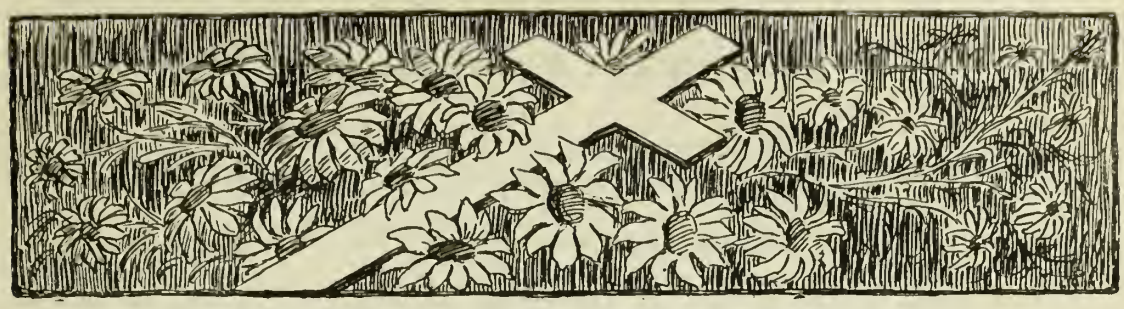
The Christmas comes.

Carol 189. *Chas. H. Sunderland.*

Quickly.
mf
The Christmas comes let praise a-bound! Loud an-thems now be-gin! For
Him, whose Mother, Ma-ry found no wel-come at the inn. In Beth-le-hem "no room" not one save
f
in a cat-tle kahn, A man-ger for her first-born Son, the Prince of Peace, God-man! To
ff
Him, our King, all prais-es bring, and give the Sa-viour room; He reigns to-day, To
chase a-way the world's dark guilt and gloom.
pp

2 The "wise men" saw His star on high,
And blessed His lowly birth;
God's herald angels in the sky
Rejoiced with Holy mirth.
They charmed the fears of shepherds then
With notes of peace, "good-will,"
And now that Gospel song to men
Inspires their worship still;
O earth rejoice, with heart and voice
And give the Saviour room!
He lives to bless with righteousness
And make the world to bloom.

3 He lives and reigns our God and King
The "Lord of Glory" now,
While round His throne bright seraphs sing,
Adoring spirits bow;
And from His presence, on swift wing
The Christmas angels fly
To woo the world to Christ, and bring
Their heavenly melody.
Hark, hear them sing! "Receive your King,
And give your Saviour room!"
His light shall shine with ray divine
To banish woe and gloom.

4 From chapel, church, cathedral high,
From every holy place
Let anthems shake the vaulted sky
And songs of joy and grace!
Let saintly hands and hearts prepare
Their offerings rich, and free
And Christmas cheer be everywhere
With love and charity!
Let all be glad; let none be sad;
Oh, give the Saviour room!
With love's employ our hearts shall joy,
The desert place shall bloom.

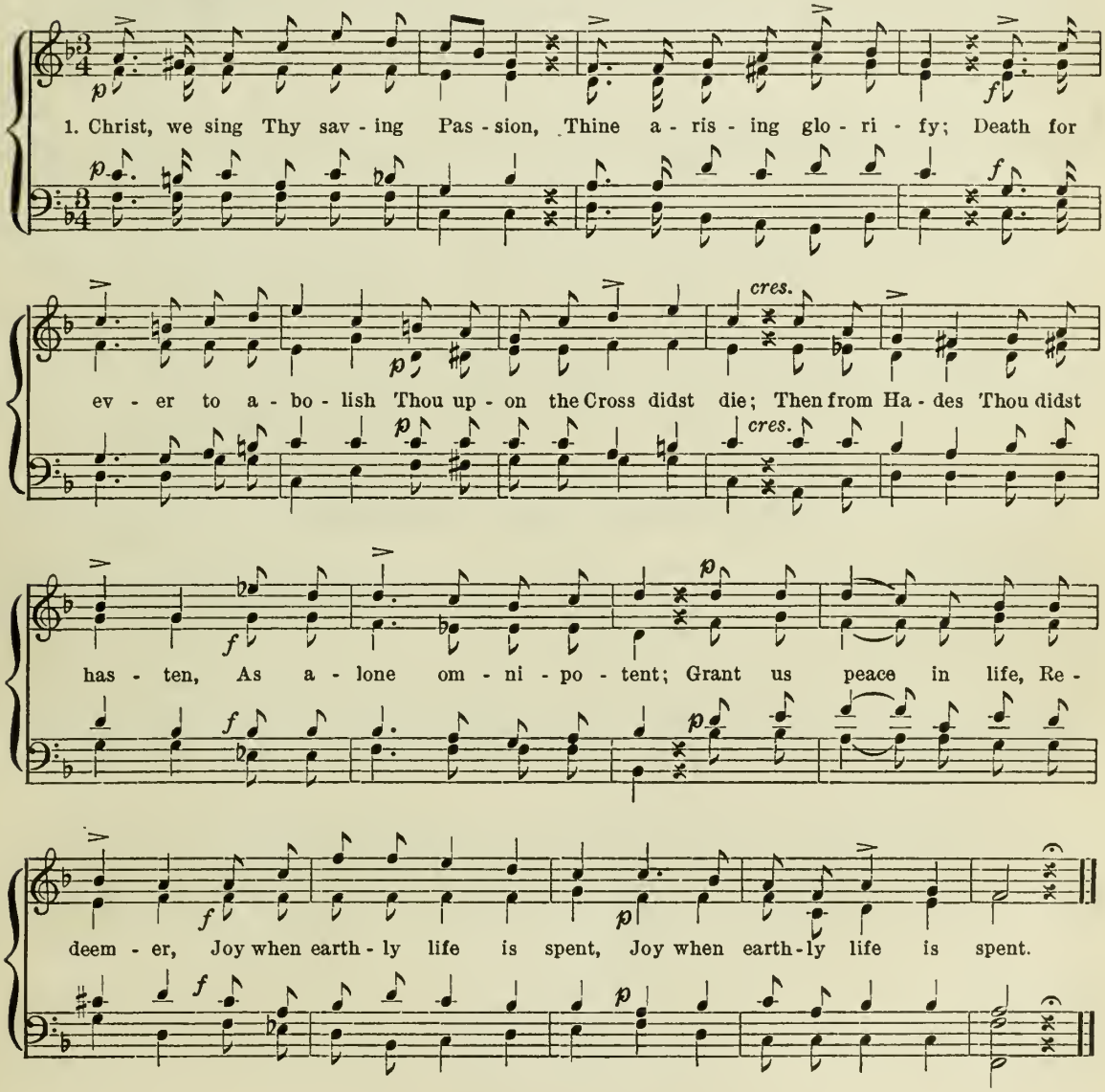


Christ, we sing Thy saving Passion.

Carol 190.

EASTER.

Words by *W. C. Dix.* *G. B. Lissant.*

In moderate time.

1. Christ, we sing Thy sav - ing Pas - sion, Thine a - ris - ing glo - ri - fy; Death for
ev - er to a - bo - lish Thou up - on the Cross didst die; Then from Ha - des Thou didst
cres.
has - ten, As a - lone om - ni - po - tent; Grant us peace in life, Re -
deem - er, Joy when earth - ly life is spent, Joy when earth - ly life is spent.

2

Sing we now Thy condecension,
Christ, with God the Father One;
We in lofty hymns will praise Thee,
Mary-Mother's Blessed Son.
Thou for us as Man didst suffer,
Willingly the Cross didst bear,
That Thy resurrection-glory
We, the sons of men, may share.

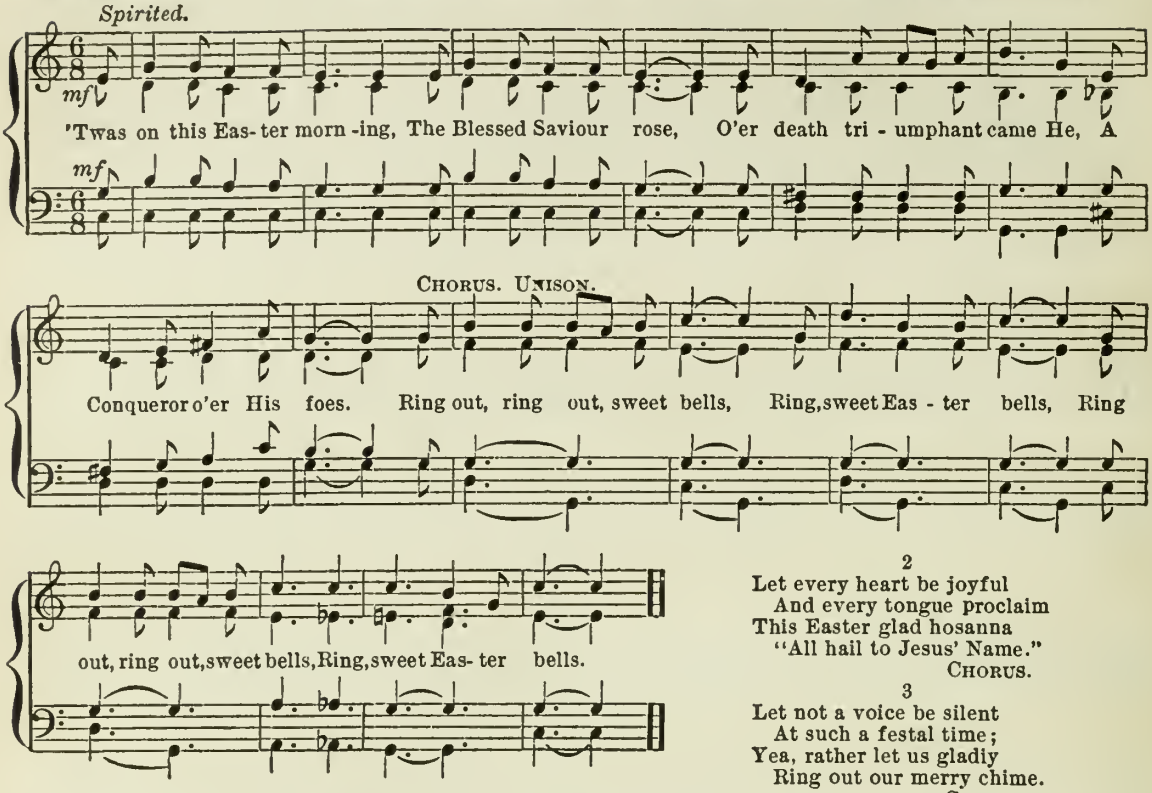
§ 3

Coming as from bridal chamber
Robed with orient morning-light;
Brining to the world salvation,
Spoiling Hell of all her might;
Raising by Thy Resurrection
Man to dignity most high;
Christ, may we with pure thanksgiving
Thee for ever glorify.

'Twas on this Easter morning.

Carol 191. *George Edgar Oliver.*

Spirited.


mf
'Twas on this Eas- ter morn -ing, The Blessed Saviour rose, O'er death tri - umphant came He, A
mf
CHORUS. UNISON.
Conqueror o'er His foes. Ring out, ring out, sweet bells, Ring, sweet Eas - ter bells, Ring
out, ring out, sweet bells, Ring, sweet Eas- ter bells.

2

Let every heart be joyful
And every tongue proclaim
This Easter glad hosanna
"All hail to Jesus' Name."
CHORUS.

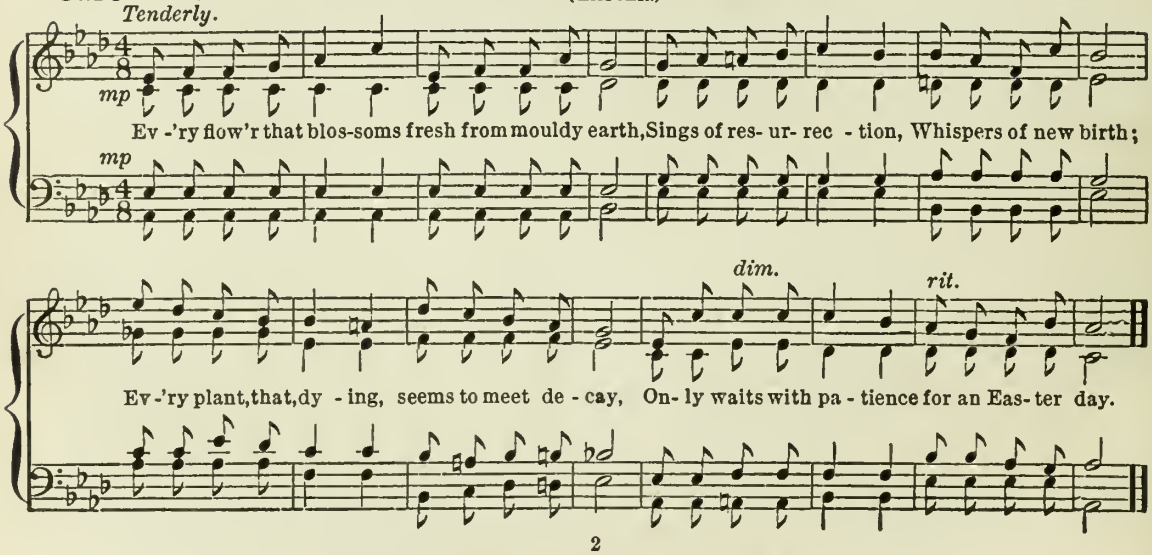
3

Let not a voice be silent
At such a festal time;
Yea, rather let us gladly
Ring out our merry chime.
CHORUS.

Every flower that blossoms.

Carol 192. (EASTER.) *George Edgar Oliver.*

Tenderly.


mp
Ev -'ry flow'r that blos-soms fresh from mouldy earth, Sings of res- ur- rec - tion, Whispers of new birth;
mp
dim.
rit.
Ev -'ry plant, that, dy - ing, seems to meet de - cay, On- ly waits with pa - tience for an Eas- ter day.

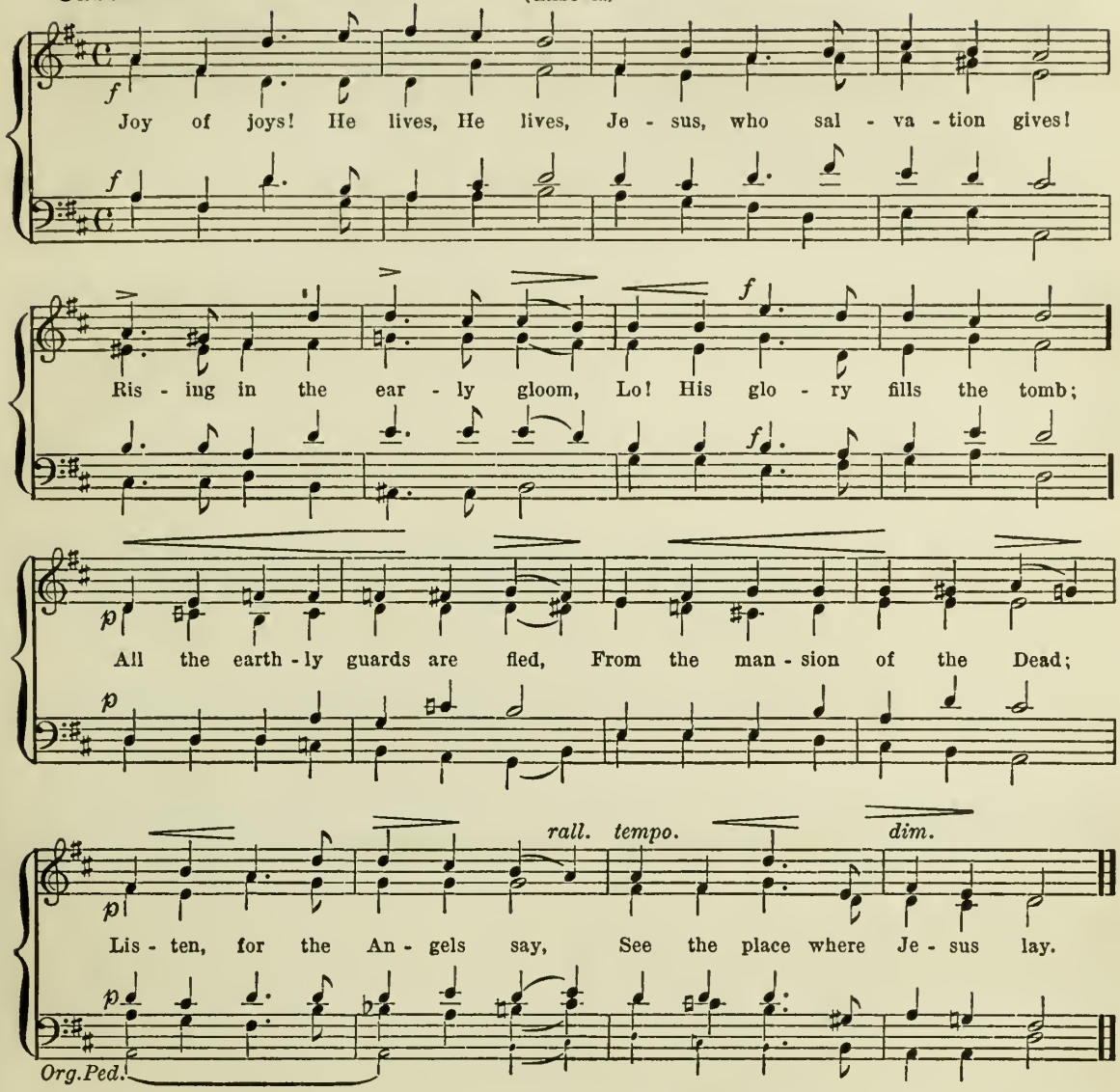
2

Seeds of promise scattered over all the land
Spring of life and beauty, guided by God's hand;
And our souls, more precious than all earth beside
Surely shall awaken at some Easter-tide.

3

Then let hearts and voices Easter carols sing—
Then let Alleluias through the glad earth ring:
For our Christ has risen, and beyond the grave,
Over death and sorrow He is strong to save.

Joy of joys! He lives, He lives.

Carol 193. (EASTER.)

Joy of joys! He lives, He lives, Je - sus, who sal - va - tion gives!
Ris - ing in the ear - ly gloom, Lo! His glo - ry fills the tomb;
All the earth - ly guards are fled, From the man - sion of the Dead;
rall. tempo. dim.
Lis - ten, for the An - gels say, See the place where Je - sus lay.
Org. Ped.

2

Enter, if ye seek for Him!
There the light shall not be dim;
At His head, and at His feet,
Mark the clothes and winding sheet,
All in sacred order seen,
In the grave where Christ has been;
So He left it, all was done,
Ere the rising of the sun.

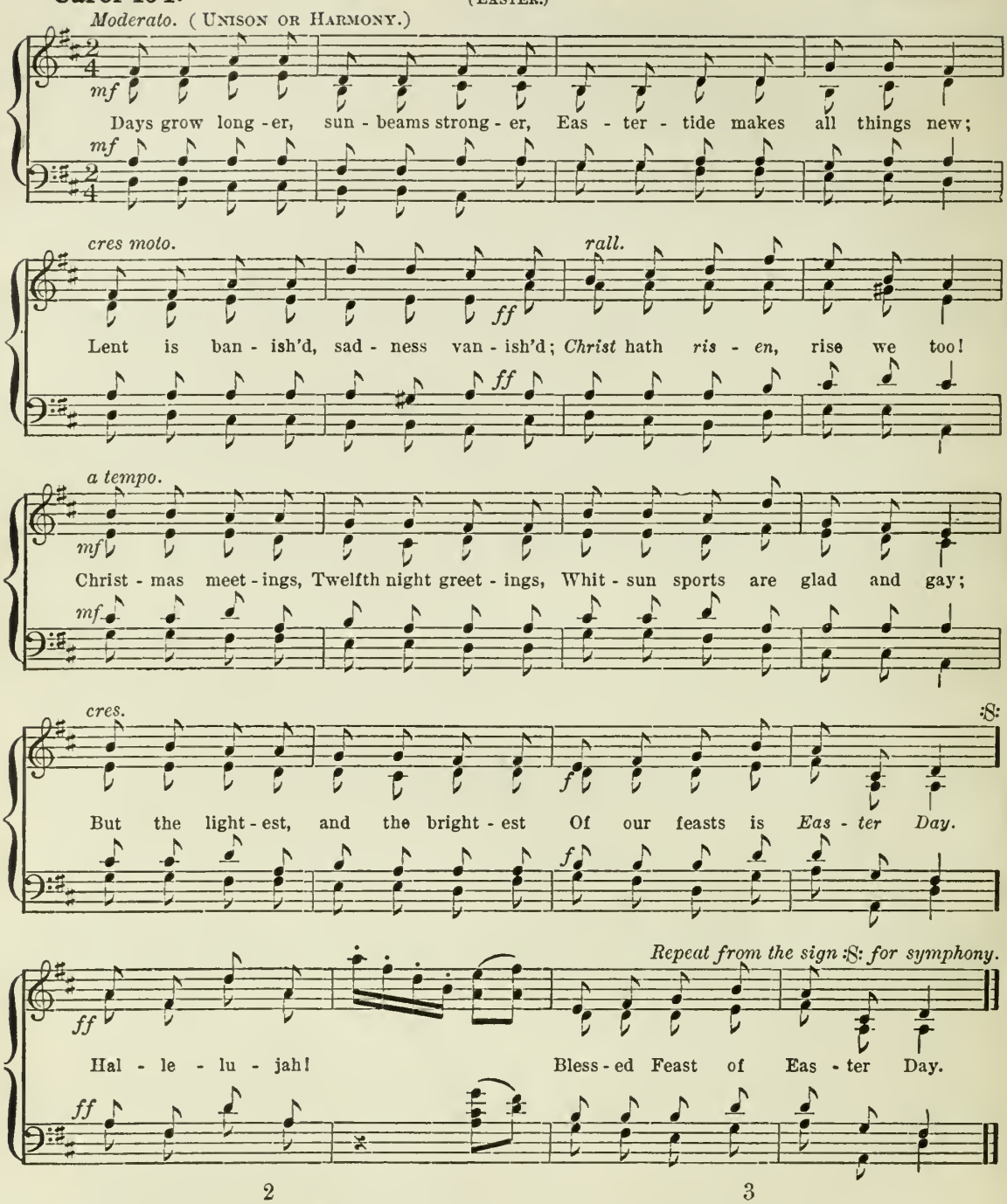
3

Earth was trembling—Jesus rose,
Calmly passing through His foes;
Death hath no dominion now,
Captain of Salvation, Thou!
Jesus, Conqueror of the grave,
Jesus, Master, strong to save,
Teach our hearts the unearthly bliss
Of a purer world than this!

4

Bid the powers of darkness fly,
For the morn is drawing nigh;
Shew to us the shining way,
Us the children of the day;
Onward, onward, in the road
Radiant with the light of God,
God the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit ever One!

Days grow longer,

Carol 194. (EASTER.) *G. W. Warren.*

Moderato. (UNISON OR HARMONY.)
mf
Days grow long - er, sun - beams strong - er, Eas - ter - tide makes all things new;
cres moto.
ff
rall.
Lent is ban - ish'd, sad - ness van - ish'd; Christ hath ris - en, rise we too!
a tempo.
Christ - mas meet - ings, Twelfth night greet - ings, Whit - sun sports are glad and gay;
cres.
But the light - est, and the bright - est Of our feasts is Eas - ter Day.
Repeat from the sign :S: for symphony.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Bless - ed Feast of Eas - ter Day.

2

Earthly story crowns with glory
Him who earthly foes o'ercame;
Victor's laurel ends the quarrel;
Honour dwells about His Name:
Vanquished legions, conquered regions
Kings deposed and princes bound;
Exaltation, acclamation,
Fill His ears and float around.
: Hallelujah! Blessed feast of Easter day! :

3

Then unending and transcending
Be the glory of the Son:
For transcendent and resplendent
Was the vict'ry He hath won.
Death hath yielded, life is shielded,
Satan bound, and Hell in chains:
Chased is terror, fled is error,
Grief is past, and joy remains.
* ‖: Hallelujah! Blessed feast of Easter Day! :‖

* Last time slowly, and with all power.

It came upon the midnight clear.

Carol 195. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. R. Higinbotham.*

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furl'd,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats, O'er all the wea - ry world;

Peace on the earth, good will to men, From Heav'n's all - gra - cious King, . .
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains, They bend on hov - 'ring wing, . .

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. .
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing. .

3

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

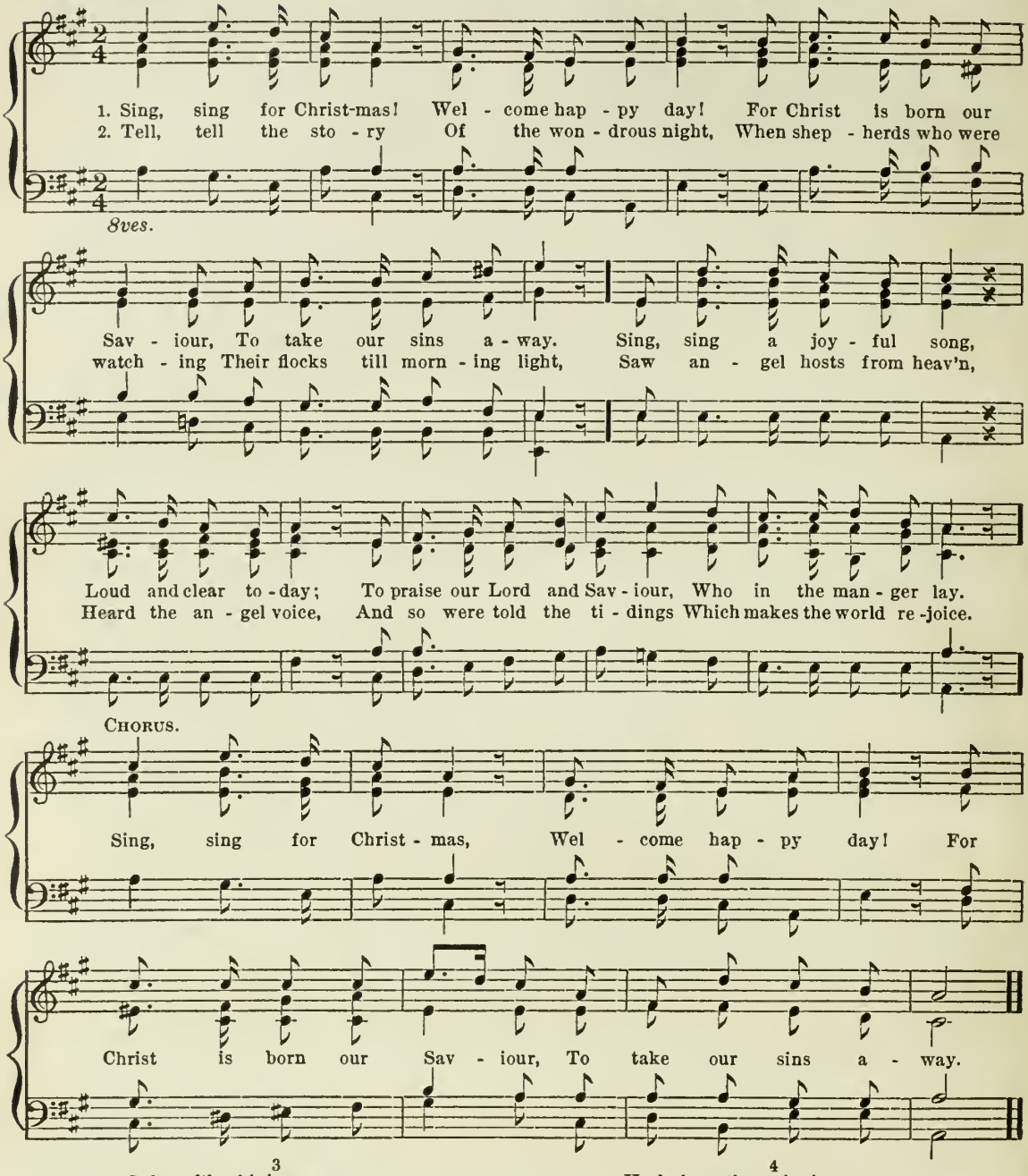
4

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own,
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

* Small notes for organ only.
Parish Choir, No. 595—4.

Sing, sing for Christmas.

Words by Rev. J. H. Egar, D.D.
Music by Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.

Carol 196.

1. Sing, sing for Christ-mas! Wel - come hap - py day! For Christ is born our
2. Tell, tell the sto - ry Of the won - drous night, When shep - herds who were
8ves.
Sav - iour, To take our sins a - way. Sing, sing a joy - ful song,
watch - ing Their flocks till morn - ing light, Saw an - gel hosts from heav'n,
Loud and clear to - day; To praise our Lord and Sav - iour, Who in the man - ger lay.
Heard the an - gel voice, And so were told the ti - dings Which makes the world re - joice.
CHORUS.
Sing, sing for Christ - mas, Wel - come hap - py day! For
Christ is born our Sav - iour, To take our sins a - way.

3

Soft, softly shining,
Stars were in the sky,
And silver fell the moonlight
On hill and mountain high,
When suddenly the night
Outshone the bright mid-day,
With angel hosts who herald
The reign of peace for aye.
CHORUS. Sing, sing for Christmas, etc.

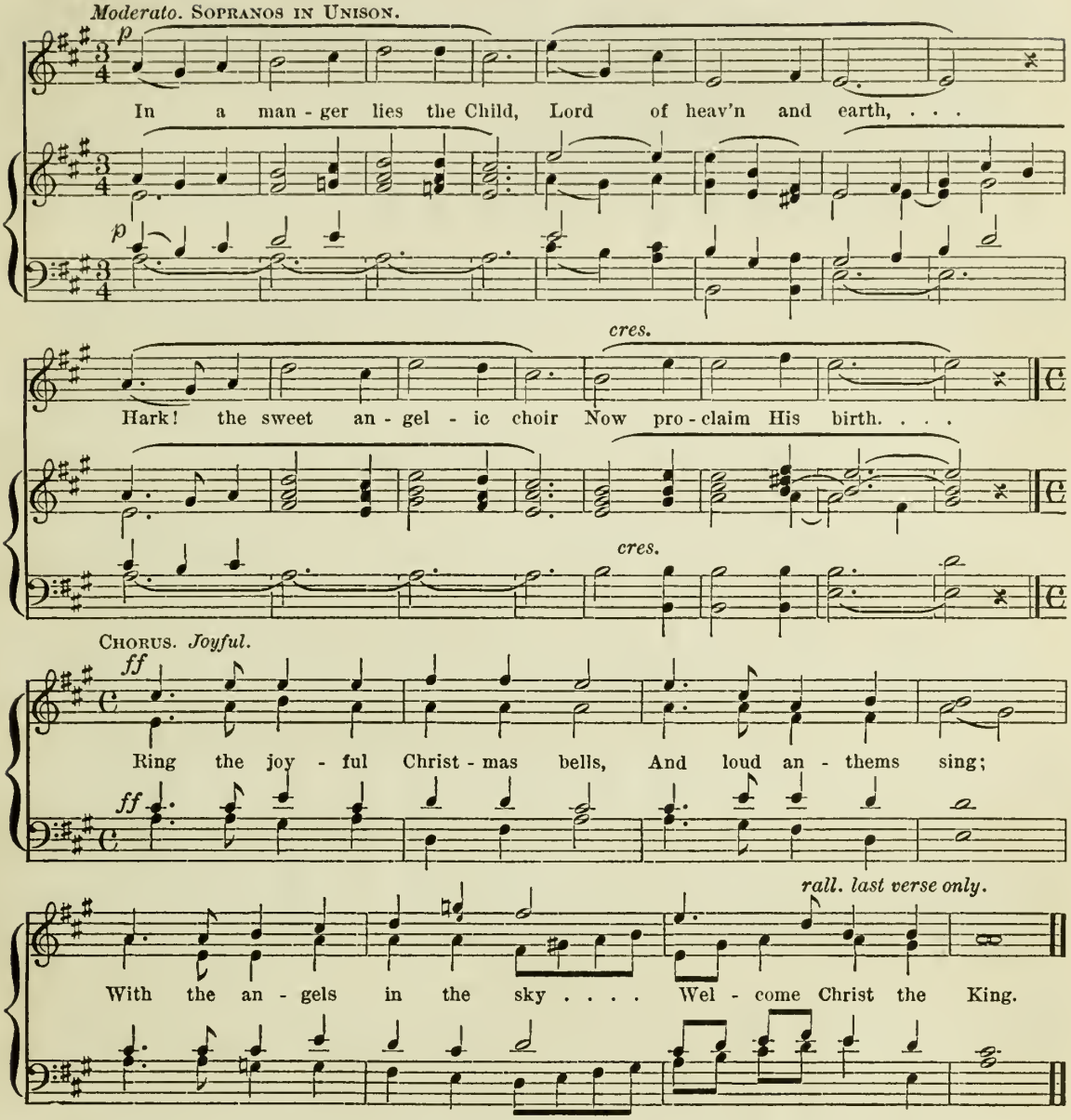
4

Hark, hear them singing,
Singing in the sky,
Be worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Peace, peace, good will to men!
Born the Child from heaven!
The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour,
The Son to you is given!
CHORUS. Sing, sing for Christmas, etc.

5

Sing, sing for Christmas!
Echo, earth, the cry
Of worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Sing, sing the joyful song,
Let it never cease,
Of glory in the highest,
On earth, good will and peace.
CHORUS. Sing, sing for Christmas, etc.

Ring the joyful Christmas bells.

Carol 197. *Frank Peskett.*

Moderato. SOPRANOS IN UNISON.
p
In a man - ger lies the Child, Lord of heav'n and earth, . . .
cres.
Hark! the sweet an - gel - ic choir Now pro - claim His birth. . . .
CHORUS. Joyful.
ff
Ring the joy - ful Christ - mas bells, And loud an - thems sing;
rall. last verse only.
With the an - gels in the sky . . . . Wel - come Christ the King.

2

mf He from highest heaven above,
Hath come down below;
p Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
cres. And God's love to show.
ff Ring the joyful, etc.

3

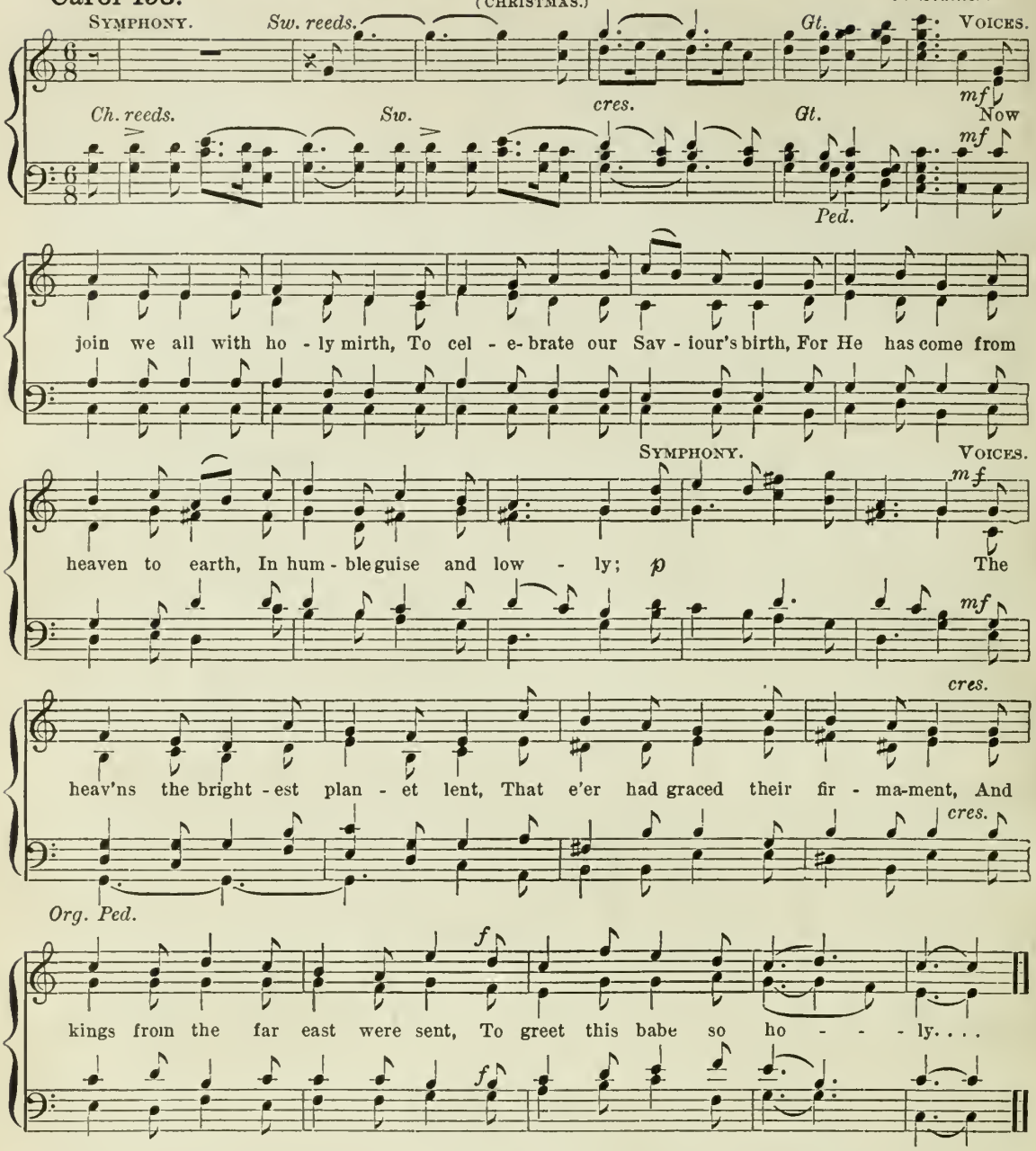
mf To the shepherds in the fields
Was His birth made known;
And with wondering looks they kneel
cres. At the manger throne.
ff Ring the joyful, etc.

4

ff Let us then the angels join
In their Christmas strain;
And with thankfulness and joy
Tell His love again.
ff Ring the joyful, etc.

Now join we all with holy mirth.

Carol 198. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. Stainer.*



2

And from each starry orb around,
Broke forth such strange, celestial sound,
Th'entrancèd shepherds on the ground
Stand spell-bound, inly dreaming.
If such divine, melodious hymn,
Of Cherubim and Seraphim,
These harmonies that round them swim,
Are real, or only seeming.

3

Fear not, O shepherds! nought but bliss
Can come of heavenly rout like this;
The angel's gracious message is
(Love with his accents blended)
"All glory be to God on high!
And peace on earth, for which a sigh
Hath long been raised, e'en now is nigh,
Immanuel hath descended."

4

"For unto you this Child is born,
His swaddling clothes hold not in scorn,
Nor Virgin Mother, so forlorn,
His nature He is veiling;
The Wonderful—the Counsellor,
The mighty God Himself is there,
Has come your deepest woes to share—
A Saviour, all-availing!"

5

Then with the shepherds we will go—
Come, young and old, come, high and low,
We'll troop to Bethlehem and so
Low bending, each confessing,
We'll cast away our nature's sin,
Pardon and grace we've come to win,
We knock, O Jesus! take us in,
Into Thy fold we're pressing.

6

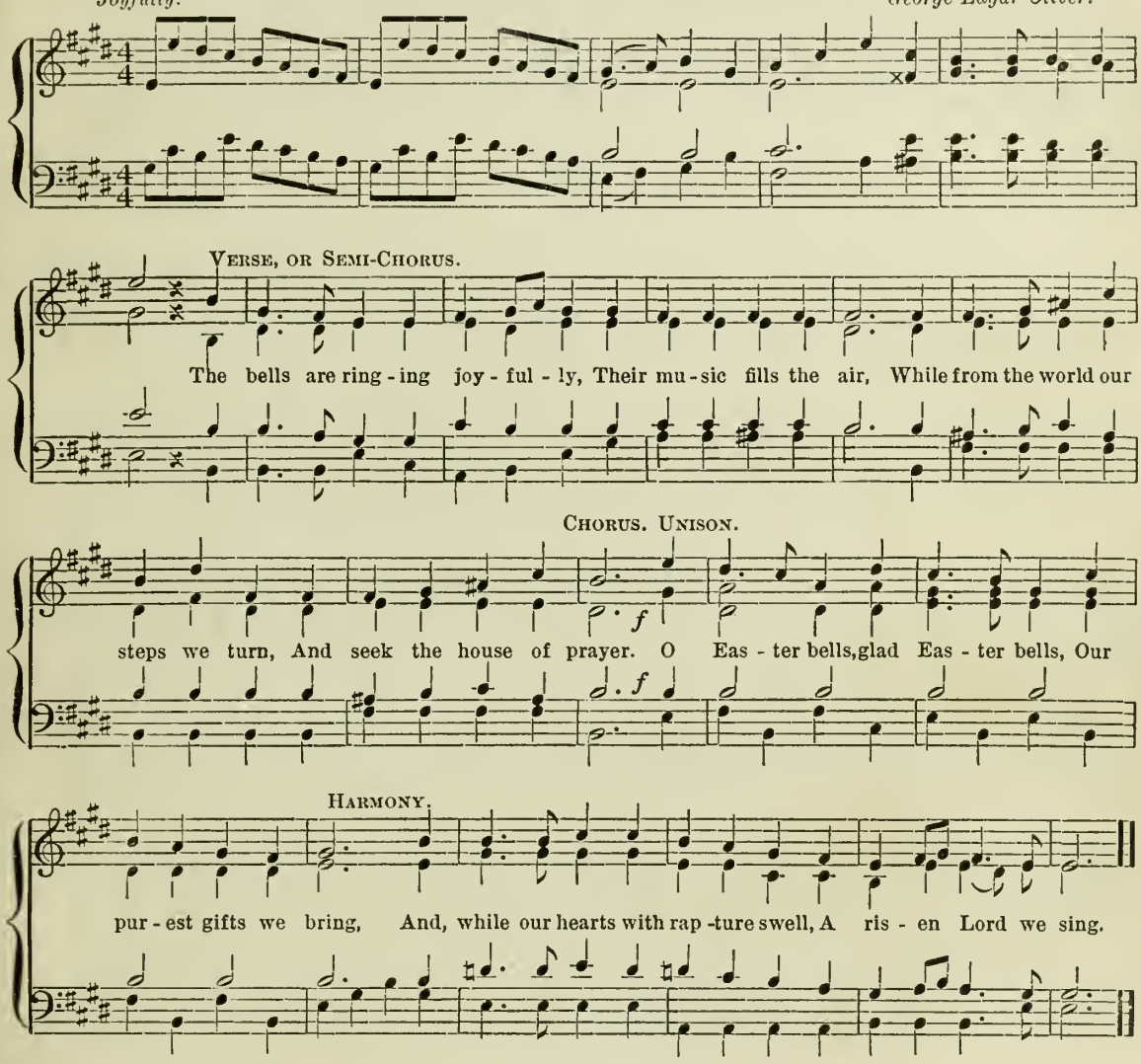
Thus in our ears, life's path along,
Shall linger still the angels' song,
Its theme of comfort, simple, strong,
Till heav'ns bright day is dawning;
Nor will we fail with honours meet,
With thankful hearts and carols sweet,
As each year runs its course, to greet
Thine advent, Christmas morning!

The bells are ringing joyfully.

Carol 199.

(EASTER.)

Joyfully. *George Edgar Oliver.*


VERSE, OR SEMI-CHORUS.
The bells are ring - ing joy - ful - ly, Their mu - sic fills the air, While from the world our
CHORUS. UNISON.
steps we turn, And seek the house of prayer. O Eas - ter bells, glad Eas - ter bells, Our
HARMONY.
pur - est gifts we bring, And, while our hearts with rap - ture swell, A ris - en Lord we sing.

2 The bells are ringing joyfully,
And, as we walk to-day,
Behold the loving Saviour comes,
To meet us on the way.
CHORUS.

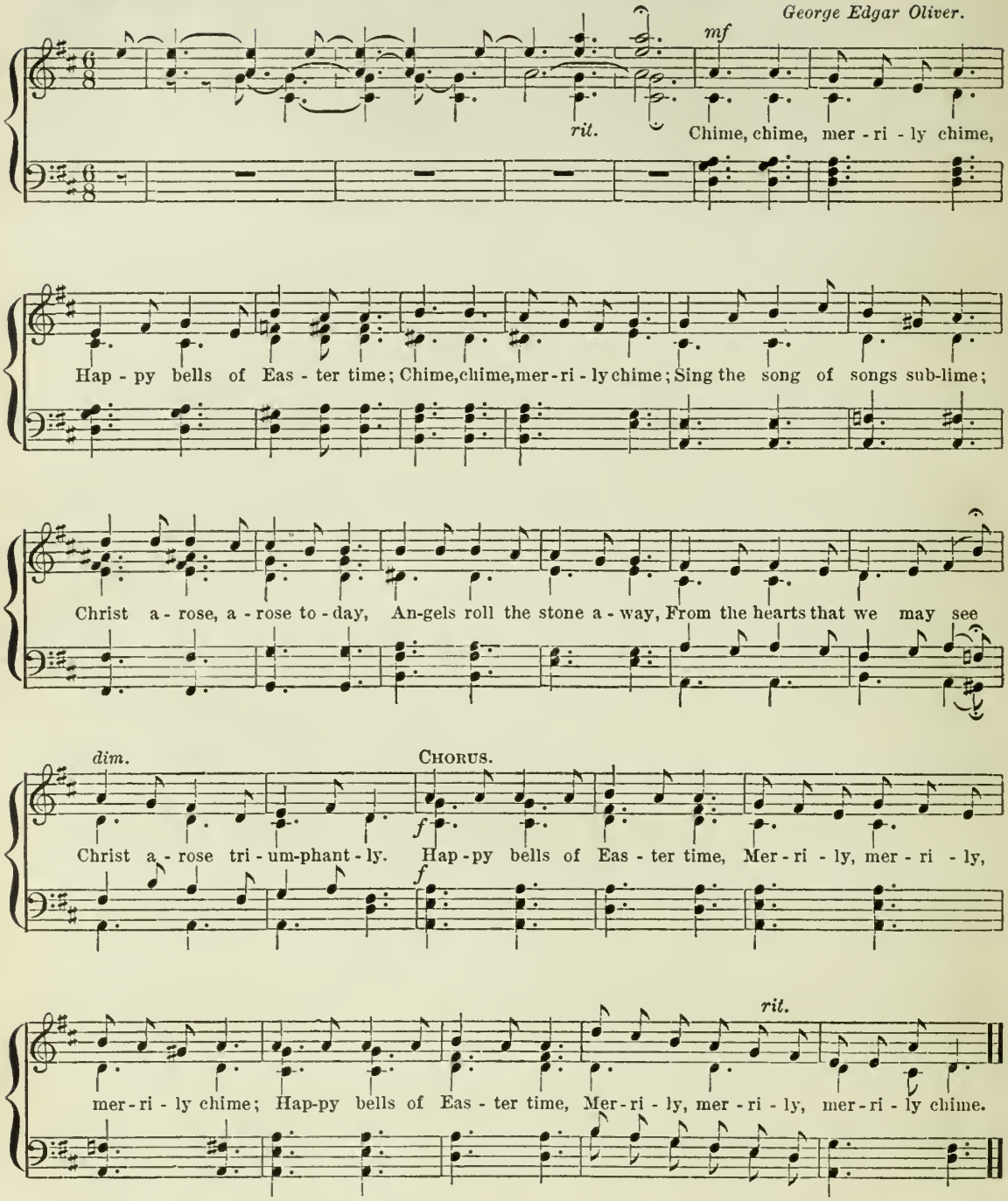
3 The bells are ringing joyfully,
They ring from year to year,
But, as the Easter time comes round,
They seem to us most dear.
CHORUS.

4 The bells are ringing joyfully,
The earth is filled with flowers,
The risen Lord in mercy crowns
These sinful hearts of ours.
CHORUS.

Chime, chime, merrily chime.

(EASTER.)

Carol 200.

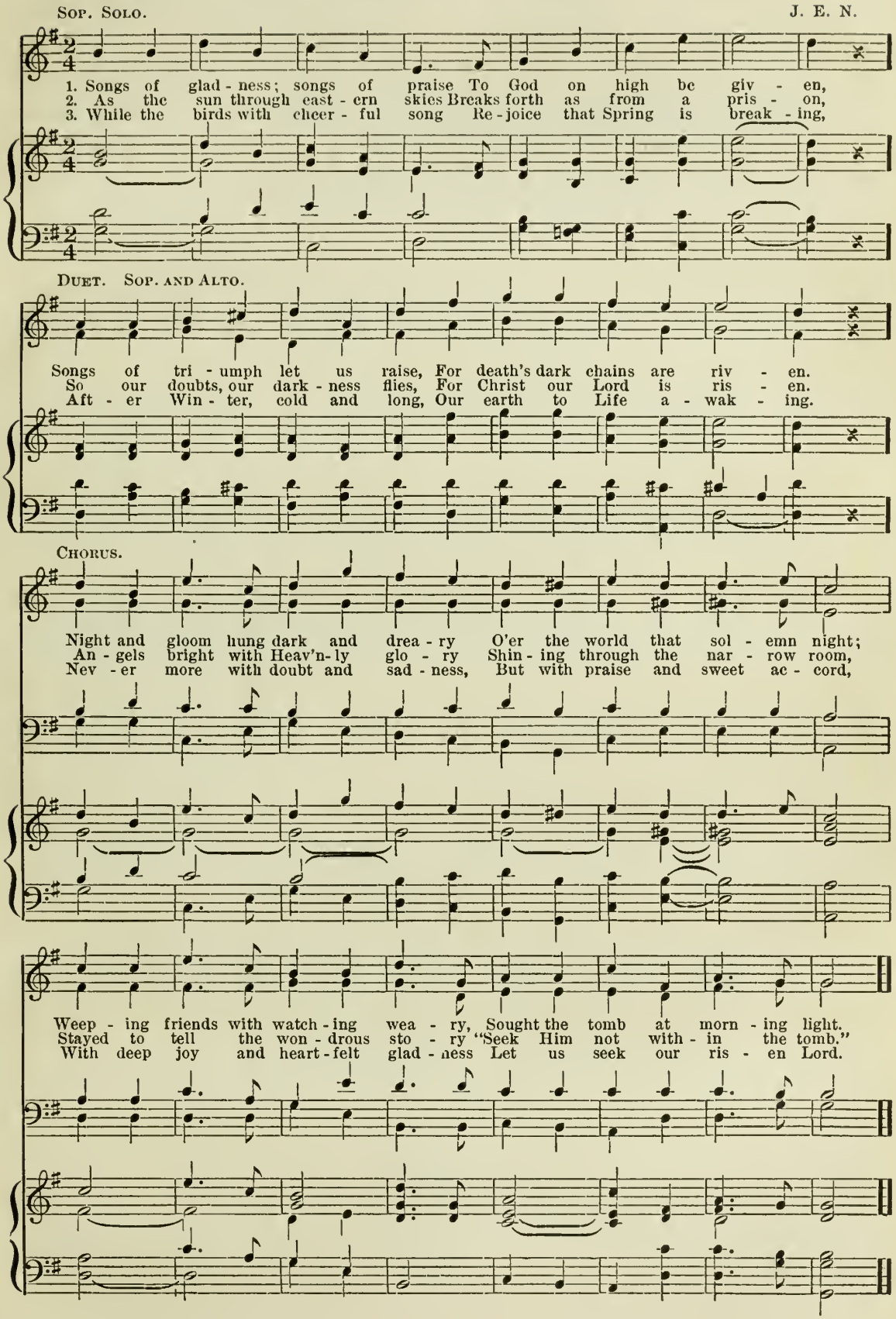
George Edgar Oliver.

mf
rit.
Chime, chime, mer - ri - ly chime,
Hap - py bells of Eas - ter time; Chime, chime, mer - ri - ly chime; Sing the song of songs sub-lime;
Christ a - rose, a - rose to - day, An-gels roll the stone a - way, From the hearts that we may see
dim.
Chorus.
f
Christ a - rose tri - um-phant - ly. Hap - py bells of Eas - ter time, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
rit.
mer - ri - ly chime; Hap-py bells of Eas - ter time, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly chime.

2 Ring, ring, merrily ring,
Joyous bells the tidings bring;
Ring, ring, merrily ring,
Jesus Christ alone is King.
He arose, arose to-day,
Evermore the world to sway.
Join then all with joyful tongue
To resound his praise in song.—Cho.

3 Chime, chime, merrily chime,
Happy bells of Easter time;
Chime, chime, merrily chime,
Sing the song of songs sublime,
Christ arose, arose to-day,
And He points to us the way,
Tells us we may rise with Him
From earth's shadows dark and dim.—Cho.

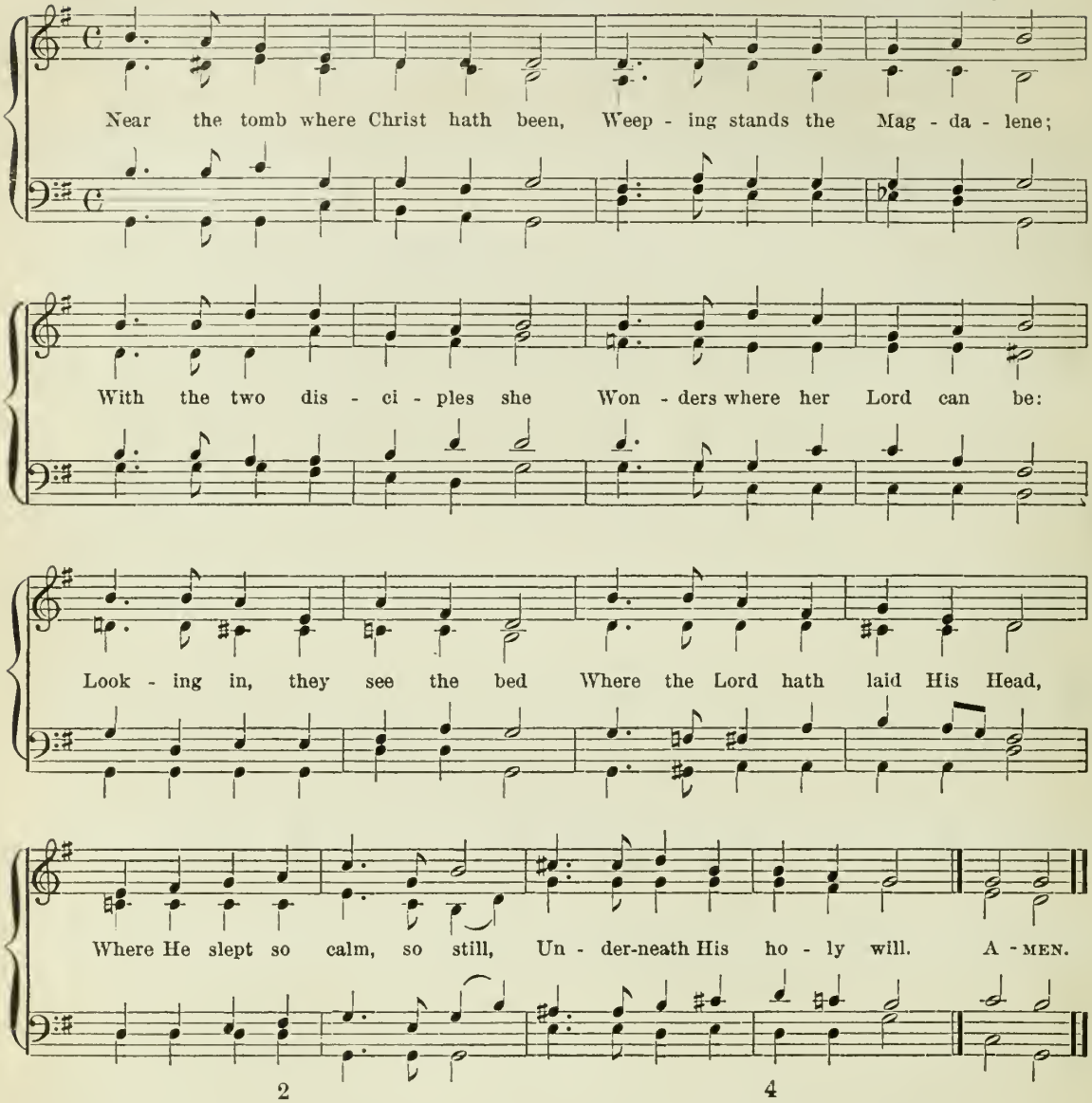
Songs of gladness.

(EASTER.)

Carol 201.

Sop. Solo.
J. E. N.
1. Songs of glad - ness; songs of praise To God on high be giv - en,
2. As the sun through east - ern skies Breaks forth as from a pris - on,
3. While the birds with cheer - ful song Re - joice that Spring is break - ing,
Duet. Sop. and Alto.
Songs of tri - umph let us raise, For death's dark chains are riv - en.
So our doubts, our dark - ness flies, For Christ our Lord is ris - en.
Aft - er Win - ter, cold and long, Our earth to Life a - wak - ing.
Chorus.
Night and gloom hung dark and drea - ry O'er the world that sol - emn night;
An - gels bright with Heav'n - ly glo - ry Shin - ing through the nar - row room,
Nev - er more with doubt and sad - ness, But with praise and sweet ac - cord,
Weep - ing friends with watch - ing wea - ry, Sought the tomb at morn - ing light.
Stayed to tell the won - drous sto - ry "Seek Him not with - in the tomb."
With deep joy and heart - felt glad - ness Let us seek our ris - en Lord.

Near the tomb where Christ hath been.

(EASTER.)

Carol 202. *M. S. Skeffington.*

Near the tomb where Christ hath been, Weep - ing stands the Mag - da - lene;
With the two dis - ci - ples she Won - ders where her Lord can be:
Look - ing in, they see the bed Where the Lord hath laid His Head,
Where He slept so calm, so still, Un - der-neath His ho - ly will. A - MEN.

2

Stooping down they see no more
Than the clothes which wrapped Him o'er;
Clothes which wound His feet, His brow,
Death's white vestments, useless now;
Two depart: but love and faith
Stronger are than sight, than death:
At the tomb where Christ hath been,
Watching waits the Magdalene.

3

He was here; then she will wait,
Watching early, watching late;
Where her Jesus last was seen,
There will wait the Magdalene.
Looking in with streaming eyes,
Angels twain she there espies:
Angels there are sitting now,
Clothed in raiment white as snow.

4

Shines their glory through the shade,
Where His Body once was laid:
Hark, with glad accord they cry,
"Jesus lives, no more to die:
Thy dear Lord abides not here;
He is risen; do not fear;
Mary, wipe thy tears away,
See the place where Jesus lay."

5

Turning round she sees Him stand
In the garden close at hand:
"Mary!" 'tis His accent now:
"Master; it is Thou, 'tis Thou!"
Lord, devoutly at Thy feet,
We with her would thanks repeat:
Be Thou by Thy saints adored,
Risen Jesus, God and Lord.

Watching in the meadows.

Carol 203. (CHRISTMAS.)

Myles B. Foster.

Andante Grazioso.

1. Watching in the meadows, O'er their flocks by night, Shepherds heard glad
2. Hark, that joy-ous mes-sage! Mourners cease to grieve! Join to hail with

tid-ings, Saw heav'n's wondrous light! Hal-le-lu-jahs heard they From the An-gels then—
glad-ness Bless-ed Christmas eve! Chil-dren, let those tid-ings Ring forth once a-gain:

"Peace on earth" their message, And "Good-will to men!" "Peace on earth" their message, And "Good-
"Glo-ry in the high-est, And "Good-will to men!" "Glo-ry in the high-est," And "Good-

will to men."
will to men."

"Peace on earth, . . Peace on earth."

D.C. al 𝄋

Carol 204.

Hark! I hear, sweet and clear.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Maestoso. *Four sets of trebles.* *Myles B. Foster.*

pp

Hark! I hear, sweet and clear, Voi-ces sing of Christ the King!

pp *cres.*

Maestoso.

f

Voice parts can be played, but only if necessary.

mf *f* *ff*

In the night still and bright, Hark! the word of praise is heard.

f *ff*

CAROL. *Pastorale.*

mf

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing Thro' the midnight, loud and clear; Hark! the happy voi - ces sing-ing

mf

cres. *sf* *dim.*

Once a - gain is Christ-mas near! Hap - py Christmas, Thou art ev - er wel - come here!

D.C.

cres. *dim.* *p*

2

How the bitter winter weather
Beats without the window-pane!
Closer draw the chairs together,
Hand clasp hand in friendly strain:
Happy Christmas!
What care we for wind or rain?

3

Let us not forget in gladness
That the poor are at the gate;
Let us think how want and sadness
Often are their only fate:
Happy Christmas!
For the poor as for the great.

4

Welcome, dear old Christmas, welcome!
Well we 've loved thee in the past—
And, when graver grown and older,
Still we 'll love and hold thee fast:
Happy Christmas!
We will love thee to the last.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 205.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Not slow. *F. W. Partridge.*

SOPRANO.

cres.

p *mf*

Sleep! Ho - ly Babe! up - on Thy mo - ther's breast, Great Lord of earth, and

p *mf*

dim.

sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such . . .

p

dim. p *dim.*

TENORS AND BASSES. (or CONTRALTO, if preferred, in mixed choir.)

. . . a place of rest. . . . .

p

2. Sleep! Ho - ly Babe! Thine Angels watch a - round,

pp *p*

Firmly. *cres.*

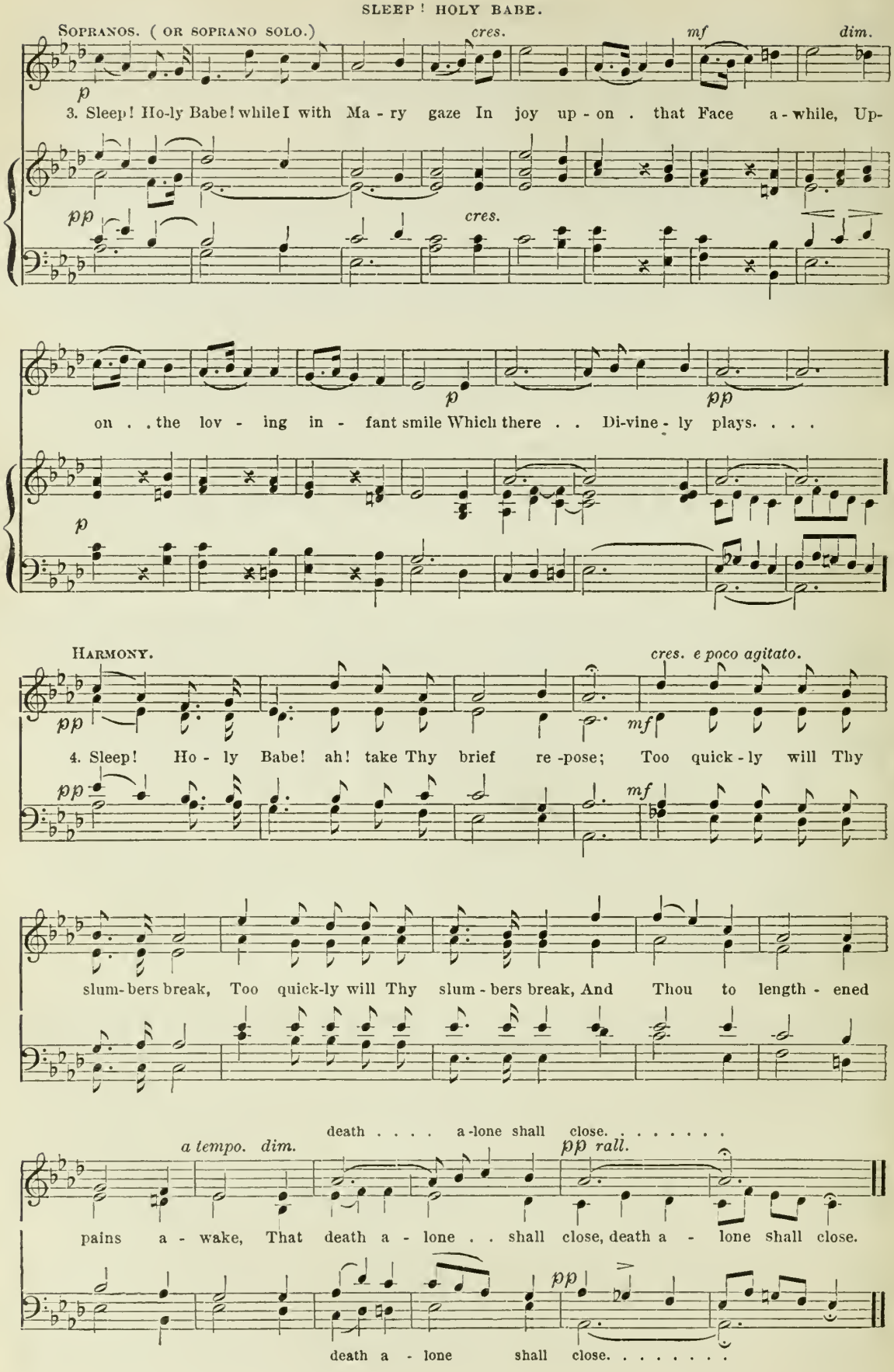
mf

All bend - ing low with fold - ed wings! Be - fore . . the In - car - nate

cres

poco dim.

King of kings, In rev - 'rent awe . . . pro - found. . . . . .

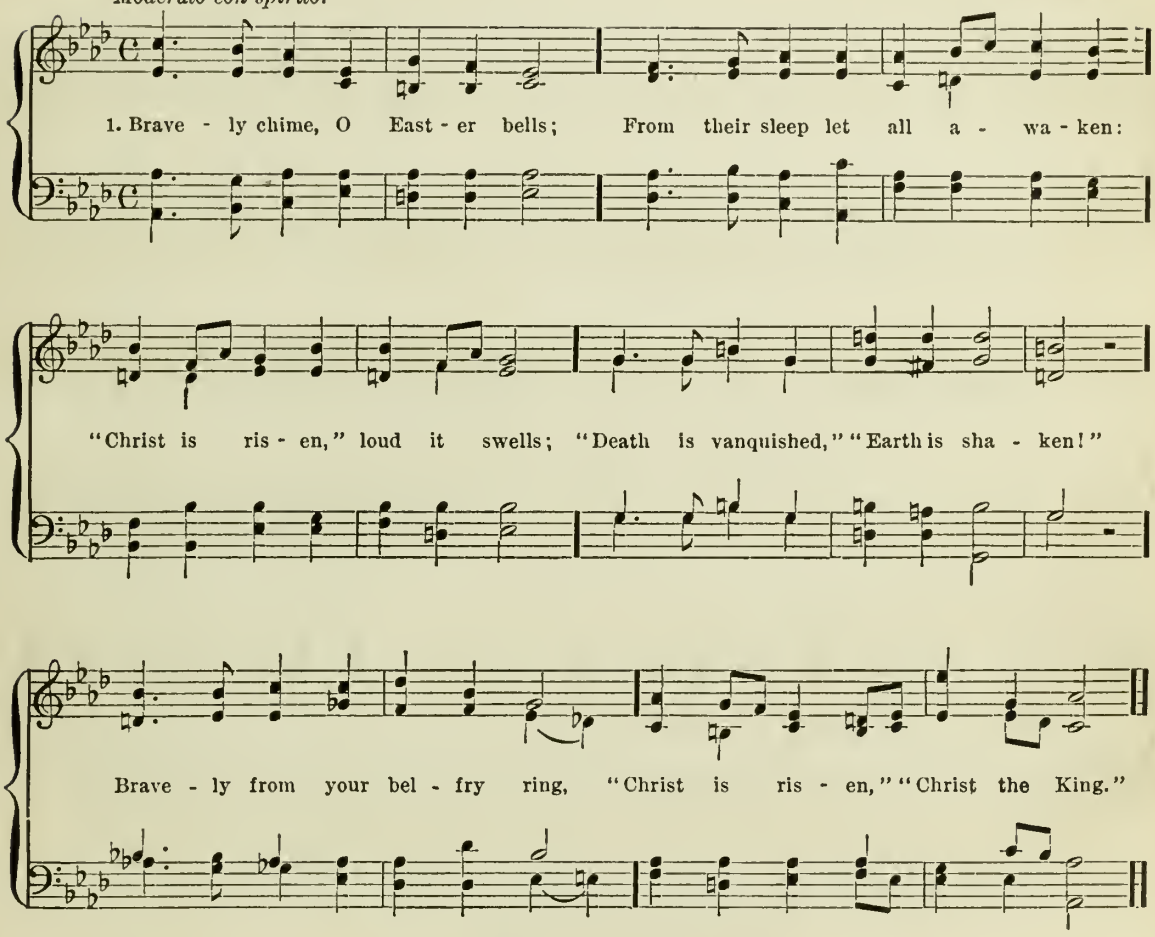

Sopranos. (or soprano solo.)
cres.
mf
dim.
p
3. Sleep! Ho-ly Babe! while I with Ma - ry gaze In joy up - on . that Face a - while, Up-
pp
cres.
on . . the lov - ing in - fant smile Which there . . Di-vine - ly plays. . . .
p
pp
Harmony.
cres. e poco agitato.
pp
4. Sleep! Ho - ly Babe! ah! take Thy brief re -pose; Too quick - ly will Thy
mf
pp
mf
slum-bers break, Too quick-ly will Thy slum - bers break, And Thou to length - ened
death . . . . a-lone shall close. . . . . .
a tempo. dim.
pp rall.
pains a - wake, That death a - lone . . shall close, death a - lone shall close.
pp
death a - lone shall close. . . . . .

Bravely chime, O Easter bells.

Carol 206.

Julia R. Higinbotham.

Moderato con spirito.


1. Brave - ly chime, O East - er bells; From their sleep let all a - wa - ken:
"Christ is ris - en," loud it swells; "Death is vanquished," "Earth is sha - ken!"
Brave - ly from your bel - fry ring, "Christ is ris - en," "Christ the King."

2

'T was but yester-eve He lay
In the garden, calmly sleeping;
'T was but at the break of day
Faithful Mary sought Him, weeping,
In the solemn garden ground,
Loving much, she sought and found.

3

Where the golden lily-heads
Heavy with the dews are bending,
Where the fragrant cedar spreads,
Who, along the path, is wending?
"Mary!" 't was the only word,—
Then she knew it was the Lord.

4

Tell, O bells of Easter tide,
How, from winter's sleep awaking,
Earth hath laid her shroud aside:
Streams, their icy bonds are breaking,
Leaflets swell, and glad birds sing
Thankful hymns to Heaven's King.

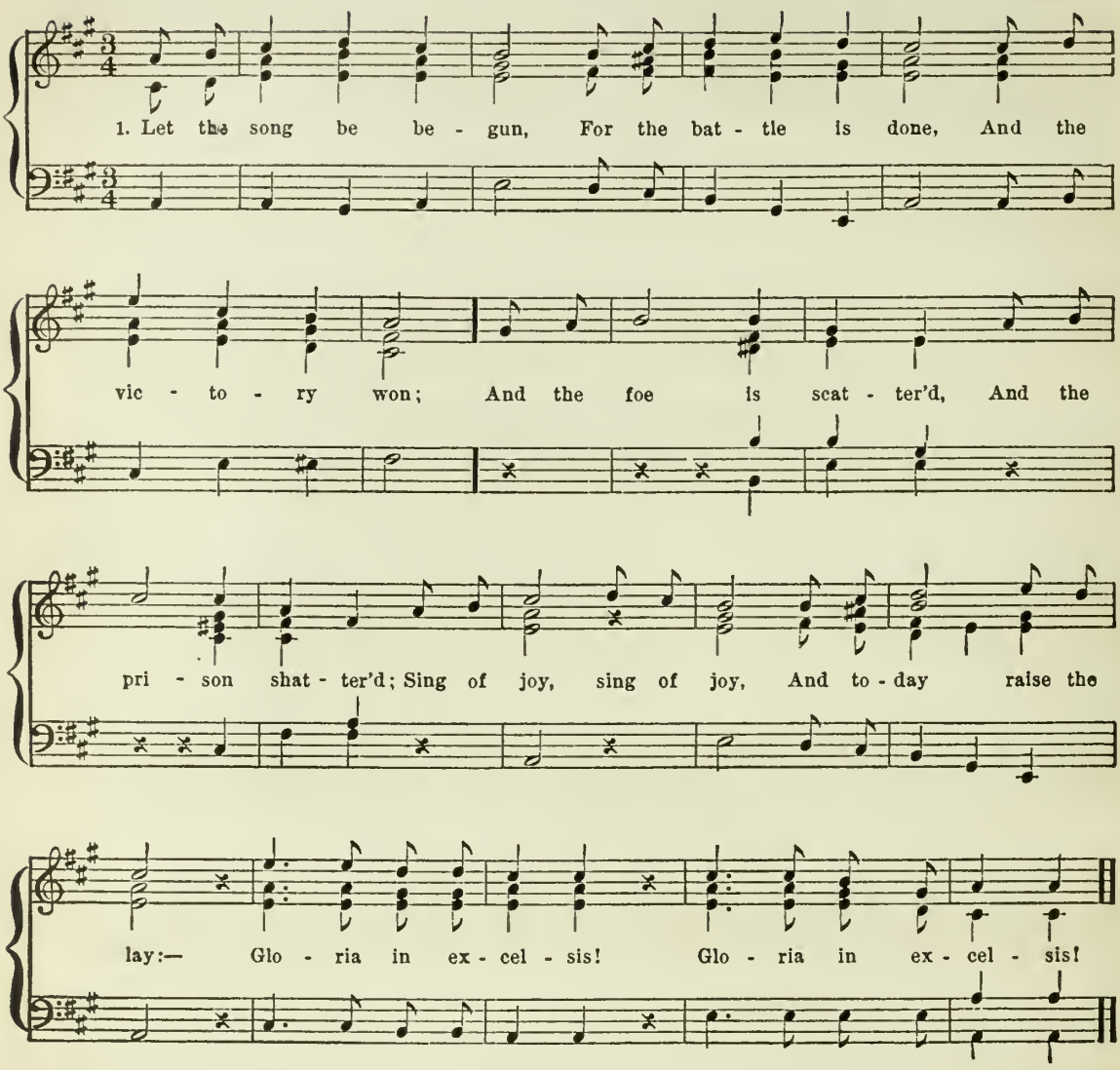
5

Brightest buds and flowers to-day
Shew the world that Christ is risen,
And by symbols teach the way
That we too shall burst our prison.
Loudly then the tidings ring,
"Christ has conquered," "Christ is King."

Let the song be begun.

Carol 207.

(EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

1. Let the song be be - gun, For the bat - tle is done, And the
vic - to - ry won; And the foe is scat - ter'd, And the
pri - son shat - ter'd; Sing of joy, sing of joy, And to - day raise the
lay:— Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis! Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis!

2

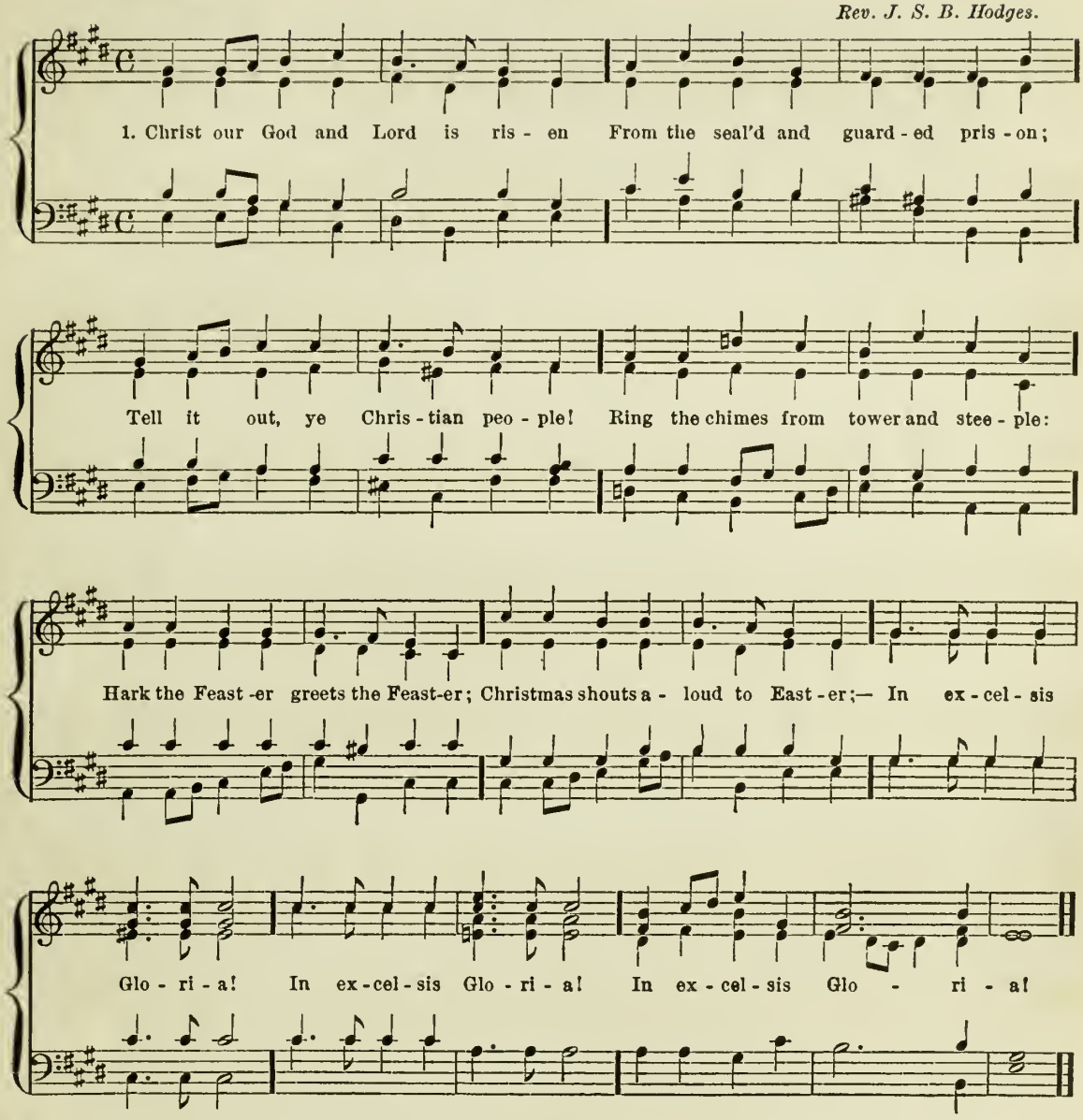
They that followed in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain;
  They were sore assaulted,
  They shall be exalted.
Sing of rest, sing of rest,
And again pour the strain:
Gloria in excelsis! Gloria in excelsis!

3

For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore
Where the conflict is o'er,
  There is joy supernal,
  There is life eternal.
Sing of peace, sing of peace,
Earth and skies bid it rise
Gloria in excelsis! Gloria in excelsis!

Christ our God and Lord is risen.

Carol 208. (EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

1. Christ our God and Lord is ris - en From the seal'd and guard - ed pris - on;
Tell it out, ye Chris - tian peo - ple! Ring the chimes from tower and stee - ple:
Hark the Feast -er greets the Feast-er; Christmas shouts a - loud to East - er;— In ex - cel - sis
Glo - ri - a! In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a! In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a!

2

Jesus springs from death and scorning,
On this gladsome Easter morning.
Children, sing that glorious rising,
Earth and Heaven with joy surprising:
Echo back the angels' chanting,—
Let no voice to-day be wanting;—
In excelsis Gloria!

3

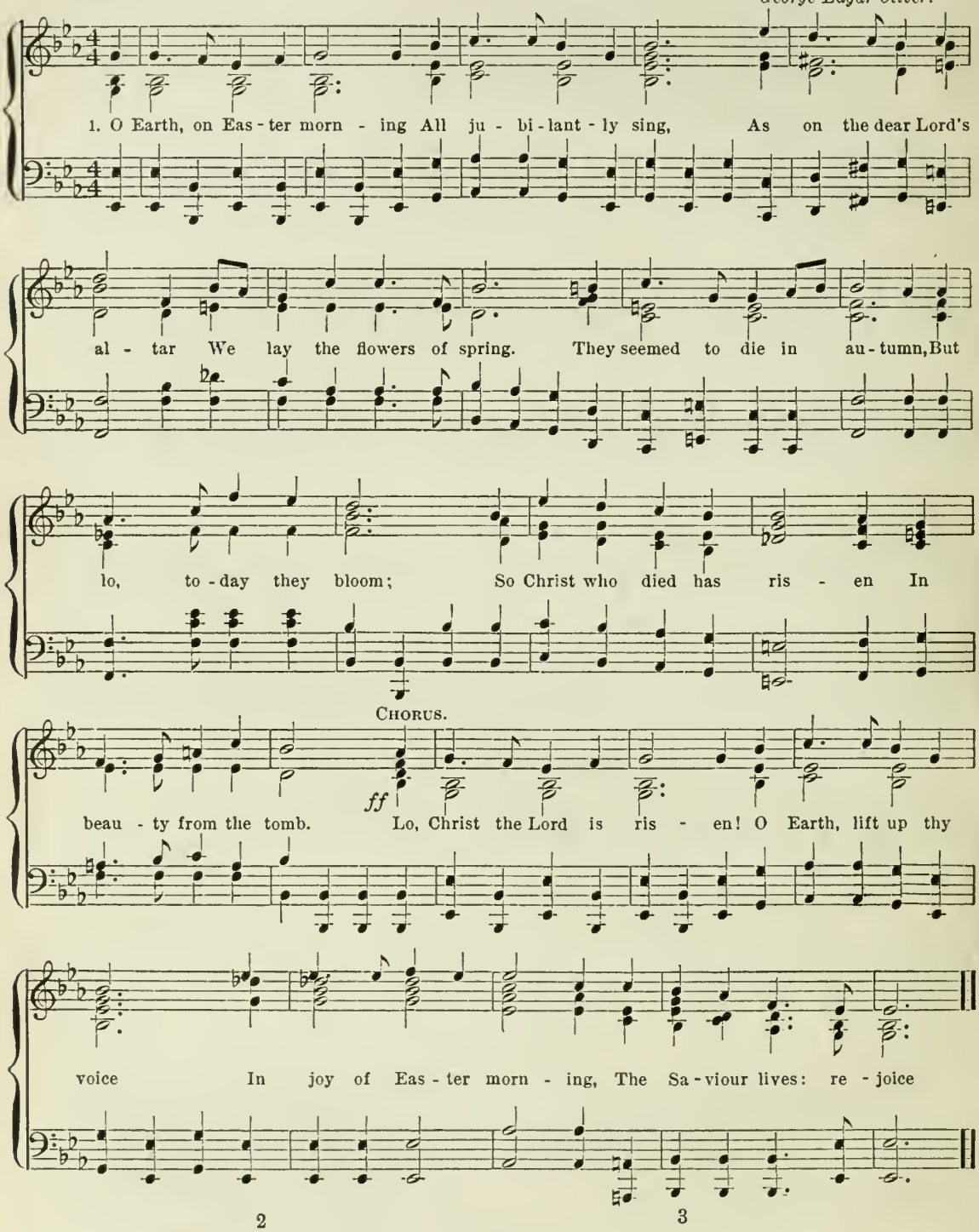
Risen is He with power to save us,
From the sins that still enslave us;
Risen in majesty to lead us,
To the home in heaven decreed us;
Fittest music for this Mirth-Day
Is the chant that hailed His Birth-Day
In excelsis Gloria!

4

Holy Christ, accept the praises,
Which each feeble voice upraises;
And when life shall here have ending,
May our souls to Thee ascending,
Join Thy saints,— like them forgiven,—
In that happiest song of heaven:—
In excelsis Gloria.

O Earth, on Easter morning.

Carol 209.

George Edgar Oliver.

1. O Earth, on Eas - ter morn - ing All ju - bi - lant - ly sing, As on the dear Lord's
al - tar We lay the flowers of spring. They seemed to die in au - tumn, But
lo, to - day they bloom; So Christ who died has ris - en In
Chorus.
ff
beau - ty from the tomb. Lo, Christ the Lord is ris - en! O Earth, lift up thy
voice In joy of Eas - ter morn - ing, The Sa - viour lives: re - joice

2

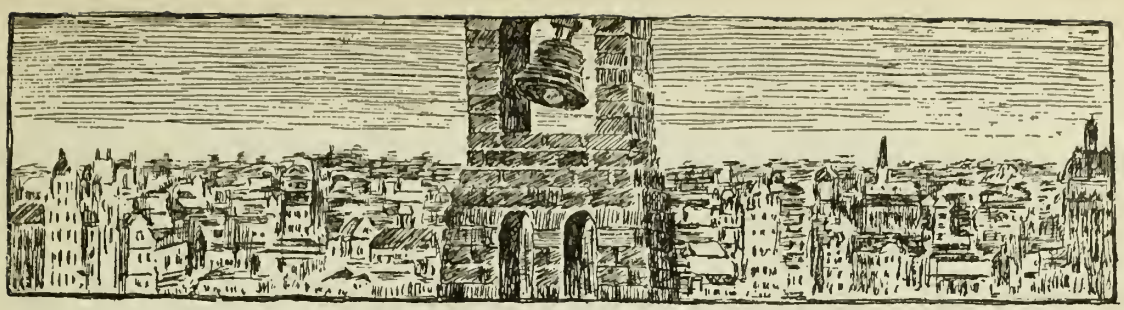
Behold, the grave is empty
In which the Saviour lay;
O'er sin and death triumphant
He lives in heav'n to-day;
And as our Saviour liveth,
We know that we shall live
And share with Him the glory
He promiseth to give.

Chorus. Lo, Christ the Lord is risen, etc.

3

All hail, Thou risen Saviour!
By Thy deserted tomb
Faith stands and points us heav'nward
Above earth's grief and gloom.
There in the spring of heaven
The soul's white flower shall rise
From out earth's winter slumber
And bloom in Paradise.

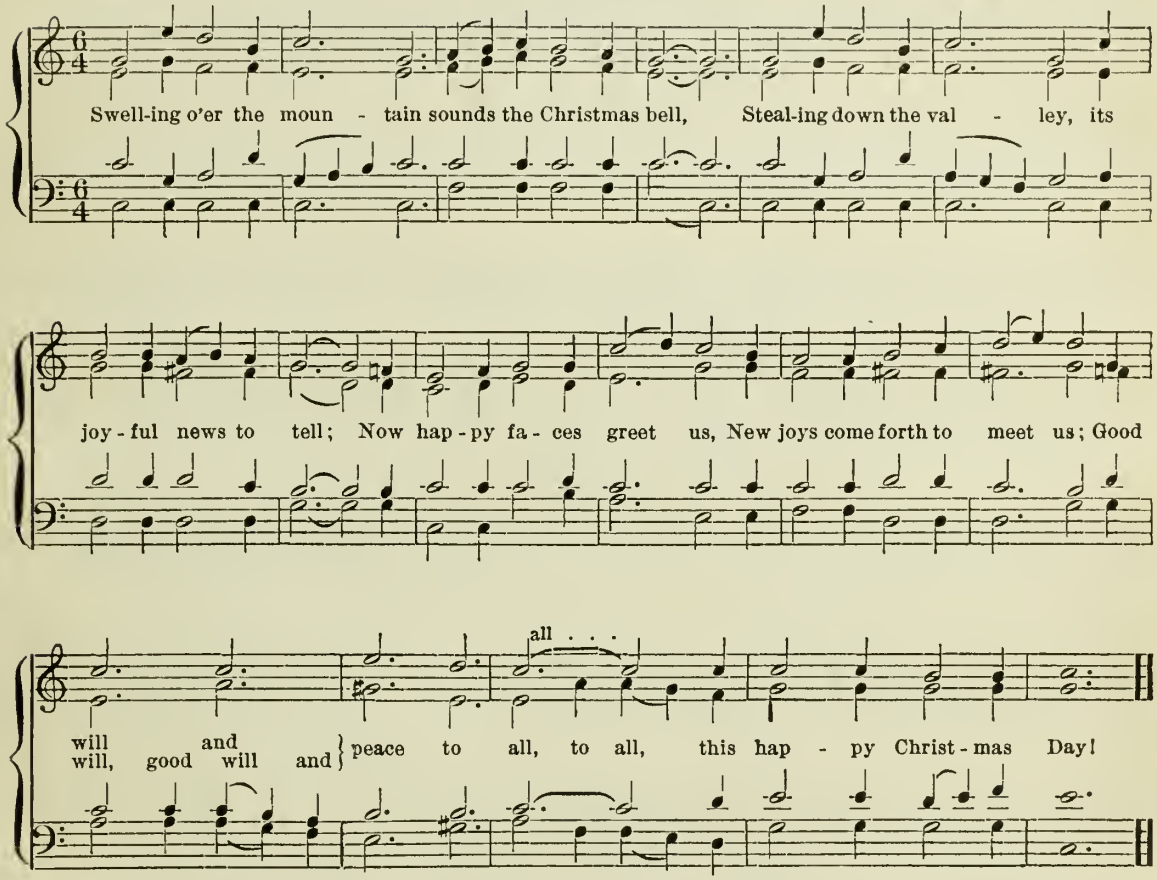
Chorus. Lo, Christ the Lord is risen, etc.



O'er the mountains.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 210. *M. M. Simpson.*


Swell-ing o'er the moun - tain sounds the Christmas bell, Steal-ing down the val - ley, its
joy - ful news to tell; Now hap - py fa - ces greet us, New joys come forth to meet us; Good
all . . .
will and will, good will and } peace to all, to all, this hap - py Christ - mas Day!

2

In their tents abiding, shepherds on the plain,
Heard the angel-voices sing out the glad refrain,
"To God on high be glory,
To men the joyful story,
Good will and peace to all, this happy Christmas Day!"

3

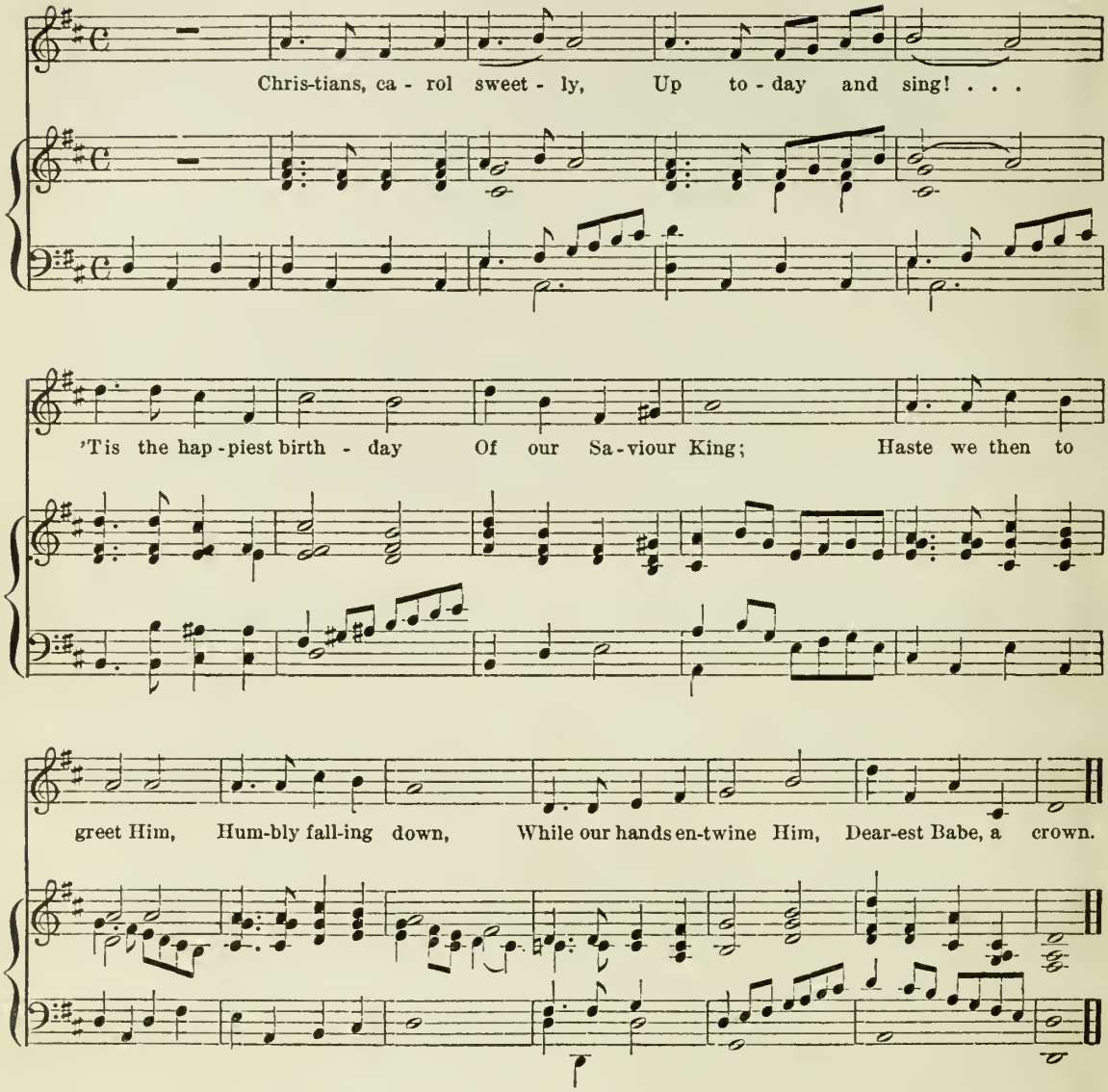
O'er the darkness rising shines the Royal Star,
Leading to its brightness the people from afar;
The kings of earth adore Him,
And nations bow before Him
Who brings good will and peace on happy Christmas Day!

4

Maidens, men, and children — sage and sinner too —
Pardon, peace, and gladness, the Saviour brings to you;
The angels' song repeating,
We send the joyous greeting,
Good will and peace to all, this happy Christmas Day!

Christians, carol sweetly.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 211. *W. Spinney.*

Chris-tians, ca - rol sweet - ly, Up to - day and sing! . . .
'Tis the hap-piest birth - day Of our Sa-viour King; Haste we then to
greet Him, Hum-bly fall-ing down, While our hands en-twine Him, Dear-est Babe, a crown.

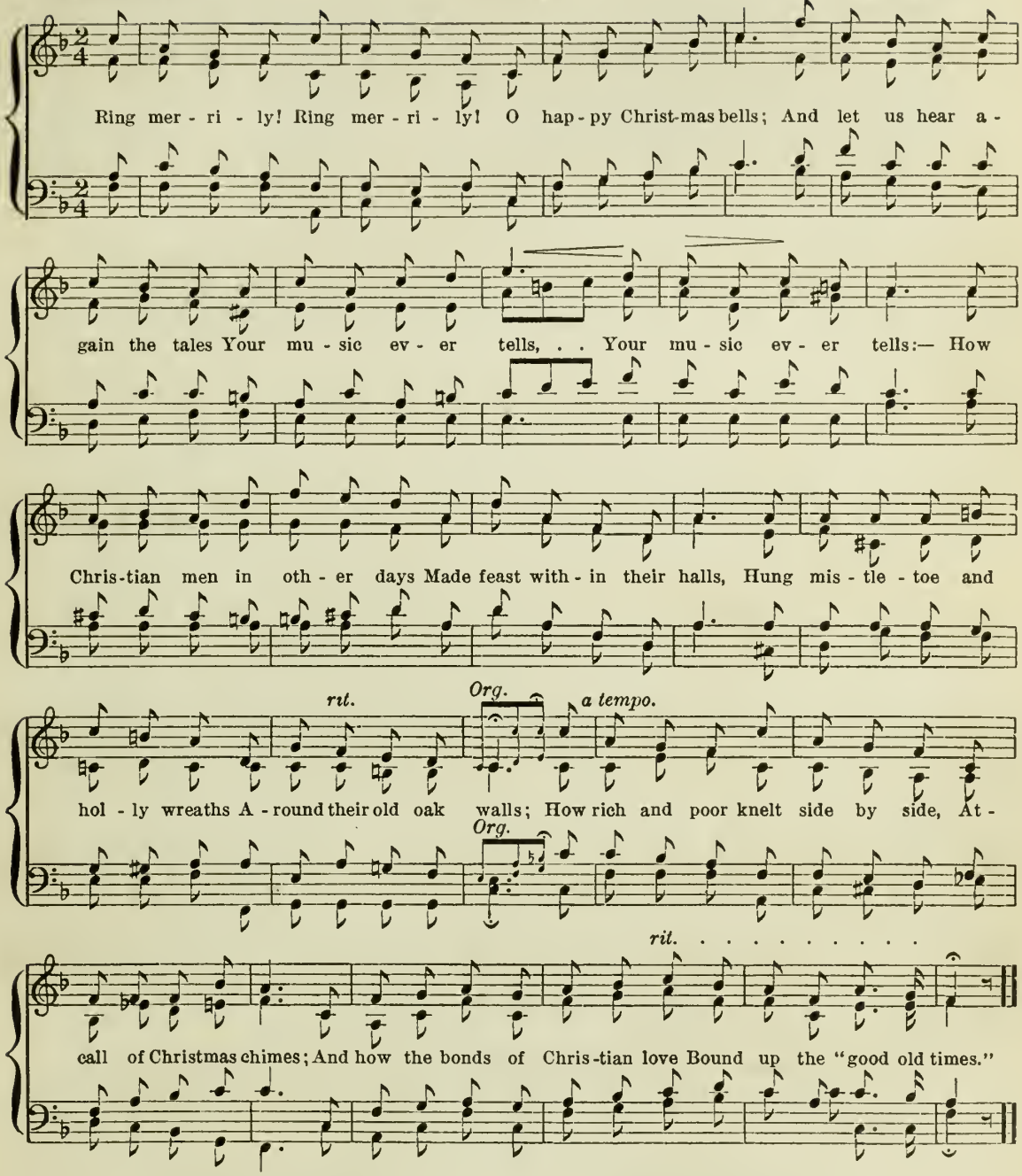
2 Crowds of snow-white Angels
Throng the golden stair;
All things are delightful,
All things passing fair;
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

3 Michael, at the Manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides Transcendent Grace;
For, dear friends, the glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

4 Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
Cradles her Creator
Soothes Him to His rest?

5 Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yes, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the Manger-stall;
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a Child to-day —
So with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

Ring merrily.

Carol 212. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. W. Treadwell.*

Ring mer - ri - ly! Ring mer - ri - ly! O hap - py Christ-mas bells; And let us hear a -
gain the tales Your mu - sic ev - er tells, . . Your mu - sic ev - er tells:— How
Chris-tian men in oth - er days Made feast with - in their halls, Hung mis - tle - toe and
rit.
Org.
a tempo.
hol - ly wreaths A - round their old oak walls; How rich and poor knelt side by side, At -
Org.
rit.
call of Christmas chimes; And how the bonds of Chris-tian love Bound up the "good old times."

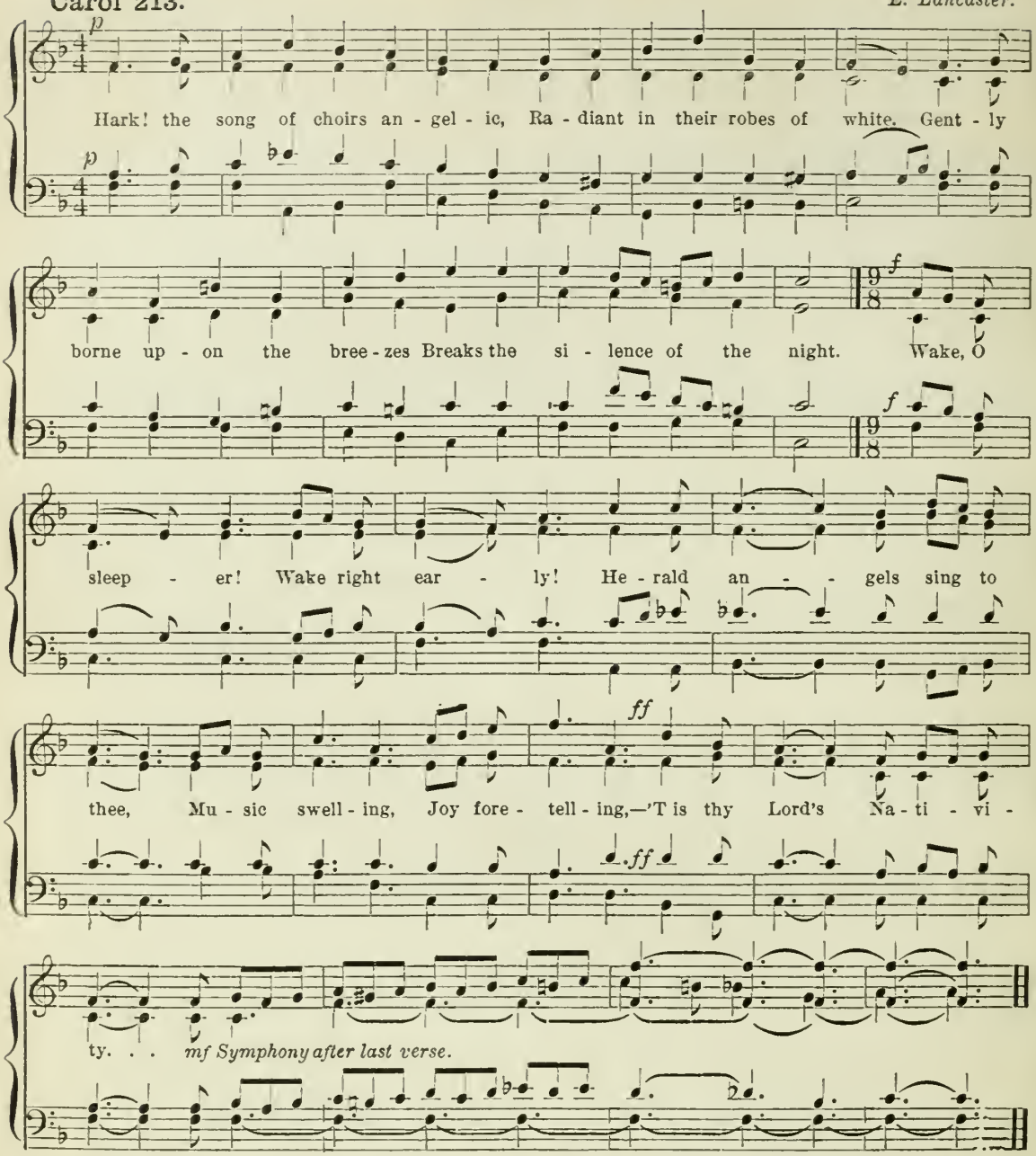
2 Ring tenderly! Ring tenderly!
O holy Christmas bells:
For ever with your earthly peal
A heavenly chorus swells;
The angels, who were first to bring
The welcome news to men,
Still join with us to celebrate
The Saviour's birth again;
And some whom we have loved and lost
Sing carols with us now,
With all the old love in their hearts,
And new light on their brow.

3 Ring joyously! Ring joyously!
O blessèd Christmas bells;
And show us of the future good
Your welcome chime foretells.
We know 't will be a mingled lot
Of pleasure, pain and strife;
That thorns will cluster round the flowers,
Along our path of life;
But ye shall sing to us of hope;
Of help, of love untold;
Reminding us of that bright star
That tips our clouds with gold.

4 Ring merrily! Ring merrily!
O dear old Christmas bells,
And bring all holy blessings down
From where all mercy dwells.
Ring out your gentle messages,
As ye have done of old,
To help the weary and the sad,
The weaklings of the fold;
And tell again the cheering tale
Of Him who bore our woe;
And gave His own heart's life and love,
For breaking hearts below.

Hark! the song of choirs angelic.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 213. *E. Lancaster.*

Hark! the song of choirs an - gel - ic, Ra - diant in their robes of white. Gent - ly
borne up - on the bree - zes Breaks the si - lence of the night. Wake, O
sleep - er! Wake right ear - ly! He - rald an - - gels sing to
thee, Mu - sic swell - ing, Joy fore - tell - ing,—'T is thy Lord's Na - ti - vi -
ty. . . mf Symphony after last verse.

2 Filled with fear the wakeful shepherds
Listened to the angels' lay,
Reassured, they learn the message:
"Christ, your Lord, is born to-day!
Peace on earth, good-will to all men
Through eternal ages be."
Sighs and sadness
Turn to gladness
On the Lord's Nativity!

3 Lowly in a manger lying,
Heavenly light around Thee shed,
Object of our praise undying:
Holy Child in humble bed;
May Thy birthday ever find us
Praising the Eternal Three,
Who, to save us,
Freely gave us
Life, with Thy Nativity.

4 Year by year, Thy Church unsleeping
Careful of Thy lambs below,
Still her faithful watch is keeping,
Till her cup of joy o'erflow;
Praises will she ever mingle
With her glad festivity:
Carols singing,
Joybells ringing,
On her Lord's Nativity.

Let the merry church-bells ring.

Carol 214. (EASTER.)

UNISON OR PARTS. *Geo. Wm. Warren.*

Allegretto con Brio. SOPRANO AND TENOR IN UNISON.

ff *mf*

Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! Let the mer - ry church-bells ring,

CONTRALTO AND BASSO.

Hence with tears and sigh - ing; Frost and cold have fled with spring, Life hath conquer'd dy - ing;

cres. *cres.* *ff* *rall.*

Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath - er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day

mp tempo. *ff*

All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! Let the mer - ry

tr *tr*

church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring.

2

Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising him with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy came fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter:
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
‖: Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! :‖

3

Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning hearts must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it;
Since the very grave can say,
Christus, resurrexit.
‖: Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! :‖

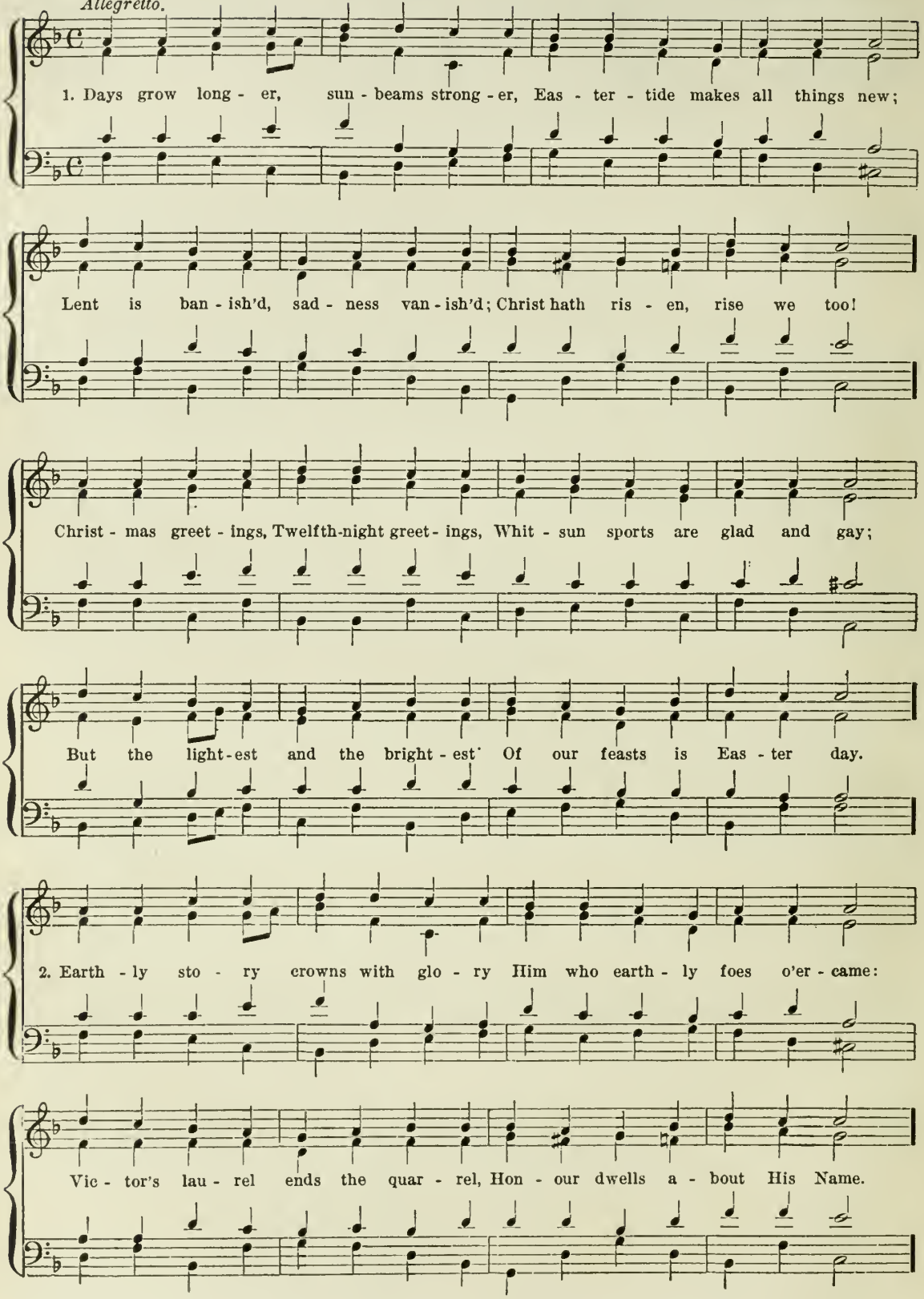
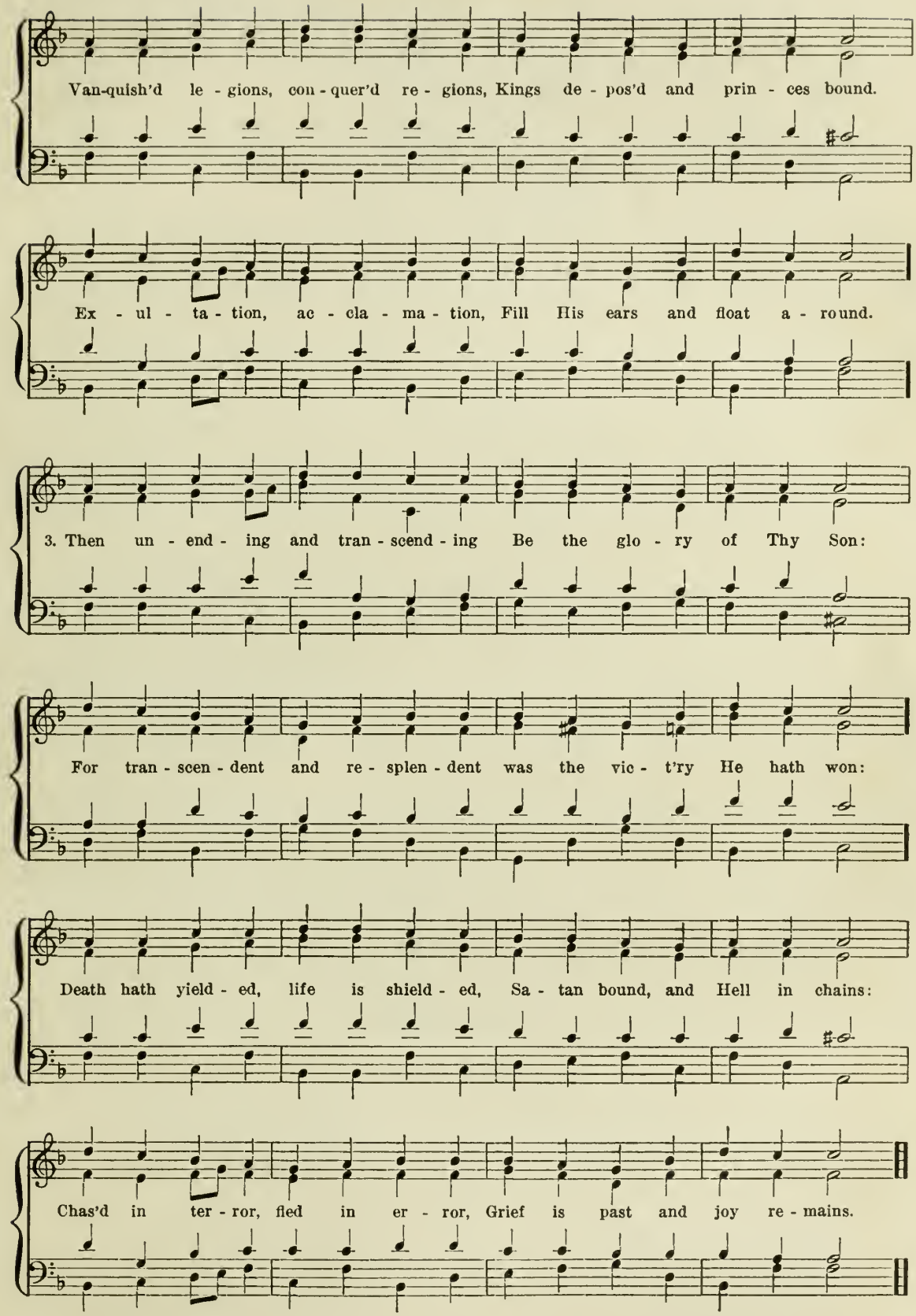
Parish Choir, No. 708—4.

Days grow longer.

(EASTER.)

Carol 215.

Ancient Melody.
Arr. by T. Helmore.

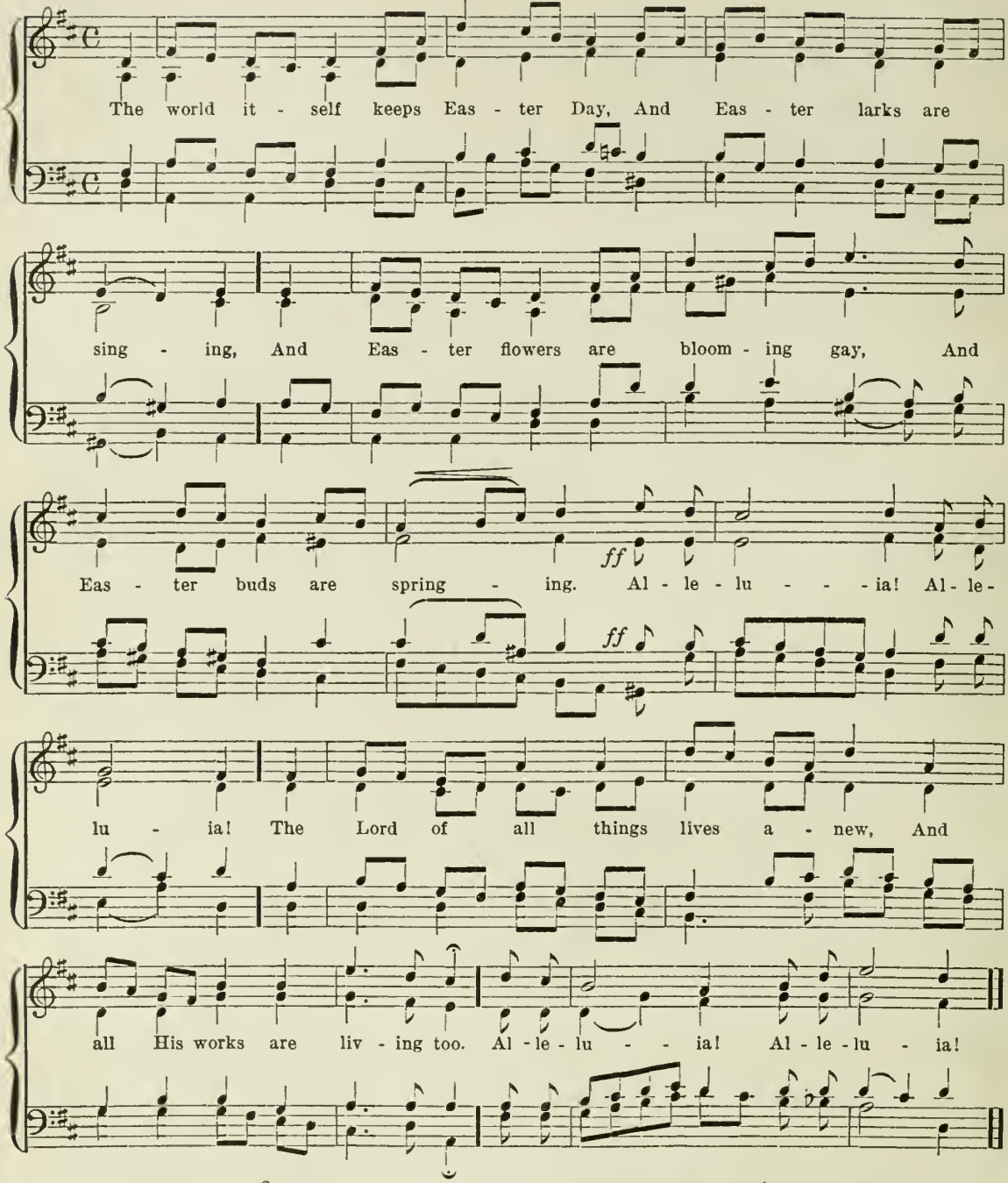
Allegretto.

1. Days grow long - er, sun - beams strong - er, Eas - ter - tide makes all things new;
Lent is ban - ish'd, sad - ness van - ish'd; Christ hath ris - en, rise we too!
Christ - mas greet - ings, Twelfth-night greet - ings, Whit - sun sports are glad and gay;
But the light - est and the bright - est Of our feasts is Eas - ter day.
2. Earth - ly sto - ry crowns with glo - ry Him who earth - ly foes o'er - came:
Vic - tor's lau - rel ends the quar - rel, Hon - our dwells a - bout His Name.

Van-quish'd le - gions, con - quer'd re - gions, Kings de - pos'd and prin - ces bound.
Ex - ul - ta - tion, ac - cla - ma - tion, Fill His ears and float a - round.
3. Then un - end - ing and tran - scend - ing Be the glo - ry of Thy Son:
For tran - scen - dent and re - splen - dent was the vic - t'ry He hath won:
Death hath yield - ed, life is shield - ed, Sa - tan bound, and Hell in chains:
Chas'd in ter - ror, fled in er - ror, Grief is past and joy re - mains.

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

(EASTER.)

Carol 216.

R. F. Smith.


The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are
sing - ing, And Eas - ter flowers are bloom - ing gay, And
Eas - ter buds are spring - ing. Al - le - lu - - - ia! Al - le -
lu - ia! The Lord of all things lives a - new, And
all His works are liv - ing too. Al - le - lu - - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2

There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early—
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving, but with erring, mind
They came the Prince of Life to find,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

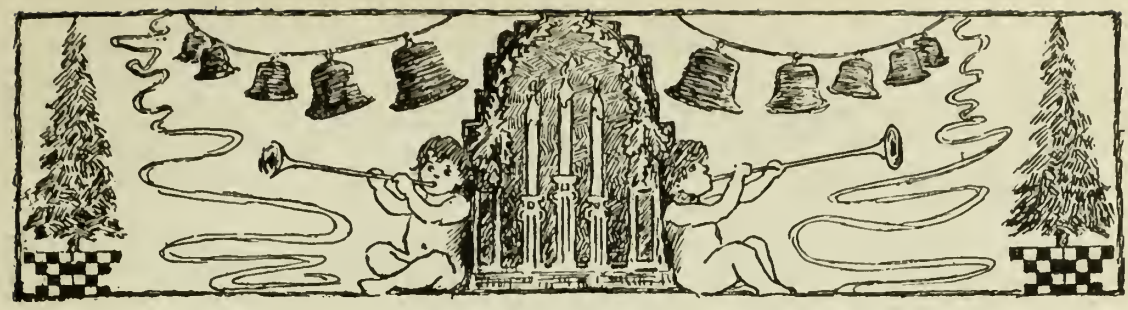
But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all, and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4

But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a higher joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see,
Of Him that hung upon the tree.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

5

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are living too.
Alleluia! Alleluia!



Joyful is the morn.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 217. *E. Bunnett.*

mf

1. Once a - gain the old - en sto - ry, It is sweet for all to sing,
2. Scat - ter'd o'er the dis - tant na - tions Ma - ny are we love, to - day,

p

cres.

How, from realms of won - drous glo - ry, Came our Sa - viour, and our King! Ev - 'ry
Yet the shep-herds' rev - el - a - tions Rest with them so far a - way. One with

f

heart this morn re - joi - ces, Beat-ing with a Chris-tain throng; Countless thousands raise their
us to Je - sus cling - ing, They will thank-ful praise pro - long, Send their voi - ces up-ward

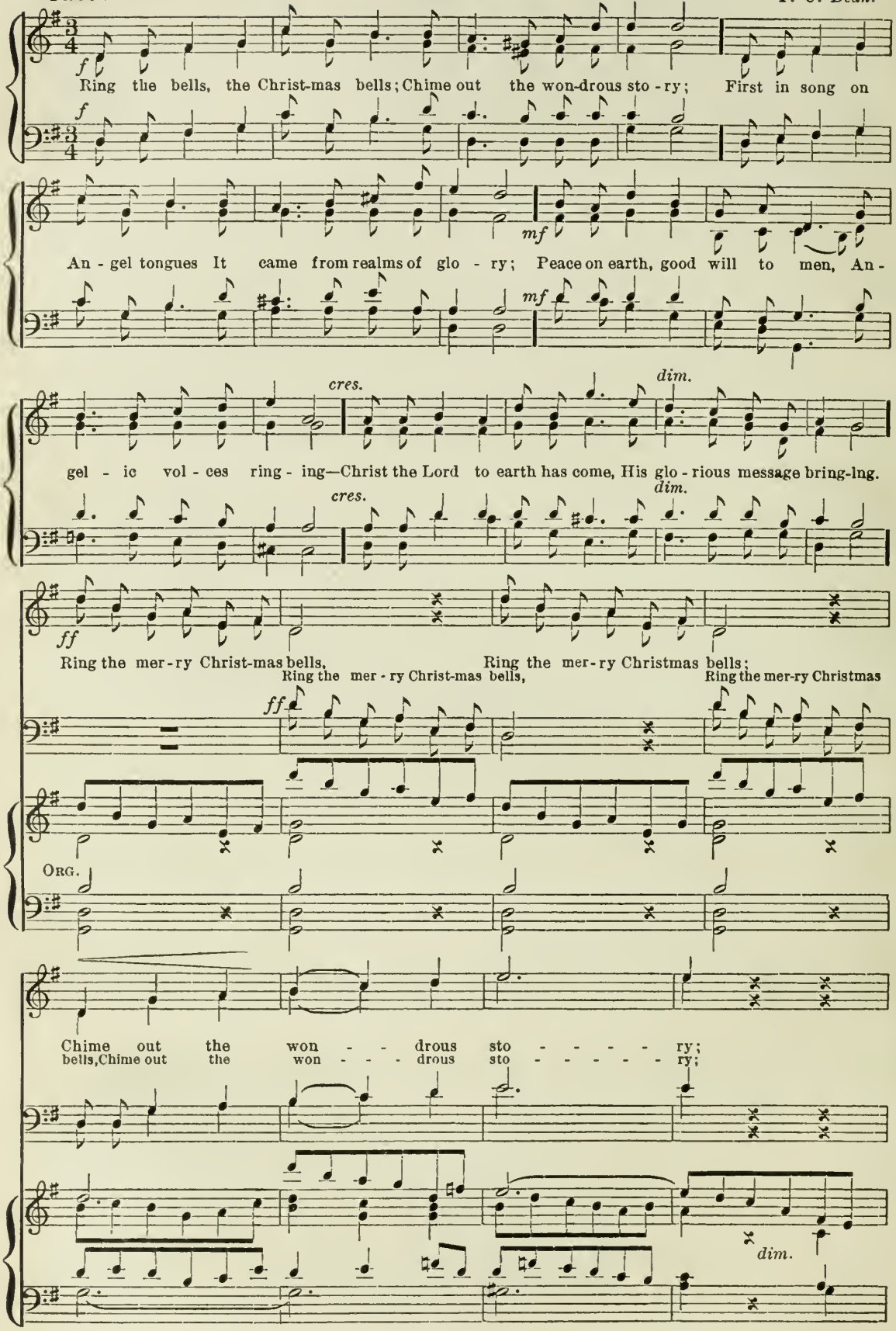
voi - ces, And re - peat the joy - ous song: } Bright and joy - ful is the morn, For to
ring - ing, As they join the glad-some song: }

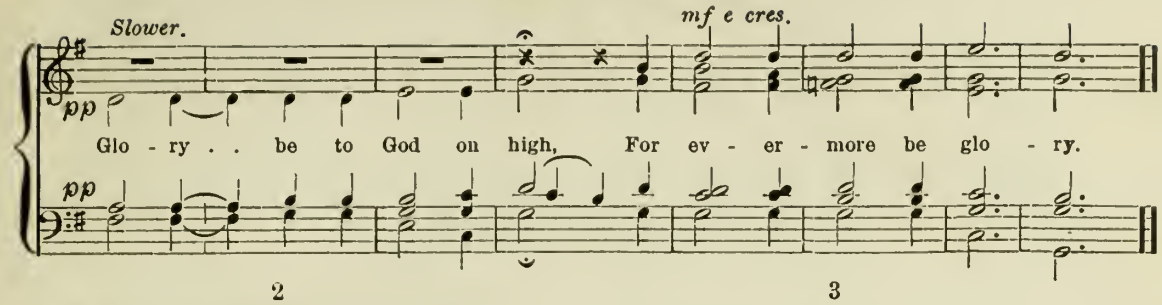
rall.

us a child is born; From the high - est realm of heav'n Un - to us a Son is giv'n!"

Ring the Bells.

Carol 218. (CHRISTMAS.) *T. C. Dean.*


f
Ring the bells, the Christ-mas bells; Chime out the won-drous sto - ry; First in song on
f
mf
An - gel tongues It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good will to men, An -
mf
cres.
dim.
gel - ic vol - ces ring - ing—Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo - rious message bring-ing.
cres.
dim.
ff
Ring the mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells;
Ring the mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Ring the mer-ry Christmas
ff
ORG.
Chime out the won - - - drous sto - - - - - ry;
bells, Chime out the won - - - - drous sto - - - - - ry;
dim.



2

Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure—
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The babe so pure and holy.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

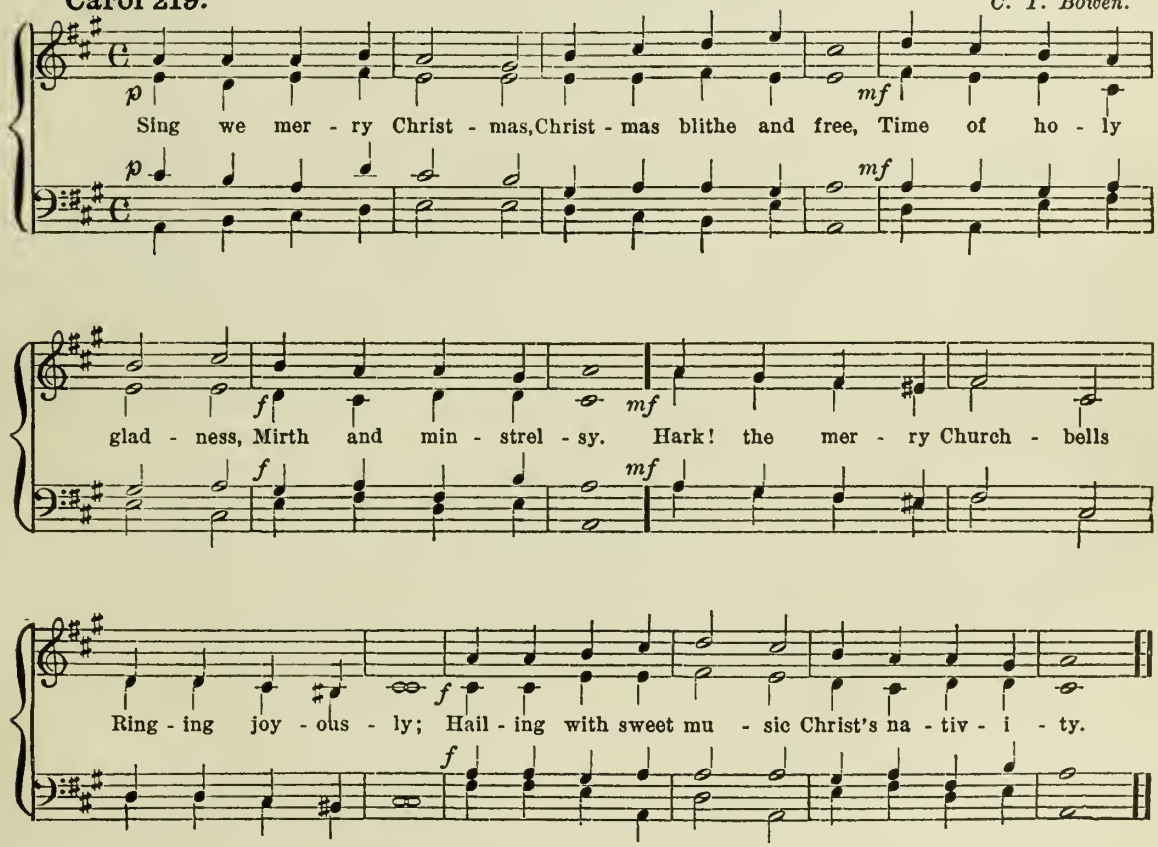
3

Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing.
'T is the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthems raises.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

Sing we merry Christmas.

Carol 219.

C. T. Bowen.


p
Sing we mer - ry Christ - mas, Christ - mas blithe and free, Time of ho - ly
mf
glad - ness, Mirth and min - strel - sy. Hark! the mer - ry Church - bells
f
Ring - ing joy - ous - ly; Hail - ing with sweet mu - sic Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

2

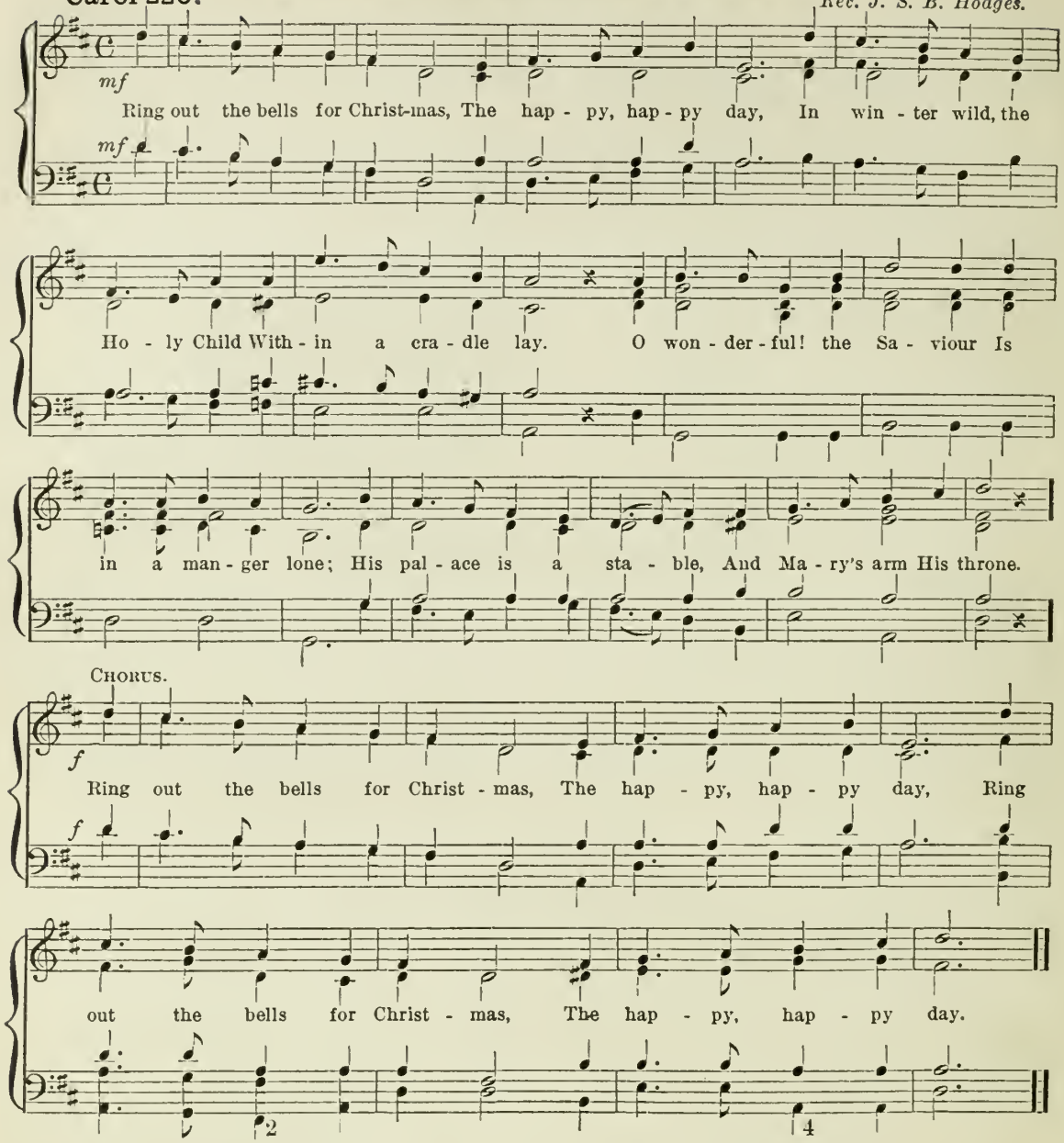
Haste we to His temple,
Wreathe our garlands green;
Deck each arch and column,
Stall and altar-screen:
Gloria in excelsis
Hark, the angels sing!
Gloria in excelsis
To our Infant King.

3

Priest and choir and people,
Join in concert all;
Sing your loudest praises
At our festival.
Joy for us poor exiles,
On this happy morn;
Jesus Christ Emmanuel
Of David's line was born.

Ring out the bells for Christmas.

Carol 220.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

mf
Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap - py, hap - py day, In win - ter wild, the
Ho - ly Child With - in a cra - dle lay. O won - der - ful! the Sa - viour Is
in a man - ger lone; His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne.
Chorus.
f
Ring out the bells for Christ - mas, The hap - py, hap - py day, Ring
out the bells for Christ - mas, The hap - py, hap - py day.
2
4

mf On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the Glory floats,
cr Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.
Chorus. — Ring out the bells, etc.

3

p Where'er His sweet lambs gather
Within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near
As in the days of old:
In each young heart you see Him,—
In every guileless face
You see the Holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.
Chorus. — Ring out the bells, etc.

p In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
The Christ-Child at the door.
Chorus. — Ring out the bells, etc.

5

f Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call;
For He who chose the manger, —
cr He loveth one and all.
Chorus. — Ring out the bells, etc.

Twine the Easter garland.

Carol 221.

Allegro. *G. B. Lissant.*

TREBLES.

f Twine the Eas - ter gar - land, Deck the grave with flowers, Je - sus Christ has con-quered

Death's en - thral-ling powers: Sa - tan, sin, and sor - row Are be - neath His feet:

CHORUS.

f Christians, raise your voic - es, Sing His tri-umph sweet. *ff* Twine the Eas - ter gar - land,

Deck the grave with flowers, Je - sus Christ has con-quered Death's en - thral - ing powers.

f 2 Like a mighty victor
Rose the Lord that morn;
Brighter light and purer
On this earth was born:
Rays of hope and mercy
Round His form were shed,
Scattered doubt, and showered
Glory on the dead. CHORUS.

mf 3 We are brother pilgrims
Marching on to life,
Following our Leader,
Through the mortal strife:
p Grave and pain before us
Cannot quench our love:—
cr Christians, we can triumph,
Through the might above. CHORUS.

mf 4 Faith, a ray of glory,
Shows the empty tomb,
And the many mansions
Of the Saviour's home,
p Where the saints are resting
After death and grave:—
cr Christians, we can conquer,
Sing His power to save. CHORUS.

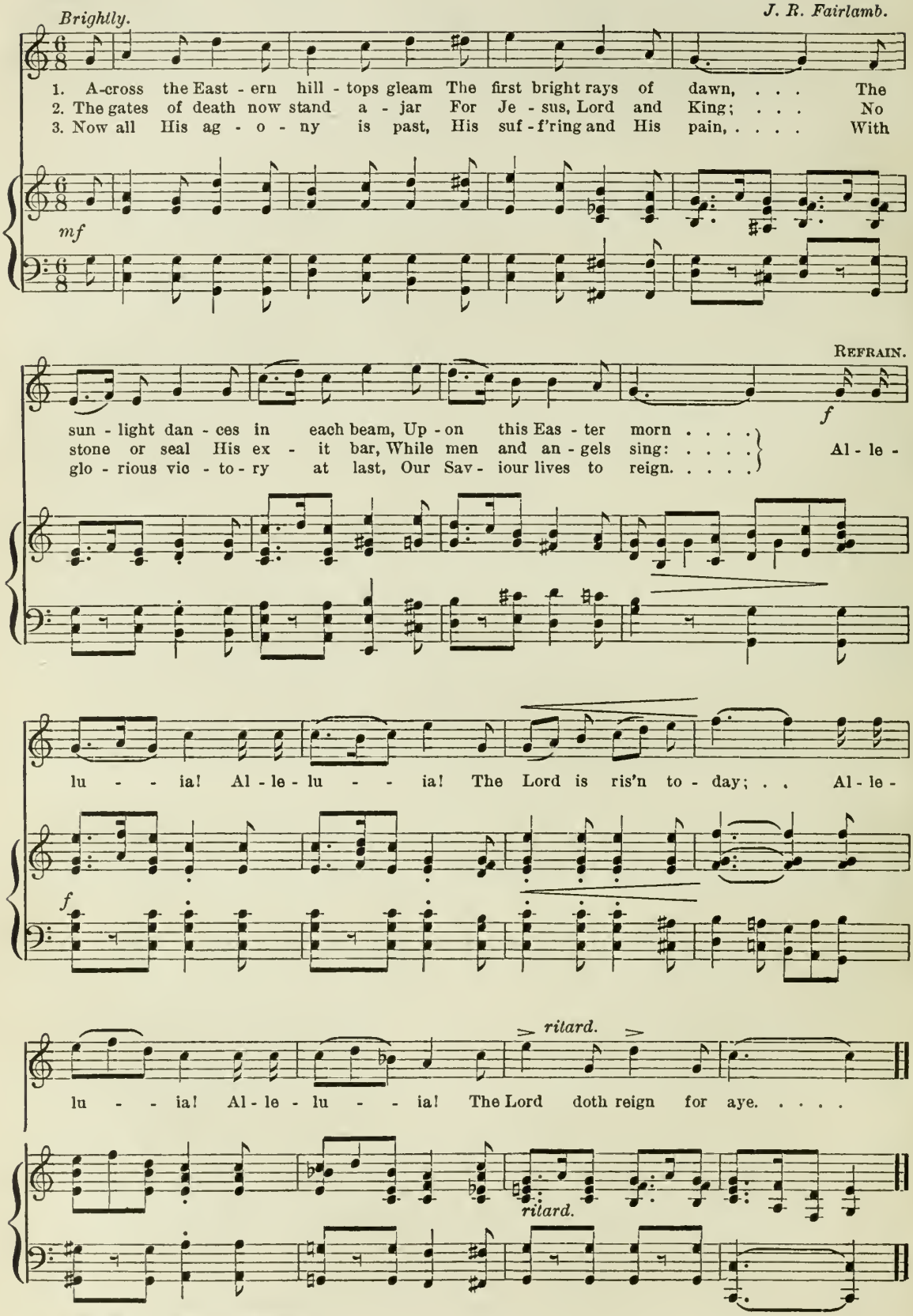
f 5 By the joyful tidings
Of this sacred Day,
We have got a Surety,
None can take away,
cr We will show it, living
Holy lives of love;
p We will prove it, dying
In the Hope above. CHORUS.

Across the Eastern hill-tops.

(EASTER.)

Carol 222.

J. R. Fairlamb.

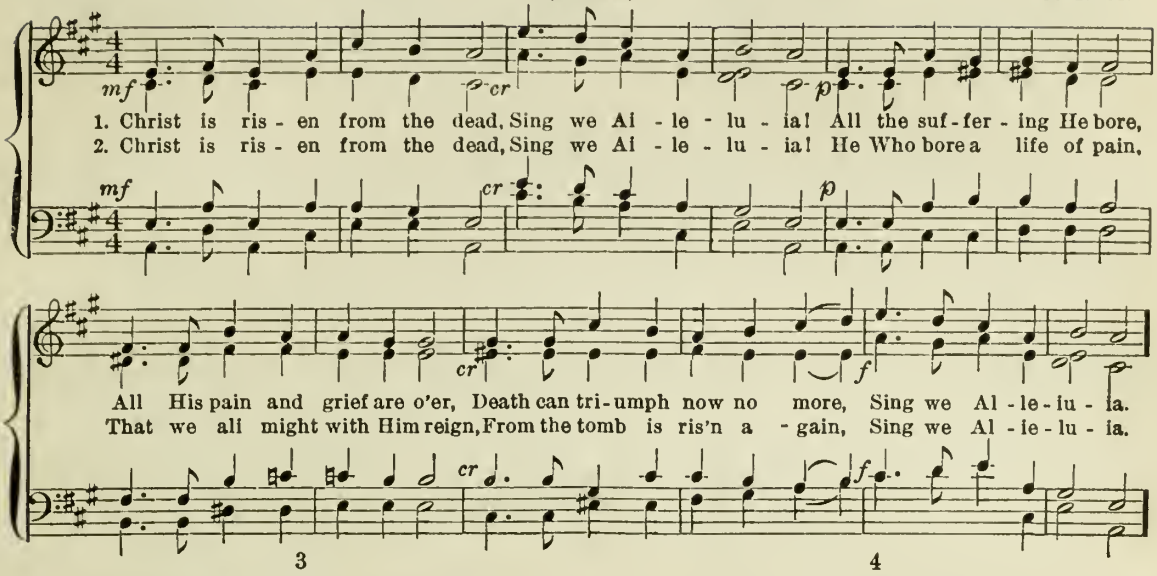

Brightly.
1. A-cross the East - ern hill - tops gleam The first bright rays of dawn, . . . The
2. The gates of death now stand a - jar For Je - sus, Lord and King; . . . No
3. Now all His ag - o - ny is past, His suf - f'ring and His pain, ... With
mf
REFRAIN.
f
sun - light dan - ces in each beam, Up - on this Eas - ter morn . . . .
stone or seal His ex - it bar, While men and an - gels sing: . . . .
glo - rious vic - to - ry at last, Our Sav - iour lives to reign. . . . .
Al - le -
lu - - - ia! Al - le - lu - - - ia! The Lord is ris'n to - day; . . Al - le -
f
ritard.
lu - - - ia! Al - le - lu - - - ia! The Lord doth reign for aye. . . . .
ritard.

From the *N. Y. Herald* by permission.

Christ is risen from the dead.

Carol 223.

(EASTER.) *A. N. H.*


1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! All the suf - fer - ing He bore,
2. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! He Who bore a life of pain,
All His pain and grief are o'er, Death can tri - umph now no more, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia.
That we all might with Him reign, From the tomb is ris'n a - gain, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia.

3

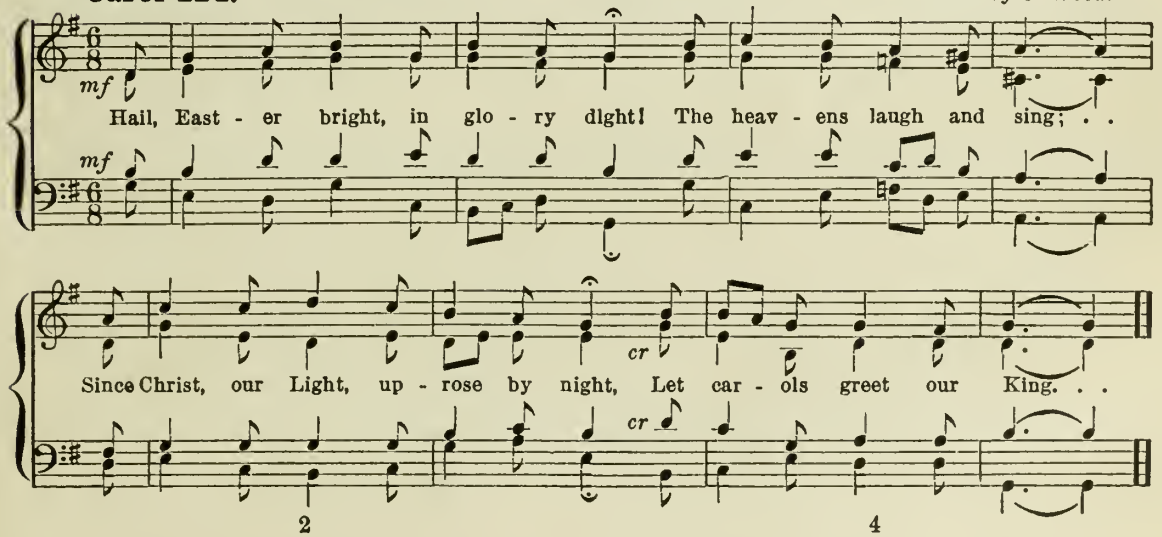
mf Christ is risen from the dead,
cr Sing we Alleluia!
mp He Who for His children died,
On the Cross was crucified,
cr On this day is glorified,
f Sing we Alleluia!

4

f Christ is risen from the dead,
Sing we Alleluia!
mf Grant to us, dear Lord, to be
Sharers of Thy Victory;
cr Then in Heaven we'll sing to Thee
ff Praise and Alleluia!

Hail, Easter bright, in glory dight!

Carol 224.

Melody of 16th cent.
Har. by C. Wood.

Hail, East - er bright, in glo - ry dight! The heav - ens laugh and sing; . .
Since Christ, our Light, up - rose by night, Let car - ols greet our King. . .

2

f Ye sons of men, in triumph high,
Exult with heart and voice:
Ye sons of God, make glad reply,
Let heaven and earth rejoice.

4

p His wounds, how fair to look upon!
He liveth, slain of yore:
Winter for Him is past and gone,
And tempests rage no more.

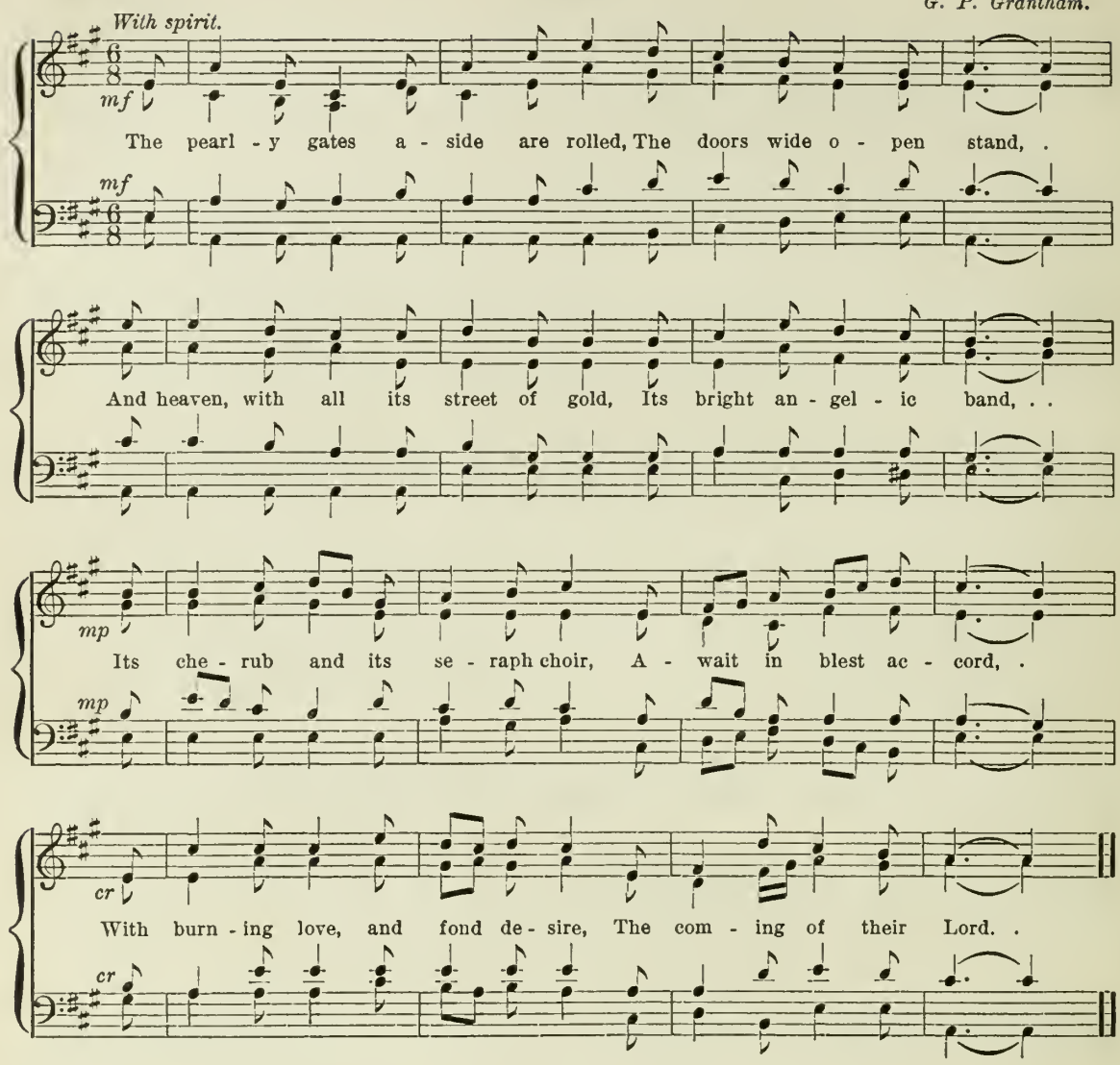
3

mf Our Paschal joy Christ Jesus is,
Delight of Angels aye:
'T is He doth ope the gates of bliss,
And wash our guilt away.

5

mf The blood of Christ won pardon sure
For man from God above:
In His, our death wounds find a cure;
Thanks, Jesu, for Thy love.

The pearly gates aside are rolled.

Carol 225. (ASCENSION.) *G. P. Grantham.*

With spirit.
mf
The pearl - y gates a - side are rolled, The doors wide o - pen stand, .
And heaven, with all its street of gold, Its bright an - gel - ic band, . .
mp
Its che - rub and its se - raph choir, A - wait in blest ac - cord, .
cr
With burn - ing love, and fond de - sire, The com - ing of their Lord. .

2

mf He on Mount Olivet below,
His well-beloved among,
A benison must first bestow
Upon the saintly throng.
p His hand is raised, the words are said
Of love, with pity blent,
pp While bowed in awe is every head,
And every knee is bent.

3

cr He comes! He comes! from earth He soars!
See how the living cloud
Of angel wings around Him flings
Bright rays, His form to shroud!
While steadfastly, with upturned eye,
The rapt Apostles gaze
p With Mary, at the deep-veiled sky,
In silent still amaze.

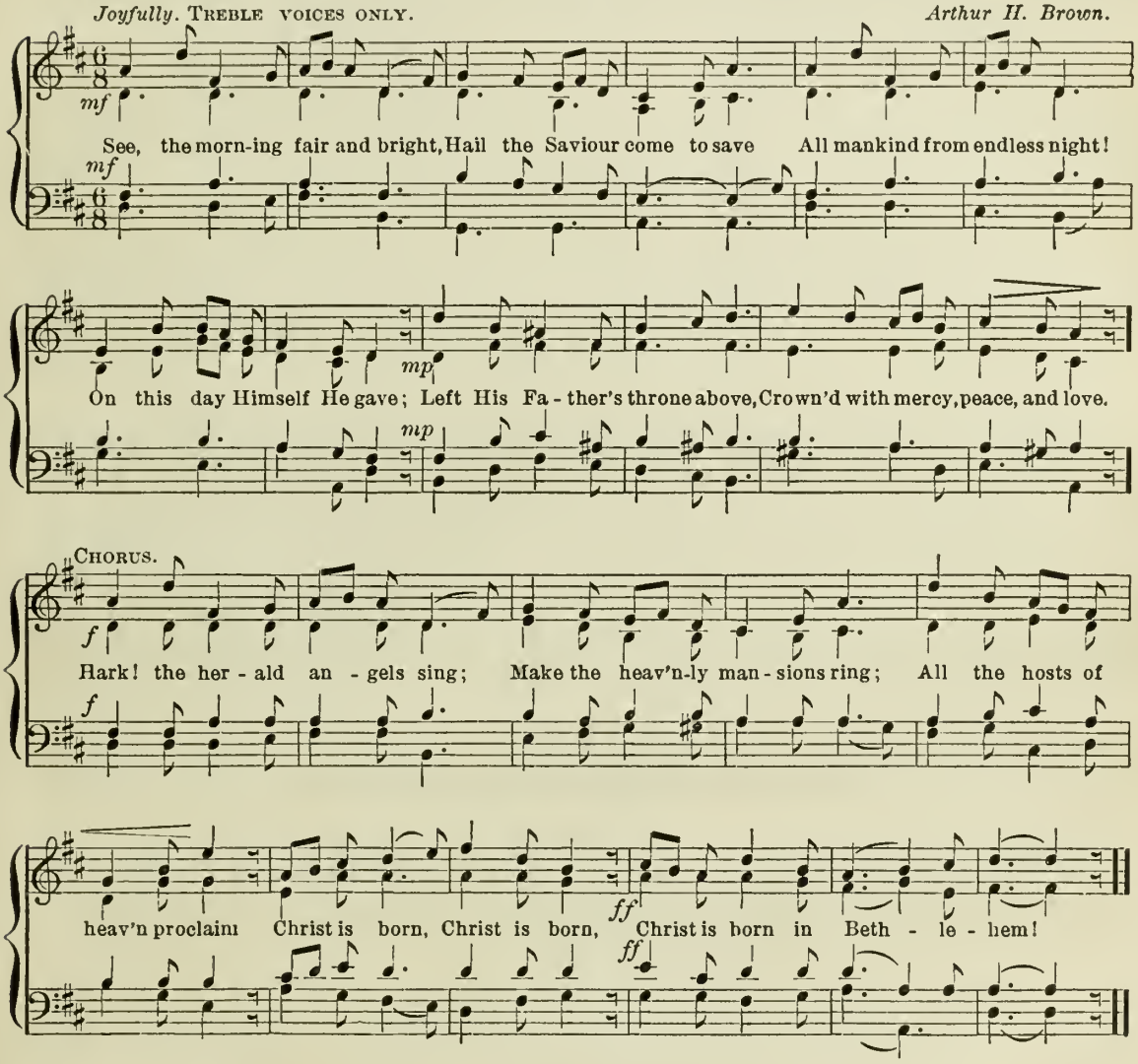
4

cr He comes! He comes! lift up your heads,
Ye gates, ye portals bright!
Your Prince returns! His path He treads
To meads of amber light.
f He is the King of Glory! Sing,
ff Ye Heavens, with loud acclaim;—
Your God, your everlasting King,
The Lord of Hosts His Name!

See, the morning fair and bright.

Carol 226. (CHRISTMAS.)

Joyfully. TREBLE VOICES ONLY. *Arthur H. Brown.*


mf
See, the morn-ing fair and bright, Hail the Saviour come to save All mankind from endless night!
mf
mp
On this day Himself He gave; Left His Fa - ther's throne above, Crown'd with mercy, peace, and love.
mp
CHORUS.
f
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing; Make the heav'n-ly man - sions ring; All the hosts of
f
heav'n proclaim Christ is born, Christ is born,
ff
Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
ff

2

Shepherds watching for the morn,
Heard the heavenly angels sing
Tidings great,—"This day is born
Israel's long-expected King!
For a sign, the heavenly Babe
In a manger now is laid."
CHORUS. Hark! the herald angels sing;
Make the heavenly mansions ring;
All the hosts of heaven proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

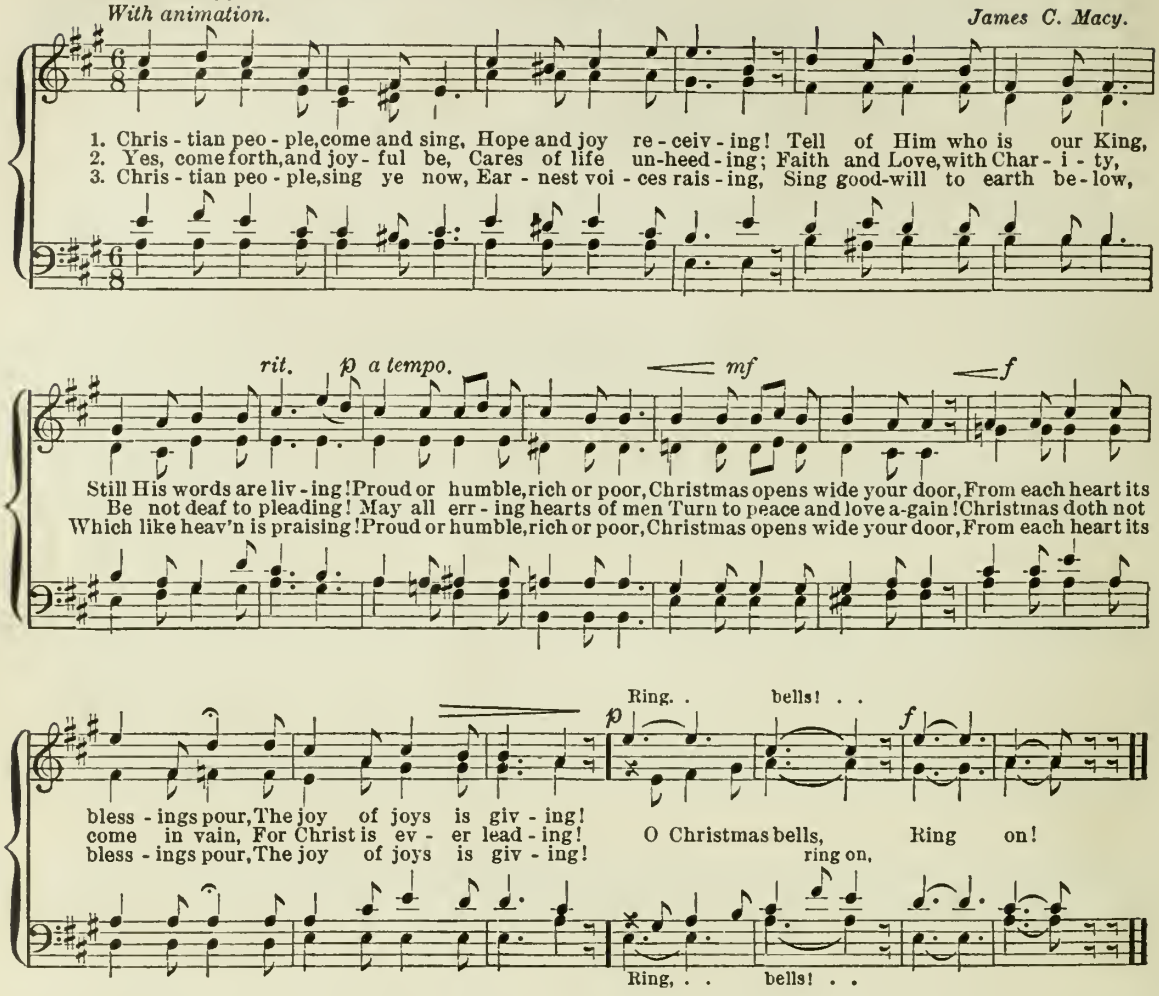
3

See the Eastern Sages led
By the Star which graced the morn,
To the place where oxen fed,
There the great I AM was born;
There they saw the Son of God,
Come to shed His precious blood.
CHORUS. Hark! the herald angels sing;
Make the heavenly mansions ring;
All the hosts of heaven proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christian people, come and sing.

Carol 227. (CHRISTMAS.)

With animation. *James C. Macy.*

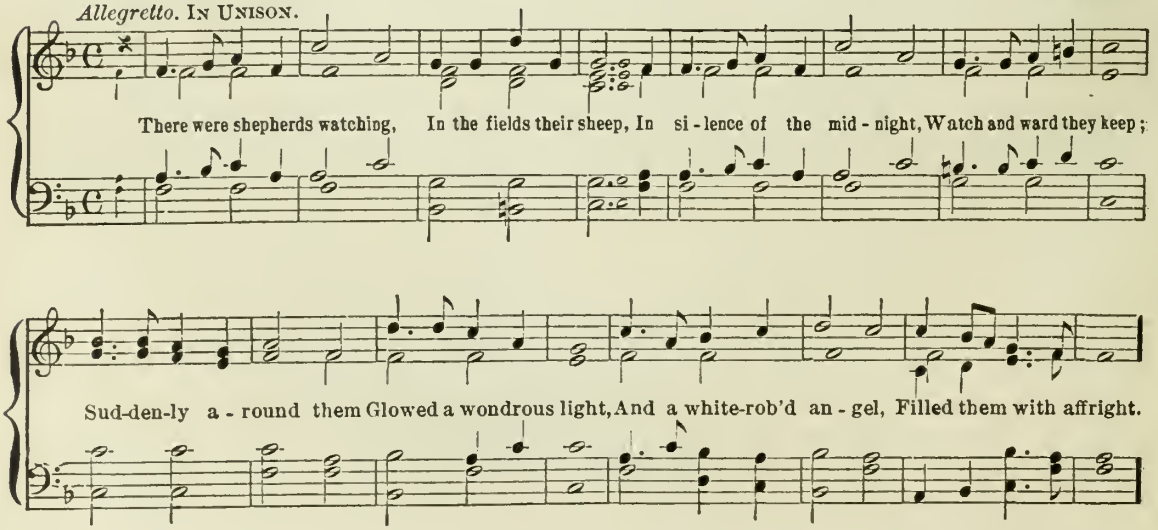

1. Chris - tian peo - ple, come and sing, Hope and joy re - ceiv - ing! Tell of Him who is our King,
2. Yes, come forth, and joy - ful be, Cares of life un-heed - ing; Faith and Love, with Char - i - ty,
3. Chris - tian peo - ple, sing ye now, Ear - nest voi - ces rais - ing, Sing good-will to earth be - low,
rit.
p a tempo.
mf
f
Still His words are liv - ing! Proud or humble, rich or poor, Christmas opens wide your door, From each heart its
Be not deaf to pleading! May all err - ing hearts of men Turn to peace and love a-gain! Christmas doth not
Which like heav'n is praising! Proud or humble, rich or poor, Christmas opens wide your door, From each heart its
Ring. . bells! . .
p
f
bless - ings pour, The joy of joys is giv - ing!
come in vain, For Christ is ev - er lead - ing!
bless - ings pour, The joy of joys is giv - ing!
O Christmas bells, Ring on!
ring on,
Ring, . . bells! . .

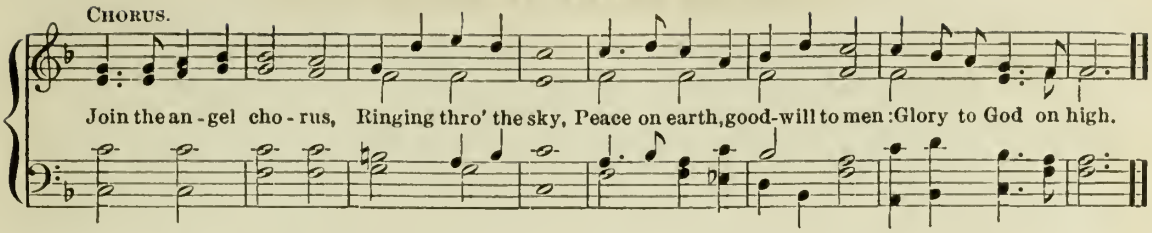
There were shepherds watching.

Carol 228. (CHRISTMAS.)

A. A. Wild.

Allegretto. IN UNISON.


There were shepherds watching, In the fields their sheep, In si - lence of the mid - night, Watch and ward they keep;
Sud-den-ly a - round them Glowed a wondrous light, And a white-rob'd an - gel, Filled them with affright.



2

"In royal David's city,"
Said he, "is born a King.
To you the joyful tidings
From God above I bring."
Suddenly a mighty host
Of angels filled the sky,
Praising God and saying:
"Glory to God on high!"
Chorus.—Join the angel chorus, etc.

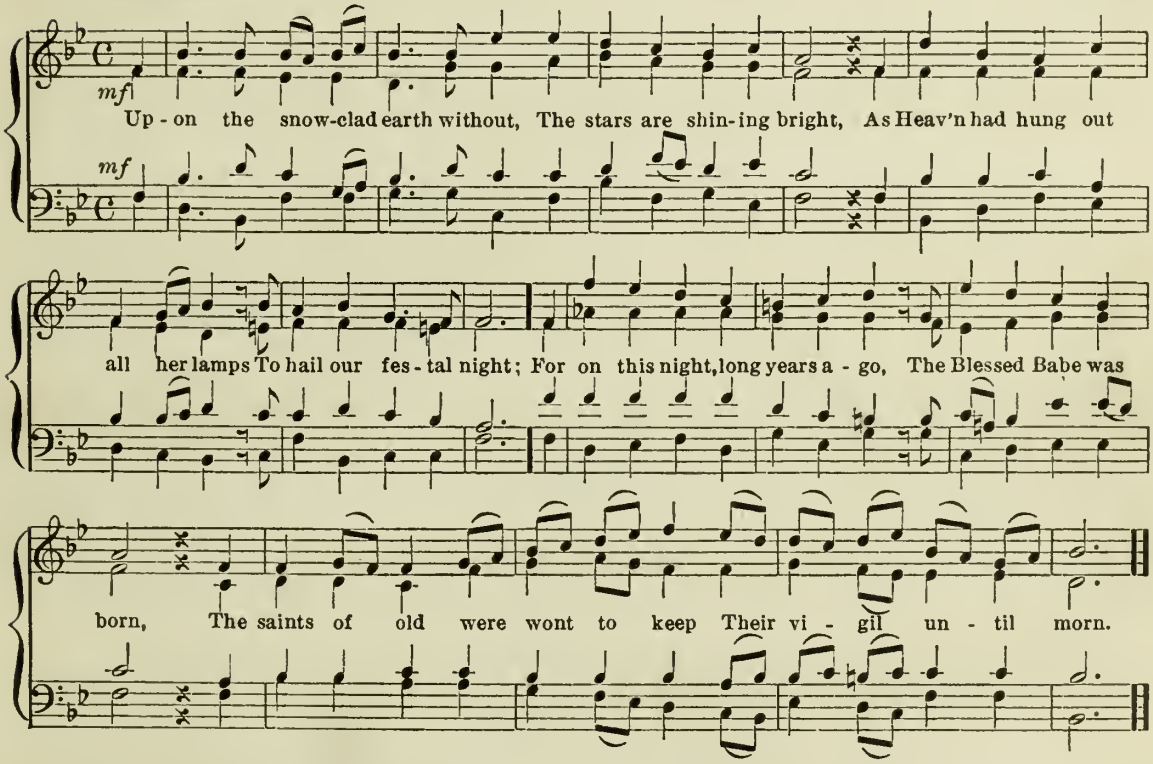
3

See the Wise Men coming
From their homes afar,
Guided by the beaming
Of a glorious star!
Now they bow before Him,
And their Saviour greet,
While they pour rich treasures
Humbly at His feet.
Chorus.—Join the angel chorus, etc.

Upon the snow-clad earth without.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 229. *H. J. Gauntlett.*


mf
Up - on the snow-clad earth without, The stars are shin-ing bright, As Heav'n had hung out
mf
all her lamps To hail our fes - tal night; For on this night, long years a - go, The Blessed Babe was
born, The saints of old were wont to keep Their vi - gil un - til morn.

2

mf 'T was in the days when far and wide
Men owned the Cæsar's sway,
That his decree went forth, that all
A certain tax should pay.
Then from their home in Nazareth's vale
Obedient to the same,
With Mary, his espousèd wife,
The saintly Joseph came.

3

p A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around,
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
mf Yet blesséd among women was
That holy mother-maid,
dim Who on that night her First-born Son
There in the manger laid.

4

p In swaddling bands she wrapped Him
And smooth'd His couch of straw, [round,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
cr How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While eastern Sages from afar
f The new-born radiance led!

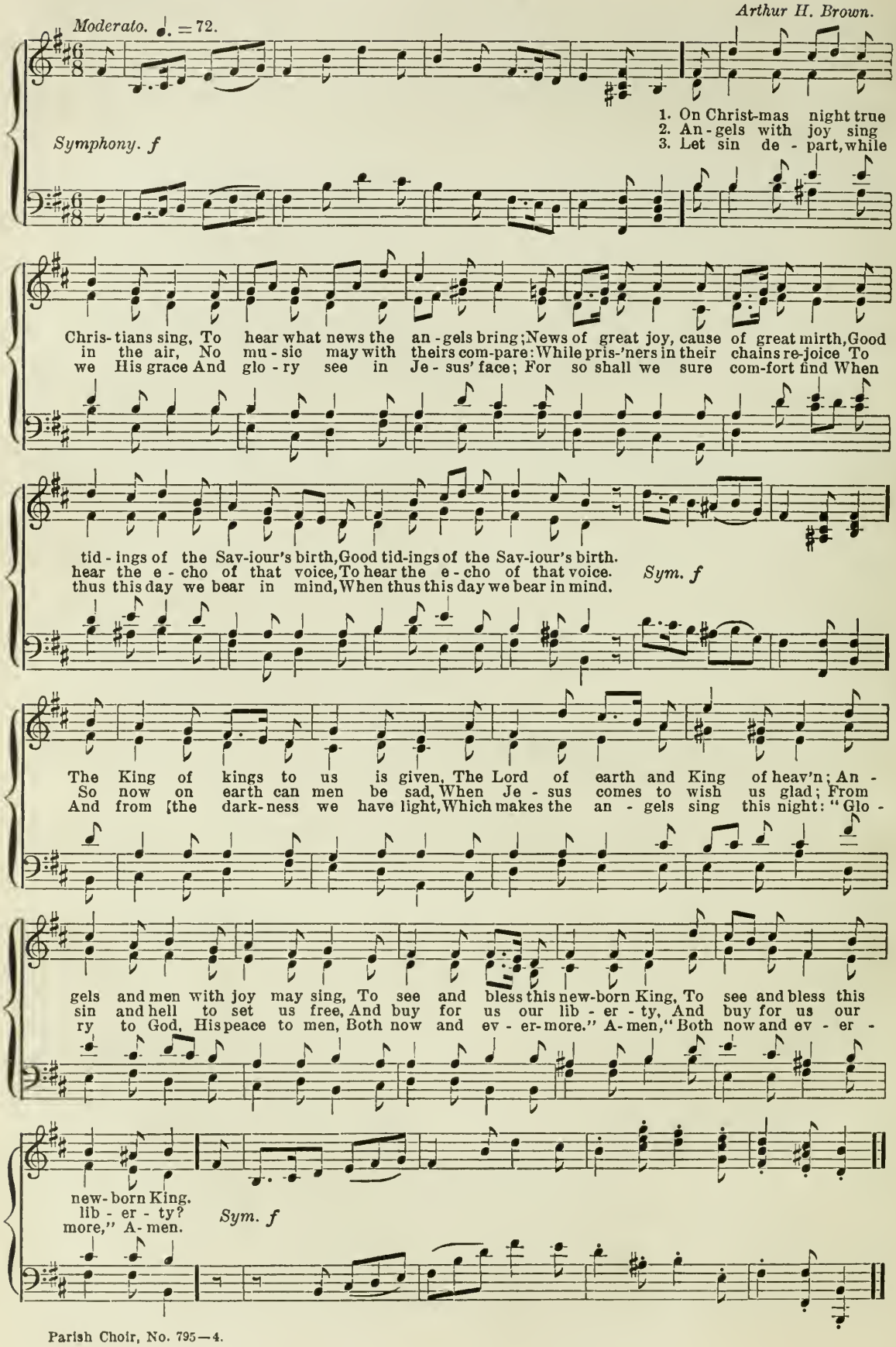
5

mf And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
cr Because to us a Child is born,
Our Brother, and our King,
ff Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.

On Christmas night true Christians sing.

Carol 230.

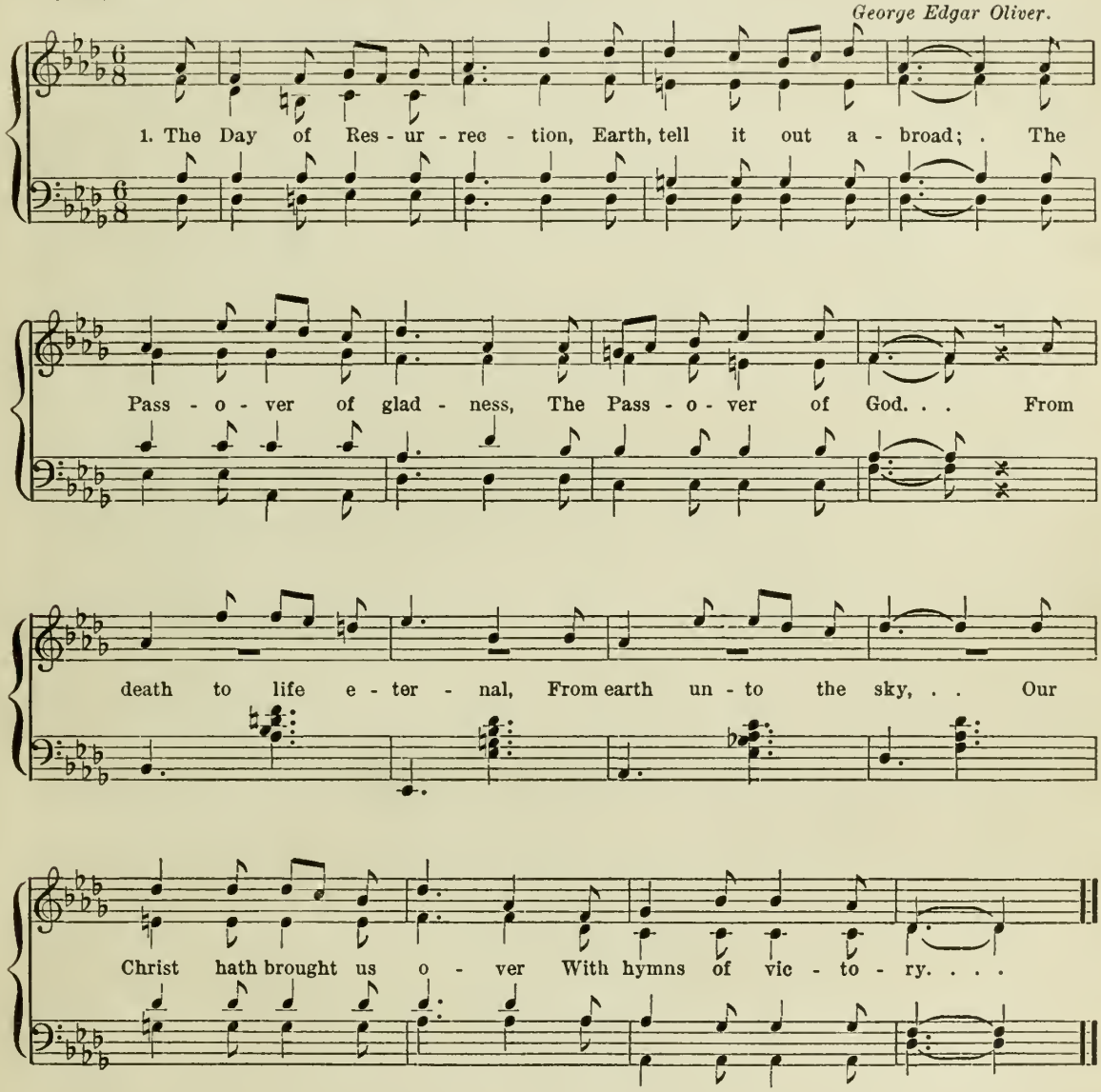
Arthur H. Brown.


Moderato. ♩. = 72.
Symphony. f
1. On Christ-mas night true
2. An-gels with joy sing
3. Let sin de-part, while
Chris-tians sing, To hear what news the an-gels bring; News of great joy, cause of great mirth, Good
in the air, No mu-sic may with theirs com-pare: While pris-'ners in their chains re-joice To
we His grace And glo-ry see in Je-sus' face; For so shall we sure com-fort find When
tid-ings of the Sav-iour's birth, Good tid-ings of the Sav-iour's birth.
hear the e-cho of that voice, To hear the e-cho of that voice.
thus this day we bear in mind, When thus this day we bear in mind.
Sym. f
The King of kings to us is given, The Lord of earth and King of heav'n; An-
So now on earth can men be sad, When Je-sus comes to wish us glad; From
And from {the dark-ness we have light, Which makes the an-gels sing this night: "Glo-
gels and men with joy may sing, To see and bless this new-born King, To see and bless this
sin and hell to set us free, And buy for us our lib-er-ty, And buy for us our
ry to God, His peace to men, Both now and ev-er-more." A-men," Both now and ev-er-
new-born King.
lib-er-ty?
more," A-men.
Sym. f

The day of resurrection.

EASTER.

Carol 231.

George Edgar Oliver.

1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad; . The
Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. . . From
death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, . . Our
Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. . . .

2

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

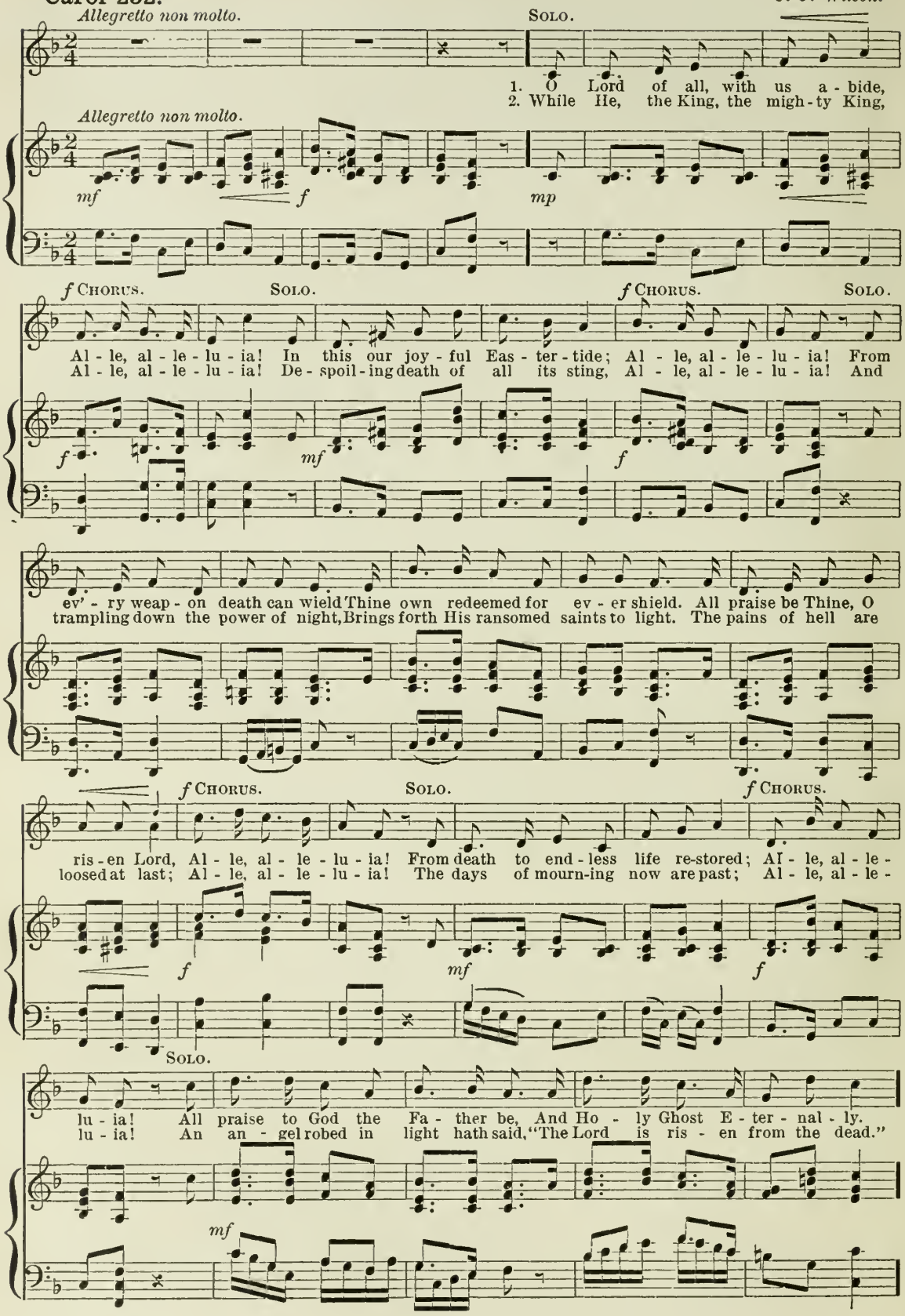
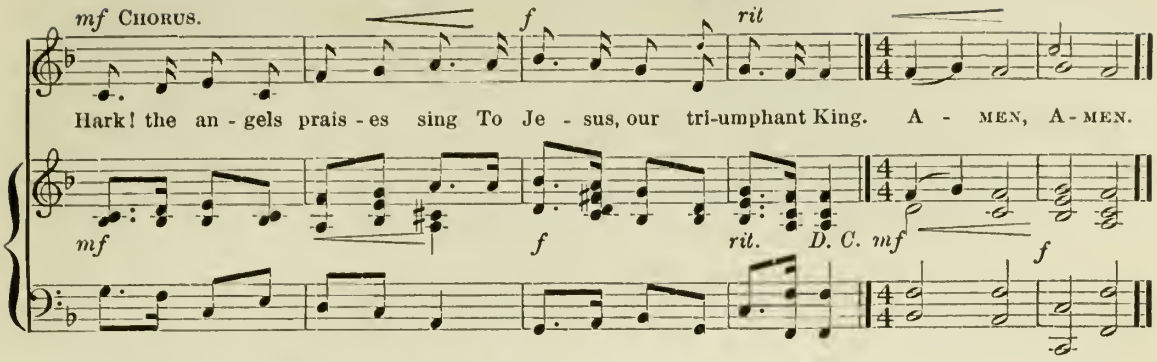
3

Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

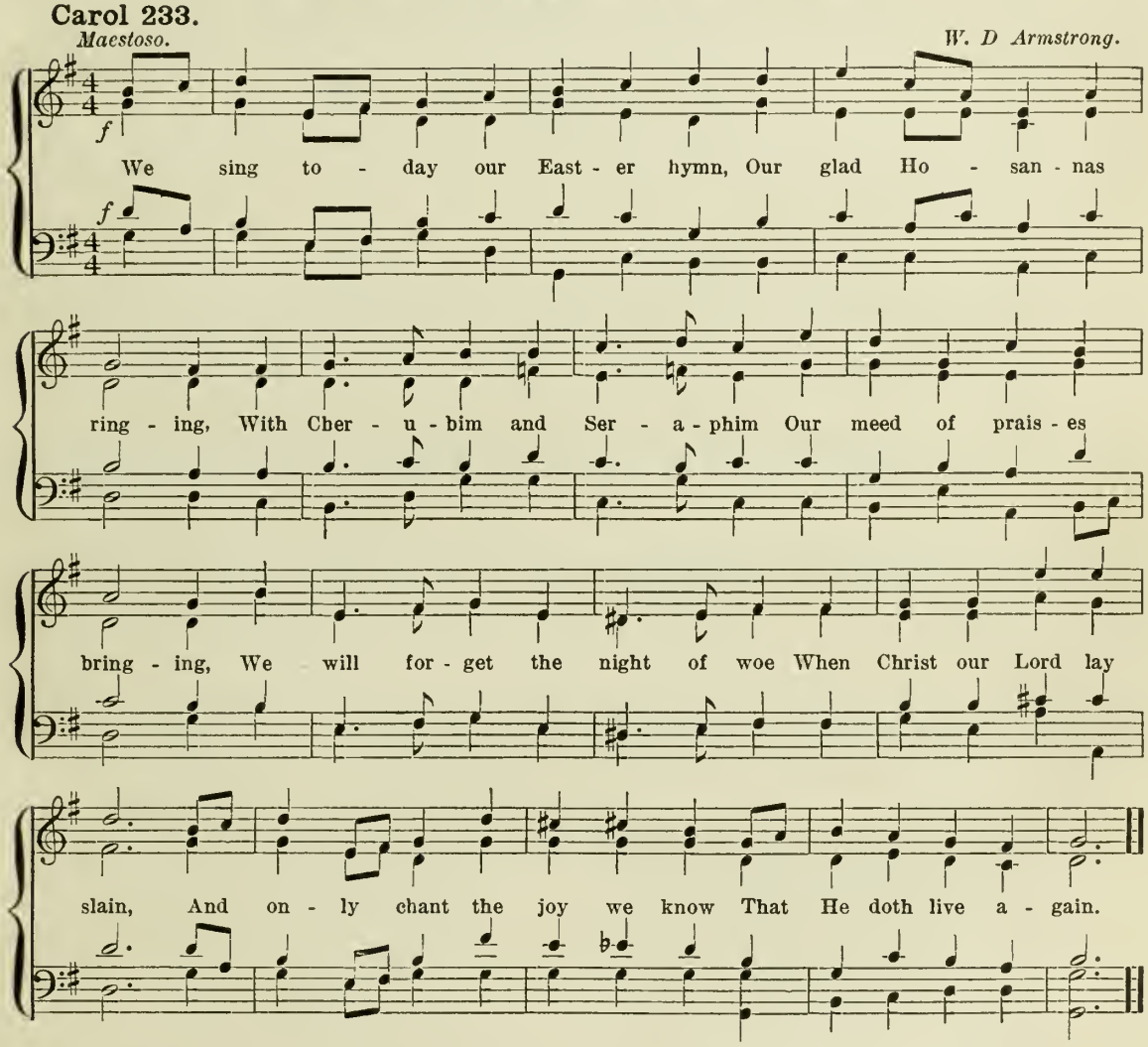
O Lord of all, with us abide.

(EASTER.)

Carol 232. *C. J. Wilson.*


Allegretto non molto.
Solo.
1. O Lord of all, with us a - bide,
2. While He, the King, the migh - ty King,
Allegretto non molto.
mf
f
mp
f Chorus.
Solo.
f Chorus.
Solo.
Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! In this our joy - ful Eas - ter - tide; Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! From
Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! De - spoil - ing death of all its sting, Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! And
ev' - ry weap - on death can wield Thine own redeemed for ev - er shield. All praise be Thine, O
trampling down the power of night, Brings forth His ransomed saints to light. The pains of hell are
f Chorus.
Solo.
f Chorus.
ris - en Lord, Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! From death to end - less life re-stored; Al - le, al - le -
loosed at last; Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! The days of mourn-ing now are past; Al - le, al - le -
Solo.
lu - ia! All praise to God the Fa - ther be, And Ho - ly Ghost E - ter - nal - ly.
lu - ia! An an - gel robed in light hath said, "The Lord is ris - en from the dead."
mf

We sing to-day our Easter hymn.

Carol 233.

Maestoso. *W. D Armstrong.*

f
We sing to - day our East - er hymn, Our glad Ho - san - nas
f
ring - ing, With Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Our meed of prais - es
bring - ing, We will for - get the night of woe When Christ our Lord lay
slain, And on - ly chant the joy we know That He doth live a - gain.

2

He conquered all that did oppose,
With fiend and demon warring,
And bravely battled 'gainst our foes
With wounds His visage marring.
He met, at length, the last of all,
That dreaded foe called Death,
And on the Cross did seem to fall
Beneath his noxious breath.

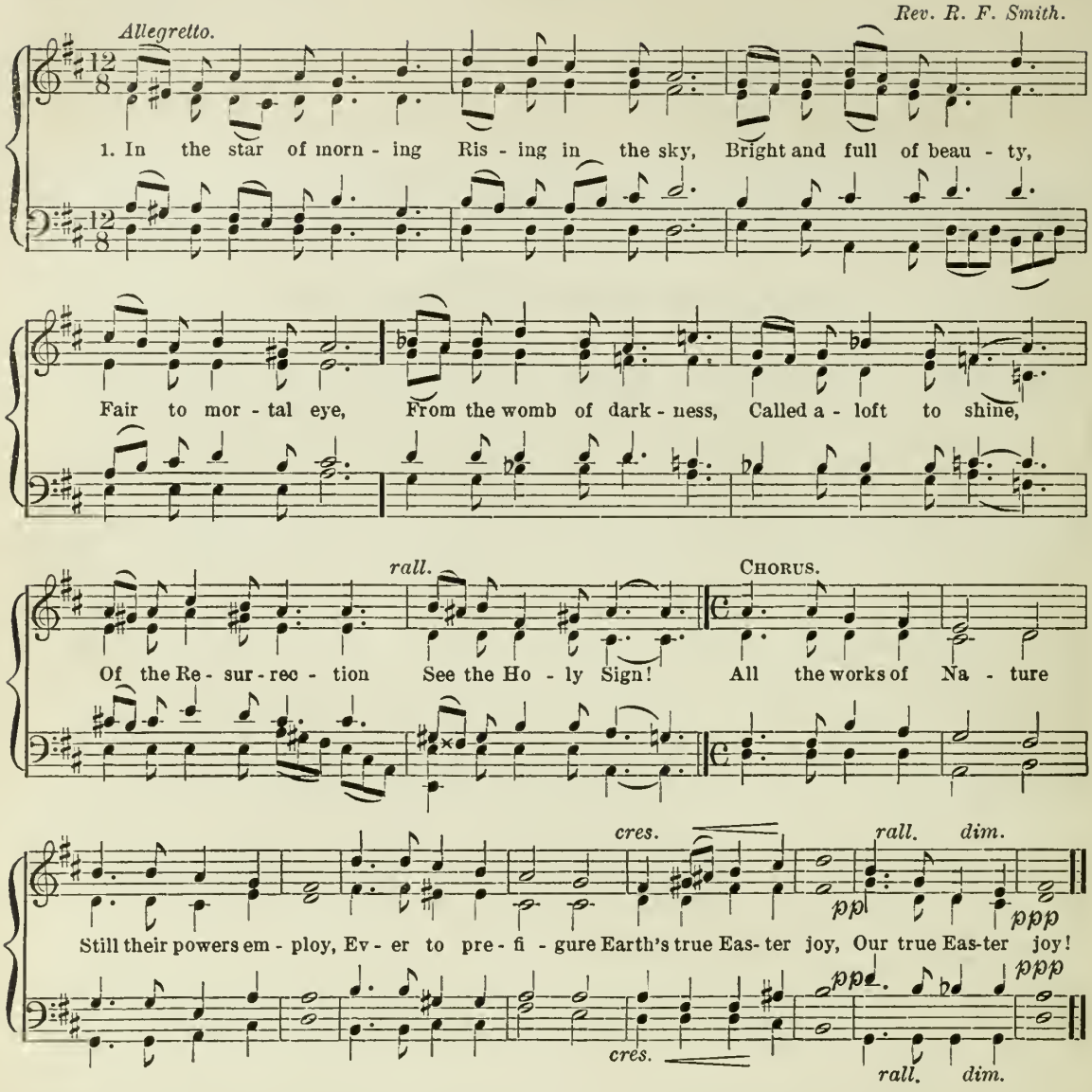
3

But now, to-day we sing the song
Which tells His triumph o'er him,
Death could not hold "the Master" long
And so gave way before Him.
Then carol with a grateful heart
For all that Christ hath done,
His breaking Satan's fiercest dart,
For Life that He hath won.

In the star of morning.

(EASTER.)

Carol 234.

Rev. R. F. Smith.

Allegretto.
1. In the star of morn - ing Ris - ing in the sky, Bright and full of beau - ty,
Fair to mor - tal eye, From the womb of dark - ness, Called a - loft to shine,
rall.
Chorus.
Of the Re - sur - rec - tion See the Ho - ly Sign! All the works of Na - ture
cres.
rall. dim.
pp
ppp
Still their powers em - ploy, Ev - er to pre - fi - gure Earth's true Eas - ter joy, Our true Eas-ter joy!
cres.
rall. dim.

2

When the Spring-tide showers
Fall o'er hill and plain,
When the trees and flowers
Bloom on earth again;
Then the seed, long buried,
Hid from mortal view,
In the garb of beauty
Bursteth forth anew. Cho.

3

As the shades of twilight
Softy fade away,
And the world from slumber,
Hails another day,
In the soul awaking,
And from dreamland torn,
See the type foreshowing
Man's great Easter morn! Cho.

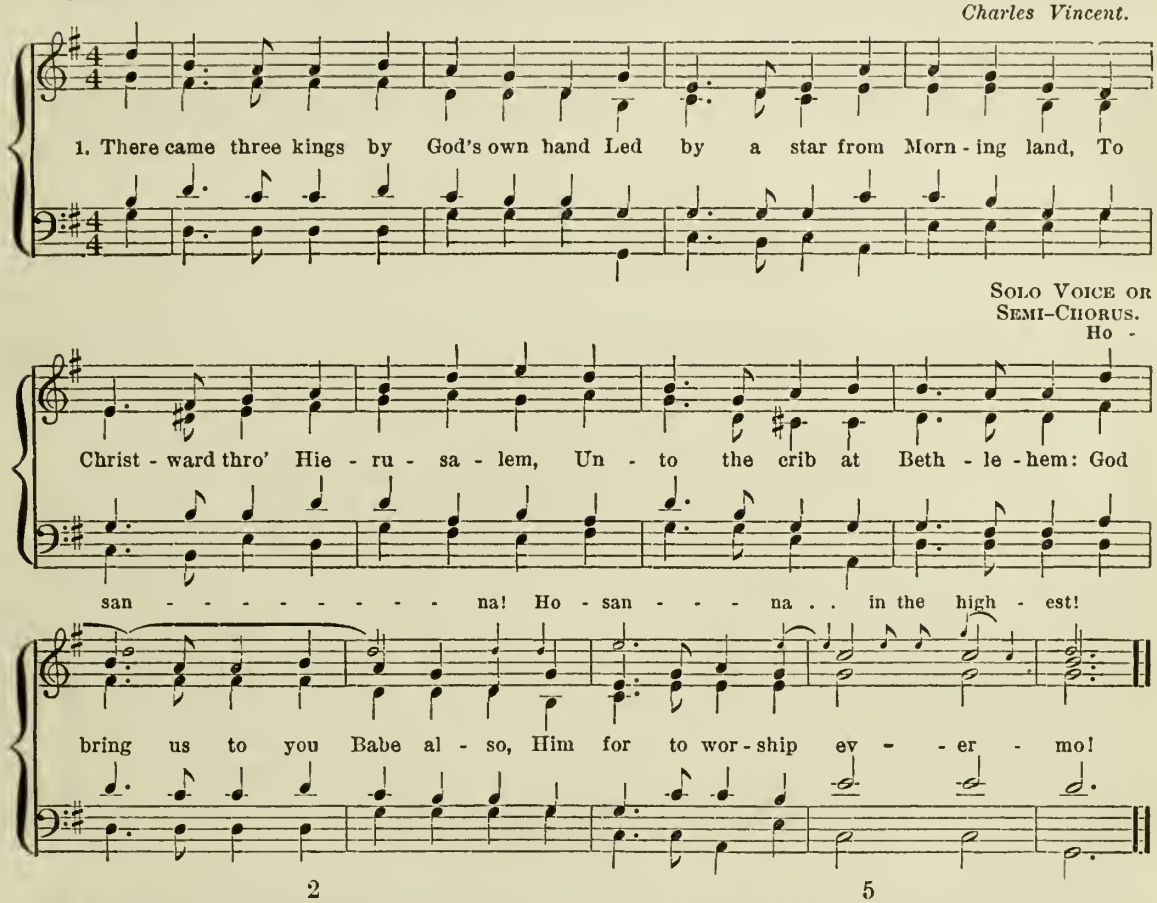
4

In the works of Nature
Wheresoever viewed,
In the cloud and sunshine,
Calm, and tempest rude:
In the earth about us,
In the circling air,
Types of Resurrection
Meet us everywhere. Cho.

There came three kings.

Carol 235. (EPIPHANY OR CHRISTMAS.)

Charles Vincent.


1. There came three kings by God's own hand Led by a star from Morn - ing land, To
Solo Voice or Semi-Chorus.
Ho -
Christ - ward thro' Hie - ru - sa - lem, Un - to the crib at Beth - le - hem: God
san - - - - - - - - - na! Ho - san - - - na . . in the high - est!
bring us to you Babe al - so, Him for to wor - ship ev - - er - mo!

2

Within the star so great and sheen,
A golden-crownèd Babe is seen;
His sceptre is a crown of gold,
His face like sunshine to behold.
God, evermore to man below,
Light from yon blissful star bestow.

3

From eastern land, in haste the while,
They journey many a weary mile;
O'er hill and vale, through sleet and snow,
By frith and fen, on, on they go.
God, may the pathway never be
Too tough and hard that leads to Thee.

4

Though Herod welcome bade the kings,
Their hearts are full of other things,
Forth from the stately court in speed,
They to the lowly crib proceed.
God, nought till death, whate'er betide,
Us from the right road turn aside.

5

Now when the kings came to the stall,
Before the Babe they straightway fall;
Each saintly pilgrim then presents
His gold, or myrrh, or frankincense.
God, take our gifts, at best but small,
Goods, body, soul, life, heart, and all.

6

By frankincense the three proclaim
That God Almighty is His Name;
Myrrh, to the Son of Man they bring,
And gold, in token of her King.
God, keep us steadfast in this creed,
From heresy and schism freed.

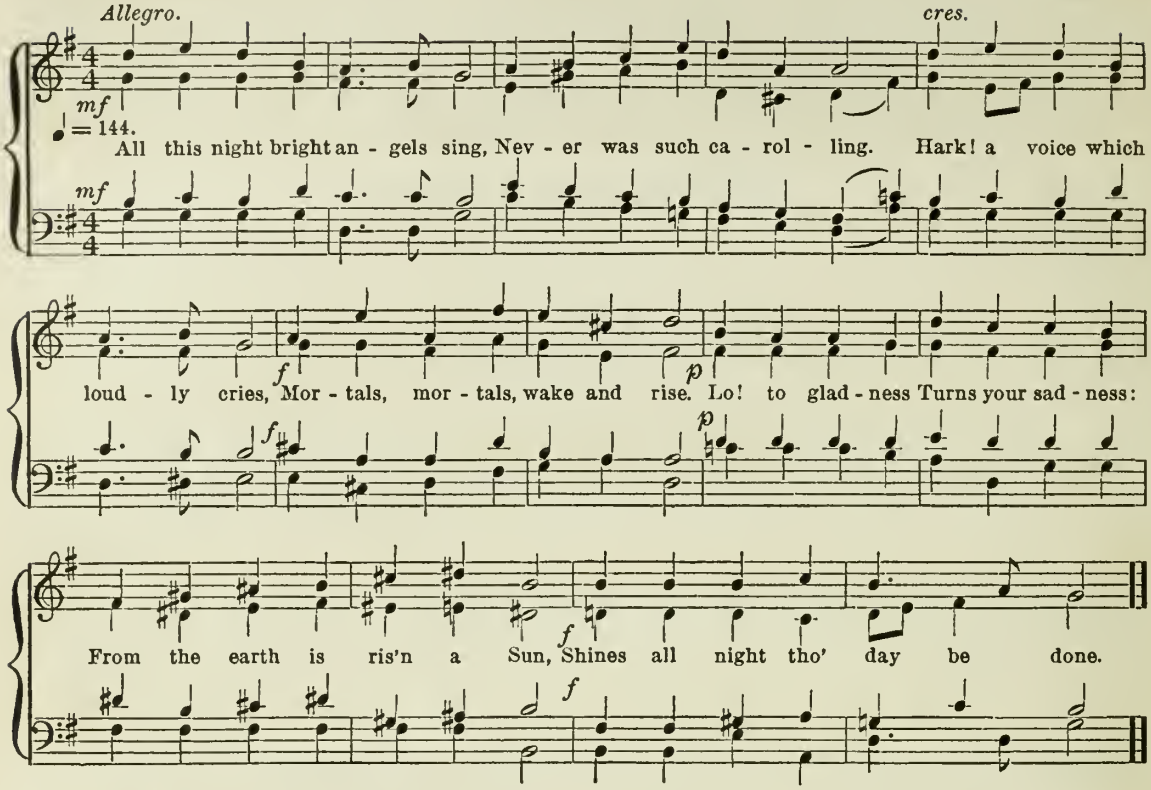
7

Our Lady fain the kings doth greet,
E'en bids them kiss her baby sweet;
Viaticum it was, in fay,
To cheer them on their homeward way.
God, grant, when death shall us depart,
This heav'nly bread may cheer our heart.

All this night bright angels sing.

Carol 236. (CHRISTMAS.)

J. T. Field.


Allegro.
cres.
mf
♩ = 144.
All this night bright an - gels sing, Nev - er was such ca - rol - ling. Hark! a voice which
loud - ly cries, Mor - tals, mor - tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad - ness Turns your sad - ness:
From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night tho' day be done.

2

Wake, O Earth! wake everything!
Wake! and hear the joy I bring:
Wake and joy! for all this night
Heavens and every twinkling light,
All amazing
Still stand gazing;
Angels, Powers, and all that be,
Wake and joy this Sun to see.

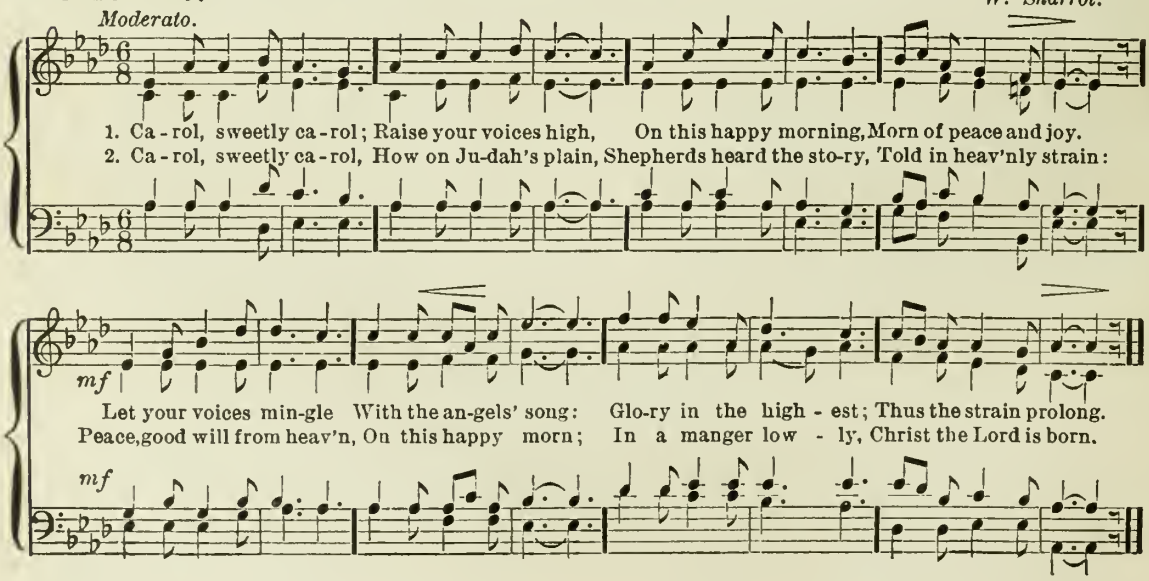
3

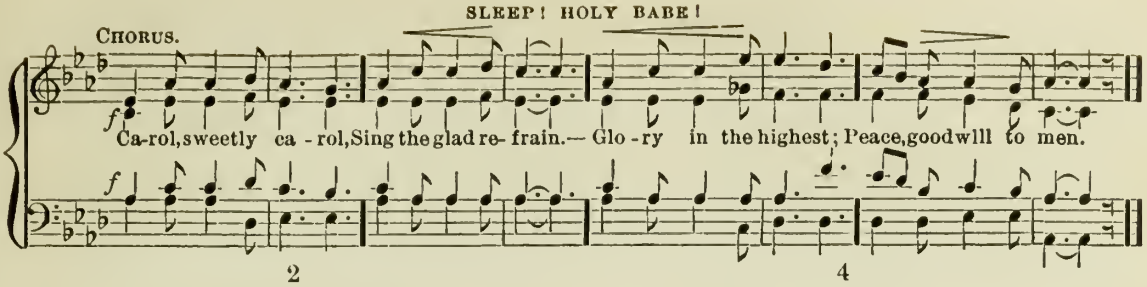
Hail, O Sun! O blessed Light!
Sent into this world by night;
Let Thy Rays and heavenly Powers
Shine in these dark souls of ours.
For most duly
Thou art truly
God and Man, we do confess:
Hail! O Sun of Righteousness.

Carol, sweetly carol.

Carol 237. (CHRISTMAS.)

W. Sharrot.


Moderato.
1. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol; Raise your voices high, On this happy morning, Morn of peace and joy.
2. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol, How on Ju-dah's plain, Shepherds heard the sto-ry, Told in heav'nly strain:
mf
Let your voices min-gle With the an-gels' song: Glo-ry in the high - est; Thus the strain prolong.
Peace, good will from heav'n, On this happy morn; In a manger low - ly, Christ the Lord is born.
mf



2

Carol, sweetly carol,
How with one accord
Wise men brought their offering
To their Infant Lord.
We would come before Thee
With our gifts to-day;
Rule and reign, Lord Jesus,
In our hearts alway.
Cho. — Carol, sweetly carol, etc.

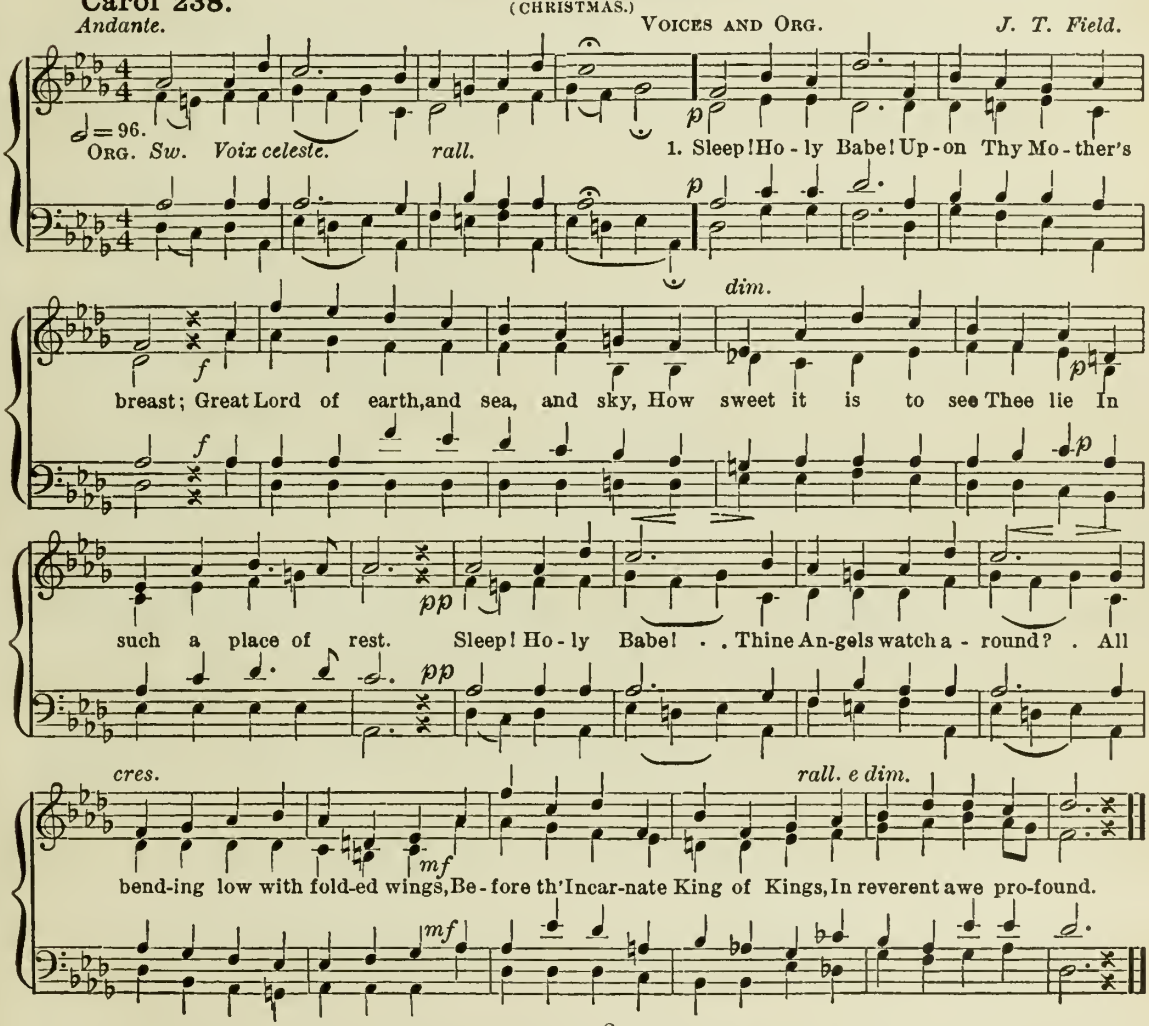
4

Carol, sweetly carol;
Let the earth resound
With the wondrous story
To remotest bound:
Then shall men adore Him,
Their thank-offerings bring,
Join the happy chorus
Which the angels sing.
Cho.—Carol, sweetly carol, etc.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 238.

(CHRISTMAS.)

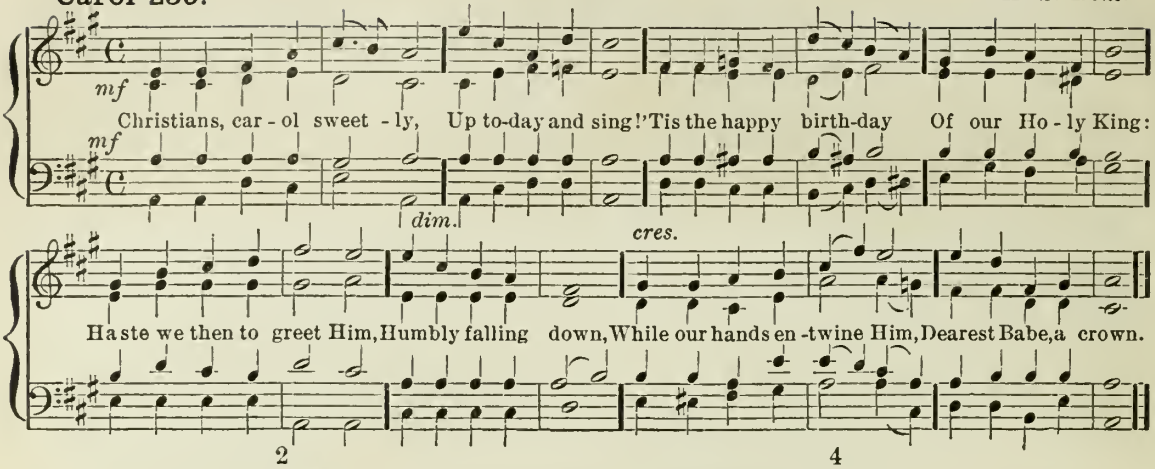

Andante.
Voices and Org.
J. T. Field.
♩ = 96.
Org. Sw. Voix celeste.
rall.
1. Sleep! Ho - ly Babe! Up - on Thy Mo - ther's
dim.
breast; Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In
such a place of rest. Sleep! Ho - ly Babe! . . Thine An-gels watch a - round? . All
cres.
rall. e dim.
bend-ing low with fold-ed wings, Be - fore th' Incar-nate King of Kings, In reverent awe pro-found.

2

Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile
Which there divinely plays.
Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

Christians, carol sweetly.

Carol 239. (CHRISTMAS.) *H. S. Irons.*


mf
Christians, car - ol sweet - ly, Up to-day and sing! 'Tis the happy birth-day Of our Ho - ly King:
mf
dim.
cres.
Haste we then to greet Him, Humbly falling down, While our hands en - twine Him, Dearest Babe, a crown.

2

Crowds of snow-white Angels
Throng the golden stair;
All things are delightful,
All things passing fair:
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

3

Michael, at the manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides transcendent Grace:
For, dear friends, the Glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

4

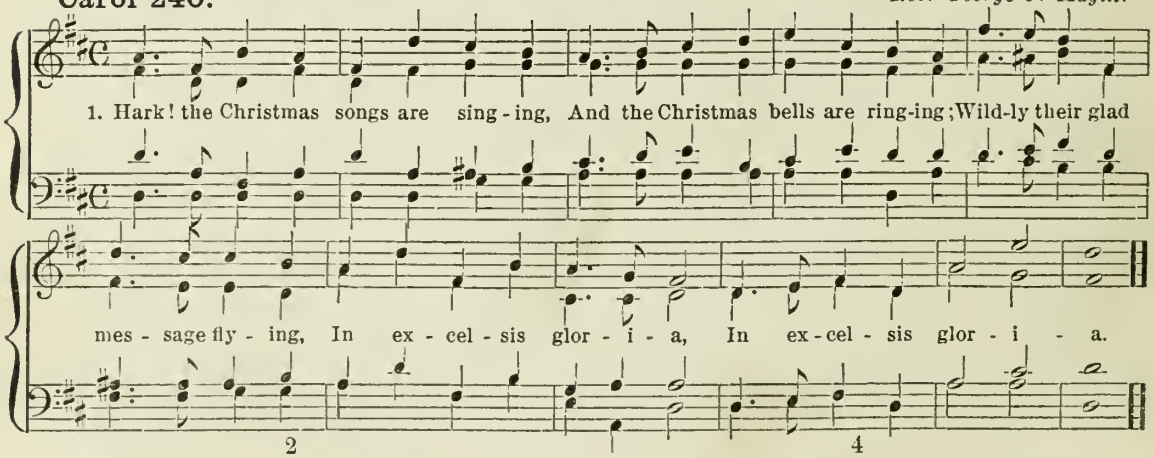
Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead,
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
Cradles her Creator,
Soothes Him to His rest?

5

Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yea, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the manger stall!
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a child to-day:
So, with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

Hark! the Christmas songs are singing.

Carol 240. *Rev. George J. Magill.*


1. Hark! the Christmas songs are sing - ing, And the Christmas bells are ring-ing; Wild-ly their glad
mes - sage fly - ing, In ex - cel - sis glor - i - a, In ex - cel - sis glor - i - a.

2

Chiefest day in our possessing,
Crowned with Christmas love and blessing,
Shout ye nations, Christ confessing,
In excelsis gloria!

3

How the glorious news is flying!
Christ, to save a world from dying,
In a lowly manger lying:
In excelsis gloria!

4

"Peace on earth," the Angel chorus
Loudly sang while hovering o'er us,
This the message that they bore us,
In excelsis gloria!

5

Oh! the bells so madly pealing;
Tidings of great joy revealing;
Through our hearts their echoes stealing
In excelsis gloria!

6

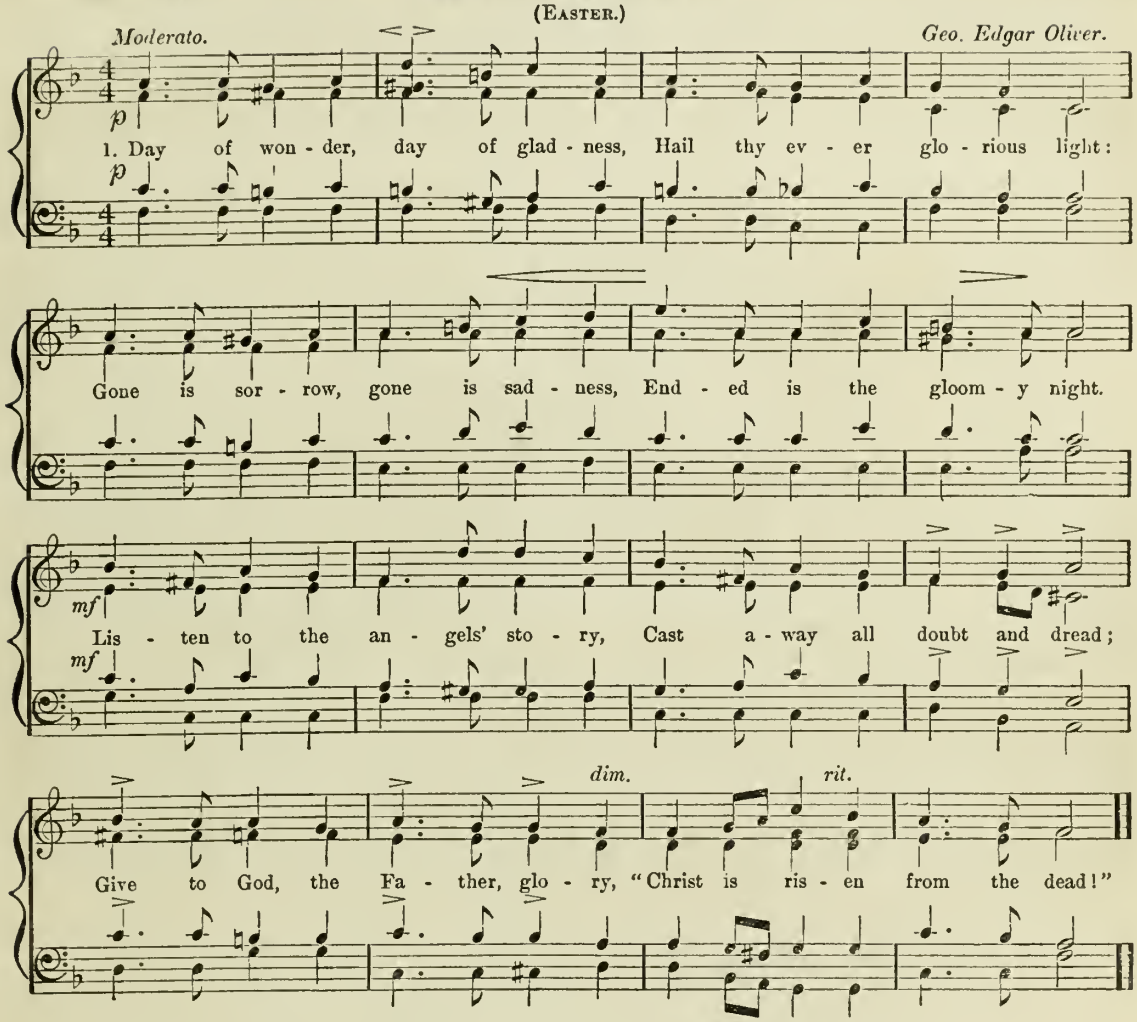
Christ now reigns a King for ever!
Safe in Him—we'll falter never;
Sing His praise for aye and ever!
In excelsis gloria!

Carol 241.

Day of Wonder.

(Easter.)

Moderato. *Geo. Edgar Oliver.*


p
1. Day of won - der, day of glad - ness, Hail thy ev - er glo - rious light:
Gone is sor - row, gone is sad - ness, End - ed is the gloom - y night.
mf
Lis - ten to the an - gels' sto - ry, Cast a - way all doubt and dread;
dim.
rit.
Give to God, the Fa - ther, glo - ry, "Christ is ris - en from the dead!"

2.

In the triumph of this hour,
Jubilant shall swell the song,
Unto Jesus honor, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,
Sin and hell are captive led,
E'en the grave is freed from terror,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

3.

Every people, every nation
Soon shall hear the gladsome sound,
Joyous tidings of salvation
Borne to earth's remotest bound.
Then shall rise in tones excelling,
Praise for grace so freely shed,
And the Easter hymn be swelling,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

4.

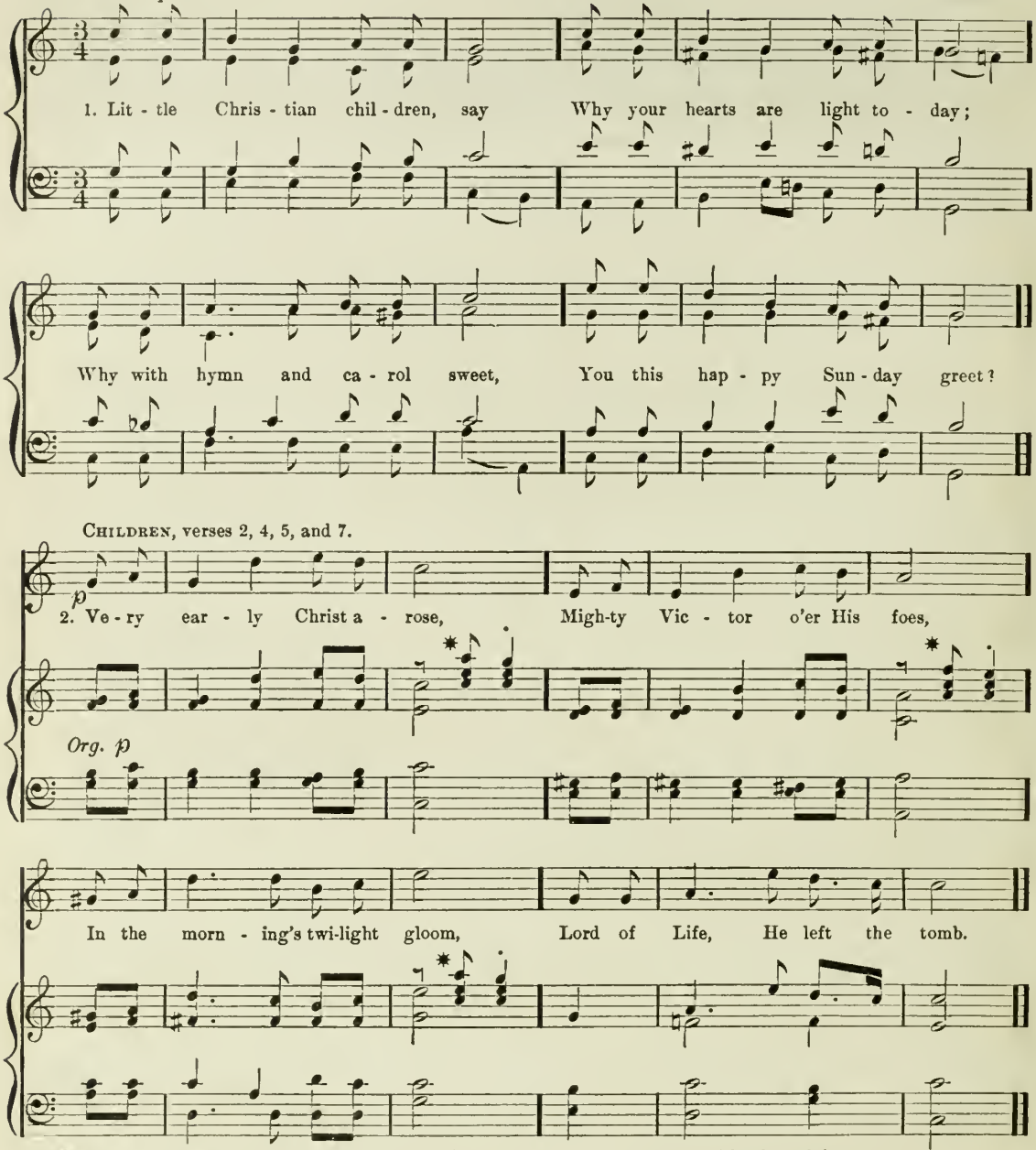
Victor now, to heaven ascended,
Seated on the Father's throne,
Christ, in Whom our nature blended,
Will His blessèd children own.
If above, in glory meeting,
We the heavenly courts should tread,
Sweeter then will sound the greeting,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

Little Christian children, say.

Carol 242.

CHOIR, verses 1, 3, and 6. (EASTER.)

With expression. *C. Vincent.*


1. Lit - tle Chris - tian chil - dren, say Why your hearts are light to - day;
Why with hymn and ca - rol sweet, You this hap - py Sun - day greet?
CHILDREN, verses 2, 4, 5, and 7.
p
2. Ve - ry ear - ly Christ a - rose, Migh-ty Vic - tor o'er His foes,
Org. p
In the morn - ing's twi-light gloom, Lord of Life, He left the tomb.

* *These chords may be played with the left hand, if the bass note can be sustained by the pedal.*

3.

CHOIR. — Little Christian children, tell
How your King hath vanquished hell,
As you say, has risen again,
He Who in the grave has lain.

4.

CHILDREN. — Faithless watch the sentries kept,
Bitter tears the women wept,
Till they saw the Angel bright,
Clad in raiment fair and white.

5.

CHILDREN. — Hark! he speaks to calm their fear
"He is risen, He is not here,
Gone before to Galilee,
There your Master ye shall see."

6.

CHOIR. — Little Christian children, sing,
Praising loud your risen King;
We too share your joyful strain,
Christ our Passover is slain.

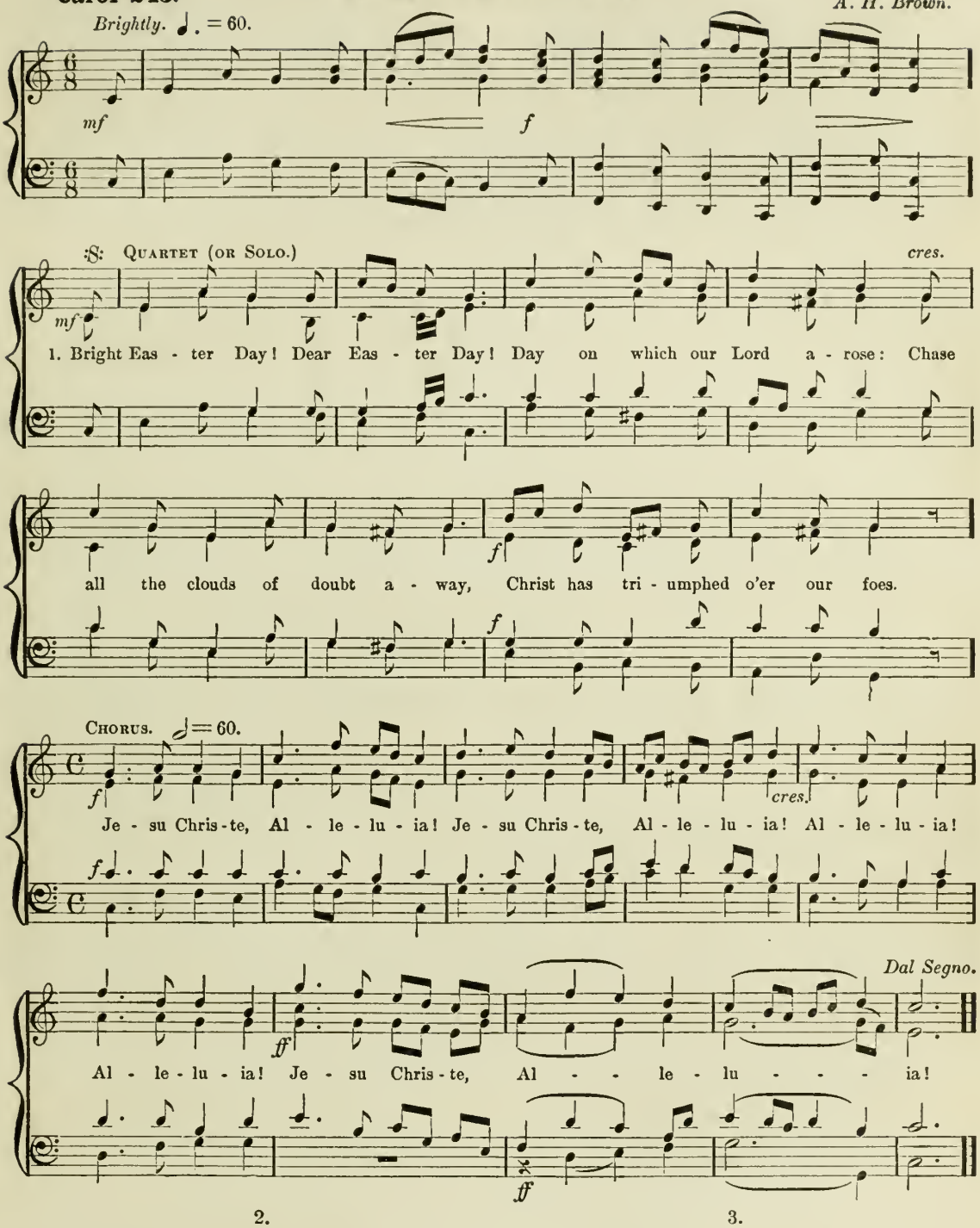
7.

ALL. — Glory, Jesu, be to Thee,
Thou Whose rising sets us free;
Death and Satan overthrown,
Thee, the King of kings, we own.

Carol 243.

Bright Easter Day.

A. H. Brown.


Brightly. ♩. = 60.
mf
f
S: Quartet (or Solo.)
cres.
1. Bright Eas - ter Day! Dear Eas - ter Day! Day on which our Lord a - rose: Chase
all the clouds of doubt a - way, Christ has tri - umphed o'er our foes.
Chorus. 𝅗𝅥 = 60.
Je - su Chris - te, Al - le - lu - ia! Je - su Chris - te, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Dal Segno.
Al - le - lu - ia! Je - su Chris - te, Al - - le - lu - - - ia!

2.

Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Day of days the very best:
Lift up thine eyes, poor soul, to-day,
Christ has conquered — thou shalt rest.
Jesu Christe, Alleluia!

3.

Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Songs of joy to-day we raise,
Glad songs to cheer our onward way,
Songs of love, and songs of praise.
Jesu Christe, Alleluia!

4.

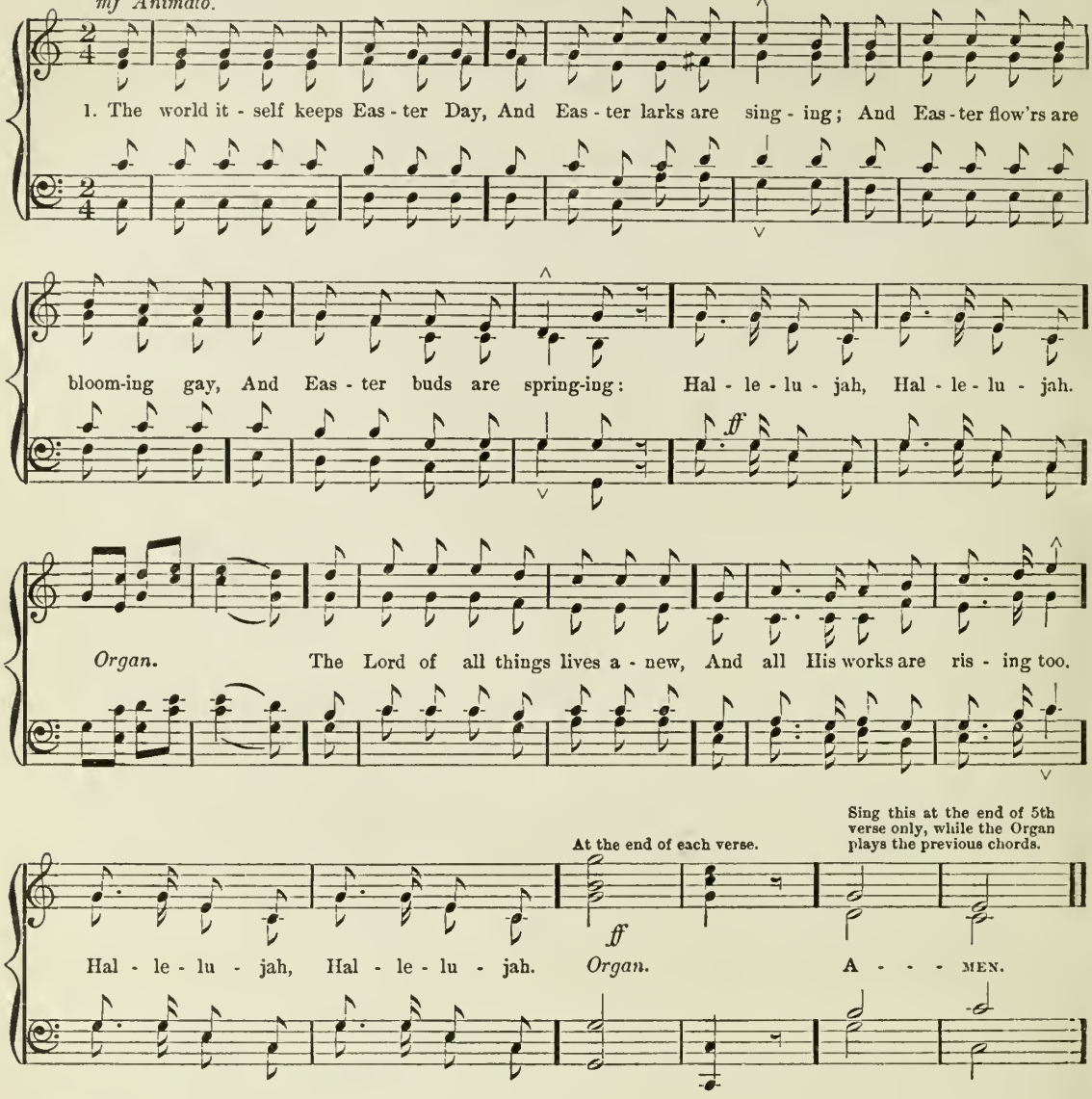
Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Lord, Thy day of power, this:
We praise in song, in song we pray,
May our souls partake Thy bliss.
Jesu Christe, Alleluia!

H. G. Batterson.

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

Carol 244.

Unison or parts.
mf Animato.

G. W. Warren.

1. The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are sing - ing; And Eas - ter flow'rs are
bloom-ing gay, And Eas - ter buds are spring-ing: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
ff
Organ.
The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are ris - ing too.
At the end of each verse.
Sing this at the end of 5th verse only, while the Organ plays the previous chords.
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Organ. A - - - MEN.

2

There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
With loving, but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

3

But earlier still the Angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest:"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

4

But one, and one alone remained,
With love that could not vary,
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
The sometime sinner, Mary:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

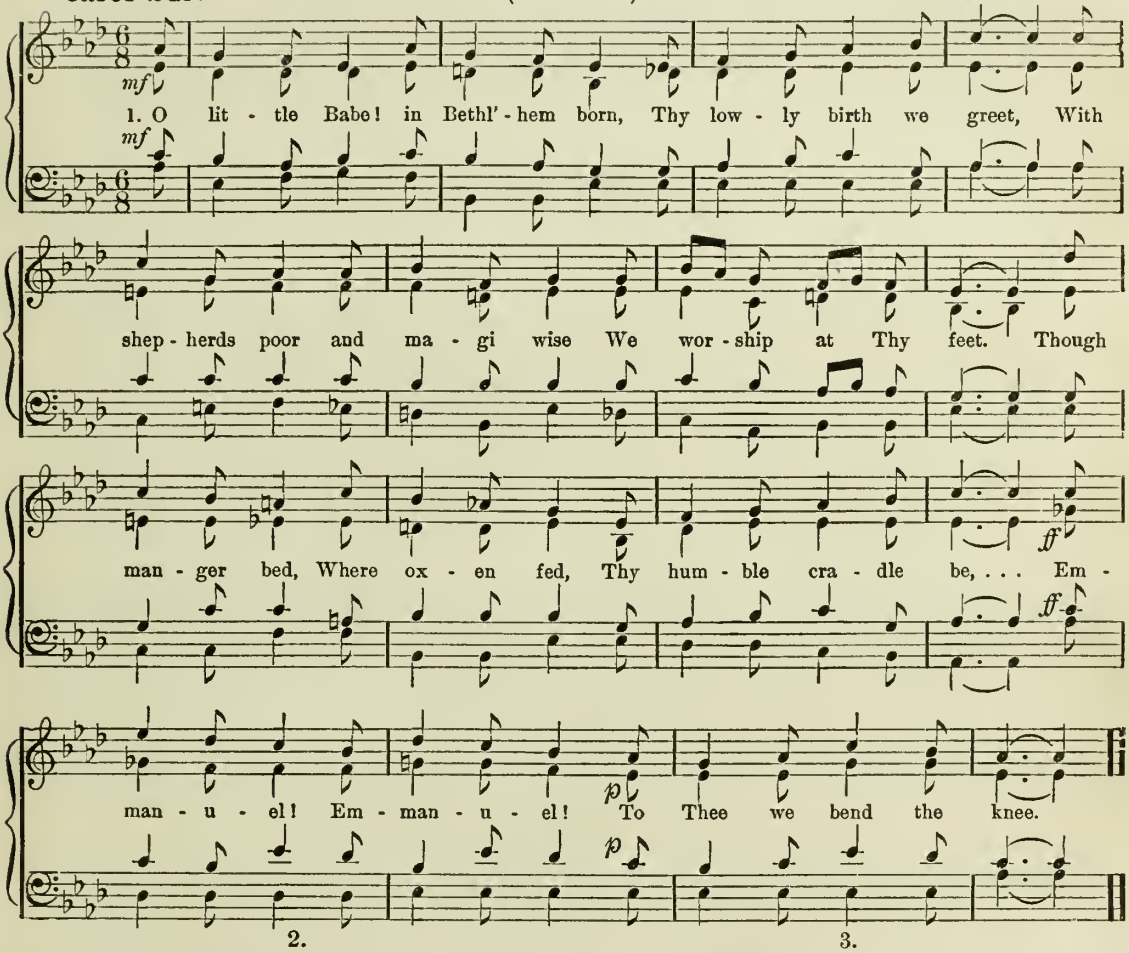
5

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
* The Lord hath risen, as all things tell;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! AMEN.

* Sing these last two lines slower, with a pause at the end of each.

O little Babe! in Bethl'hem born.

Carol 245. (Christmas.) *Arthur F. Warner.*


mf
1. O lit - tle Babe! in Bethl' - hem born, Thy low - ly birth we greet, With
shep - herds poor and ma - gi wise We wor - ship at Thy feet. Though
man - ger bed, Where ox - en fed, Thy hum - ble cra - dle be, . . . Em -
ff
man - u - el! Em - man - u - el! To Thee we bend the knee.
p

2.

O holy Babe! on Mary's knee,
How weak and poor art Thou!
Yet, mighty God, so rich in grace,
Adoringly we bow.
Though mother's hands
Wrap swaddling bands,
No royal robe we see.
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel!
To Thee we bend the knee.

3.

O helpless Babe! Thou knowest not
What gifts those wise men bring,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense
Presenting to their King.
What gift can we,
Redeemed by Thee,
In gratitude impart?
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel!
We yield Thee all our heart.

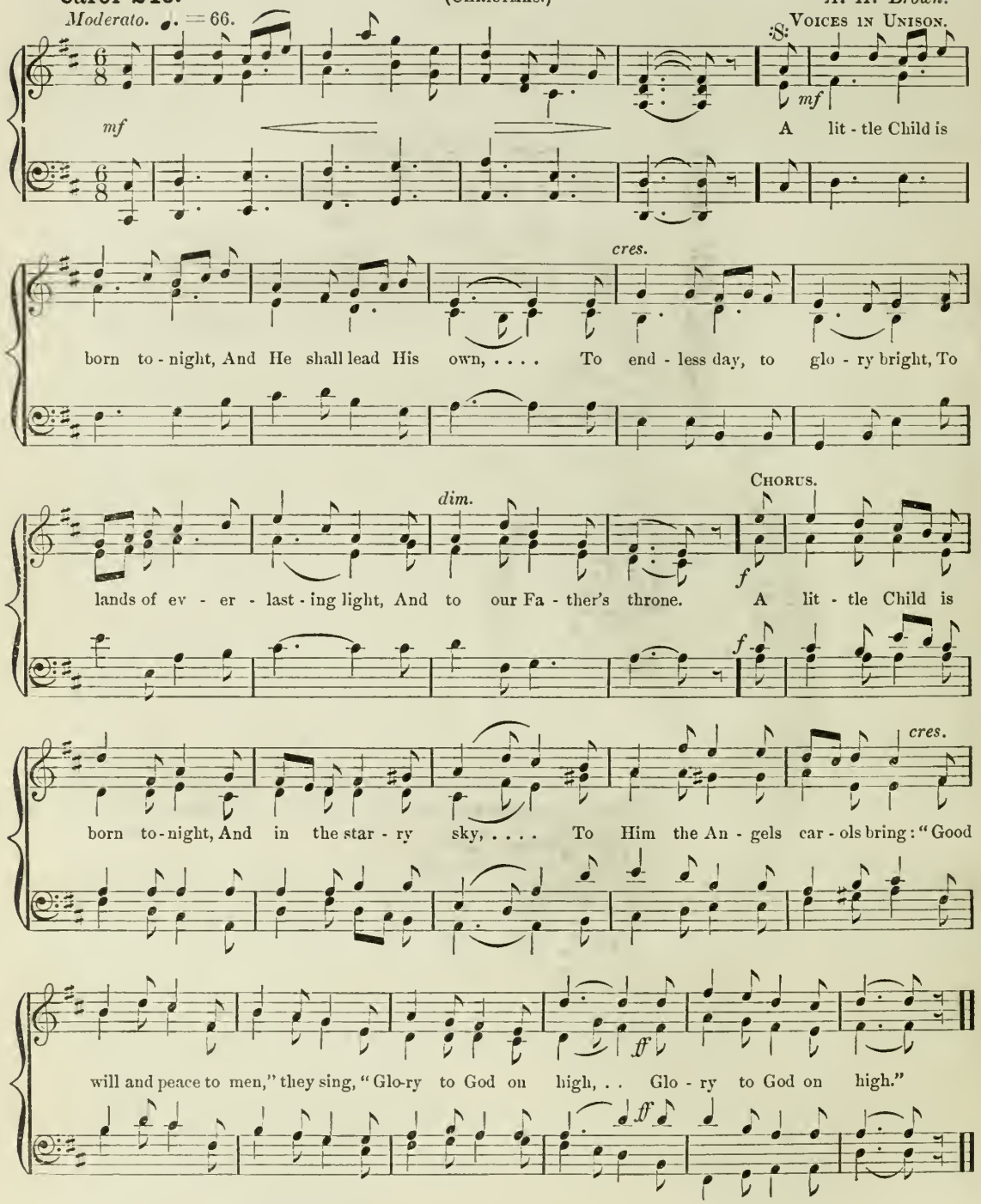
4.

O gentle Babe! Thou 'rt human still,
Though seated on Thy throne;
All power to Thee is given for us
Whom Thou hast made Thine own.
A gift we pray,
This Christmas day!
O wash us from all sin!
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel!
Come, then, and dwell within!

A little Child is born to-night.

Carol 246. (Christmas.) *A. H. Brown.*

Moderato. ♩. = 66. Voices in Unison.


mf
A lit - tle Child is
born to - night, And He shall lead His own, ... To end - less day, to glo - ry bright, To
cres.
dim.
Chorus.
f
lands of ev - er - last - ing light, And to our Fa - ther's throne. A lit - tle Child is
born to - night, And in the star - ry sky, ... To Him the An - gels car - ols bring: "Good
will and peace to men," they sing, "Glo-ry to God on high, . . Glo - ry to God on high."
ff

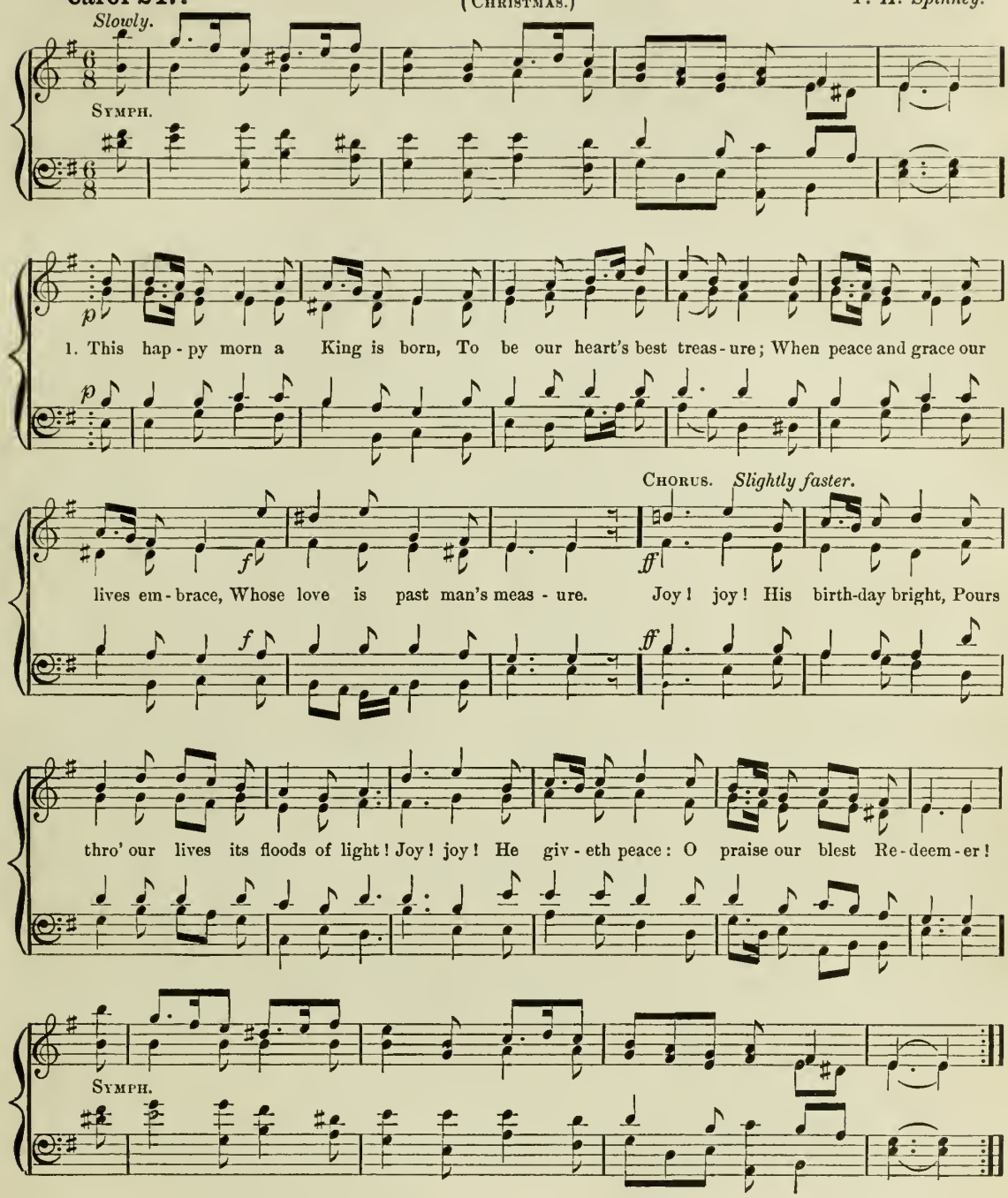
2.

A little Child is born to-night,
And Shepherds haste to see
Their God and King in infant form,
And worship with their true hearts warm,
The Christ on bended knee.
A little Child is born to-night,
And Wise Men from afar
Follow afresh that wondrous light,
That gloweth in the heavenly height,
The Saviour's morning star.

3.

A little Child is born to-night,
To hearts for long years lone,
To Anna, widow, Simeon, sage,
Their Star of childhood, joy of age,
For evermore their own.
A little Child is born to-night,
O come ye, one and all,
And hail in faith, and hope, and love,
The Child who left His throne above,
To lie in yonder stall.

This happy morn a King is born.

Carol 247. (Christmas.) *T. H. Spinney.*

Slowly.
Symph.
1. This hap - py morn a King is born, To be our heart's best treas - ure; When peace and grace our
Chorus. Slightly faster.
lives em - brace, Whose love is past man's meas - ure. Joy! joy! His birth-day bright, Pours
thro' our lives its floods of light! Joy! joy! He giv - eth peace: O praise our blest Re - deem - er!
Symph.

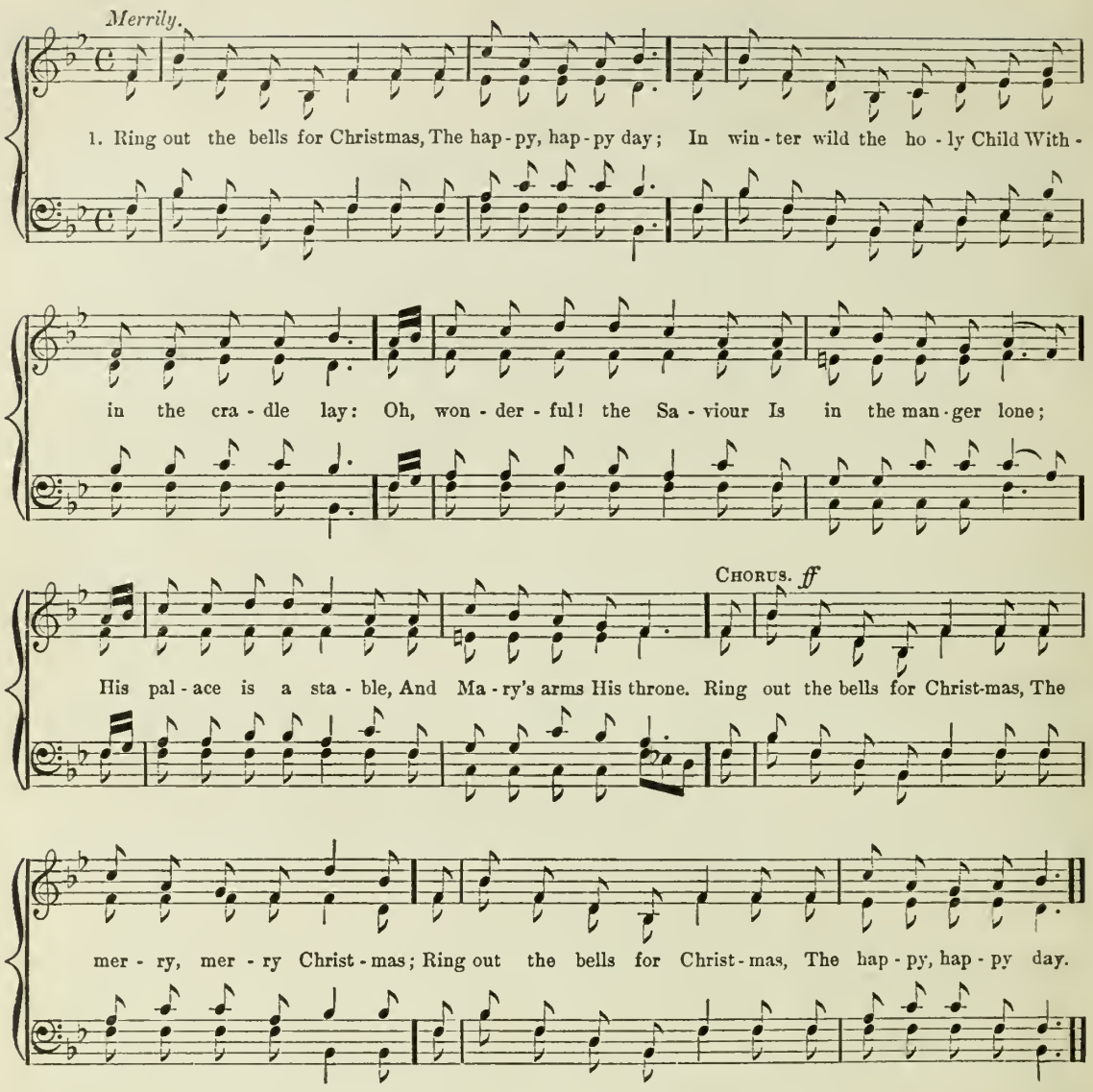
2.

Let all adore Him, yea, far more
Than any earthly being;
He standeth true all life-time through,
And loves with love all-seeing.
Chorus. — Joy! joy! etc.

3.

O let us raise to Him our praise,
Whose love is never ending;
Who ne'er would lose, or e'er refuse,
A heart that grief is rending.
Chorus. — Joy! joy! etc.

Ring out the bells for Christmas.

Carol 248.

Merrily.
1. Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap-py, hap-py day; In win-ter wild the ho-ly Child With-
in the cra-dle lay: Oh, won-der-ful! the Sa-viour Is in the man-ger lone;
Chorus. ff
His pal-ace is a sta-ble, And Ma-ry's arms His throne. Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The
mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas; Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap-py, hap-py day.

2.

On Bethlehem's quiet hill-side,
In ages long gone by,
In angel-notes the glory floats,
"Glory to God on high!"
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet us
On ev'ry Christmas morn.
Chorus. — Ring out the bells, etc.

3.

Where'er His sweet lambs gather,
Within His holy fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old:
In each young heart we see Him;
In ev'ry guileless face,
We see the holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.
Chorus. — Ring out the bells, etc.

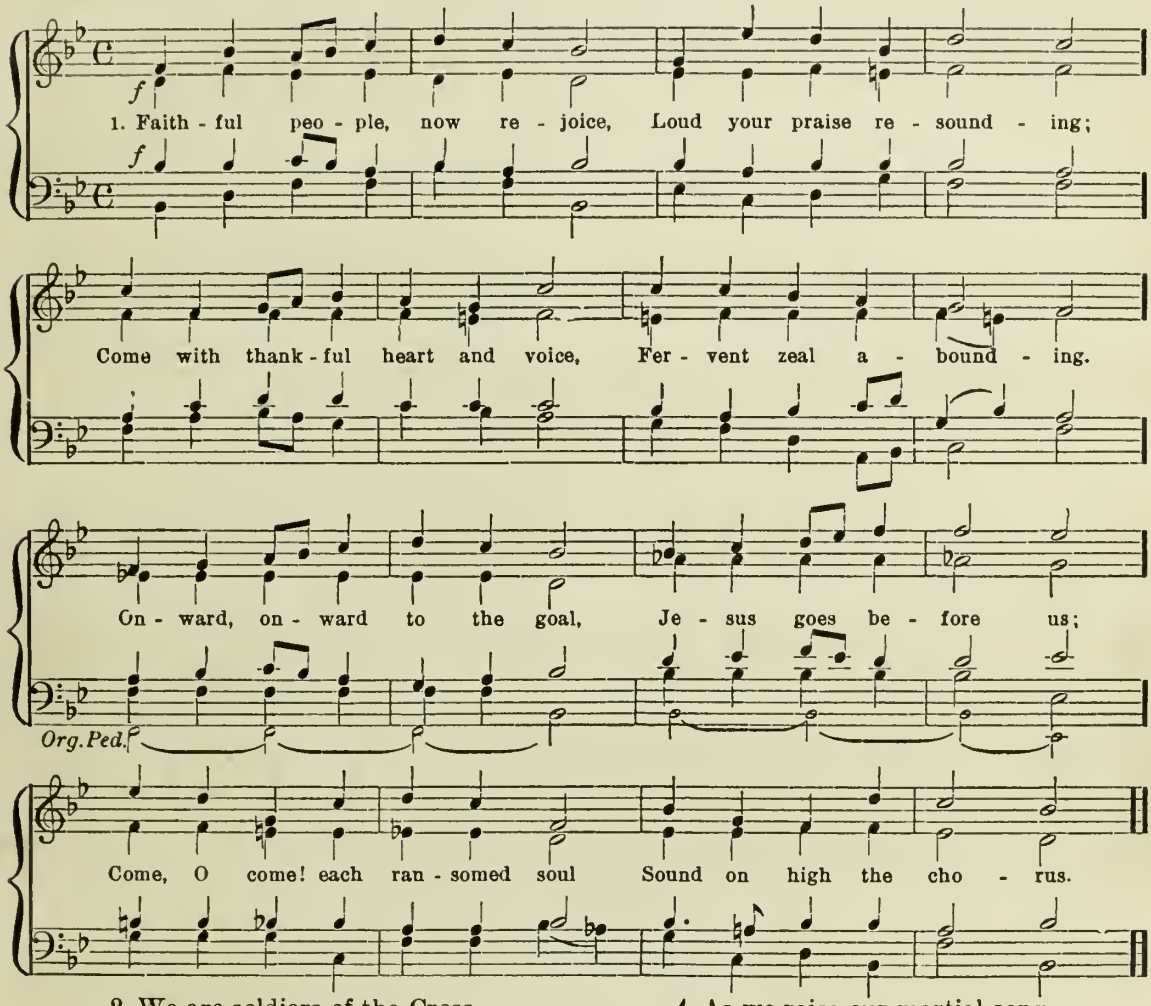
4.

Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Son;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on ev'ry one:
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor the orphans call,
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.
Chorus. — Ring out the bells, etc.

Faithful people, now rejoice.

(EASTER.)

Carol 249. PROCESSIONAL. *G. B. Lissant.*


1. Faith - ful peo - ple, now re - joice, Loud your praise re - sound - ing;
Come with thank - ful heart and voice, Fer - vent zeal a - bound - ing.
On - ward, on - ward to the goal, Je - sus goes be - fore us;
Org. Ped.
Come, O come! each ran - somed soul Sound on high the cho - rus.

2 We are soldiers of the Cross,
Ours the old, old story;
Counting all our gain as loss,
But the gain for glory.
In the path our fathers trod
With their faith unswerving;
Heroes of the Church of God—
So would we be serving.

3 Though around on every hand
Satan's hosts assail us,
We've a Captain in command
Who will never fail us;
Fierce may rage the battle strife,
Nothing shall alarm us;
Pressing to eternal life
Not a shaft shall harm us.

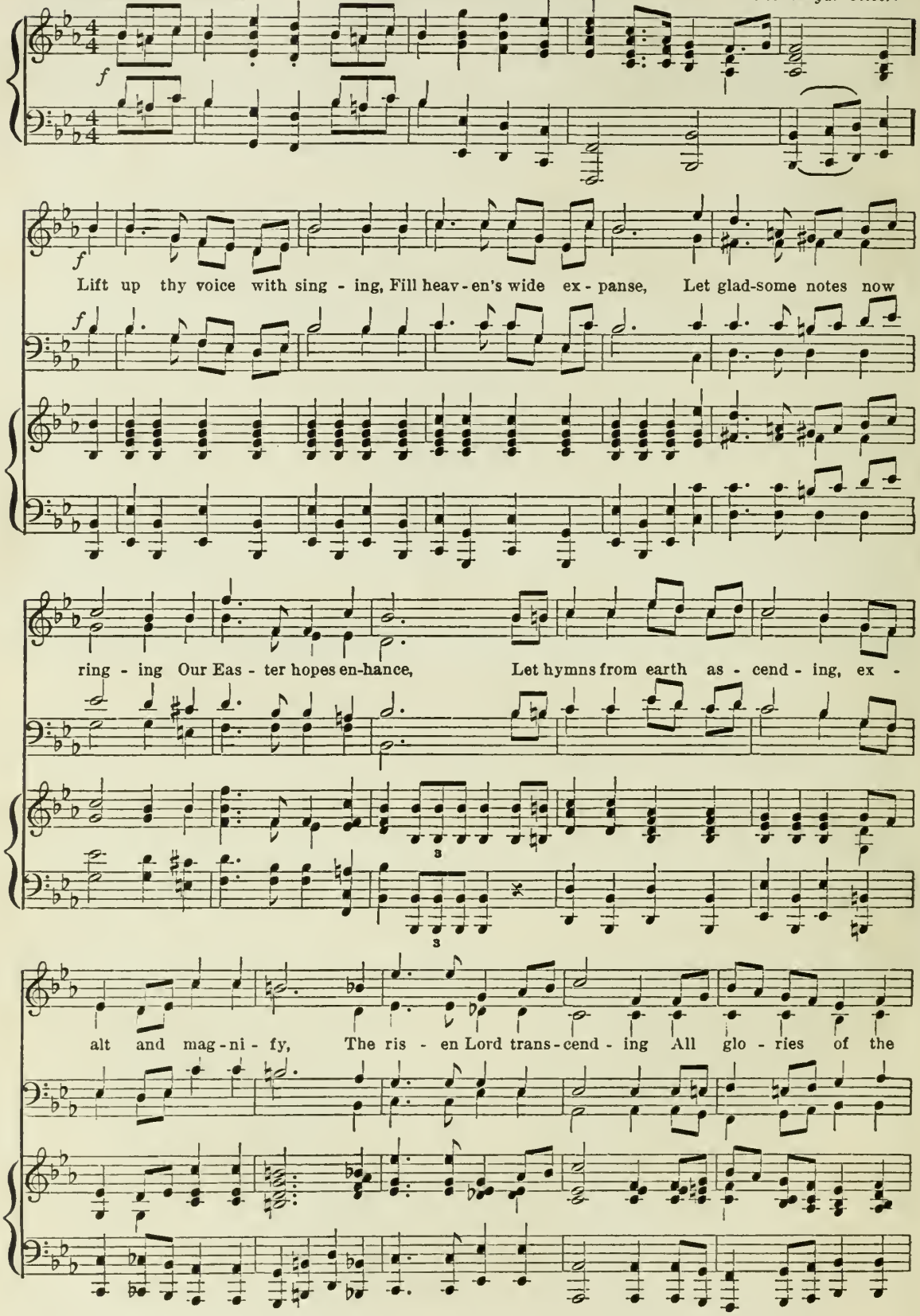
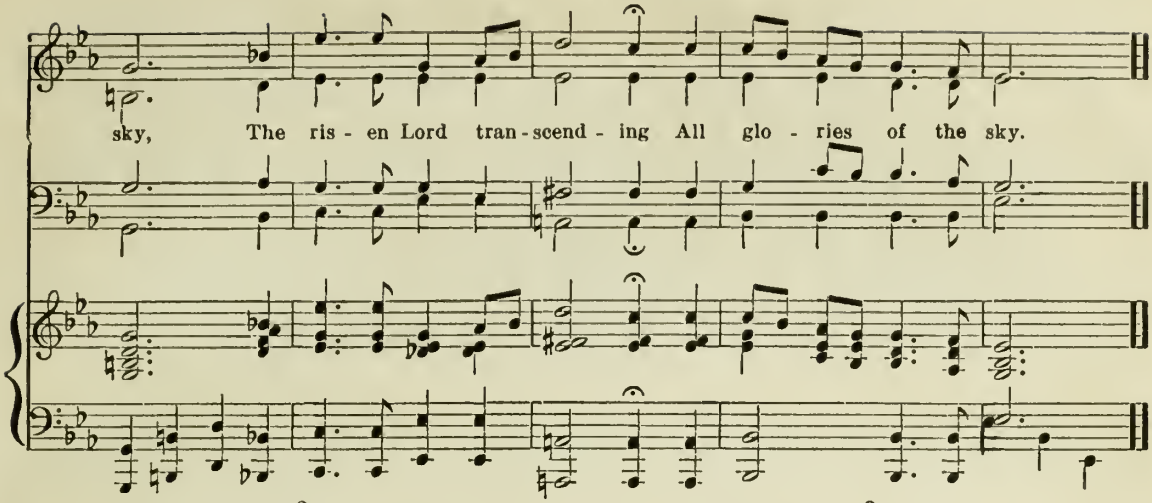
4 As we raise our martial song,
Courage ne'er abating,
Angel bands, a holy throng,
On our steps awaiting.
Soon the journey will be o'er,
Passed each dark affliction;
Let us think how Jesus bore
Scourge and crucifixion.

5 See the heavenly mansions bright
Faithful hope adorning;
Far behind us looms the night,
But before the morning.
Onward, onward to the goal,
Jesus goes before us;
Come, O come! each ransomed soul
Sound on high the chorus.

Lift up thy voice with singing.

Carol 250. (EASTER.)

Marziale e marcato. *Geo. Edgar Oliver.*


f
Lift up thy voice with sing - ing, Fill heav - en's wide ex - panse, Let glad-some notes now
ring - ing Our Eas - ter hopes en-hance, Let hymns from earth as - cend - ing, ex -
alt and mag - ni - fy, The ris - en Lord trans - cend - ing All glo - ries of the

2

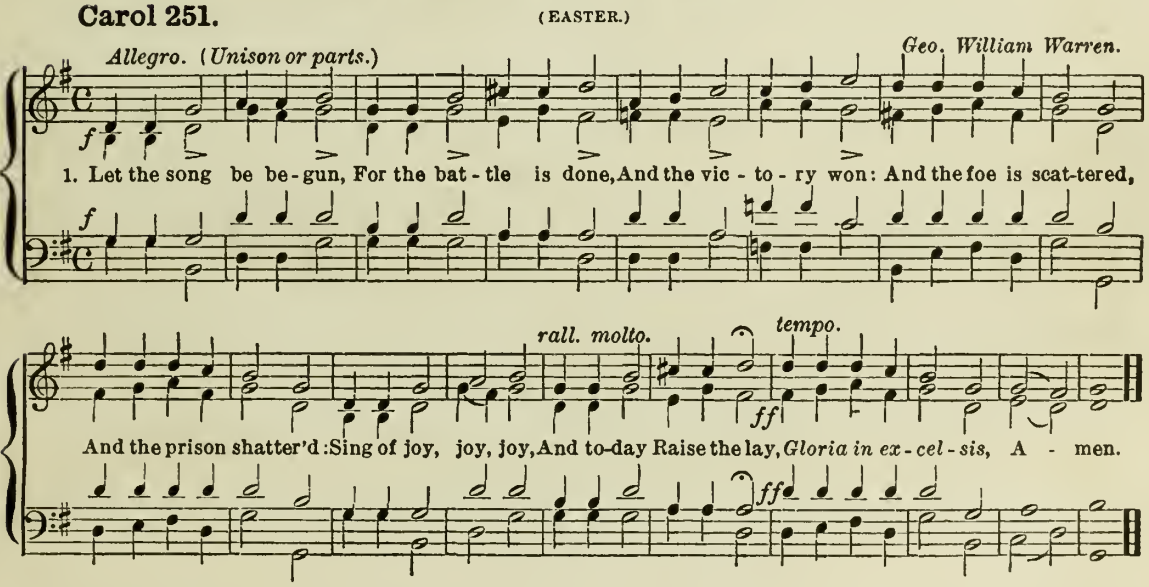
Lift up thy mind with daring
Above the gloom of night;
Thou art His glory sharing,
Who rules in realms of light.
Lift up thy heart with gladness,
For death no more shall reign;
A thought to conquer sadness,
And every human pain.

3

Lift up thy soul aspiring,
Seek Him who dwells on high,
Let faith give thy desiring
Rewards that cannot die.
For Christ in glory seated
Has vanquished sin and strife;
Thine every foe defeated,
Thou hast an endless life.

Edward G. Selden.

Let the song be begun.

Carol 251. (EASTER.)

Allegro. (Unison or parts.)
Geo. William Warren.
1. Let the song be be - gun, For the bat - tle is done, And the vic - to - ry won: And the foe is scat-tered,
rall. molto.
tempo.
And the prison shatter'd: Sing of joy, joy, joy, And to-day Raise the lay, Gloria in ex - cel - sis, A - men.

2

They that follow'd in pain,
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain:
They were sore assaulted,
They shall be exalted,
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
And again,
Pour the strain,
Gloria in excelsis.—Amen!

3

For the foe never more
Can approach to the shore,
Where the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal;
There is life eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Earth and skies
Bid it rise,
Gloria in excelsis.—Amen!

4

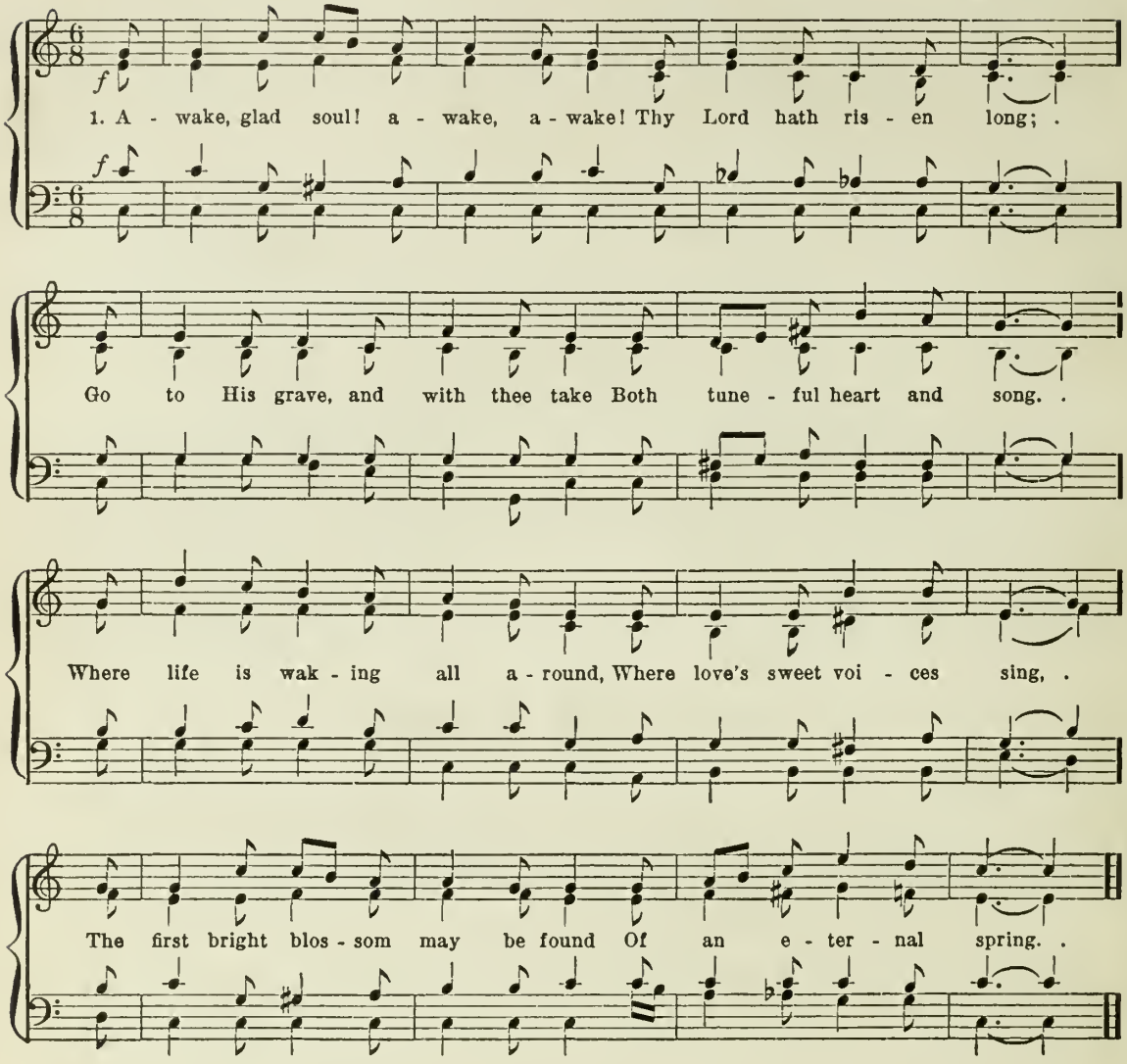
Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despised and ye few,
For the crown is for you;
Christ, that went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
And today
Raise the lay.
Gloria in excelsis.—Amen!

Awake, glad soul! awake, awake!

(EASTER.)

Carol 252.

W. A. Smith.


1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake, a - wake! Thy Lord hath ris - en long; .
Go to His grave, and with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song. .
Where life is wak - ing all a - round, Where love's sweet voi - ces sing, .
The first bright blos - som may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring. .

2

The shade and gloom of life are fled
  This resurrection day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
  The grave hath no more prey.
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
  In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
  He wipes from all our eyes.

3

Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
  And seek thy risen Lord;
Joy in His resurrection take
  And comfort in His word.
And let thy life, through all its ways,
  One long thanksgiving be;
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
  "Christ died and rose for me."

Angels bright, their pinions folding.

Carol 253. (Christmas.)

Andante. ♩. = 40. *F. Adlam.*

mp

1. An - gels bright, their pin - ions fold - ing, Guard the In - fant Sa - viour's rest;

cres. *dim.* *p*

God made man with joy be - hold - ing: Sleep, Re - deem - er blest, . . Sleep

{on, . . . sleep on . . .
{on, sleep on, ... sleep on,} Bright an - gels guard Thy rest; . . Sleep

pp

on, . . . sleep on, . . .

rall.

{on, ... sleep on, ...
{on, sleep on, ... sleep on,} Bright An - gels guard Thy rest. . .

on, ... sleep on, ...

2

Slumber soft His eyelids closing,
See, upon His Mother's breast
Jesus, Lord of life, reposing:
Sleep, Redeemer blest,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Bright Angels guard Thy rest.

3

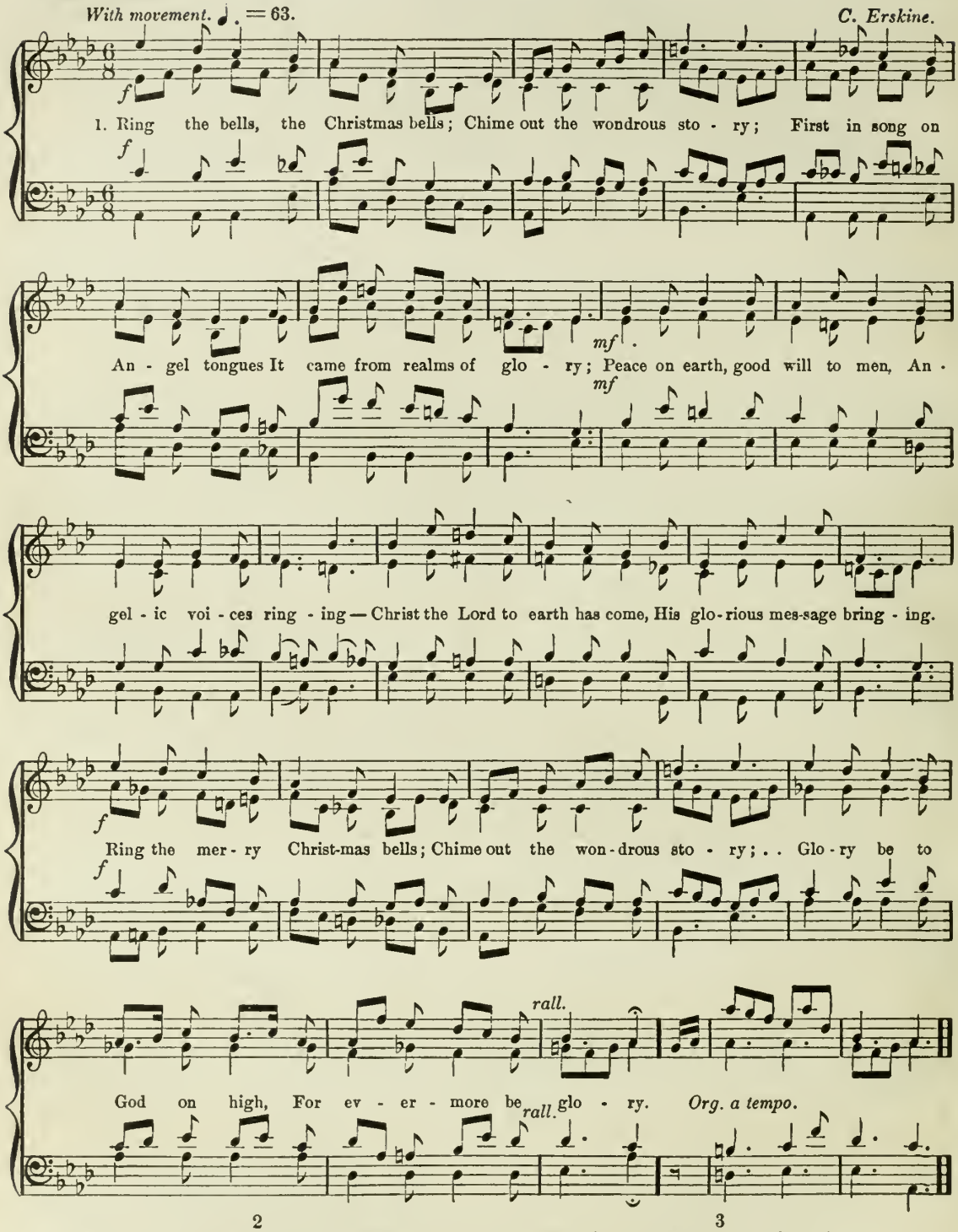
High above a star is gleaming
Guiding mortals on their quest,
Through the night in splendour beaming:
Sleep, Redeemer blest,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Bright Angels guard Thy rest.

4

Saviour! Star, whose light all-glorious
Fills the earth from east to west,
Over sin and death victorious,
Sleep, Redeemer blest,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Bright Angels guard Thy rest.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.

Carol 254.


With movement. ♩. = 63.
C. Erskine.
1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry; First in song on
An - gel tongues It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good will to men, An -
gel - ic voi - ces ring - ing — Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo - rious mes-sage bring - ing.
Ring the mer - ry Christ-mas bells; Chime out the won - drous sto - ry; . . Glo - ry be to
rall.
God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.
rall.
Org. a tempo.

2

Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure —
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The Babe so pure and holy.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

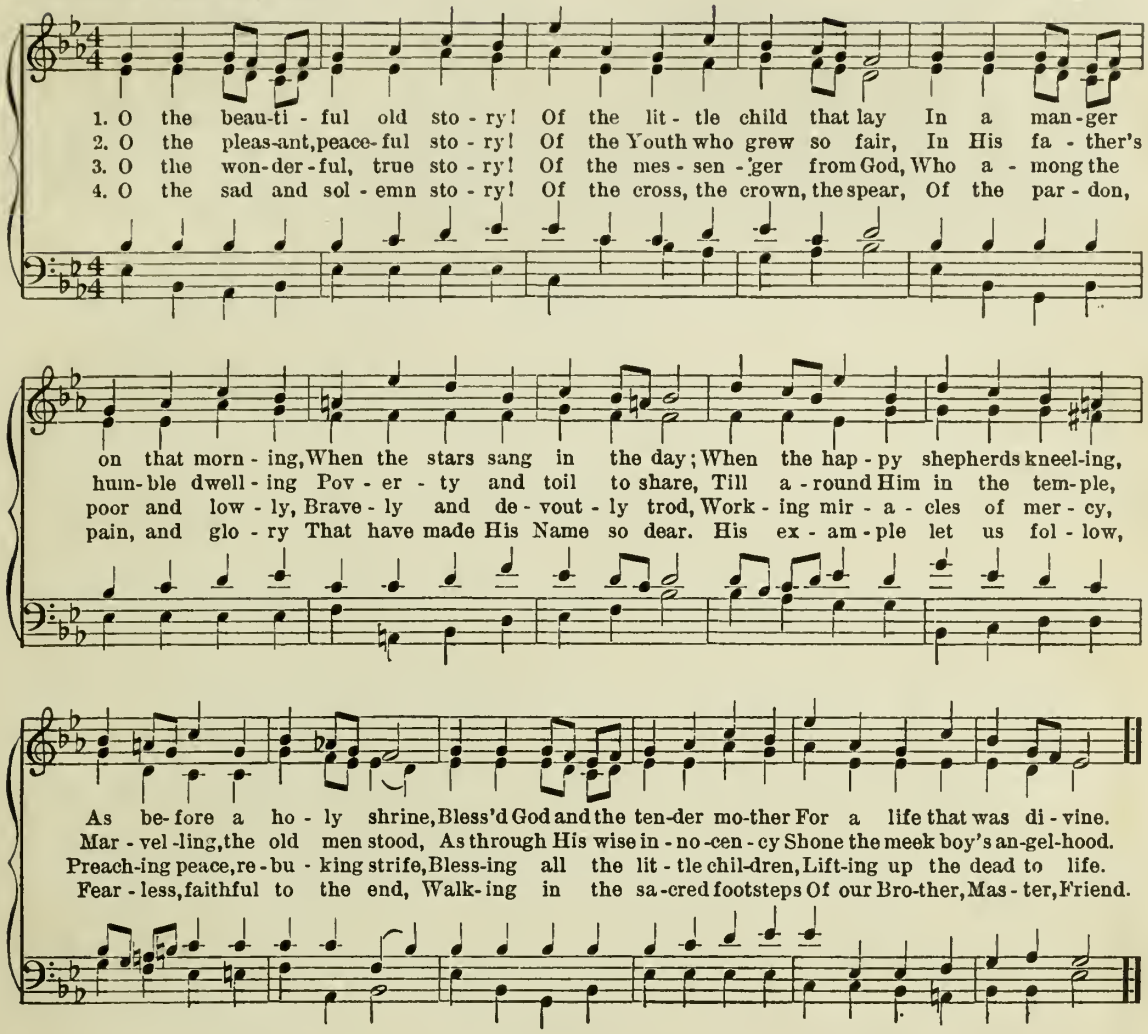
3

Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His Blood forgiveness sealing.
'T is the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthem raises.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

O the beautiful old story!

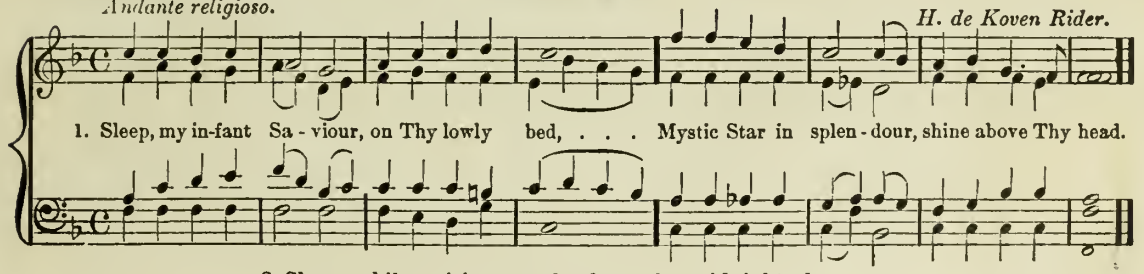
Carol 255. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Louise May Alcott.* *G. C. E. Ryley.*


1. O the beau-ti - ful old sto - ry! Of the lit - tle child that lay In a man-ger
2. O the pleas-ant, peace-ful sto - ry! Of the Youth who grew so fair, In His fa - ther's
3. O the won-der-ful, true sto - ry! Of the mes - sen - ger from God, Who a - mong the
4. O the sad and sol - emn sto - ry! Of the cross, the crown, the spear, Of the par - don,
on that morn - ing, When the stars sang in the day; When the hap - py shepherds kneel-ing,
hum-ble dwell - ing Pov - er - ty and toil to share, Till a - round Him in the tem-ple,
poor and low - ly, Brave - ly and de - vout - ly trod, Work - ing mir - a - cles of mer - cy,
pain, and glo - ry That have made His Name so dear. His ex - am - ple let us fol - low,
As be-fore a ho - ly shrine, Bless'd God and the ten-der mo-ther For a life that was di - vine.
Mar - vel - ling, the old men stood, As through His wise in - no - cen - cy Shone the meek boy's an-gel-hood.
Preach-ing peace, re - bu - king strife, Bless-ing all the lit - tle chil-dren, Lift-ing up the dead to life.
Fear - less, faithful to the end, Walk-ing in the sa-cred footsteps Of our Bro-ther, Mas - ter, Friend.

Sleep, my infant Saviour.

Carol 256. (CHRISTMAS.)

Andante religioso. *H. de Koven Rider.*

2 Sleep, while quiring angels, from the midnight sky,
Come with choral greeting, chant Thy lullaby.

3 Sleep, while faithful wise men 'round Thy manger meet,
Laying precious treasure at Thy kingly feet.

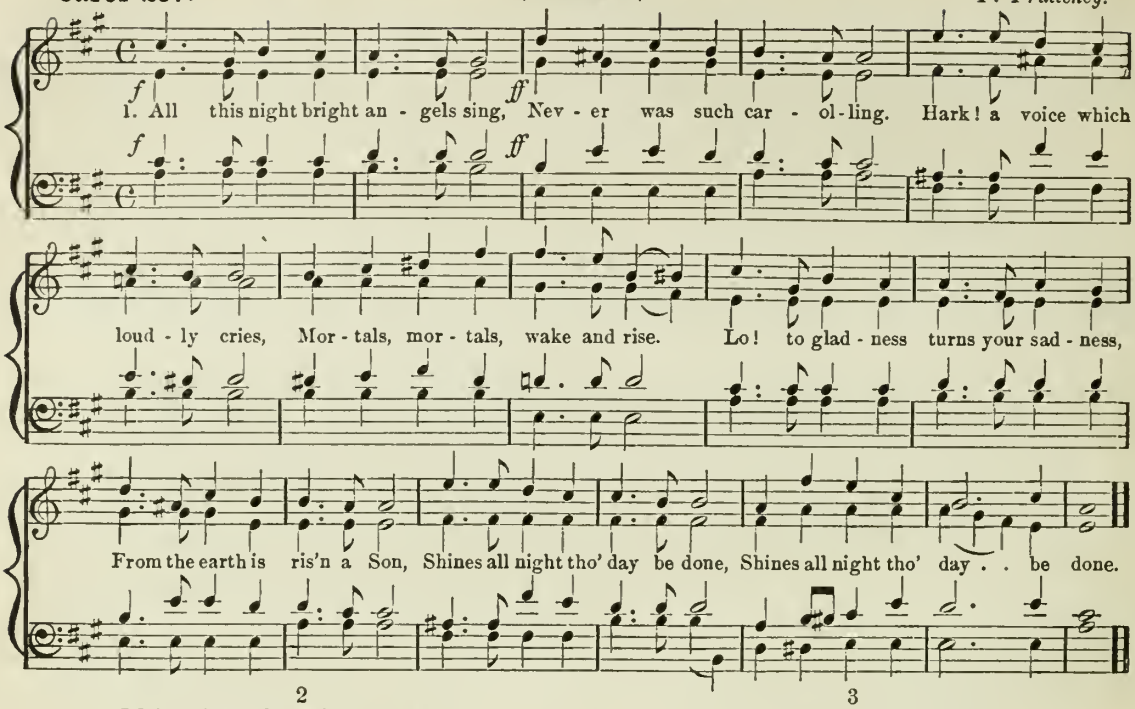
4 While Thy Maiden Mother, Rose and Lily, one,
Bends in adoration, o'er Thy cradle-throne.

5 Slumber, Holy Child, while men and angels sing,
Hail, Thou Son of Mary, Prophet, Priest and King.

George T. Rider.

All this night bright angels sing.

Carol 257. (CHRISTMAS.) *F. Fruttchey.*


1. All this night bright an - gels sing, Nev - er was such car - ol - ling. Hark! a voice which
loud - ly cries, Mor - tals, mor - tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad - ness turns your sad - ness,
From the earth is ris'n a Son, Shines all night tho' day be done, Shines all night tho' day . . be done.

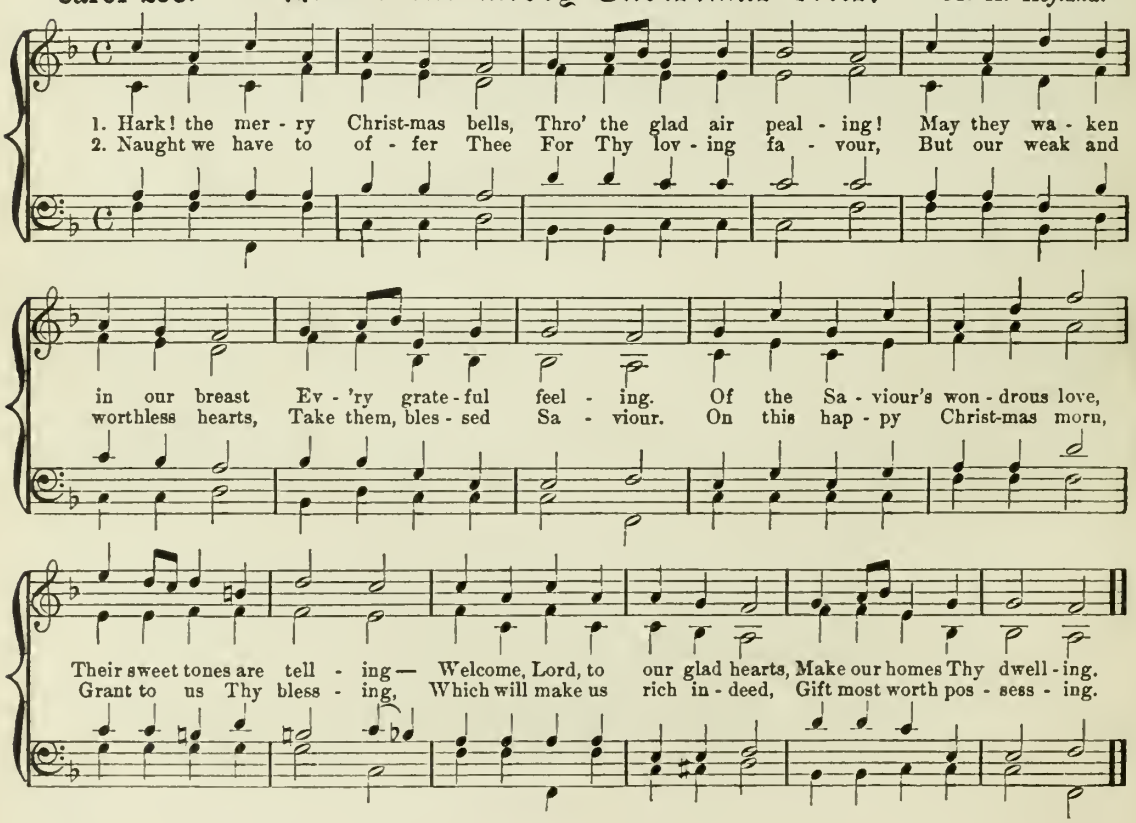
2

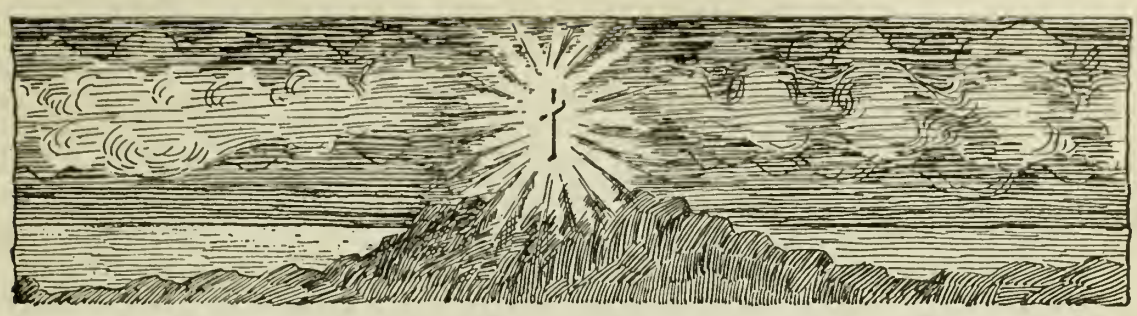
Wake, O earth, wake everything,
Wake, and hear the joy I bring:
Wake and joy; for all this night,
Heaven and every twinkling light
All amazing, still stand gazing;
Angels, Powers, and all that be,
‖ Wake and joy this Son to see ‖

3

Hail! O Son, O blessed light
Sent into this world by night;
Let Thy rays and heavenly powers
Shine in these dark souls of ours;
For most duly, Thou art truly
God and man, we do confess;
‖ Hail, O Son of Righteousness. ‖

Hark! the merry Christmas bells.

Carol 258. *M. A. Hofland.*

1. Hark! the mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Thro' the glad air peal - ing! May they wa - ken
2. Naught we have to of - fer Thee For Thy lov - ing fa - vour, But our weak and
in our breast Ev - 'ry grate - ful feel - ing. Of the Sa - viour's won - drous love,
worthless hearts, Take them, bles - sed Sa - viour. On this hap - py Christ-mas morn,
Their sweet tones are tell - ing— Welcome, Lord, to our glad hearts, Make our homes Thy dwell - ing.
Grant to us Thy bless - ing, Which will make us rich in - deed, Gift most worth pos - sess - ing.



As those who seek the break of day.

Carol 259.

Brisk. (EASTER.) *R. F. Smith.*

mf

1. As those who seek the break of day Full ear - ly in the morn - ing,

p rall.

The wo - men came where Je - sus lay, Who late had borne the scorn - ing.

a tempo.

Sweet oint-ment in their hands they brought, And ere the sun had ris - en

The Sun of Right - eous - ness they sought Now set with - in Death's pri - son.

2

mf And thus they cried — The Body here
Let us give new anointing;
The quickening Flesh, the Body dear,
Which by Divine appointing
From this dark sepulchre shall rise
And Adam's race deliver,
cr And lift the fallen to the skies
To reign in bliss for ever.

3

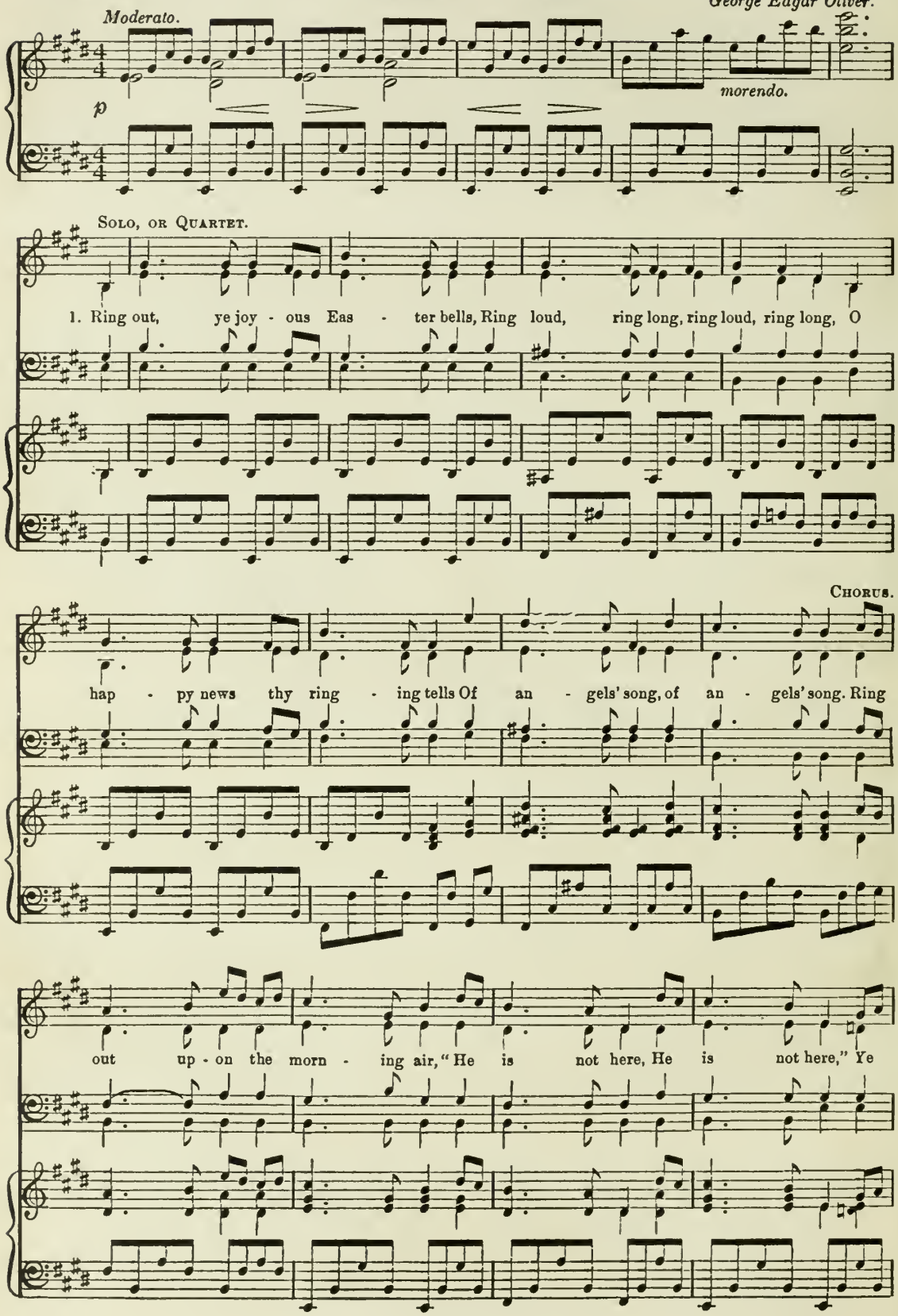
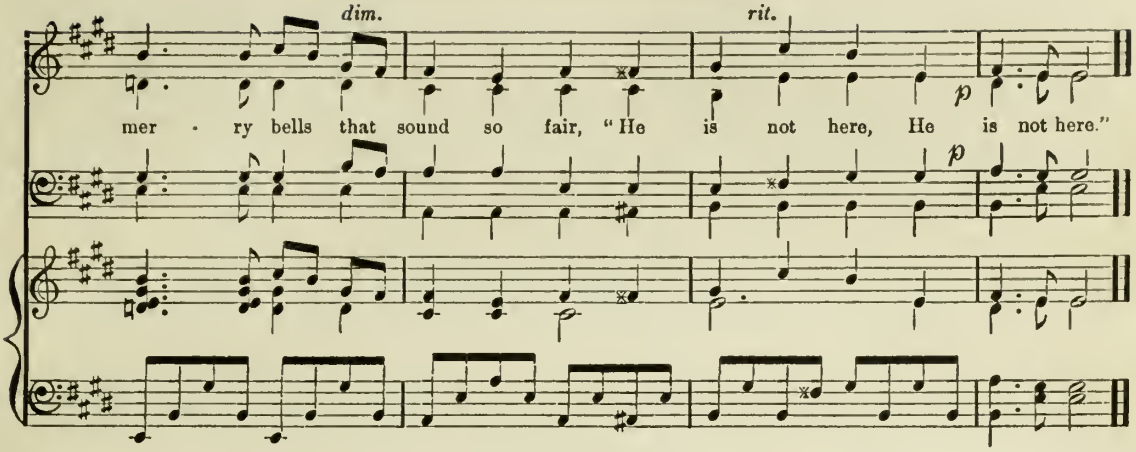
mf And like the Magi hasten we
To Him with love adoring;
Sweet spices, too, our gifts shall be,
p And we must weep, imploring
cr That He, in swaddling clothes no more,
But in fine linen lying,
mf Would grant the fallen, when life is o'er
The gift of life undying.

Ring out, ye joyous Easter bells.

Carol 260.

(Copyright, 1899, by C. L. Hutchins.)

George Edgar Oliver.


Moderato.
p
morendo.
Solo, or Quartet.
1. Ring out, ye joy - ous Eas - ter bells, Ring loud, ring long, ring loud, ring long, O
Chorus.
hap - py news thy ring - ing tells Of an - gels' song, of an - gels' song. Ring
out up - on the morn - ing air, "He is not here, He is not here," Ye

2

O hear them pealing out this strain
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen!"
Was ever heard such glad refrain,
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen!"
O children, listen as they swell,
"Life evermore! life evermore!"
As to the world their news they tell,
"Life evermore! Life evermore!"

3

Sweet music to your ears they sing,
"O Love divine! O Love divine!"
They ne'er did dearer message bring,
"O Love divine! O Love divine!"
Ring on, then, joyous Easter bells,
Ring loud, ring long, ring loud, ring long;
O happy news thy ringing tells
Of angels' song, of angels' song.

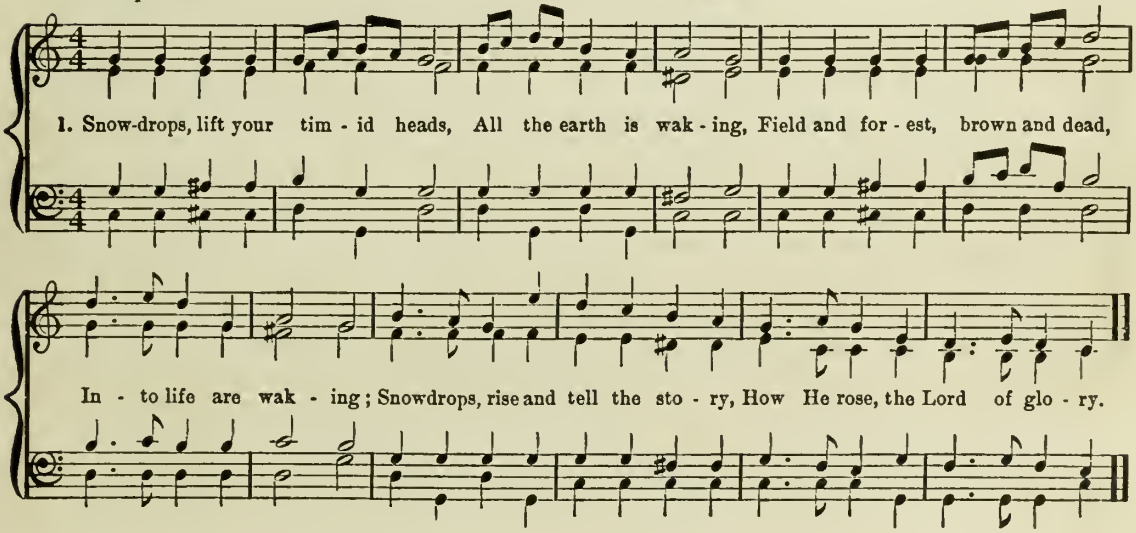
Ella J. Selden.

Snowdrops, lift your timid heads.

Carol 261. (EASTER.)

Spiritoso.

Copyright, 1899, by C. L. Hutchins.

G. E. Oliver.

1. Snow-drops, lift your tim - id heads, All the earth is wak - ing, Field and for - est, brown and dead,
In - to life are wak - ing; Snowdrops, rise and tell the sto - ry, How He rose, the Lord of glo - ry.

2

Lilies! lilies! Easter calls:
Rise to meet the dawning
Of the blessed light that falls
Thro' the Easter morning;
Ring your bells and tell the story,
How He rose, the Lord of glory.

3

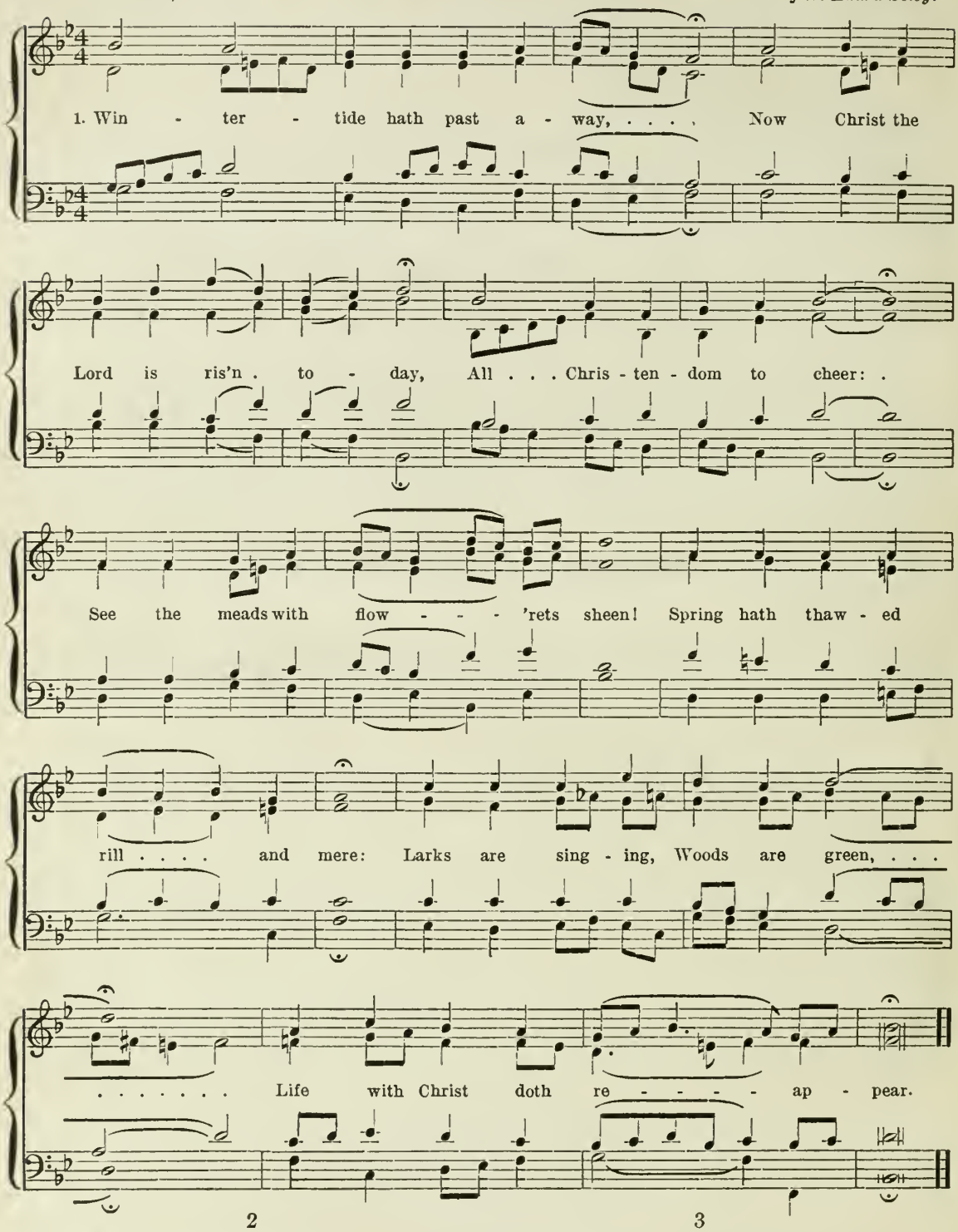
Waken, sleeping butterflies,
Burst your narrow prison;
Spread your golden wings and rise,
For the Lord is risen;
Spread your wings and tell the story,
How He rose, the Lord of glory.

Mary A. Lathbury.

Winter-tide hath past away.

Carol 262.
Words of *the 14th Cent.*

EASTER.

From *Piae Cantiones.*
Har. by *B. Luard Selby.*

1. Win - ter - tide hath past a - way, ... Now Christ the
Lord is ris'n . to - day, All . . . Chris - ten - dom to cheer: .
See the meads with flow - - - - 'rets sheen! Spring hath thaw - ed
rill . . . . and mere: Larks are sing - ing, Woods are green, . . .
. . . . . Life with Christ doth re - - - - - ap - pear.

2

When the sheep in peril stood,
He came in search, that Shepherd Good,
  Jesus, with faithful crook:
He full fain upon the Rood
  Pangs of torture sore did brook,
Shedding forth His precious Blood,
  Paid the things that ne'er He took.

3

He hath burst the bonds of hell,
And slain and stript the dragon fell,
  Soaring in triumph high:
Pharão, thou wicked king,
  Captive see captivity
Led, by Jesus journeying
  Up to realms above the sky.

Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and holy.

(CHRISTMAS.)

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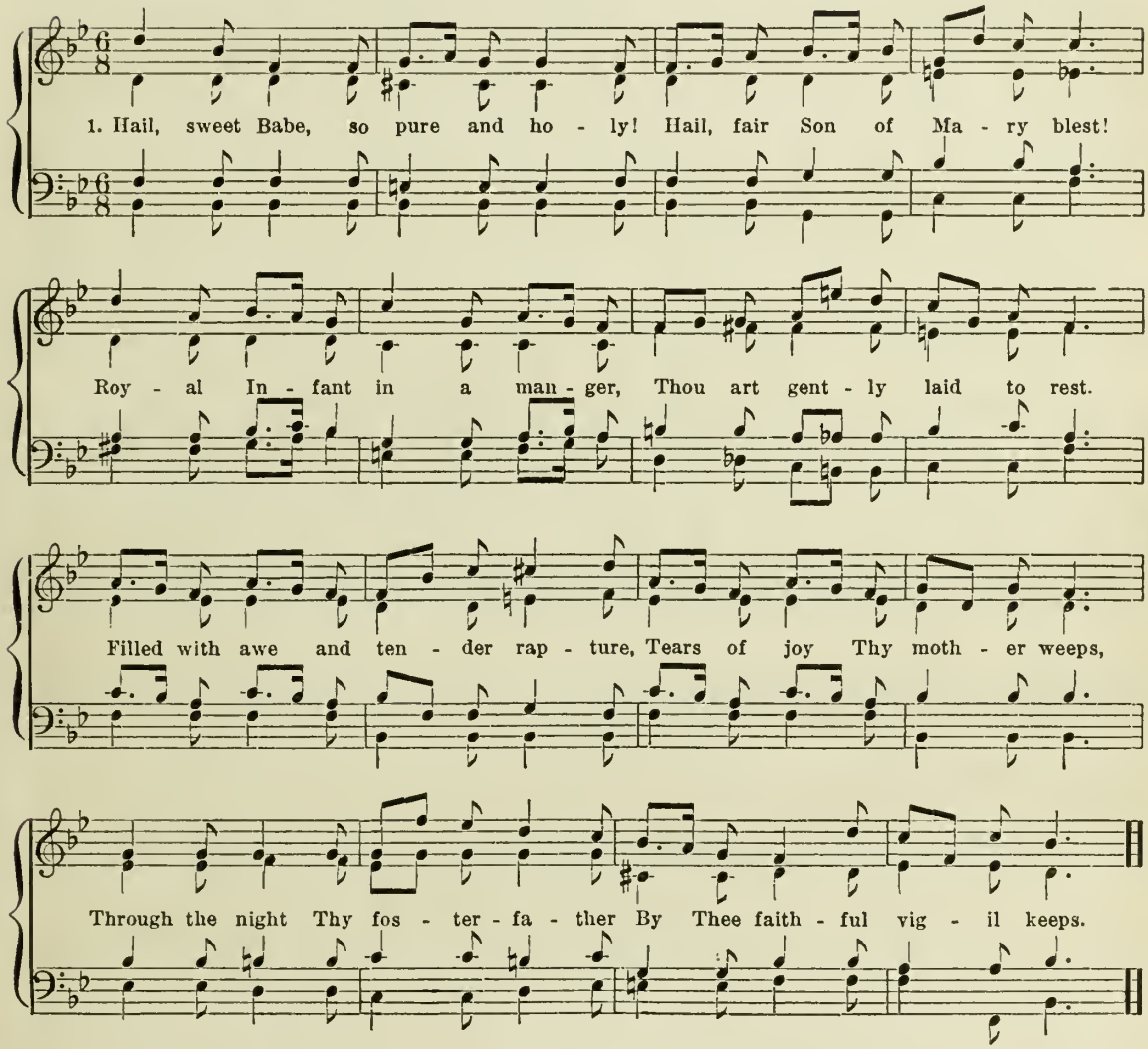
Carol 263.

George Edgar Oliver.


1. Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and ho - ly! Hail, fair Son of Ma - ry blest!
Roy - al In - fant in a man - ger, Thou art gent - ly laid to rest.
Filled with awe and ten - der rap - ture, Tears of joy Thy moth - er weeps,
Through the night Thy fos - ter - fa - ther By Thee faith - ful vig - il keeps.

2

Peace on earth, good will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found;
Man redeemed and sin forgiven;
Hear the golden harps resound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed
Heaven and earth glad welcome sing,
Hail! Lord Christ, the God appointed,
As our Prophet, Priest and King.

3

Let us sing the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
That the brightness of His glory
Spread and cover all the earth;
Born to reign, let all adore Him,
All creation praise its Lord,
May we ever sing before Him,
Glory be to God on high!

Parish Choir, No. 995.

Christmas time has come again.

Carol 264.

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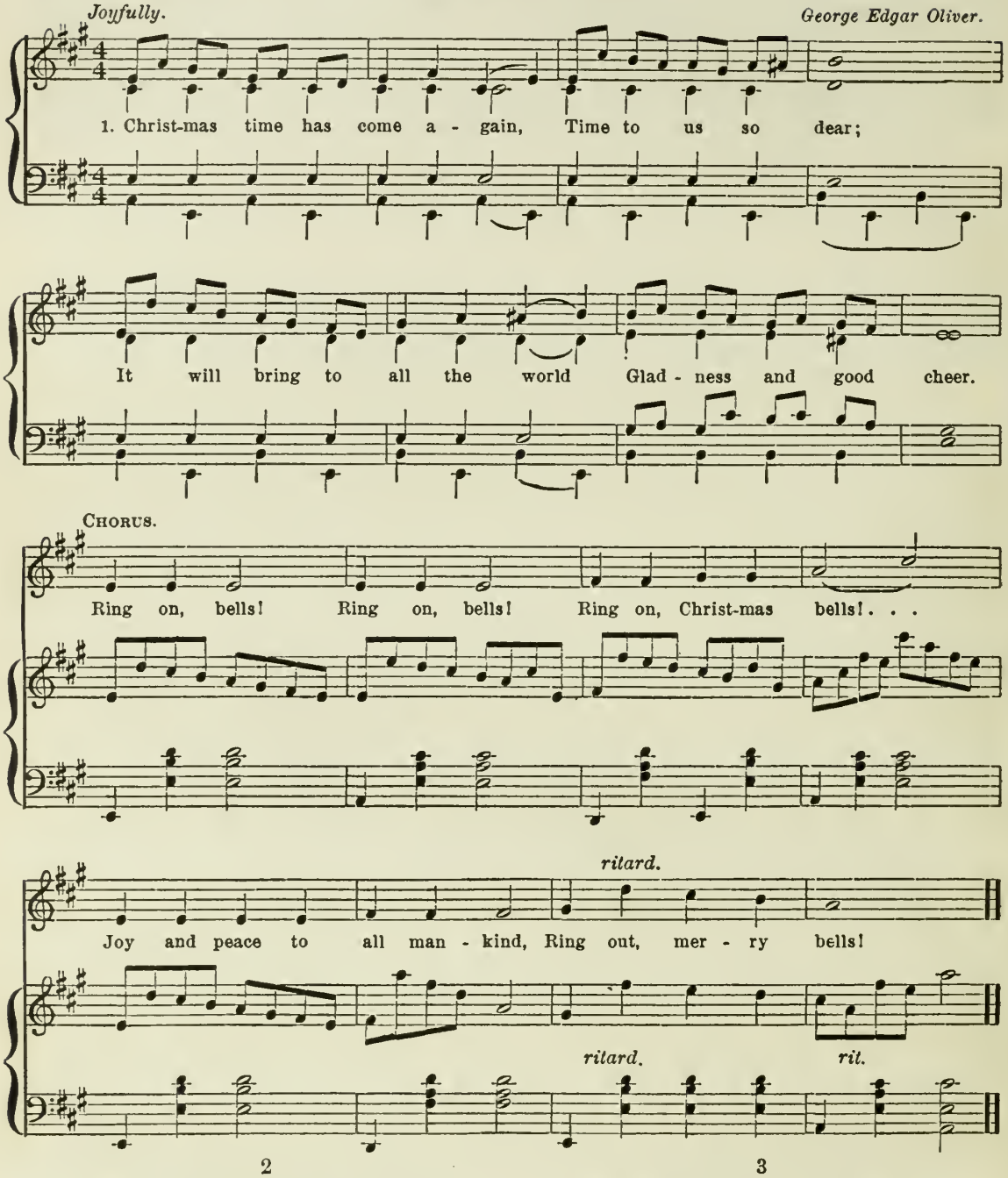
Joyfully. *George Edgar Oliver.*


1. Christ-mas time has come a - gain, Time to us so dear;
It will bring to all the world Glad - ness and good cheer.
Chorus.
Ring on, bells! Ring on, bells! Ring on, Christ-mas bells! . . .
ritard.
Joy and peace to all man - kind, Ring out, mer - ry bells!
ritard.
rit.

2

Oh! the wondrous Christmas Tree
With its fruit so rare,
To each child a present gives
From its branches fair.
Cho. Ring on, bells, etc.

3

Wreaths of holly twined about,
With the berries bright,
All will have a charm for us
In the day's delight.
Cho. Ring on, bells, etc.

4

And, good children, joyously,
Each with heart so gay,
Try to make another life
Happy on this day.
Cho. Ring on, bells, etc.

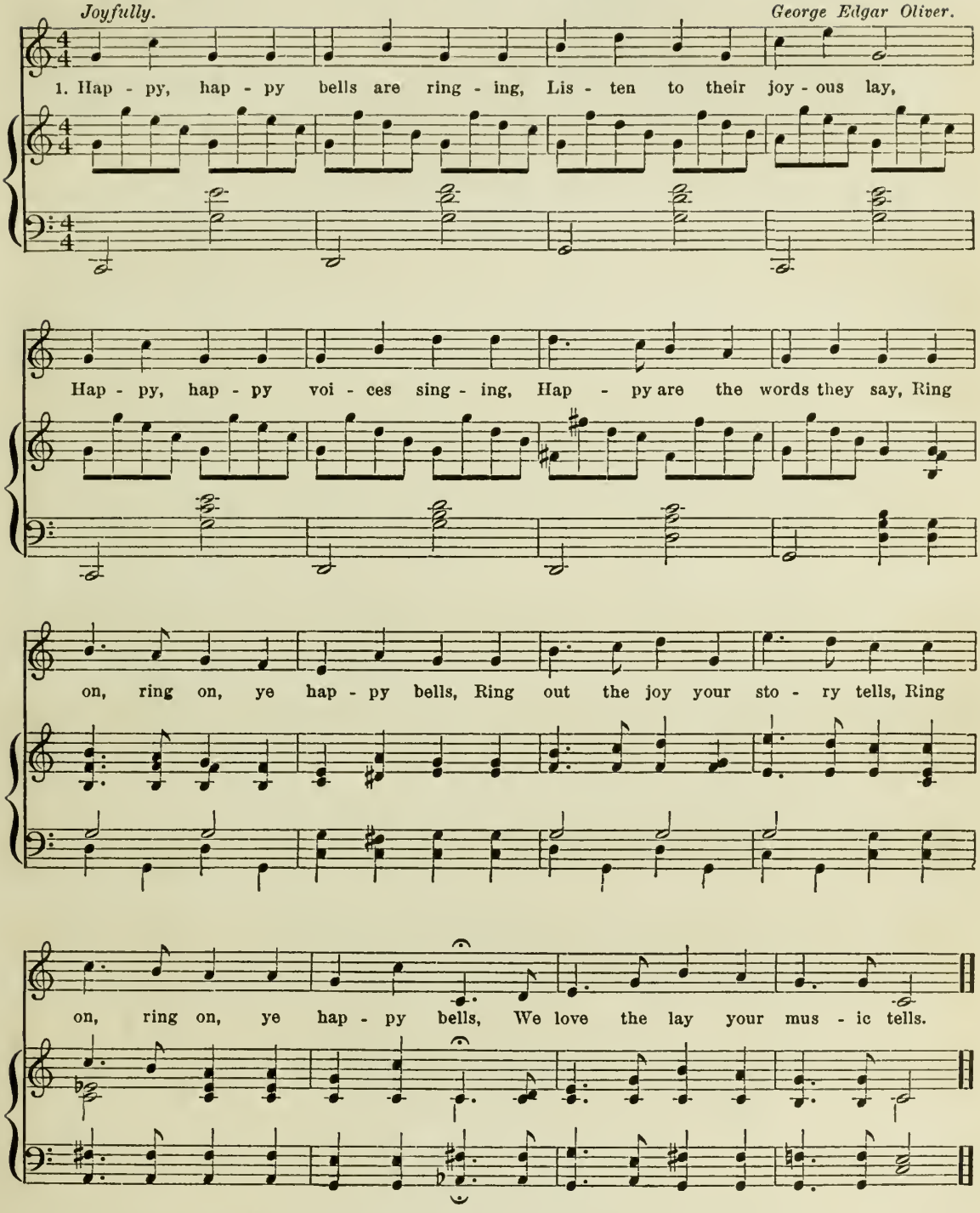
Happy bells are ringing.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 265.

Copyright, 1900, by C. L. Hutchins.

Joyfully. *George Edgar Oliver.*


1. Hap - py, hap - py bells are ring - ing, Lis - ten to their joy - ous lay,
Hap - py, hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, Hap - py are the words they say, Ring
on, ring on, ye hap - py bells, Ring out the joy your sto - ry tells, Ring
on, ring on, ye hap - py bells, We love the lay your mus - ic tells.

2

Telling of a little stranger
Coming upon earth to dwell,
Cradled in a lowly manger;
We the story know so well.

Cho.— Ring on, ring on, etc.

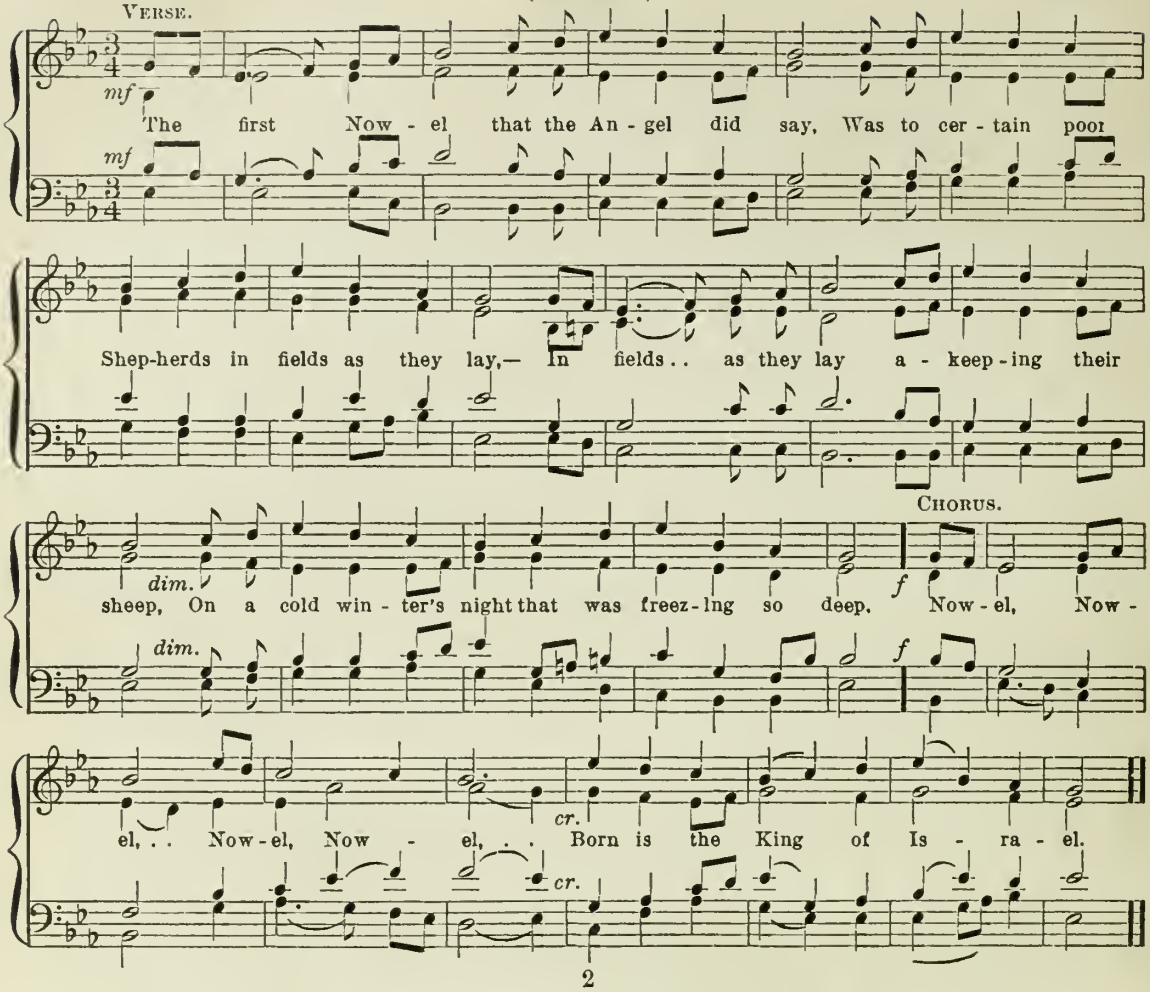
3

Telling of a star in heaven,
Leading wise men on the way,
Telling of a Saviour given;
We can all the story say.

Cho.— Ring on, ring on, etc.

The first Nowel.

Carol 266. (CHRISTMAS.) *Traditional.*


VERSE.
mf
The first Now - el that the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
mf
Shep-herds in fields as they lay,— In fields . . as they lay a - keep - ing their
CHORUS.
dim.
sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was freez - ing so deep, Now - el, Now -
dim.
f
el, . . Now - el, Now - el, . . Born is the King of Is - ra - el.
cr.
cr.

2

mf They looked up above, to the East where a Star
cr That beyond them shone out in the Heavens from afar,
And which to the earth did send down a great light,
And so it continued by day and by night.
f Nowel, etc.

3

mf And then by the light of that bright guiding Star,
There came three Wise Men from a country afar;
To seek for a KING, it was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
f Nowel, etc.

4

mf The Star went before them unto the North West,
And seemed o'er the City of Bethlehem to rest,
And there did remain by night and by day,
Right over the place where JESUS CHRIST lay.
f Nowel, etc.

5

mf Then entered they all, and those Wise Men three
dim Most reverently worshipped with low bended knee;
And offered to CHRIST in His Sacred Presence,
cr Gifts of Gold, and of Myrrh, and of sweet Frankincense.
f Nowel, etc.

6

f And now Christians all, with most gladsome accord,
cr Sing praises, sing praises to JESUS our LORD,
That made both the Heaven, and the Earth out of nought,
And with His Own Blood our Redemption hath wrought.
f Nowel, etc.

Rejoice! the Christ is risen.

Carol 267. (EASTER.)

Pastorale. UNISON. *George Edgar Oliver.*

1. Re - joice! the Christ is ris - en, Who died that we might live; . . . His

CHORUS.

prom - is - es are faith - ful, The err - ing He 'll for - give. . . . . The

Eas - ter bells are ring - ing, To wel - come this bright day, . . . And

hap - py chil - dren sing - ing, Pour forth their glad - some lay. . . . .

2

Rejoice! the Lord victorious
Has conquer'd death and hell,
And now He reigns most glorious,
Our God Immanuel.

CHORUS.

3

Rejoice! rejoice! for ever;
He doth our peace restore;
His blessings are unfailing,
His love is evermore.

CHORUS.

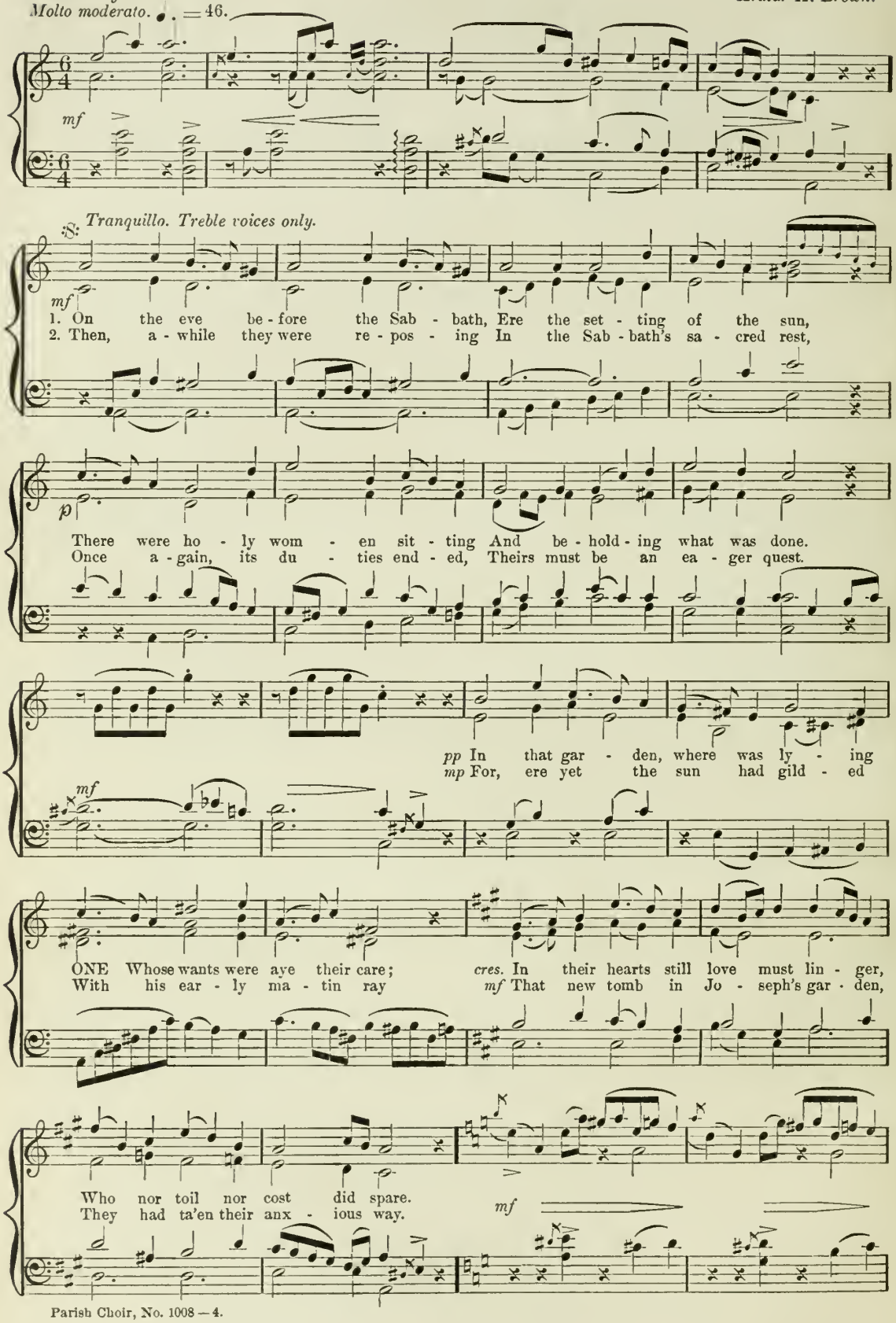
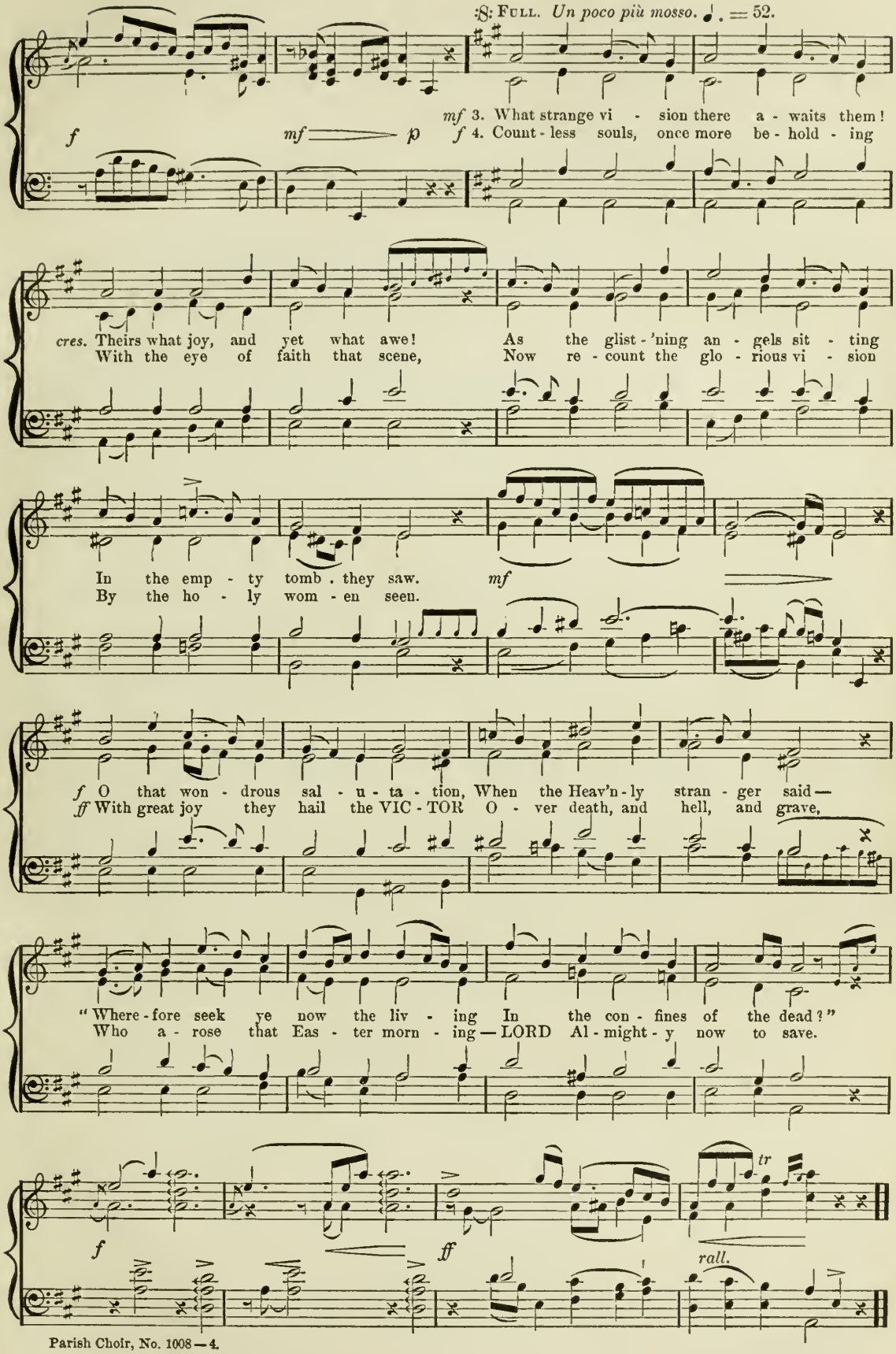
On the eve before the Sabbath.

Carol 268.

(EASTER.)

Words by S. Childs Clarke. *Arthur H. Brown.*

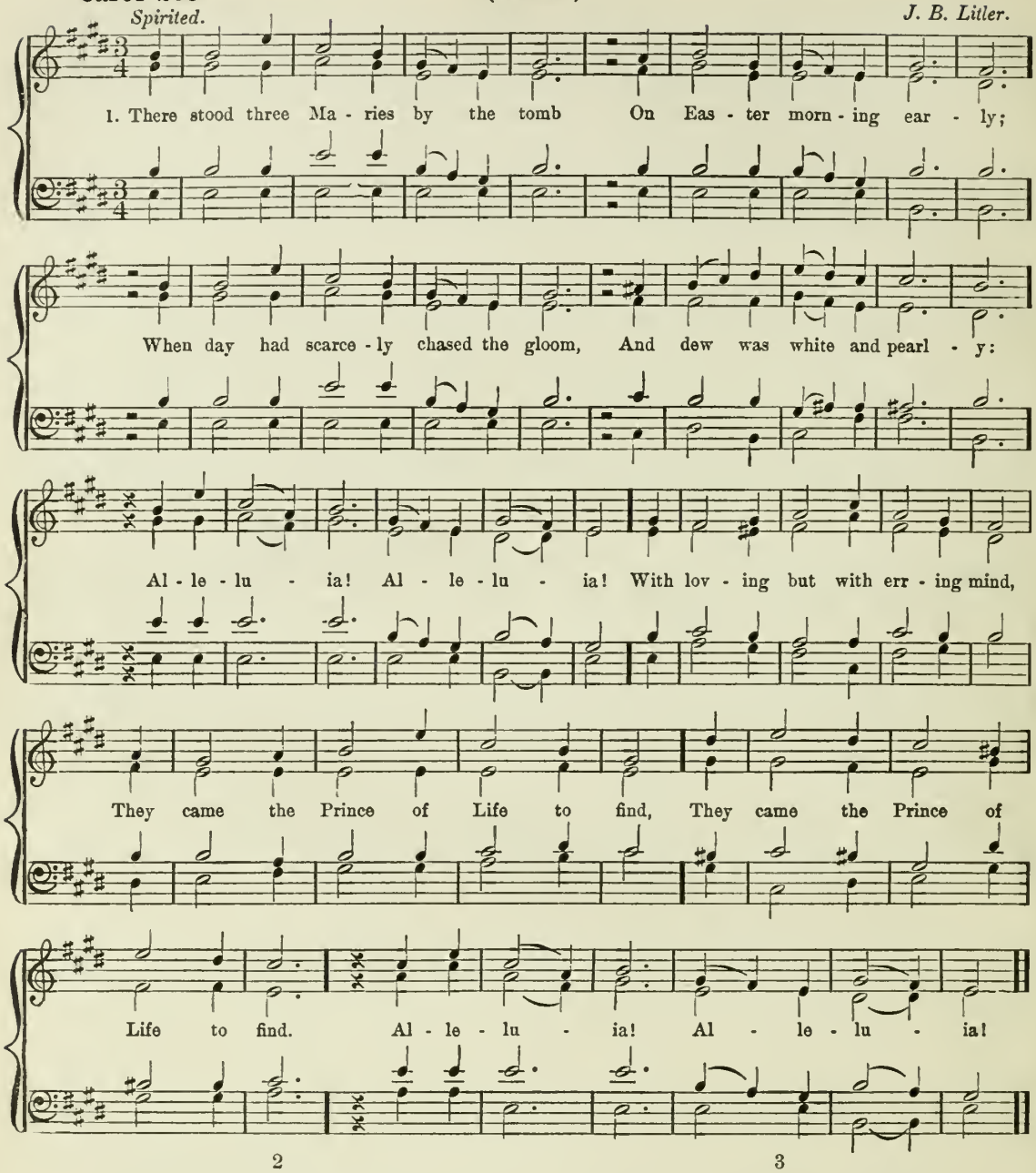
Molto moderato. ♩. = 46.


mf
S: Tranquillo. Treble voices only.
mf
1. On the eve be - fore the Sab - bath, Ere the set - ting of the sun,
2. Then, a - while they were re - pos - ing In the Sab - bath's sa - cred rest,
p
There were ho - ly wom - en sit - ting And be - hold - ing what was done.
Once a - gain, its du - ties end - ed, Theirs must be an ea - ger quest.
pp In that gar - den, where was ly - ing
mp For, ere yet the sun had gild - ed
mf
ONE Whose wants were aye their care;
With his ear - ly ma - tin ray
cres. In their hearts still love must lin - ger,
mf That new tomb in Jo - seph's gar - den,
Who nor toil nor cost did spare.
They had ta'en their anx - ious way.
mf

8: FULL. Un poco più mosso. ♩. = 52.
f
mf p
mf 3. What strange vi - sion there a - waits them!
f 4. Count - less souls, once more be - hold - ing
cres. Theirs what joy, and yet what awe!
With the eye of faith that scene,
As the glist - 'ning an - gels sit - ting
Now re - count the glo - rious vi - sion
In the emp - ty tomb . they saw.
By the ho - ly wom - en seen.
mf
f O that won - drous sal - u - ta - tion, When the Heav'n - ly stran - ger said—
ff With great joy they hail the VIC - TOR O - ver death, and hell, and grave,
"Where - fore seek ye now the liv - ing In the con - fines of the dead?"
Who a - rose that Eas - ter morn - ing — LORD Al - might - y now to save.
f
ff
tr
rall.

There stood three Maries by the tomb.

Carol 269. (EASTER.)

Spirited. *J. B. Litler.*


1. There stood three Ma - ries by the tomb On Eas - ter morn - ing ear - ly;
When day had scarce - ly chased the gloom, And dew was white and pearl - y:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! With lov - ing but with err - ing mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find, They came the Prince of
Life to find. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2

But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," He said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the blessed Form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree;
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
The heaven above is beaming;
All in high festival array
The merry bells are gleaming.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

CHRISTMAS WAITS SINGING CAROLS.

The stars are shining bright and clear.

Carol 270. (CHRISTMAS.)

E. Bunnett.

Cheerfully. *cres.*

The stars are shin - ing bright and clear, The hills are white with snow; Our Christmas eve has

cres. *p* *f*

come a - gain, Our hearts with joy o'er - flow: The Christ-mas carols, sweet and glad, Are

sound-ing in the air, . . And Christmas wreaths in glist'ning show Make bright the house of prayer.

2 Not here across the snow was heard
The first sweet Christmas song;
But where the crimson lilies bloom,
Judea's hills among;
Those hills where David long before
His father's sheep had kept;
And where, o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
The mourning Jacob wept.

3 And not by earthly choristers
Was that first carol sung;
Not through the temple's shining courts
Its faultless music rung;
No listening crowds had gathered there,
That wondrous chant to hear:
Save watchful shepherds on the hills,
No human soul was near.

4 'Twas sung by countless multitudes
Of Angels pure and bright,
And o'er the bare and silent hills
There shone a glorious light;
Such heavenly music ne'er was heard
Before by sons of men,
And never more shall song like that
Be heard on earth again.

5 We know the tidings which they brought
Of Christ our Saviour's birth,
Their song of "Glory be to God,
Good will and peace on earth;"
In crowded church and quiet homes
We chant that carol still;
'Tis heard from city streets and courts,
From vale and lonely hill.

6 For us the gracious Saviour came,
For us He lived and died,
For us was born a little Babe,
For us was crucified:
And so the Christmas carol, sung
By angels long ago,
Is sweeter than all other songs
Which Christians sing below.

Parish Choir, No. 1044—4.

Carol 271. The Christmas Story.

Words by *the Rev. F. C. Fisher.* *Frederick A. Keene.*

mf Briskly.

1. Long, long a - go, the An - gel throng O'er Ju - dah's hills ap - pear - ing, First chanted their im -
2. Of old He was the Fa-ther's Son, On throne of glo - ry seat - ed: By Him God spake and
3. No com-mon birth such hope could give, That man should save his bro - ther: The pur - est maid of
4. Now praise the Lord who thus did come, And in His love hath ta - ken A way to call His

p

mor - tal song In ho - ly shepherd's hear - ing; And we must sing, For Christ our King, Whose
it was done, When earth was first cre - a - ted. That lov - ing toil The devil did spoil By
all that live God chose to be His mo - ther; For as she heard The an - gel's word, The
chil - dren home, That none might be for - sak - en; The Son of God In heav'n's a - bode, Pos -

love can nev - er va - ry, For us was born, On Christmas morn, Of Bless-ed Vir - gin Ma - ry.
A - dam's ill be - hav - iour, But God did send the sin-ner's Friend His Son to be our Sav - iour.
Spir - it came up - on her, (*p*) And full of grace She bow'd her face, To bear such wondrous hon - our.
sess'd e - ter - nal glo - ry: Yet He for us was humbled thus, And that's the Christmas Sto - ry.

CHORUS.

f

Come, one and all, Hark to the call, Love makes for love's re - ply - ing, See

f

Org. sustain

Last verse only, rall.

where He lies Who left the skies To bring us life un - dy - ing.

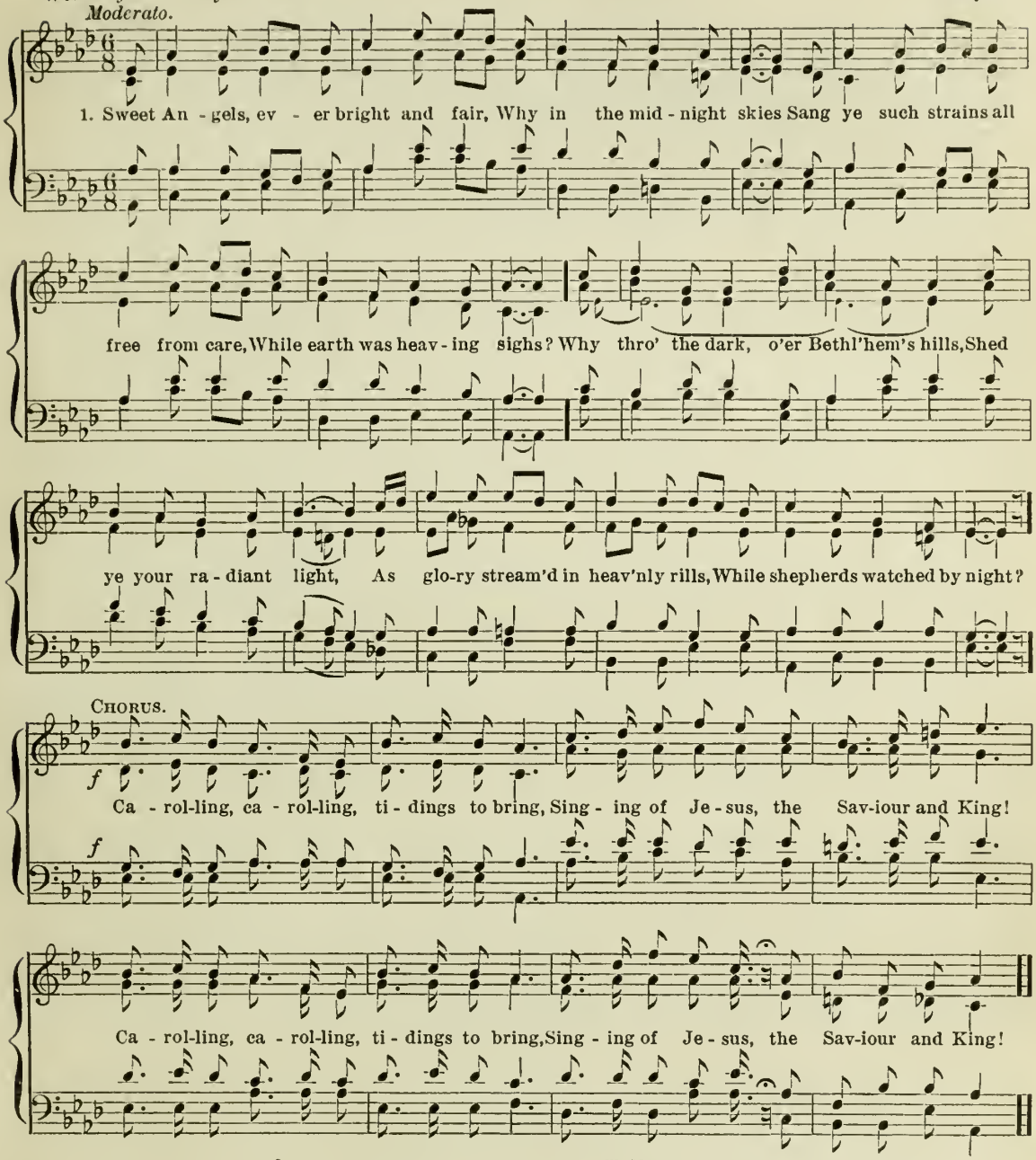
Sweet Angels, ever bright and fair.

Carol 272.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Words by T. D. Hyde. *C. Simper.*

Moderato.


1. Sweet An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Why in the mid - night skies Sang ye such strains all
free from care, While earth was heav - ing sighs? Why thro' the dark, o'er Bethl'hem's hills, Shed
ye your ra - diant light, As glo-ry stream'd in heav'nly rills, While shepherds watched by night?
Chorus.
f
Ca - rol-ling, ca - rol-ling, ti - dings to bring, Sing - ing of Je - sus, the Sav-iour and King!
f
Ca - rol-ling, ca - rol-ling, ti - dings to bring, Sing - ing of Je - sus, the Sav-iour and King!

2

O sons of men, from far away
Where heavenly anthems swell,
Where never fades the glorious day,
We came good news to tell!
On wings of love we sped to earth
To brighten sin's dark night,
To herald One whose wondrous birth
Should shed eternal light.
Chorus. Carolling, etc.

3

O Angels bright, O Heavenly Choir,
Your gladsome news unfold;
On golden harps and sweet-strung lyre,
Sing glories yet untold!
Tell to each earth-worn weary heart
Where peace and truth are found,
That we may bear an angel's part
The throne of love around.
Chorus. Carolling, etc.

4

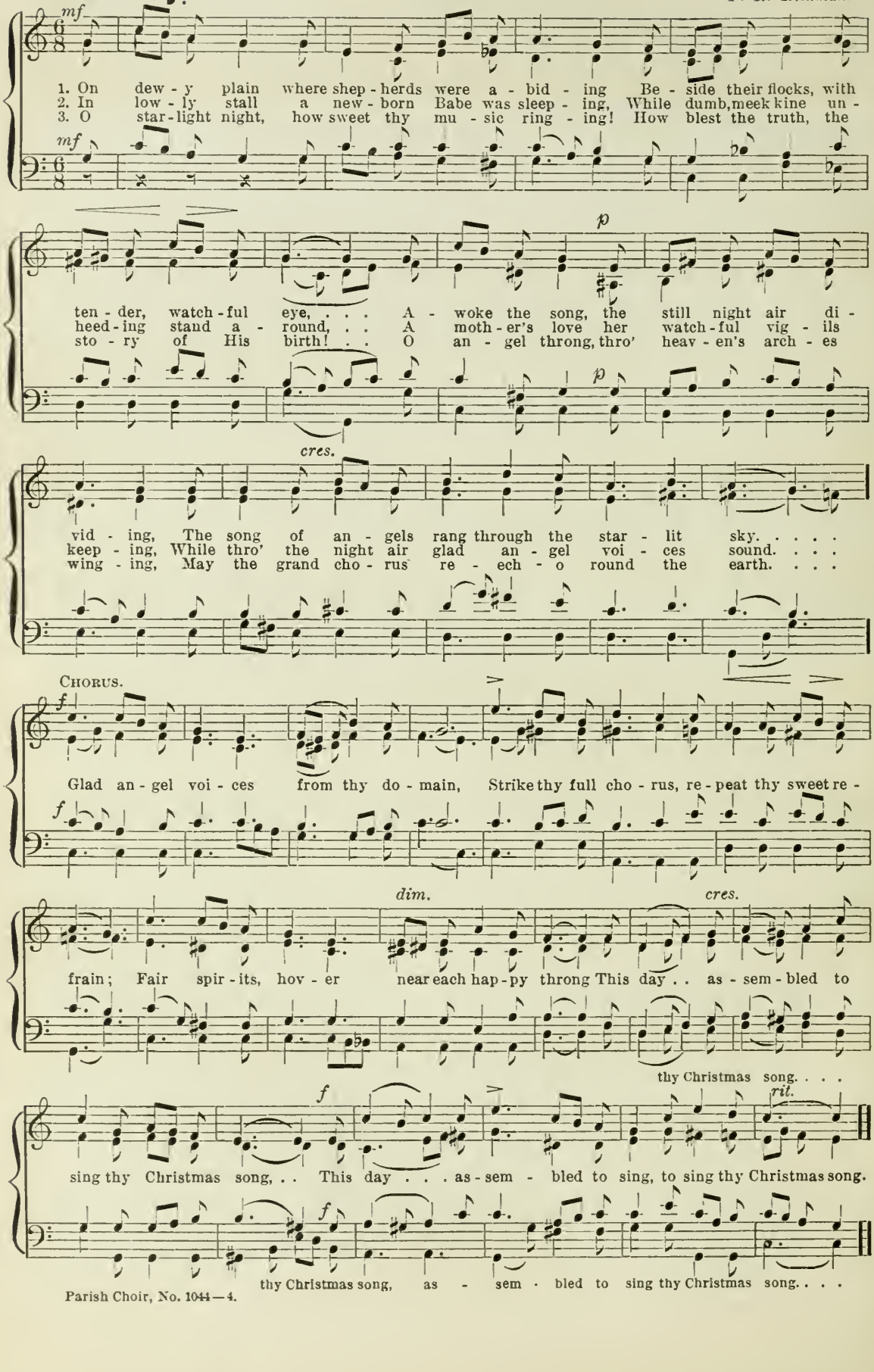
O sons of men, this blessed morn
For you with joy is fraught,
For Jesus Christ to-day is born,
And hath salvation brought!
Lo! Eden's gates are open now,
And heaven stoops to kiss
All faithful sons who humbly bow
To Him who brings them bliss.
Chorus. Carolling, etc.

Glad Angel Voices.

Carol 273.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Moderato. ♩. = 69. *F. R. Rickman.*


mf
1. On dew - y plain where shep - herds were a - bid - ing Be - side their flocks, with
2. In low - ly stall a new - born Babe was sleep - ing, While dumb, meek kine un -
3. O star - light night, how sweet thy mu - sic ring - ing! How blest the truth, the
p
ten - der, watch - ful eye, . . . A - woke the song, the still night air di -
heed - ing stand a - round, . . A moth - er's love her watch - ful vig - ils
sto - ry of His birth! . . O an - gel throng, thro' heav - en's arch - es
cres.
vid - ing, The song of an - gels rang through the star - lit sky. . . . .
keep - ing, While thro' the night air glad an - gel voi - ces sound. . . . .
wing - ing, May the grand cho - rus re - ech - o round the earth. . . .
Chorus.
f
Glad an - gel voi - ces from thy do - main, Strike thy full cho - rus, re - peat thy sweet re -
dim.
cres.
frain; Fair spir - its, hov - er near each hap - py throng This day . . as - sem - bled to
thy Christmas song. . . .
f
rit.
sing thy Christmas song, . . This day . . . as - sem - bled to sing, to sing thy Christmas song.
thy Christmas song, as - sem - bled to sing thy Christmas song. . . .

List, I hear the angels singing.

(EASTER.)

Carol 274.

Geo. Edward Oliver.

Andante grazioso. ♩ = 72.

1. List, I hear the an - gels sing - ing, Yon - der round the star - ry throne, In the re - gions of im - mor - tals, Christ a - waits to claim His own. Christ is reign - ing, Christ is reign - ing, Hear the mu - sic round the throne; He is com - ing, He is com - ing, He will come to claim His own.

CHORUS.

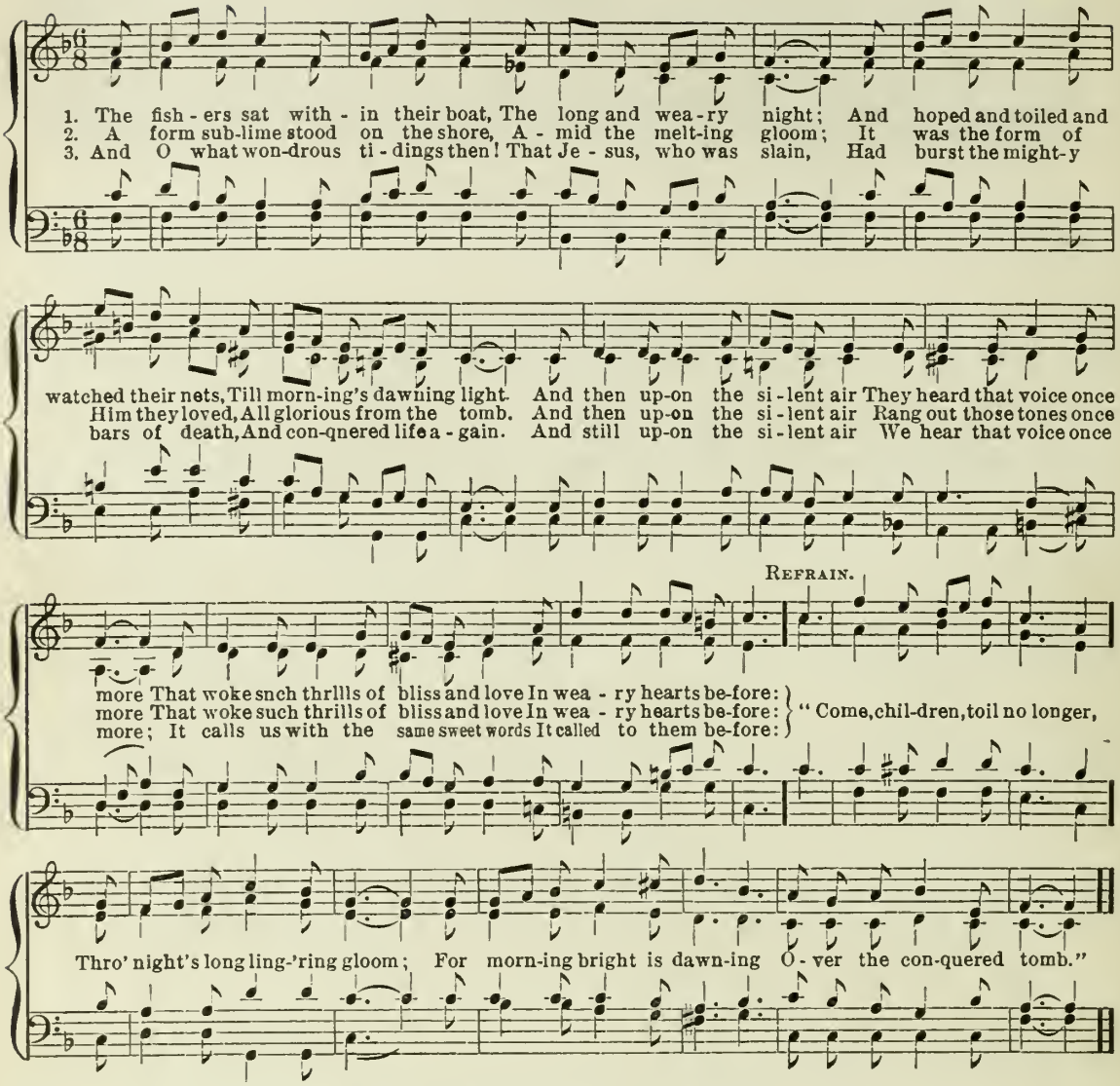
p *mf* *f* *ff* *dim. e rit.*

2 Yonder in the choirs of heaven,
Glory, glory swells the strain,
Over death He is triumphant,
Christ the Lord is risen again.—CHO.

3 We shall see Him and be like Him,
O what rapture in the thought,
When we wear the crown of glory
We shall praise Him as we ought.—CHO.

4 He is risen, our Redeemer,
Mighty still His own to save,
He has given us the vict'ry,
Vict'ry even o'er the grave.—CHO.

The fishers sat within their boat.

Carol 275. (EASTER.) *H. Elliot Button.*

1. The fish - ers sat with - in their boat, The long and wea - ry night; And hoped and toiled and
2. A form sub-lime stood on the shore, A - mid the melt-ing gloom; It was the form of
3. And O what won-drous ti - dings then! That Je - sus, who was slain, Had burst the might-y
watched their nets, Till morn-ing's dawning light. And then up-on the si - lent air They heard that voice once
Him they loved, All glorious from the tomb. And then up-on the si - lent air Rang out those tones once
bars of death, And con-qnered life a - gain. And still up-on the si - lent air We hear that voice once
Refrain.
more That woke snch thrills of bliss and love In wea - ry hearts be-fore:
more That woke such thrills of bliss and love In wea - ry hearts be-fore:
more; It calls us with the same sweet words It called to them be-fore:
"Come, chil-dren, toil no longer,
Thro' night's long ling-'ring gloom; For morn-ing bright is dawn-ing O - ver the con-quered tomb."

Lo, the winter is past.

Carol 276. (EASTER.) *Words and Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.*

Moderato.

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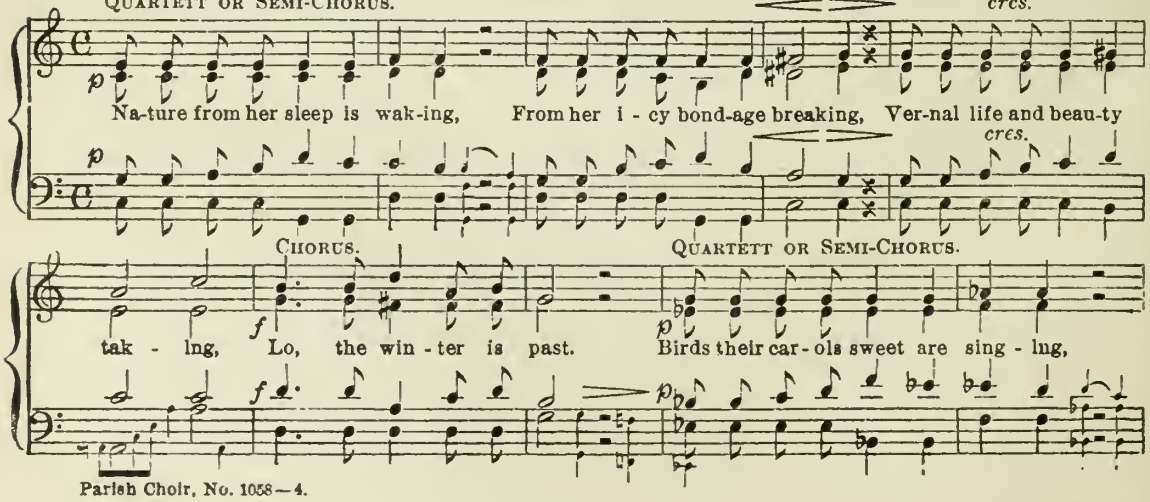
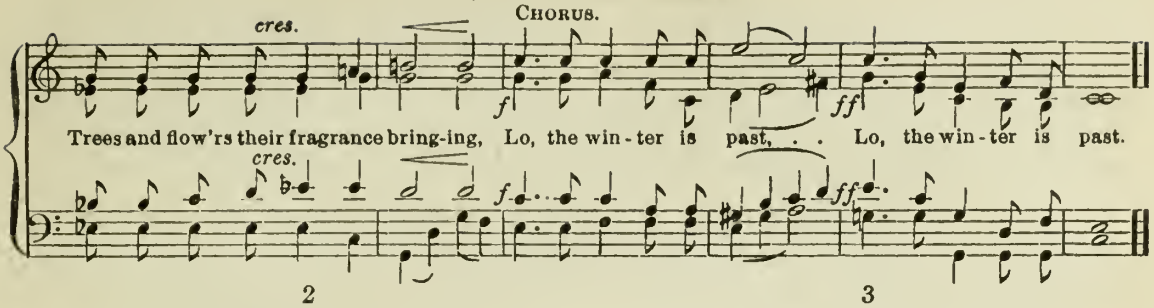

Quartett or Semi-Chorus.
cres.
Na-ture from her sleep is wak-ing, From her i - cy bond-age breaking, Ver-nal life and beau-ty
cres.
Chorus.
Quartett or Semi-Chorus.
tak - ing, Lo, the win - ter is past. Birds their car-ols sweet are sing - ing,

CHORUS.



2

In our hearts new joy is dawning,
On this happy Easter morning,
Every life with hope adorning,
Lo! the winter is past!
Gone are Lenten gloom and sadness,
Bright our path with Easter gladness.
Lo! the winter is past!
Lo! the winter is past!

3

Christ with pow'rs of Death hath striven,
To the world new life hath given,
Op'ning wide the gates of Heaven,
Lo! the winter is past.
Sing we to our Lord most glorious,
Rising over Death victorious,
Lo! the winter is past!
Lo! the winter is past!

Sing with all the sons of glory.

(EASTER.)

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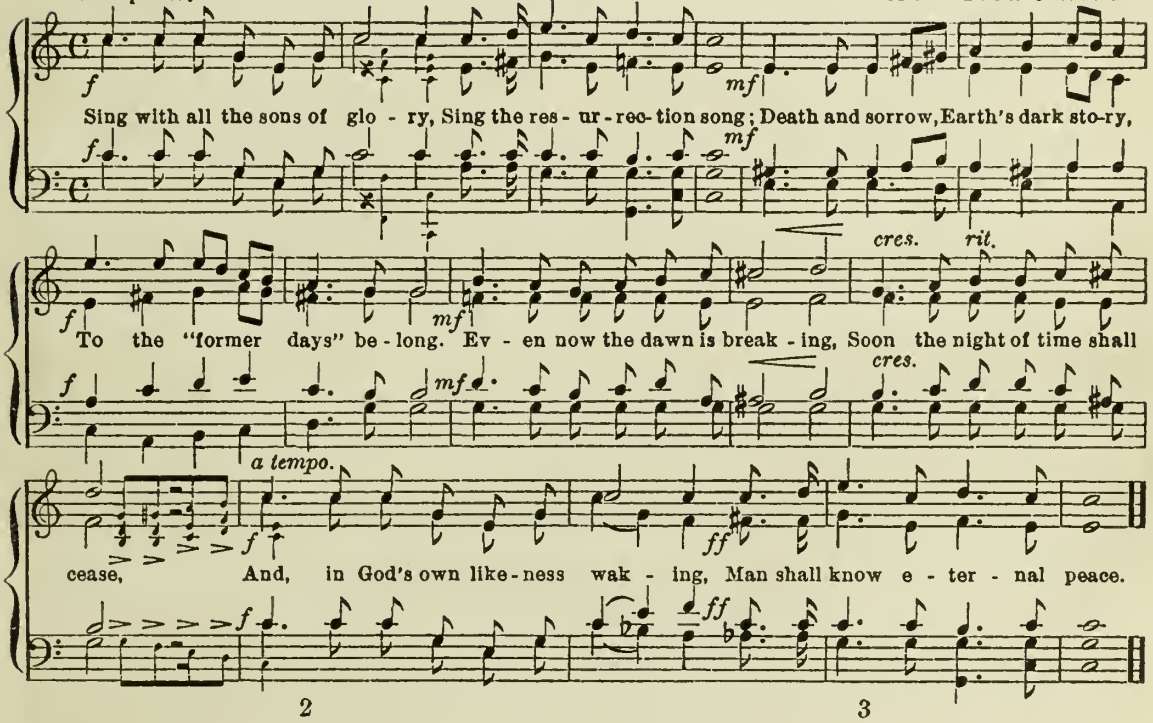
Carol 277.

Con spirito. *Arthur F. M. Custance.*


Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song; Death and sorrow, Earth's dark sto-ry,
To the "former days" be - long. Ev - en now the dawn is break - ing, Soon the night of time shall
cres.
rit.
a tempo.
cease, And, in God's own like - ness wak - ing, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace.

2

O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it;
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3

"Life eternal!" Heaven rejoices;
Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices;
Child of God, lift up thy head.
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

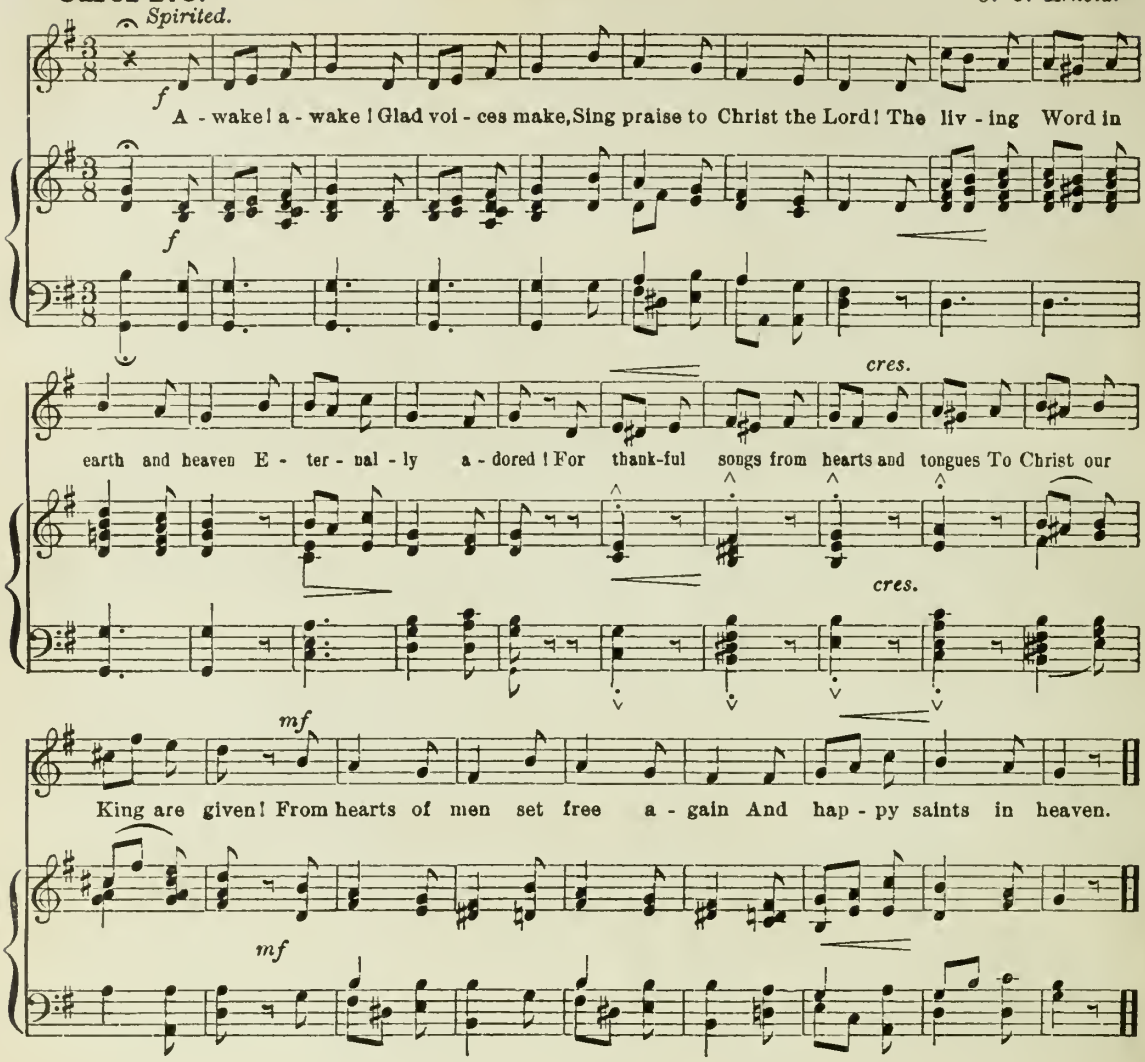
4

"Life eternal!" O what wonders
Crowd on faith — what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God Immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

Awake! awake! glad voices make.

(EASTER.)

Carol 278. *C. O. Arnold.*


Spirited.
A - wake! a - wake! Glad voi - ces make, Sing praise to Christ the Lord! The liv - ing Word in
earth and heaven E - ter - nal - ly a - dored! For thank-ful songs from hearts and tongues To Christ our
King are given! From hearts of men set free a - gain And hap - py saints in heaven.

2

'Tis Easter morn, new faith is born,
The day of days the best:
Sing praise to God!
Sing out abroad
With joy and hope possessed!
For now the Prince of Peace hath fought
And triumphed o'er the grave,
With holy arm,
And strong right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

3

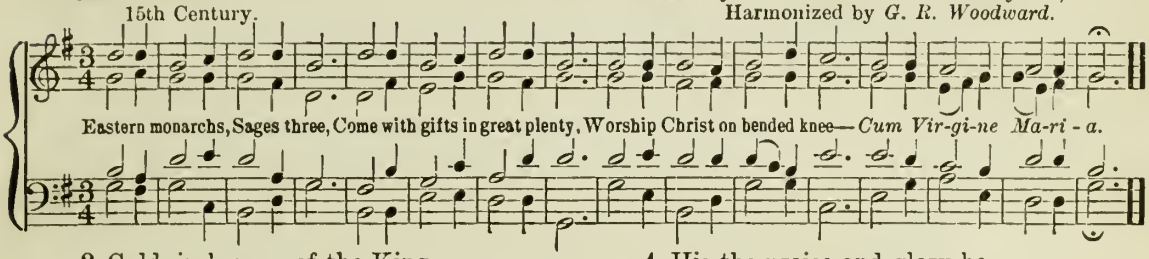
No shadows now our spirits bow,
Our souls are raised on high,
The Son of Man,
In God's own plan
Has come to earth to die.
No doubts or fear could hold Him here,
Detained by mortal breath,
For now He lives
And freely gives
Redemption over death!

Eastern monarchs, Sages three.

Carol 279. (CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.)

Words from Latin text of the 15th Century.

Melody from the Andernach *Gesangbuch*, 1603. Harmonized by *G. R. Woodward.*



2 Gold, in honour of the King,
Incense to the Priest they bring,
Myrrh, for time of burying—
Cum Virgine Maria.

3 On His might (it hath no end)
All created things depend,
To His will the world must bend—
Cum Virgine Maria.

4 His the praise and glory be,
Laud and honour, victorie,
Power supreme! and so sing we
Cum Virgine Maria.

5 On the feast-day of His birth,
Set on thrones above the earth,
Angels chant in holy mirth
Cum Virgine Maria.

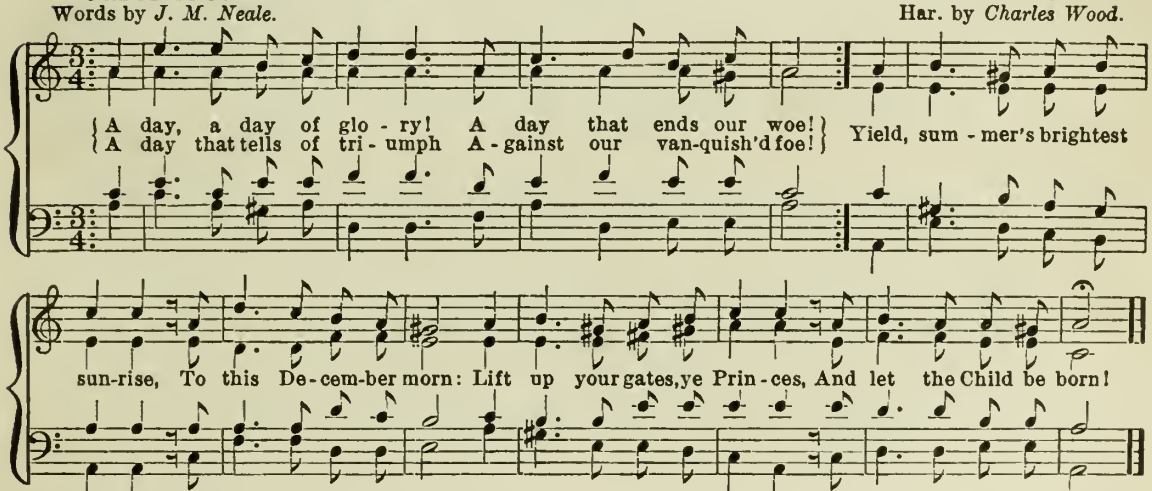
6 Thus, to bless the One in Three,
Let this present company
Raise the voice of melody—
Cum Virgine Maria.

A day, a day of glory.

Carol 280. (CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *J. M. Neale.*

Old French Carol. Har. by *Charles Wood.*


A day, a day of glo - ry! A day that ends our woe!
A day that tells of tri - umph A - gainst our van-quish'd foe!
Yield, sum - mer's brightest
sun-rise, To this De - cem-ber morn: Lift up your gates, ye Prin - ces, And let the Child be born!

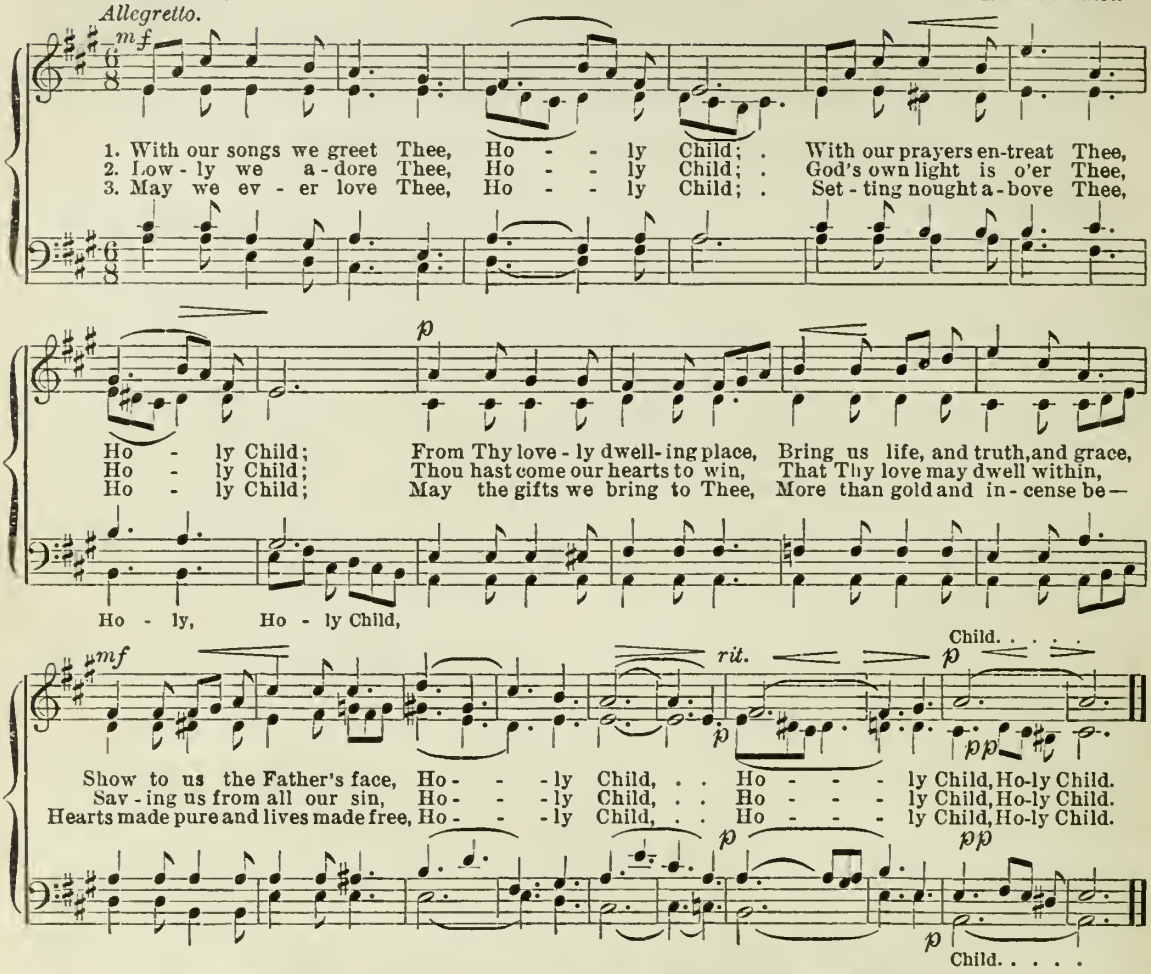
2 With *Gloria in excelsis*
Archangels tell their mirth:
With *Kyrie elëyson*
Men answer upon earth:
And angels swell the triumph,
And mortals raise the horn,
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

3 He comes, His throne the manger;
He comes, His shrine the stall;
The ox and ass His courtiers,
Who made and governs all:
The "House of Bread" His birth-place,
The Prince of wine and corn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

4 Then bar the gates, that henceforth
None thus may passage win,
Because the Prince of Israel
Alone hath entered in:
The earth, the sky, the ocean
His glorious way adorn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

With our songs we greet Thee.

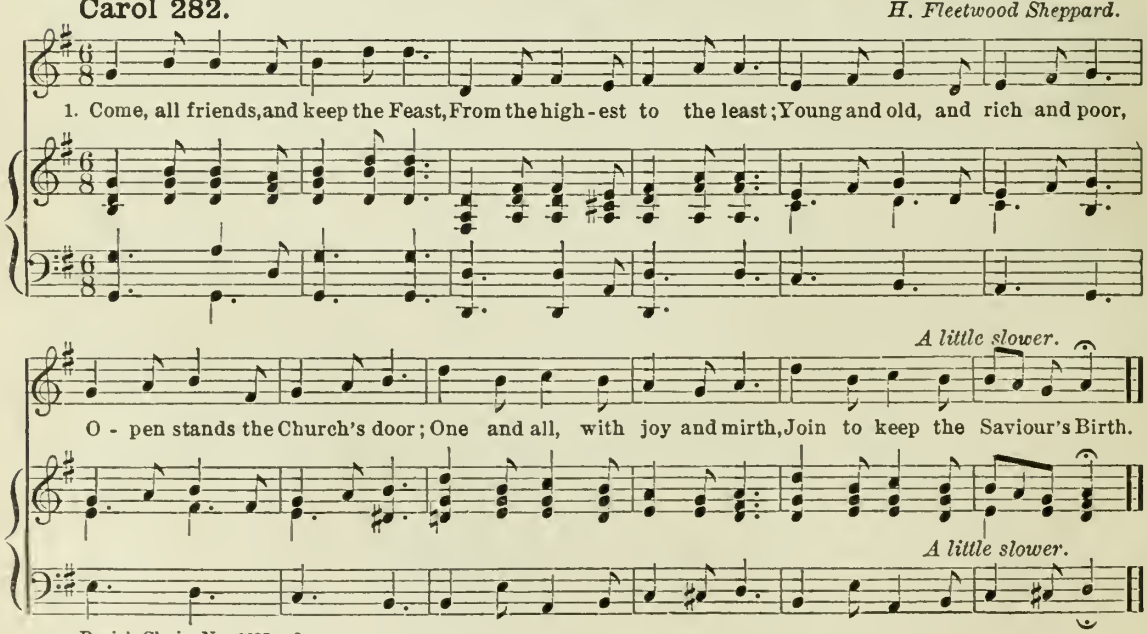
(CHRISTMAS.)

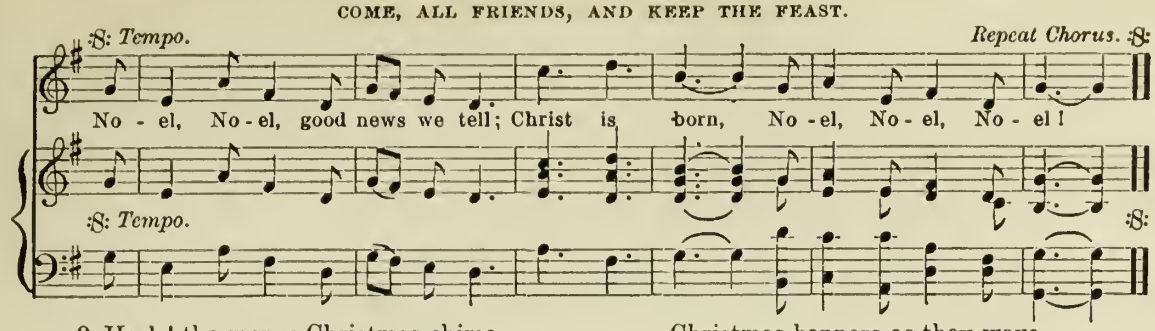
Carol 281. *H. Ernest Nichol.*

Allegretto.
mf
1. With our songs we greet Thee, Ho - - ly Child; . With our prayers en-treat Thee,
2. Low - ly we a - dore Thee, Ho - - ly Child; . God's own light is o'er Thee,
3. May we ev - er love Thee, Ho - - ly Child; . Set - ting nought a - bove Thee,
p
Ho - ly Child; From Thy love - ly dwell- ing place, Bring us life, and truth, and grace,
Ho - ly Child; Thou hast come our hearts to win, That Thy love may dwell within,
Ho - ly Child; May the gifts we bring to Thee, More than gold and in - cense be—
Ho - ly, Ho - ly Child,
mf
rit.
p
Child. . . . .
pp
Show to us the Father's face, Ho - - - ly Child, . . Ho - - - ly Child, Ho-ly Child.
Sav - ing us from all our sin, Ho - - - ly Child, . . Ho - - - ly Child, Ho-ly Child.
Hearts made pure and lives made free, Ho - - - ly Child, . . Ho - - - ly Child, Ho-ly Child.
p
pp
p
Child. . . . .

Come, all friends, and keep the Feast.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 282. *H. Fleetwood Sheppard.*


1. Come, all friends, and keep the Feast, From the high - est to the least; Young and old, and rich and poor,
A little slower.
O - pen stands the Church's door; One and all, with joy and mirth, Join to keep the Saviour's Birth.
A little slower.



2 Hark! the merry Christmas chime
Welcomes in the blessed time;
And the organ's mighty strain
Rattles every window-pane,
While the roof and rafters ring
With the people's carolling.
CHO. — Noel, Noel, etc.

3 On the holy altar's shrine
Christmas tapers gleam and shine;
High on arch and chancel screen
Hang the Christmas garlands green;
Christmas banners as they wave
Bear the chorus down the nave:
CHO. — Noel, Noel, etc.

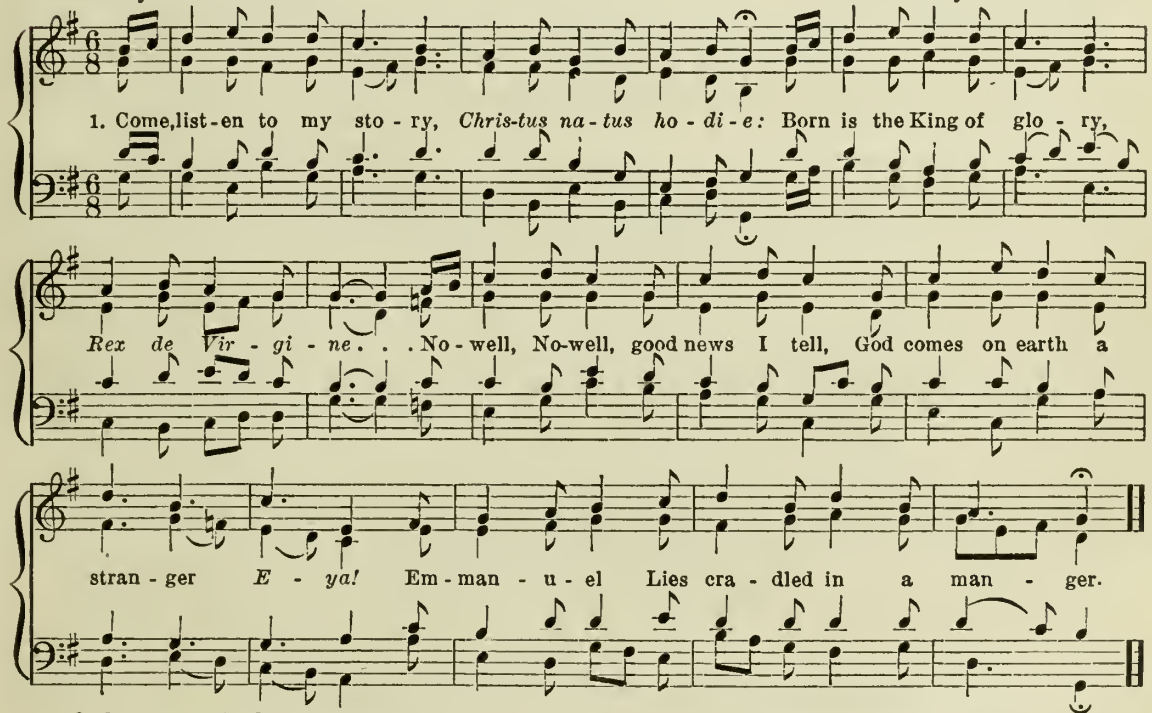
4 Earth may smile with sunshine bright,
Wintry snow lie cold and white;
Lowering clouds may pour their rain,
Bleak winds howl across the plain —
Cloud or sunshine, calm or storm,
Christmas joy all hearts must warm.
CHO. — Noel, Noel, etc.

Come, listen to my story.

Carol 283. (CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *G. R. Woodward.*

Sixteenth Century Melody.
Har. by *J. R. Lunn.*


1. Come, list-en to my sto - ry, *Chris-tus na-tus ho - di - e:* Born is the King of glo - ry,
Rex de Vir - gi - ne . . . No - well, No-well, good news I tell, God comes on earth a
stran - ger *E - ya!* Em - man - u - el Lies cra - dled in a man - ger.

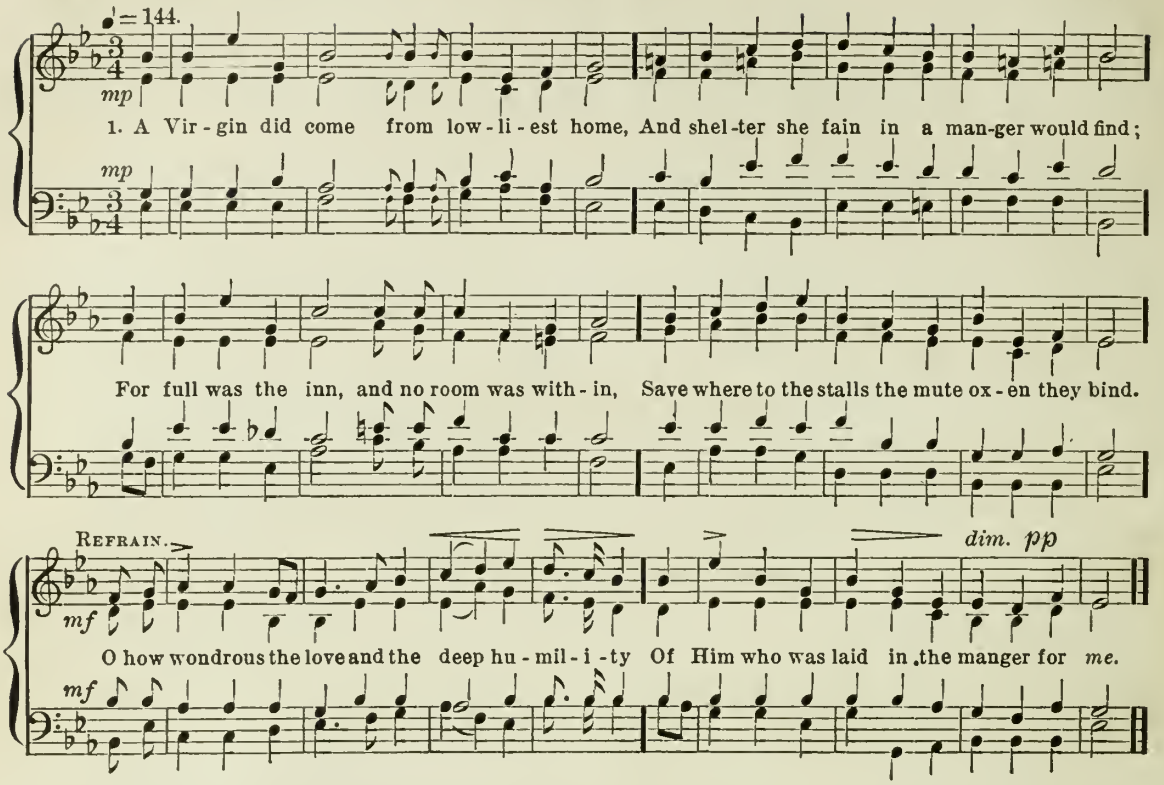
2 Came angels down, a number,
On the midnight of His birth:
"Ye shepherds, wake from slumber:
Peace, good will on earth,
And bliss on high," the angels cry,
"To you is born and given,
Eya! of maid Marie,
Th' Almighty Lord of heaven."

3 Then rode three kings together,
Over desert, hill, and dale;
Nought caring for the weather,
Sleet, and snow, and hail.
They came from far, led by a star,
With beams that never vary:
Eya! full fain they are
To see the Babe of Mary.

4 Away then banish sorrow;
Nato Regi psallite:
Sith Christ is born this morrow;
Benedicite.
With Angels eke and shepherds meek,
And with yon Eastern Sages,
Eya! let us go seek
The new-born King of ages.

A Virgin did come.

Carol 284. (CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *S. C. Clarke.* *G. H. Gregory.*

♩ = 144.
mp
1. A Vir - gin did come from low - li - est home, And shel - ter she fain in a man-ger would find;
For full was the inn, and no room was with - in, Save where to the stalls the mute ox - en they bind.
Refrain.
dim. pp
mf
O how wondrous the love and the deep hu - mil - i - ty Of Him who was laid in the manger for me.

2 That Babe was a King, mystic gifts, lo, they bring,
Sure tokens they were of some great One to be;
To Bethlehem led, Eastern sages have sped
From afar "The Desire of all Nations" to see.
Ref.—O how wondrous, etc.

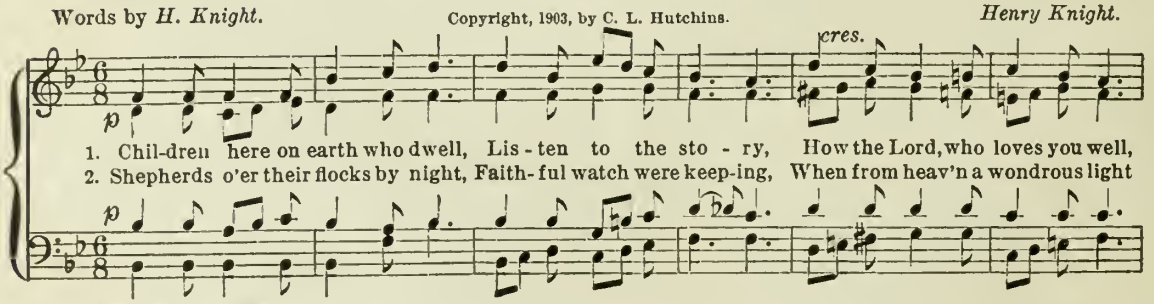
3 Accomplished their hope, their treasures they ope—
Gold, frankincense, myrrh, to that Infant they brought,
Gifts costly and rare, full of meaning they were,
Though not yet unveiled were the great truths they taught.
Ref.—O how wondrous, etc.

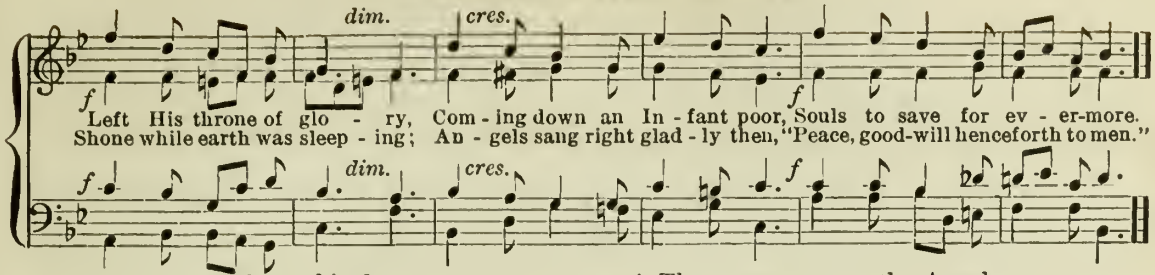
4 No tokens of state round that Royal Babe wait,
Seeming least, and yet greatest of monarchs was He;
But in reverence low, princely Magi did bow,
As though they divined all His true dignity.
Ref.—O how wondrous, etc.

Children here on earth who dwell.

Carol 285. (CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *H. Knight.* Copyright, 1903, by C. L. Hutchins. *Henry Knight.*


p
cres.
1. Chil-dren here on earth who dwell, Lis - ten to the sto - ry, How the Lord, who loves you well,
2. Shepherds o'er their flocks by night, Faith - ful watch were keep-ing, When from heav'n a wondrous light


dim.
cres.
Left His throne of glo - ry, Com - ing down an In - fant poor, Souls to save for ev - er-more.
Shone while earth was sleep - ing; An - gels sang right glad - ly then, "Peace, good-will henceforth to men."

3 "Unto you is born this day,
Full of tender pity
Christ, your King, oh, haste away
Unto David's city:
There, within a lowly shed
Your dear Lord doth lay His head."

4 Those sweet songs the Angels sang,
Faith still hears them singing,
Once with joy heav'n's arches rang,
Now our bells are ringing:
Joyful tones shall pierce the sky,
Praising Him who dwells on high.

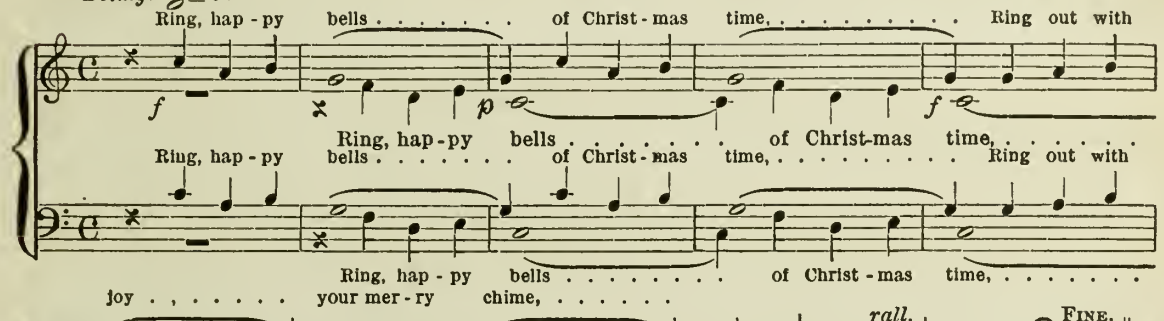
Ring, happy bells.

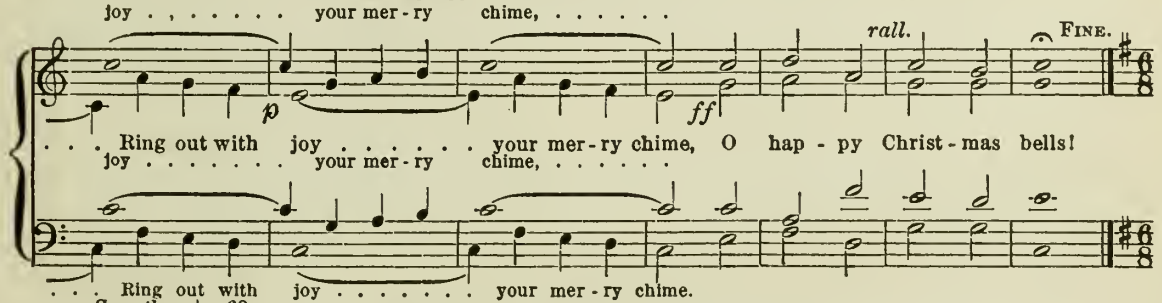
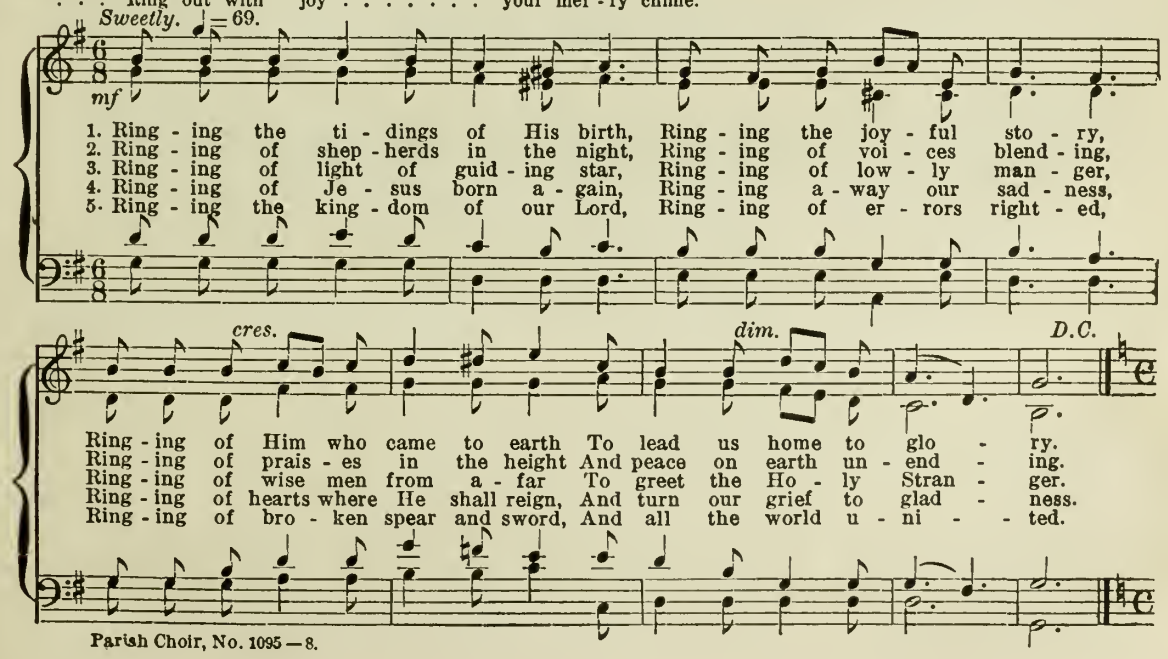
(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 286.

Words by *Colin Sterne.*

H. Ernest Nichol.


Boldly. ♩ = 92.
Ring, hap - py bells . . . . . of Christ - mas time, ... Ring out with
Ring, hap - py bells . . . . . of Christ - mas time, ...
Ring, hap - py bells . . . . . of Christ - mas time, ...
joy . . . . . your mer - ry chime, ...


rall.
FINE.
. . . Ring out with joy . . . . . your mer - ry chime, O hap - py Christ - mas bells!
joy . . . . . your mer - ry chime, ...
. . . Ring out with joy . . . . . your mer - ry chime.

Sweetly. ♩ = 69.
1. Ring - ing the ti - dings of His birth, Ring - ing the joy - ful sto - ry,
2. Ring - ing of shep - herds in the night, Ring - ing of voi - ces blend - ing,
3. Ring - ing of light of guid - ing star, Ring - ing of low - ly man - ger,
4. Ring - ing of Je - sus born a - gain, Ring - ing a - way our sad - ness,
5. Ring - ing the king - dom of our Lord, Ring - ing of er - rors right - ed,
cres.
dim.
D.C.
Ring - ing of Him who came to earth To lead us home to glo - ry.
Ring - ing of prais - es in the height And peace on earth un - end - ing.
Ring - ing of wise men from a - far To greet the Ho - ly Stran - ger.
Ring - ing of hearts where He shall reign, And turn our grief to glad - ness.
Ring - ing of bro - ken spear and sword, And all the world u - ni - - ted.

Christian children, wake and listen.

Carol 287.

(CHRISTMAS.)

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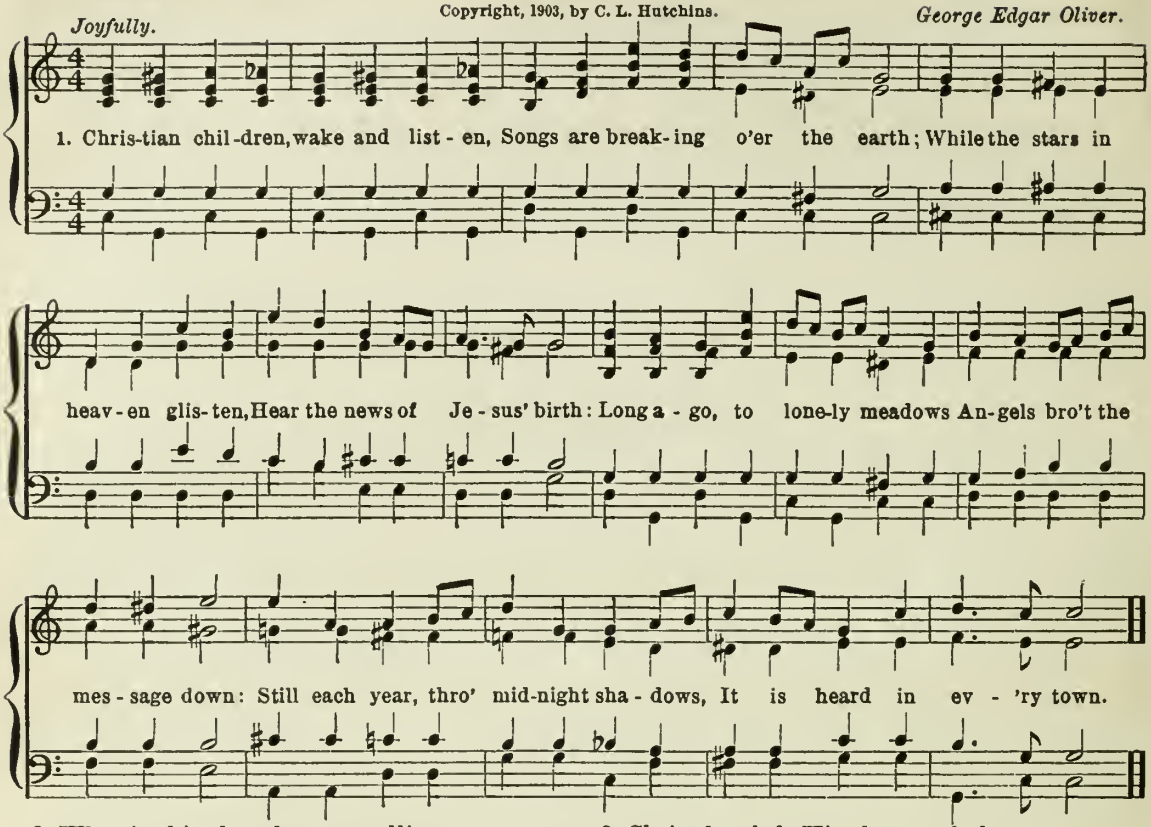
Joyfully. *George Edgar Oliver.*


1. Chris-tian chil-dren, wake and list - en, Songs are break-ing o'er the earth; While the stars in
heav-en glis-ten, Hear the news of Je - sus' birth: Long a - go, to lone-ly meadows An-gels bro't the
mes - sage down: Still each year, thro' mid-night sha - dows, It is heard in ev - 'ry town.

2 What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street,
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?
Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from cares are free,
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

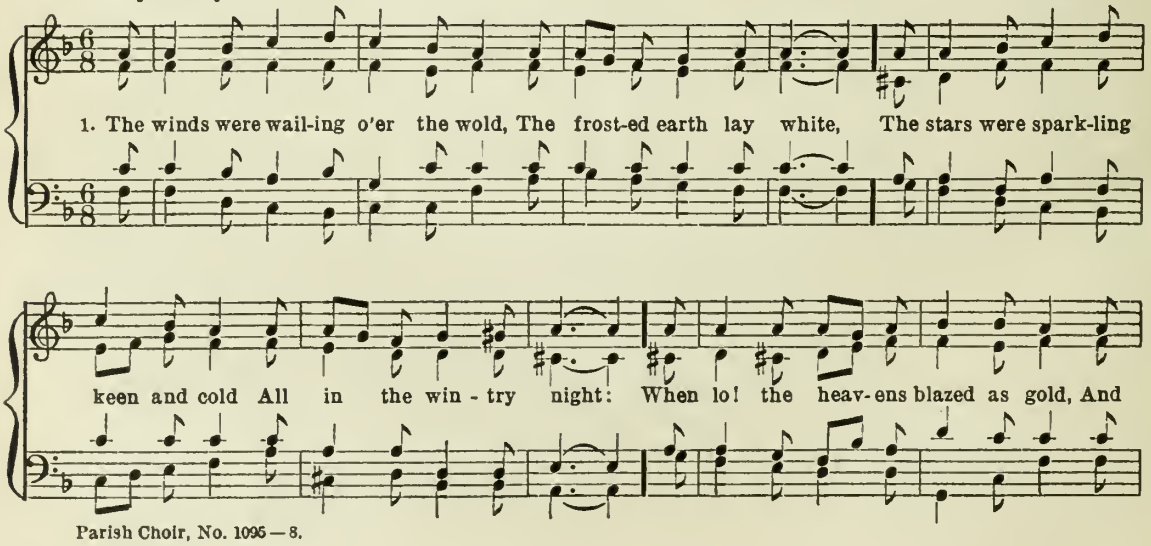
3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found:
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.
Christian children, wake and listen,
Songs are ringing through the earth,
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!

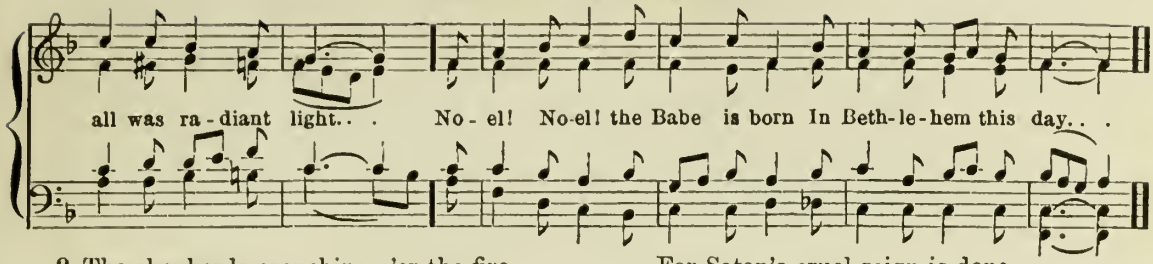
The winds were wailing.

Carol 288.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *Baring-Gould.* *Lesneven.*


1. The winds were wail-ing o'er the wold, The frost-ed earth lay white, The stars were spark-ling
keen and cold All in the win - try night: When lo! the heav-ens blazed as gold, And



2 The shepherds crouching o'er the fire
On pipes of straw did play;
When lo! broke forth the angel-choir,
And night was turned to day.
The heavens rejoice! Let earth admire
The tidings they did say.
Noel! Noel! the Babe is born
In Bethlehem to-day.

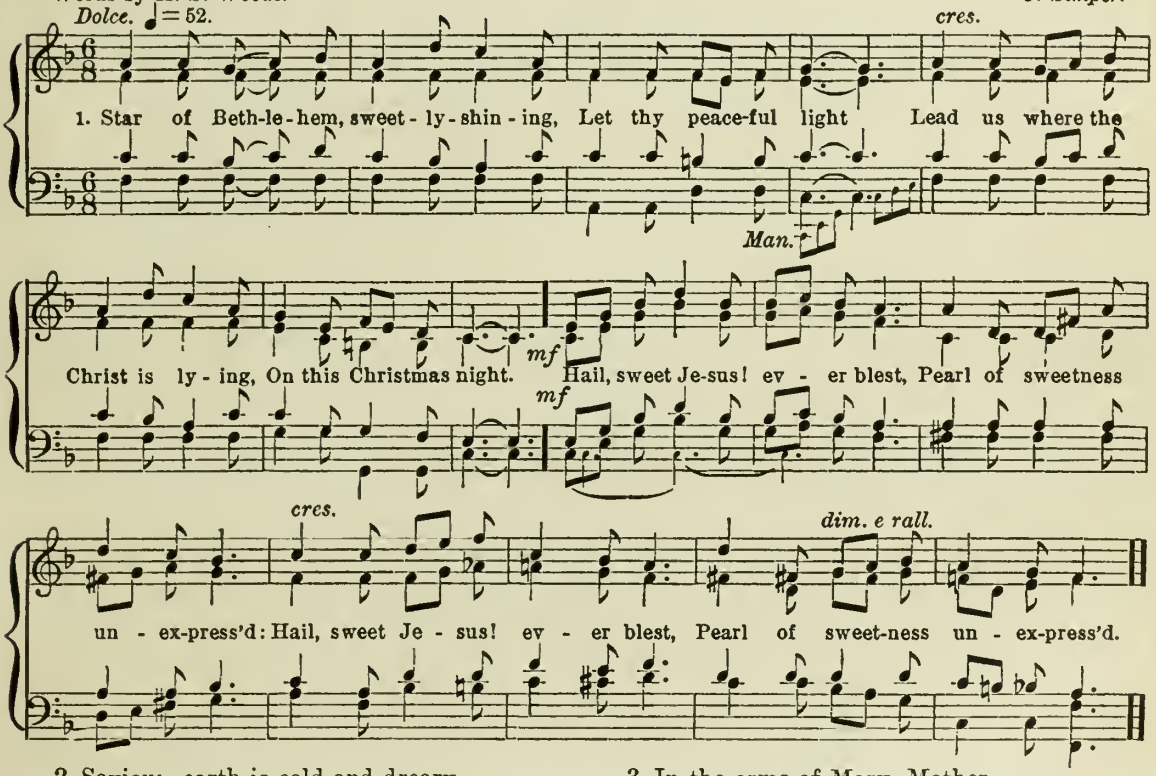
3 For unto us a Child is come,
A King of David's race,
With peace to every hearth and home,
And men in every place;
For Satan's cruel reign is done,
Begun the reign of Grace.
Noel! Noel! the Babe is born
In Bethlehem to-day.

4 Unite, ye Christian people all,
In hymns of holy mirth;
Bring voice of praise, and suppliant call,
Emmanuel on earth!
Behold the manger, prostrate fall,
And hail the heavenly Birth.
Noel! Noel! the Babe is born
In Bethlehem to-day.

Star of Bethlehem, sweetly shining.

Carol 289. (CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *A. S. Woods.* *C. Simper.*


Dolce. ♩ = 52.
cres.
1. Star of Beth-le-hem, sweet-ly-shin-ing, Let thy peace-ful light Lead us where the
Man.
Christ is ly-ing, On this Christmas night. Hail, sweet Je-sus! ev - er blest, Pearl of sweetness
mf
mf
cres.
dim. e rall.
un - ex-press'd: Hail, sweet Je - sus! ev - er blest, Pearl of sweet-ness un - ex-press'd.

2 Saviour, earth is cold and dreary,
And the Angels' song
Finds no echo 'mid the tumult
Of her strife and wrong.
Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
Born to give the weary rest.

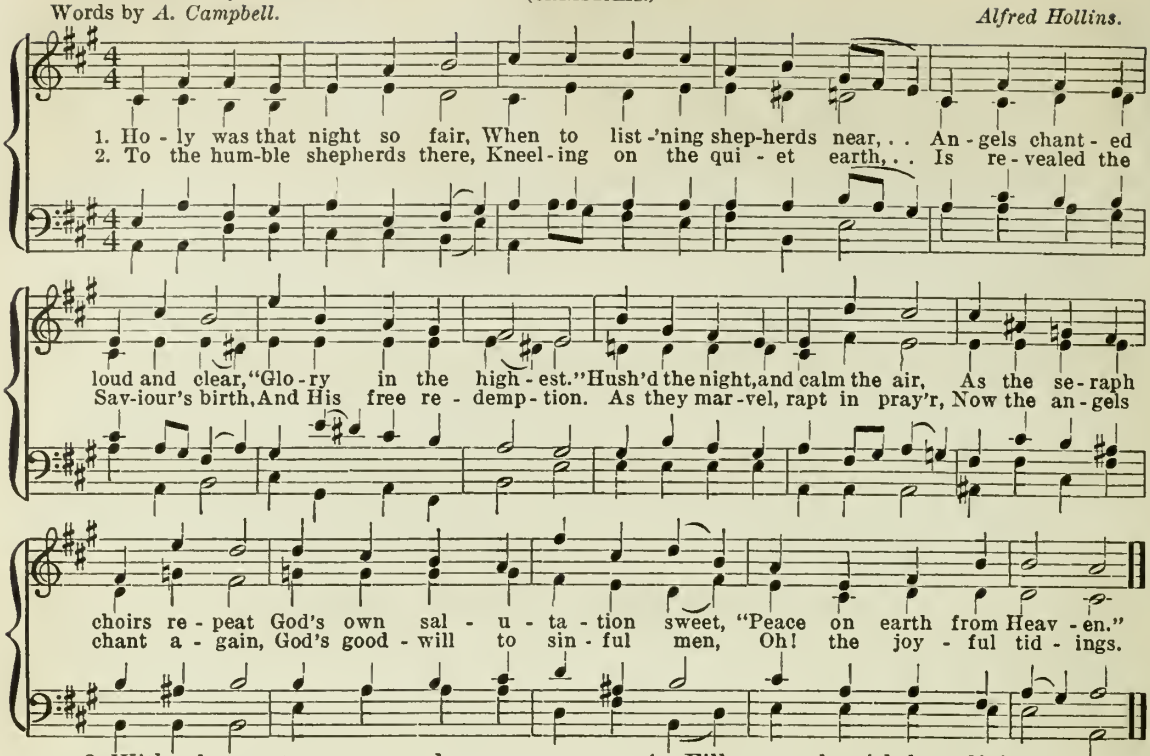
3 In the arms of Mary, Mother,
Thou art lowly laid,
God Incarnate, by Thee only
Could man's debt be paid.
Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
Cradled on Thy Mother's breast.

4 Grant, dear Lord, that by Thy meekness,
And humility,
We, despite our human weakness,
May grow like to Thee.
Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
Dwell with us, an honoured Guest.

Holy was that night so fair.

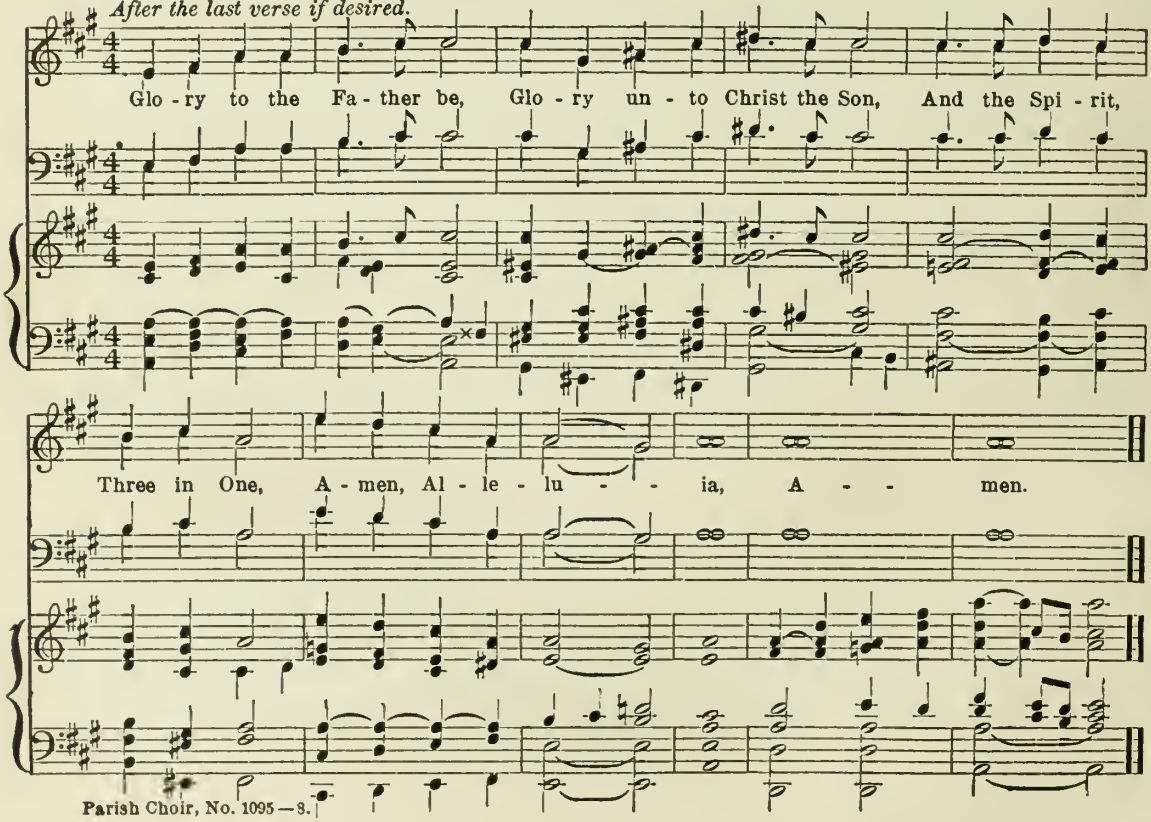
Carol 290.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *A. Campbell.* *Alfred Hollins.*

1. Ho - ly was that night so fair, When to list-'ning shep-herds near, . . An - gels chant - ed
2. To the hum-ble shepherds there, Kneel - ing on the qui - et earth, . . Is re - vealed the
loud and clear, "Glo - ry in the high - est." Hush'd the night, and calm the air, As the se - raph
Sav-iour's birth, And His free re - demp - tion. As they mar - vel, rapt in pray'r, Now the an - gels
choirs re - peat God's own sal - u - ta - tion sweet, "Peace on earth from Heav - en."
chant a - gain, God's good - will to sin - ful men, Oh! the joy - ful tid - ings.

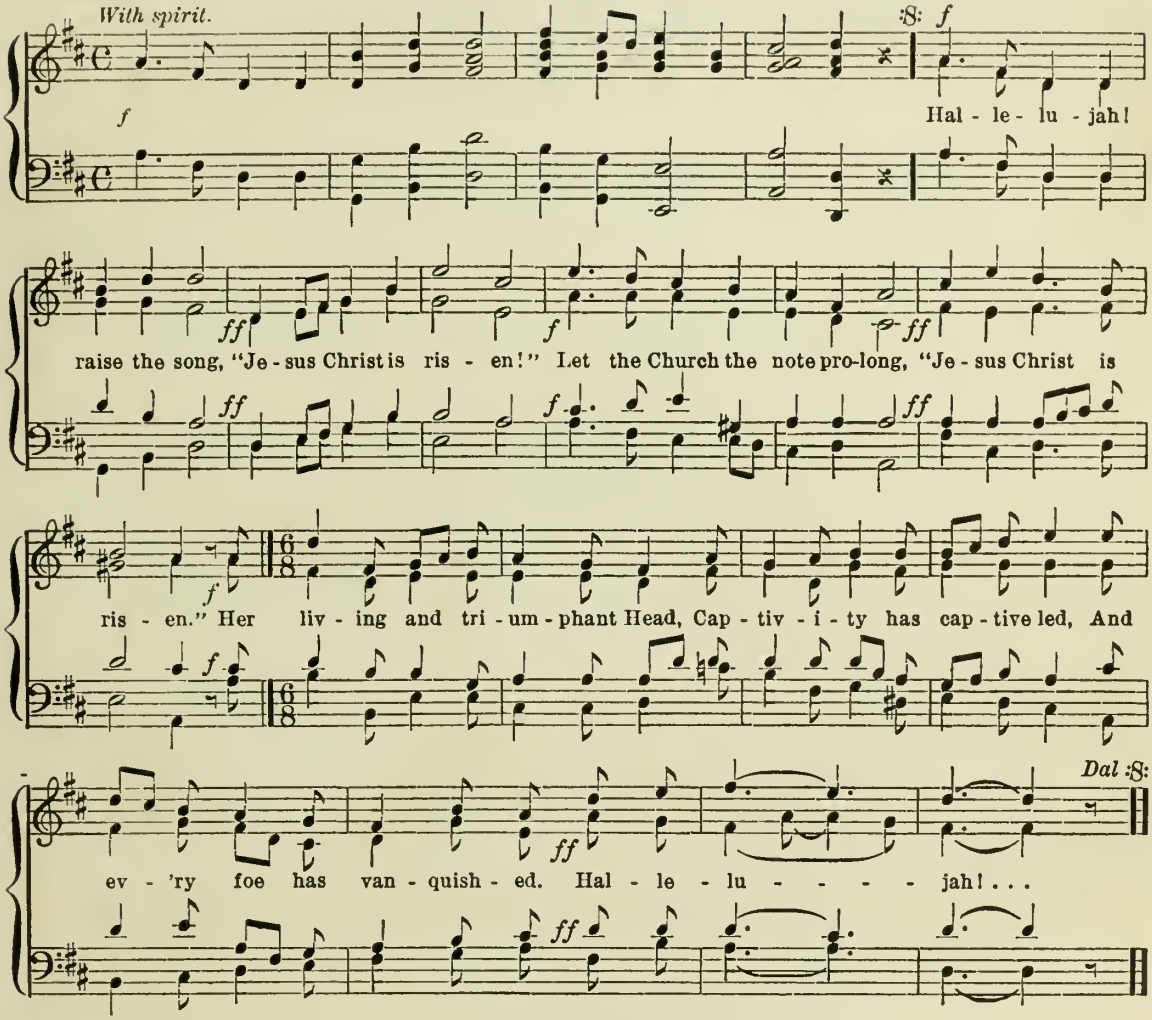
3 With what rapture, pure and rare,
On that first glad Christmas eve,
Did those simple men receive
Such good news from Heaven!
Lord, who by Thy sacred birth
Joy and peace to man didst bring,
Touch our hearts that we may sing
Praise to Thee unending.

4 Fill our souls with love divine,
May we all Thy children be;
Hear us as we sing to Thee,
"Glory in the highest."
And when life on earth is o'er,
Saviour, take us for Thine own;
May we sing before Thy throne,
Praise and high thanksgiving.

After the last verse if desired.

Hallelujah! raise the song.

(EASTER.)

Carol 291. *Arthur H. Brown.*


With spirit.
Hal - le - lu - jah!
raise the song, "Je - sus Christ is ris - en!" Let the Church the note pro-long, "Je - sus Christ is
ris - en." Her liv - ing and tri - um - phant Head, Cap - tiv - i - ty has cap - tive led, And
Dal
ev - 'ry foe has van - quish - ed. Hal - le - lu - - - - jah! . . .

2 Hallelujah! let the cry,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Wake each harp-string of the sky,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
The sealèd stone is rolled away
Death and the grave have lost their prey,
For Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
Hallelujah!

3 Hallelujah! dry the tear,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Sound o'er every silent bier,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Thrice blessèd pledge, ye mourners keep,
Who for your loved and lost ones weep—
Because He lives, they only sleep.
Hallelujah!

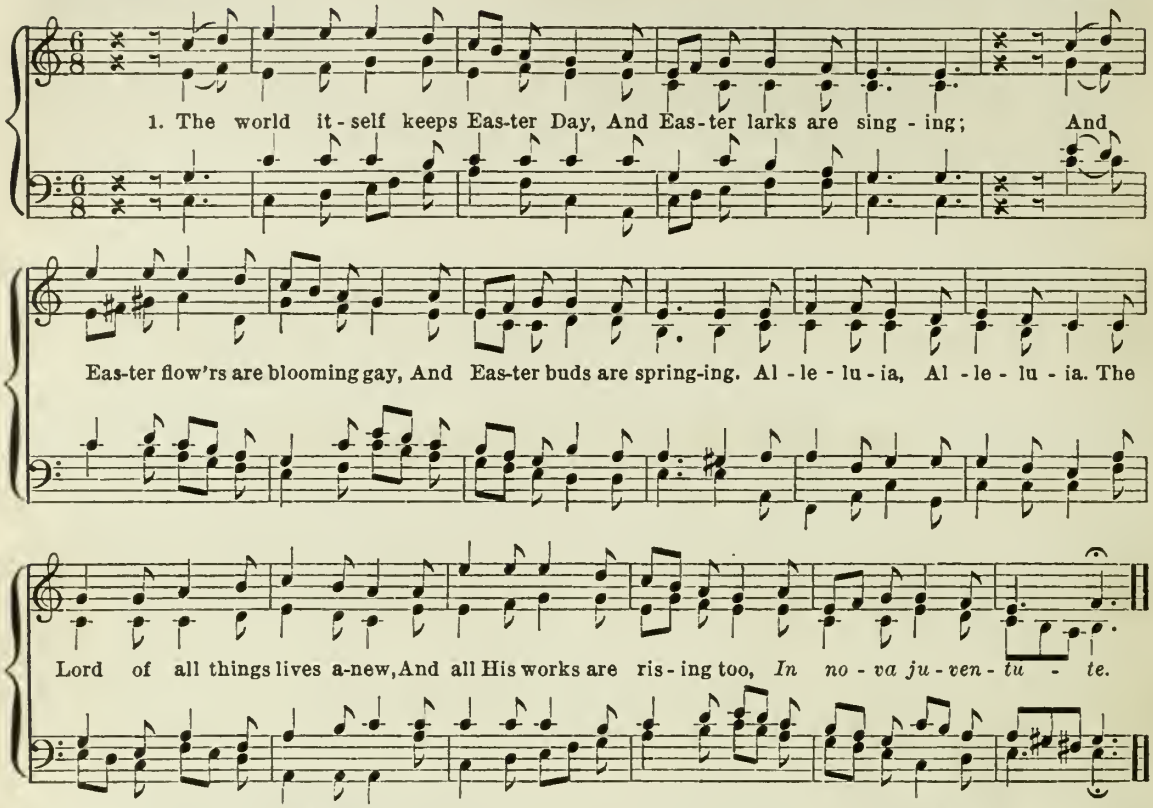
4 Hallelujah! let the sound,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Circulate the world around,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Soon may the Earth's great Easter be,
When her now bondaged children free,
Exultant, Lord, shall reign with Thee.
Hallelujah!

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

(EASTER.)

Carol 292.

From "*Piae Cantiones*"
Har. by *G. R. Woodward.*


1. The world it-self keeps Eas-ter Day, And Eas-ter larks are sing-ing; And
Eas-ter flow'rs are blooming gay, And Eas-ter buds are spring-ing. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. The
Lord of all things lives a-new, And all His works are ris-ing too, *In no-va ju-ven-tu-te.*

2 There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of Life to find,
Cum pia servitute.

3 But earlier still the Angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
"Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all and make them blest,
"Tell Peter first, and then the rest,"
Mandatum hoc secute.

4 But one, and one alone remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him who hung upon the tree
Pro hominum salute.

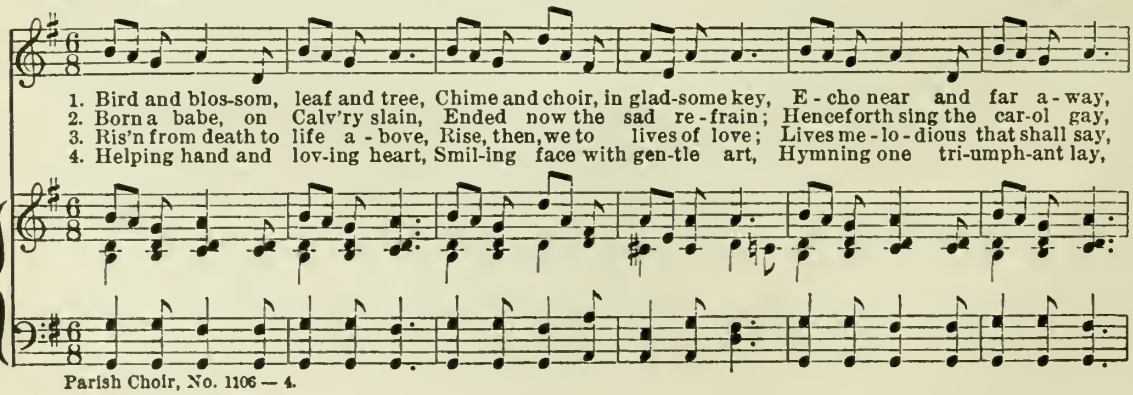
5 The Church is keeping Easter Day,
And Easter hymns are sounding,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The holy Font surrounding;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.
Divina de virtute.

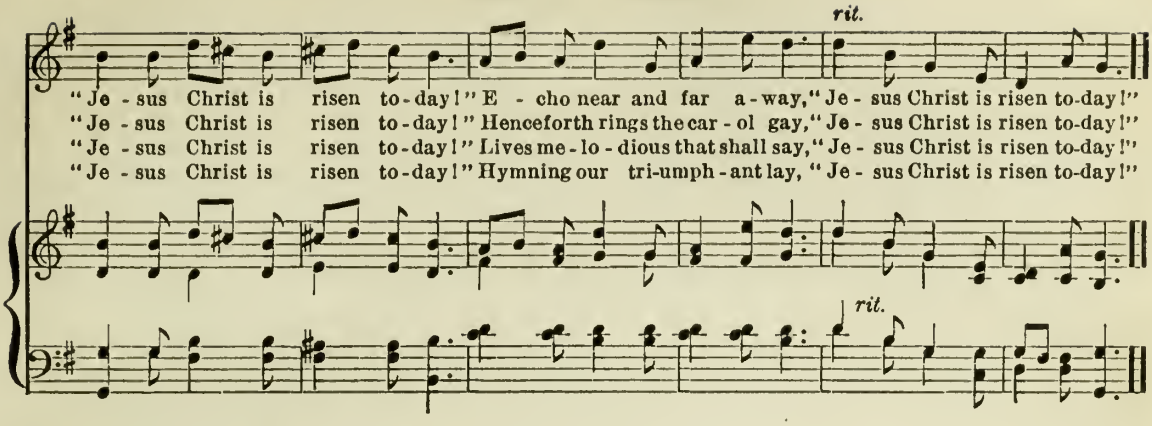
Bird and blossom.

Carol 293.

(EASTER.)

A. A. Wild.


1. Bird and blos-som, leaf and tree, Chime and choir, in glad-some key, E-cho near and far a-way,
2. Born a babe, on Calv'ry slain, Ended now the sad re-frain; Henceforth sing the car-ol gay,
3. Ris'n from death to life a-bove, Rise, then, we to lives of love; Lives me-lo-dious that shall say,
4. Helping hand and lov-ing heart, Smil-ing face with gen-tle art, Hymning one tri-umph-ant lay,


rit.
"Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" E - cho near and far a-way, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"
"Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" Henceforth rings the car - ol gay, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"
"Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" Lives me - lo - dious that shall say, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"
"Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" Hymning our tri-umph - ant lay, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"
rit.

Easter flowers are blooming bright.

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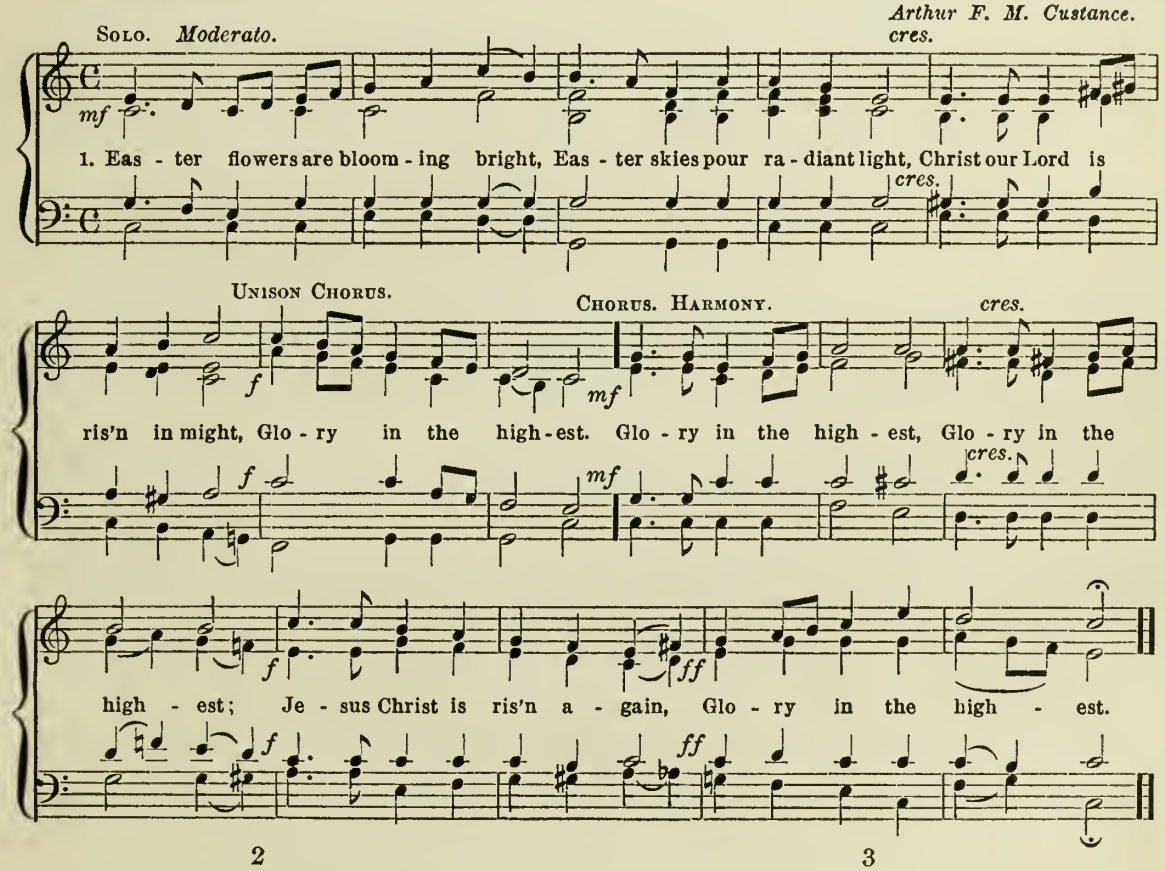
Carol 294.

Arthur F. M. Custance.


Solo. Moderato.
cres.
mf
1. Eas - ter flowers are bloom - ing bright, Eas - ter skies pour ra - diant light, Christ our Lord is
cres.
Unison Chorus.
Chorus. Harmony.
cres.
f
mf
ris'n in might, Glo - ry in the high-est. Glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry in the
cres.
f
mf
f
ff
high - est; Je - sus Christ is ris'n a - gain, Glo - ry in the high - est.
f
ff

2

Angels carolled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away:
Glory in the highest.

3

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

4

As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offer homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.

By the thorny way of sorrow.

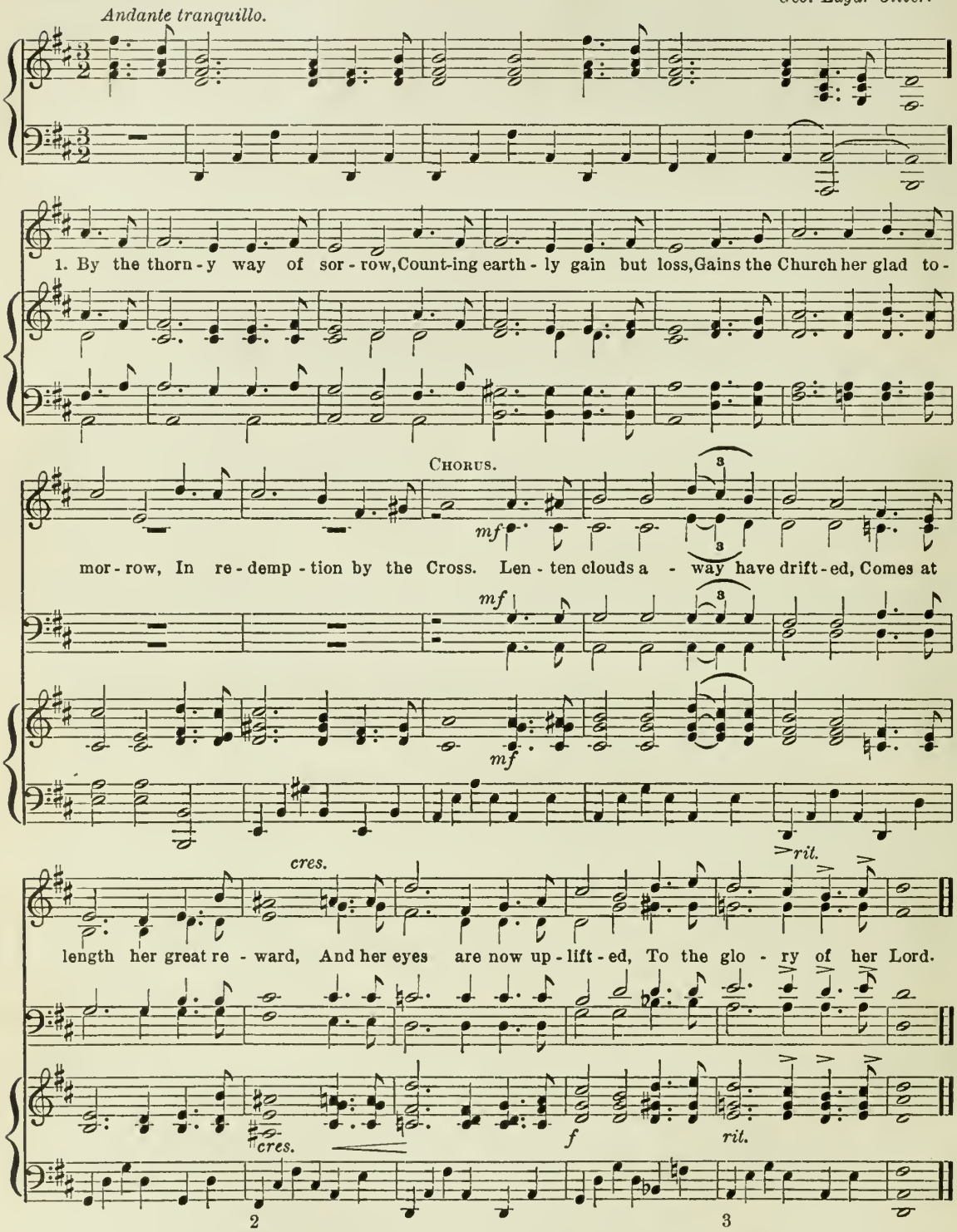
Carol 295.

(EASTER.)

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY C. L. HUTCHINS.

Geo. Edgar Oliver.

Andante tranquillo.


1. By the thorn - y way of sor - row, Count-ing earth - ly gain but loss, Gains the Church her glad to -
Chorus.
mor - row, In re - demp - tion by the Cross. Len - ten clouds a - way have drift - ed, Comes at
length her great re - ward, And her eyes are now up - lift - ed, To the glo - ry of her Lord.
mf
cres.
rit.
f

2

Alleluia! King Eternal!
Lord of life! the strife is o'er;
Thou hast quelled the powers infernal;
Throwing wide the heaven's door;
Alleluia! He has risen!
And His own, in Him shall rise;
Broken are the bars of prison;
Won the rest of Paradise.

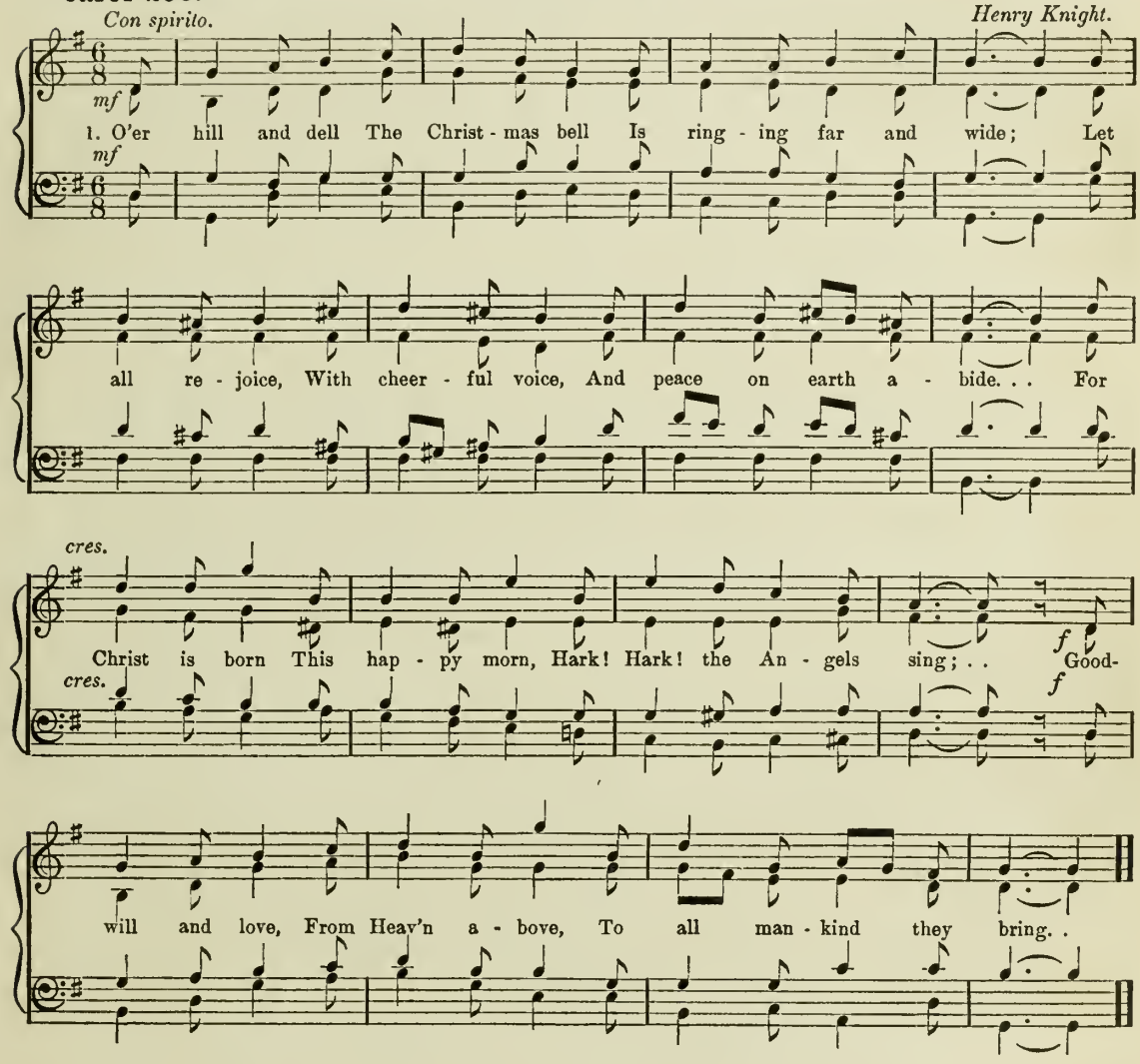
3

In His manhood, Christ victorious
Won for man o'er death the strife;
And His Godhead ever glorious
Grants the gift of endless life;
Hail! all hail! the King immortal!
Who shall with His Church abide
Till we pass through death's dark portal
To the eternal Eastertide.

O'er hill and dell the Christmas bell.

Carol 296.

Con spirito. *Henry Knight.*


mf
1. O'er hill and dell The Christ - mas bell Is ring - ing far and wide; Let
all re - joice, With cheer - ful voice, And peace on earth a - bide. . . For
cres.
Christ is born This hap - py morn, Hark! Hark! the An - gels sing; . . Good-
f
will and love, From Heav'n a - bove, To all man - kind they bring. .

2.

With holy mirth,
To greet His birth,
  Draw nigh that Infant's bed;
Be not afraid,
For He is laid
  Within a lowly shed.
There bend the knee,
For this is He,
  Of David's royal line,
Who reigns alone
From manger-throne,
  In Majesty Divine.

3.

Nowel! Nowel!
Our song shall tell
  To people yet unborn,
How Christ the King
Did gladness bring
  Upon this happy morn.
The gloom departs
From faithful hearts,
  For lo! the Lord is here.
Come one and all,
Before Him fall,
  That Blessèd Babe revere.

Parish Choir, No. 1142 — 6.

Christmas morning.

Carol 297.

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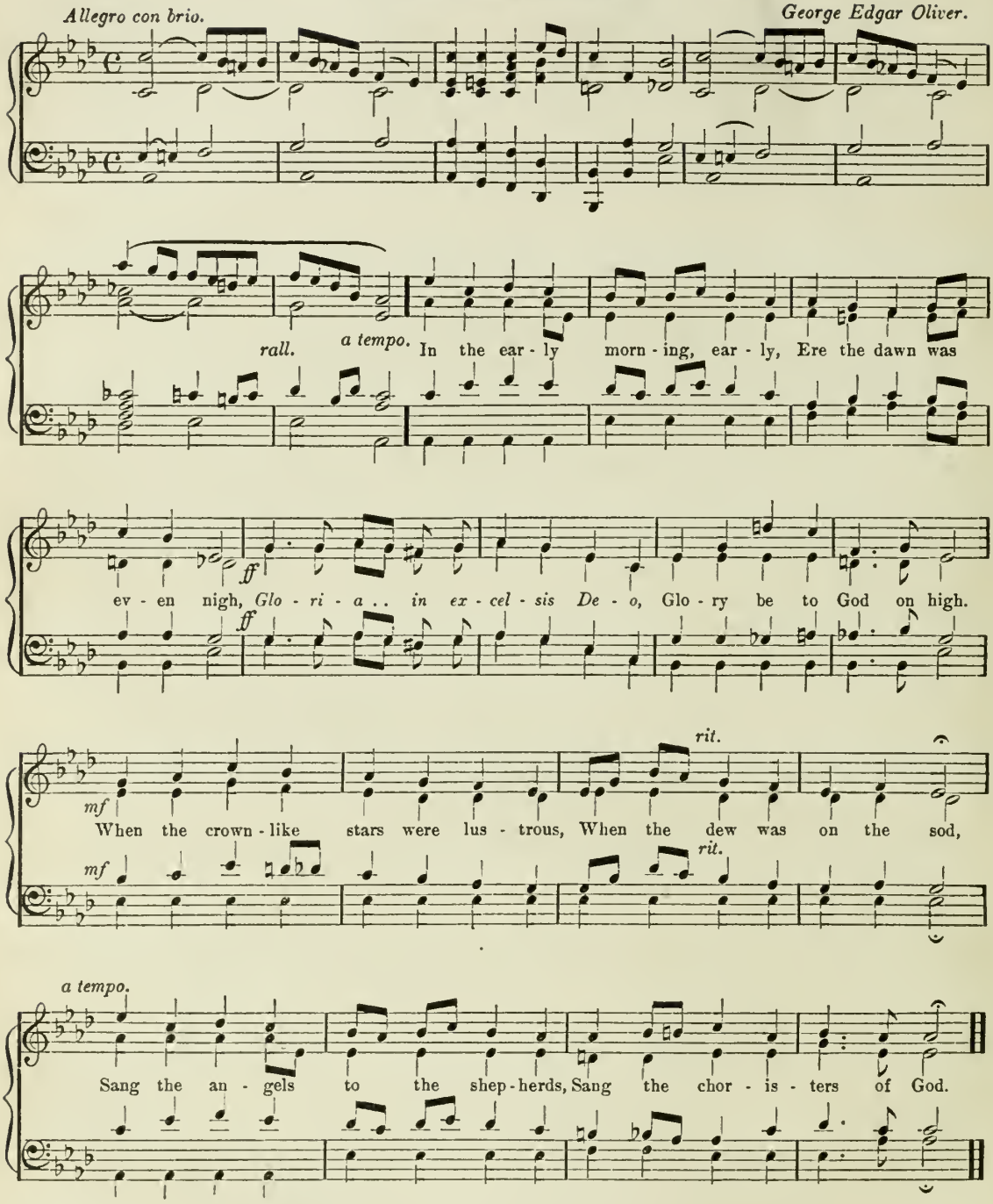

Allegro con brio.
George Edgar Oliver.
rall.
a tempo.
In the ear - ly morn - ing, ear - ly, Ere the dawn was
ff
ev - en nigh, Glo - ri - a .. in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo - ry be to God on high.
mf
When the crown - like stars were lus - trous, When the dew was on the sod,
rit.
a tempo.
Sang the an - gels to the shep - herds, Sang the chor - is - ters of God.

2.

To the humble Bethlehem shepherds,
On the first glad Christmas morn,
Sang the choir of God angelic,
"Christ, the Son of God, is born."
When the dew was white and pearly,
Flashed a light across the sky,
In the early morning, early,
"Glory be to God on high."

3.

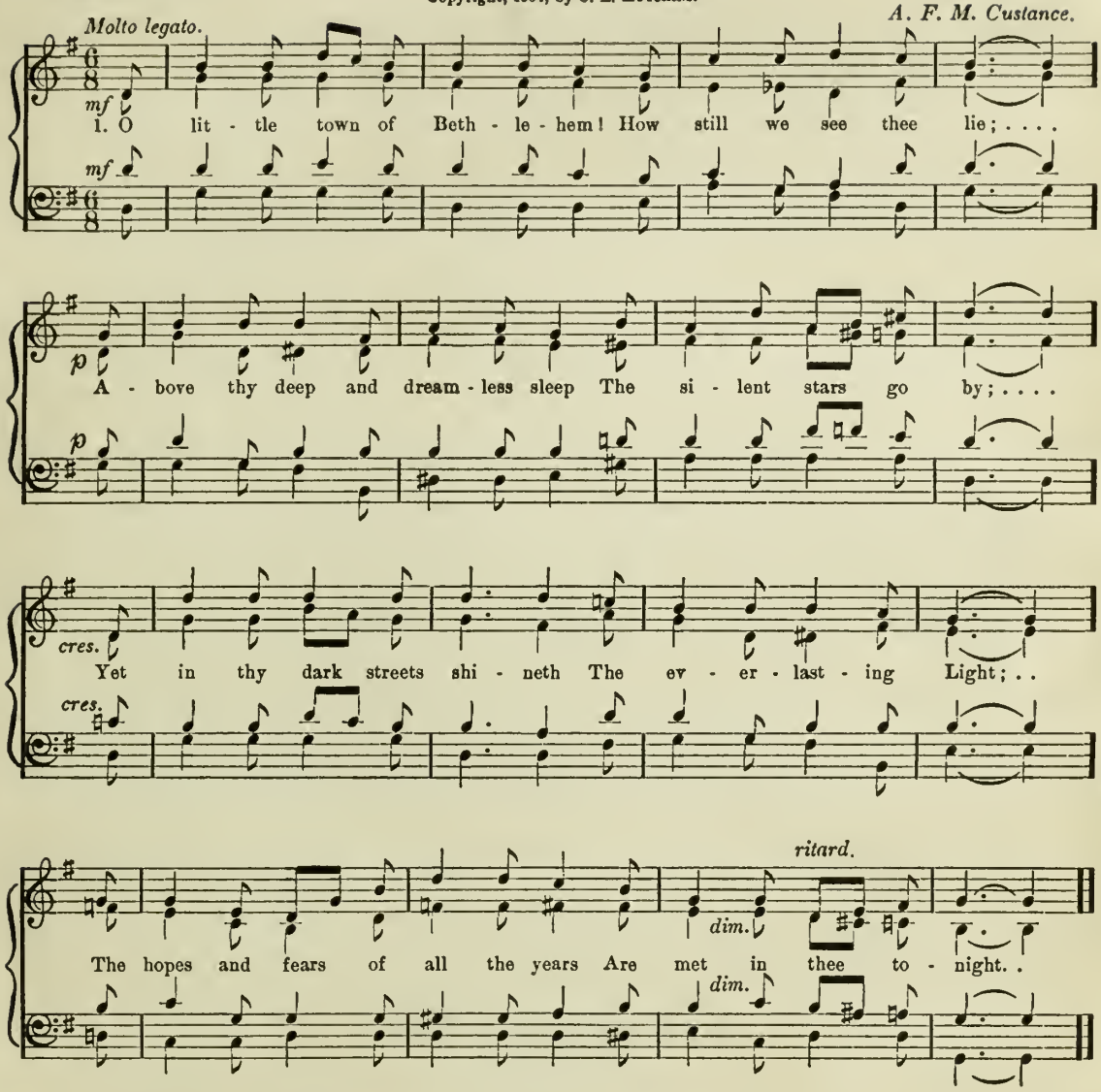
Glory in the heavens eternal,
Upon earth be glory, too,
For the day of grace hath broken,
And a King is born to you.
In the early morning, early,
"Glory be to God on high"
Rang the sonnd of angels harping
Through the stilly list'ning sky.

O little town of Bethlehem.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 298.

Copyright, 1904, by C. L. HUTCHINS.

A. F. M. Custance.

Molto legato.
mf
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie; . . . .
mf
p
A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by; . . . .
p
cres.
Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The ev - er - last - ing Light; . .
cres.
ritard.
dim.
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. .
dim.

2.

mf For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
f O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3.

mp How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4.

mf O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
f We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1880.

Wise men from Egypt's ancient land.

Carol 299.

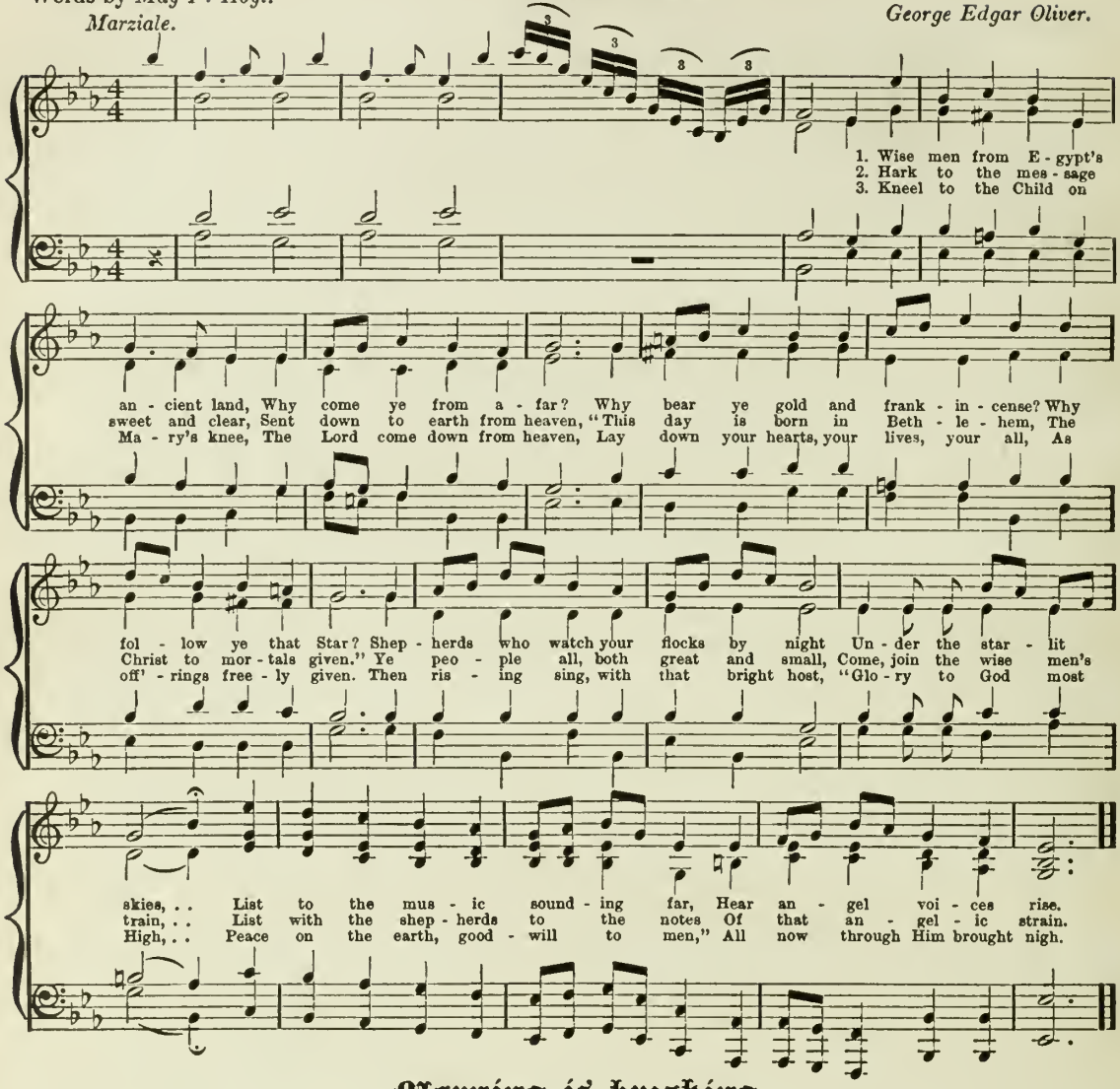
(Christmas.)

Copyright, 1904, by C. L. Hutchins.

Words by *May P. Hoyt.*

George Edgar Oliver.

Marziale.


1. Wise men from E - gypt's an - cient land, Why come ye from a - far? Why bear ye gold and frank - in - cense? Why
2. Hark to the mes - sage sweet and clear, Sent down to earth from heaven, "This day is born in Beth - le - hem, The
3. Kneel to the Child on Ma - ry's knee, The Lord come down from heaven, Lay down your hearts, your lives, your all, As
fol - low ye that Star? Shep - herds who watch your flocks by night Un - der the star - lit
Christ to mor - tals given." Ye peo - ple all, both great and small, Come, join the wise men's
off' - rings free - ly given. Then ris - ing sing, with that bright host, "Glo - ry to God most
skies, . . List to the mus - ic sound - ing far, Hear an - gel voi - ces rise.
train, . . List with the shep - herds to the notes Of that an - gel - ic strain.
High, . . Peace on the earth, good - will to men," All now through Him brought nigh.

Morning is breaking.

Carol 300.

(Christmas.)

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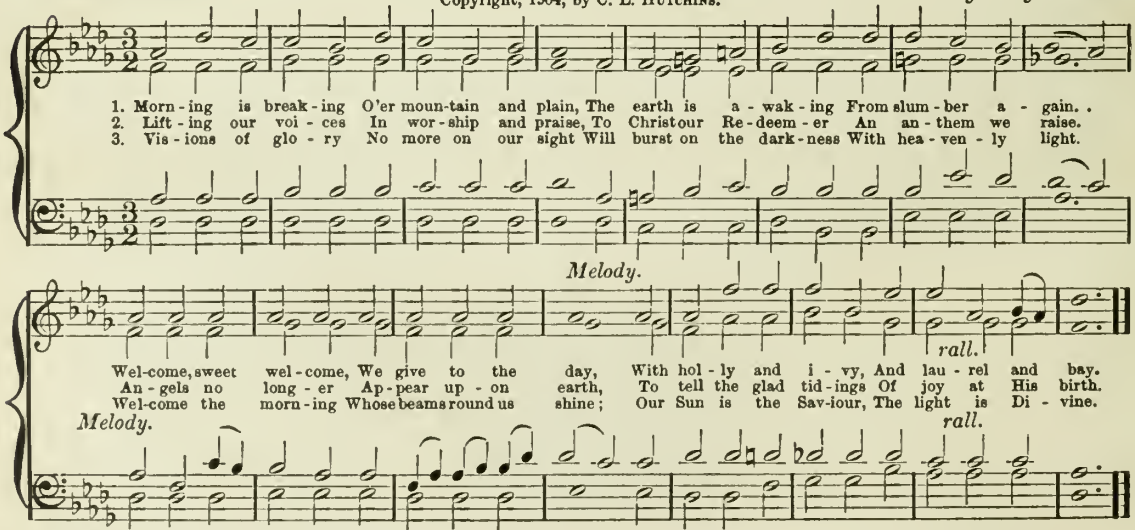
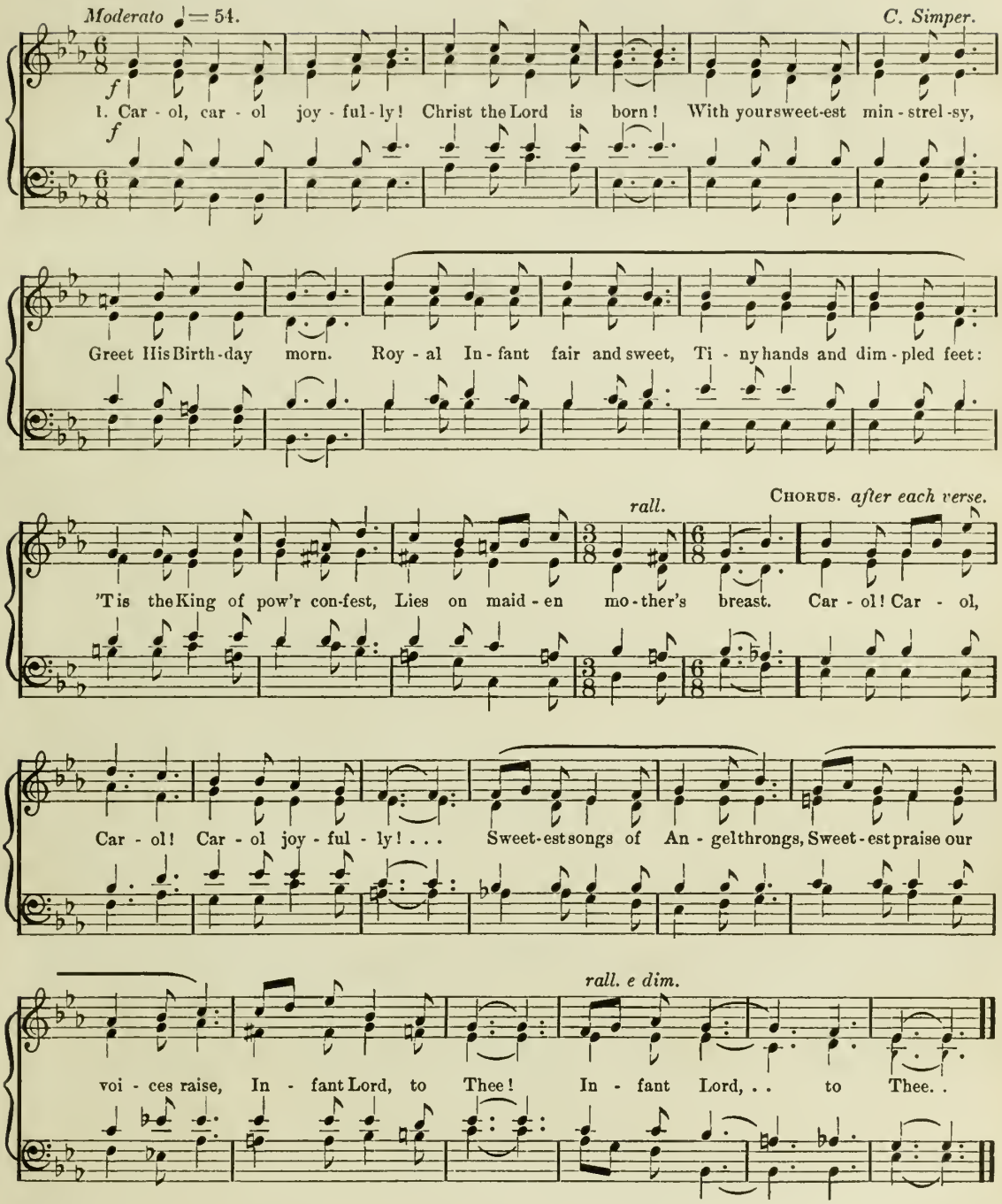
George Edgar Oliver.


1. Morn - ing is break - ing O'er moun - tain and plain, The earth is a - wak - ing From slum - ber a - gain. .
2. Lift - ing our voi - ces In wor - ship and praise, To Christ our Re - deem - er An an - them we raise.
3. Vis - ions of glo - ry No more on our sight Will burst on the dark - ness With hea - ven - ly light.
Melody.
rall.
Wel - come, sweet wel - come, We give to the day, With hol - ly and i - vy, And lau - rel and bay.
An - gels no long - er Ap - pear up - on earth, To tell the glad tid - ings Of joy at His birth.
Wel - come the morn - ing Whose beams round us shine; Our Sun is the Sav - iour, The light is Di - vine.
Melody.
rall.

Carol! carol joyfully!

Carol 301.

Words by *Amy S. Woods.* (CHRISTMAS.)


Moderato ♩= 54.
C. Simper.
f
1. Car - ol, car - ol joy - ful - ly! Christ the Lord is born! With your sweet-est min - strel - sy,
Greet His Birth-day morn. Roy - al In - fant fair and sweet, Ti - ny hands and dim - pled feet:
rall.
CHORUS. after each verse.
'T is the King of pow'r con-fest, Lies on maid - en mo - ther's breast. Car - ol! Car - ol,
Car - ol! Car - ol joy - ful - ly! . . . Sweet-est songs of An - gel throngs, Sweet - est praise our
rall. e dim.
voi - ces raise, In - fant Lord, to Thee! In - fant Lord, . . to Thee. .

2.

Carol! carol joyfully!
Herald-angels sing,
Through the starry midnight sky,
Of the new-born King.
Patient oxen round Him stand,
While the kings from Eastern land
Bring their off'rings manifold,—
Myrrh and frankincense and gold.
CHORUS.—Carol! Carol! etc.

3.

Carol! carol joyfully!
Winter's gloom is past,
Now our Sun right royally
Sheds His rays at last;
Shines with holy peace and love,
Shines with light from heav'n above,
Bringing from the Father's Throne
Power to claim and keep His own.
CHORUS.—Carol! Carol! etc.

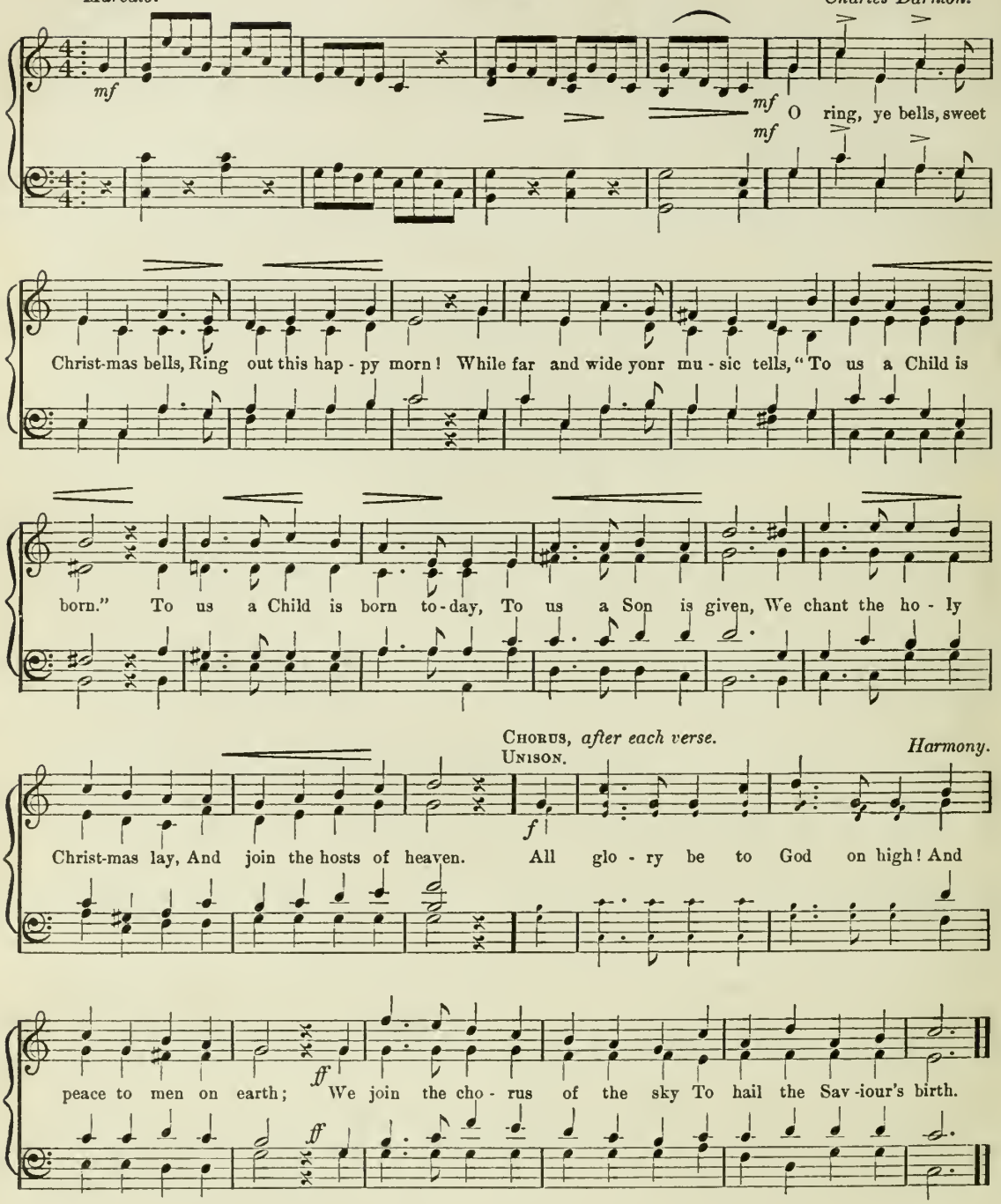
Parish Choir, No. 1142—6.

O ring ye bells.

Carol 302.

(Christmas.)

Marcato. *Charles Darnton.*


mf
mf
mf
O ring, ye bells, sweet
Christ-mas bells, Ring out this hap - py morn! While far and wide your mu - sic tells, "To us a Child is
born." To us a Child is born to-day, To us a Son is given, We chant the ho - ly
Chorus, after each verse.
Unison.
Harmony.
f
Christ-mas lay, And join the hosts of heaven. All glo - ry be to God on high! And
ff
ff
peace to men on earth; We join the cho - rus of the sky To hail the Sav-iour's birth.

2.

O ring, ye bells! for He has come
To give the nations peace,
To bring His wand'ring children home,
The prisoners to release.
He comes to give the weary rest,
To bind the broken heart,
To soothe npon His gentle breast,
And heal the mourner's smart.
Chorus: — All glory, etc.

3.

Then ring, ye bells, sweet Christmas bells,
Ring ont this happy morn!
While far and wide your music tells
The Savionr-King is born.
And He shall reign from shore to shore,
To earth's remotest bound;
All nations shall His Name adore,
And His high praises sound.
Chorus: — All glory, etc.

Parish Choir. No. 1142 — 6.

Carol 303.

All hail the gladsome Easter morn.

Con spirito. *Henry Edward Earle.*

cres.

All hail the glad - some Eas - ter morn, For which the spring-tide's flow'rs were born; Earth

wears her gay - est robes to - day, And casts her Len - ten garb a - way. Ring

cres - - cen - do.

Ring

out, ... ring clear, . . . Ring far, ... ring near, ... Oh,

out, ring out, ring clear, ring out, Ring far, ring out, ring near, ring out,

bells in stee - ples high, . Ring in the dawn of Eas - ter morn, Be - neath the Spring - tide

cres. *ril.* *a tempo.*

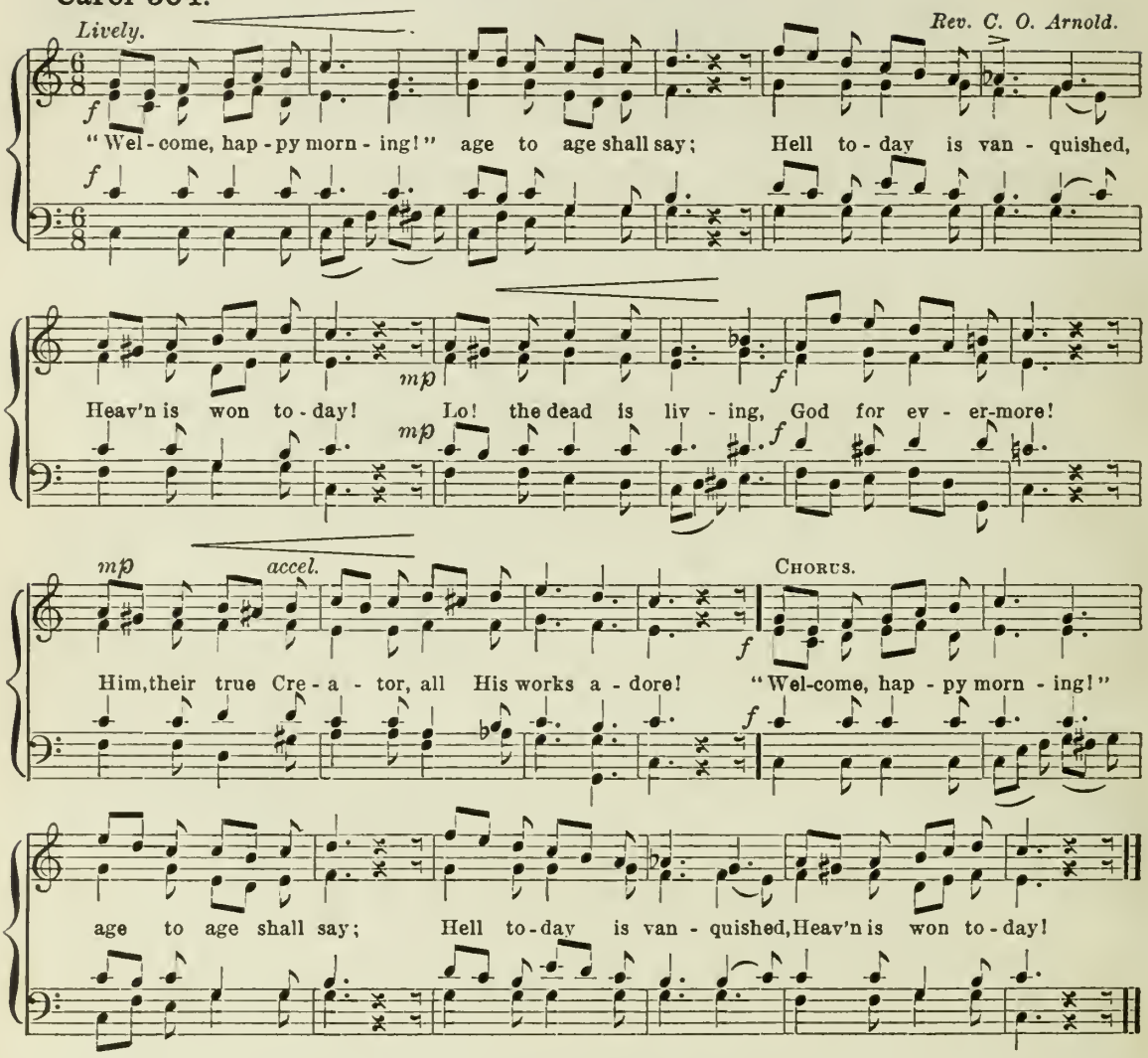
sky, . . Ring in the dawn of Eas - ter morn, Be - neath the Spring - tide sky. . .

2 Bloom, lilies, on your slender stems,
To crown the day like diadems,
And lifting up your petals white,
Make Easter altars glad and bright;
While ring so clear,
From far and near,
The bells in steeples high,
And glad hearts raise
Their song of praise
Beneath the spring-time's sky.

Welcome, happy morning.

(EASTER.)

Carol 304.


Lively.
Rev. C. O. Arnold.
"Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is van-quished,
Heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more!
accel.
Chorus.
Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore! "Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing!"
age to age shall say; Hell to-day is van-quished, Heav'n is won to-day!

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King!
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

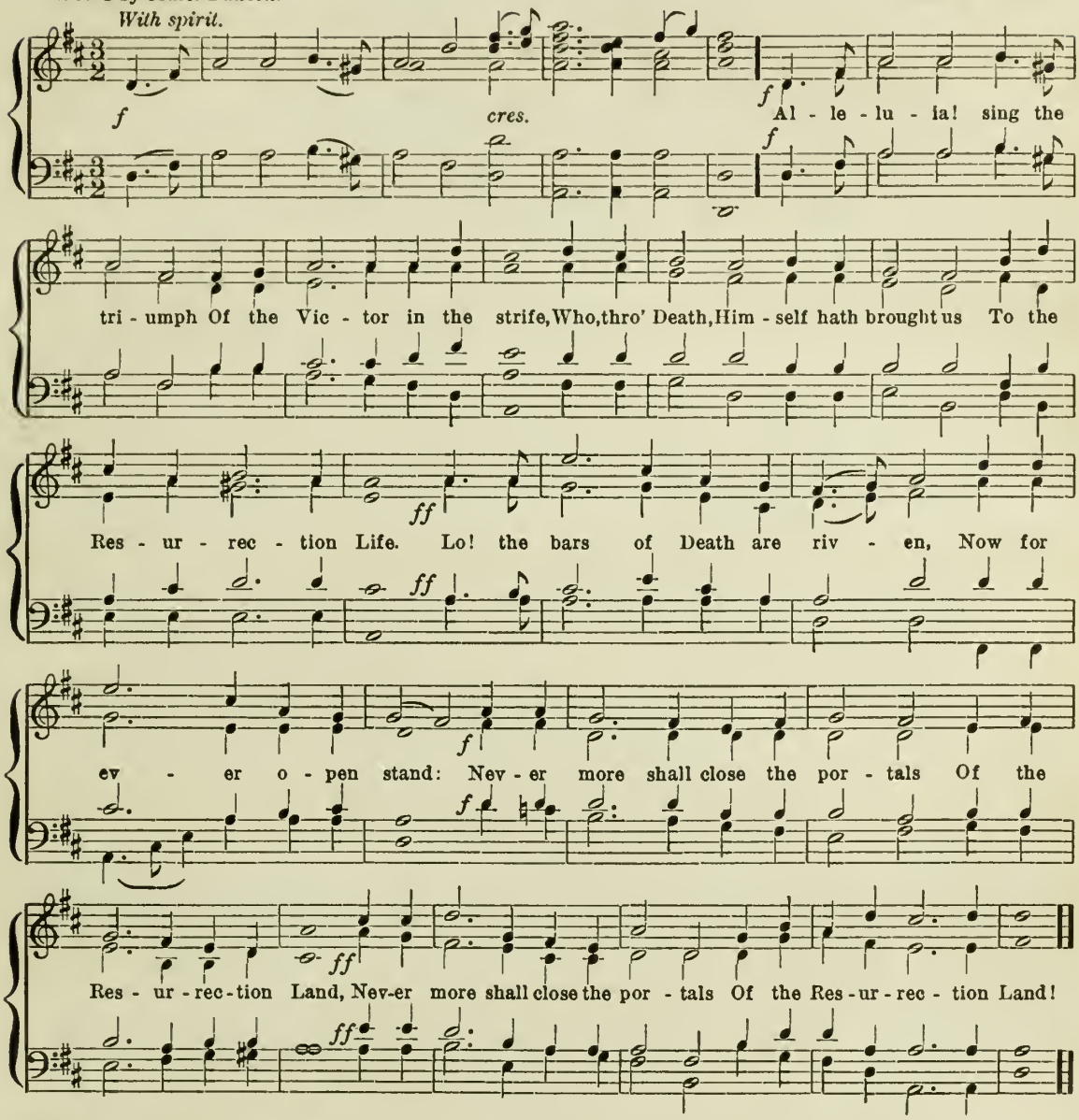
5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

Alleluia! sing the triumph.

(EASTER.)

Carol 305.

Words by *Mabel Dawson.* *Arthur H. Brown.*


With spirit.
f
cres.
f
Al - le - lu - ia! sing the
f
tri - umph Of the Vic - tor in the strife, Who, thro' Death, Him - self hath brought us To the
ff
Res - ur - rec - tion Life. Lo! the bars of Death are riv - en, Now for
ff
f
ev - er o - pen stand: Nev - er more shall close the por - tals Of the
f
ff
Res - ur - rec - tion Land, Nev-er more shall close the por - tals Of the Res - ur - rec - tion Land!
ff

2 Alleluia! lo, the darkness
Breaks in everlasting dawn,
Fled for ever in the radiance
Of the Resurrection Morn.
Now is past the night of weeping,
With the morning cometh joy;
By His glorious Resurrection
Death's fell power did Christ destroy.

3 Lo! the keys of Death are holden
By the Victor glorified;
Christ the Gates of Heaven hath opened
Unto all believers wide.
Day and night the great procession
Of the ransomed enters in;
Jesus lives! because He liveth,
Life eternal man may win.

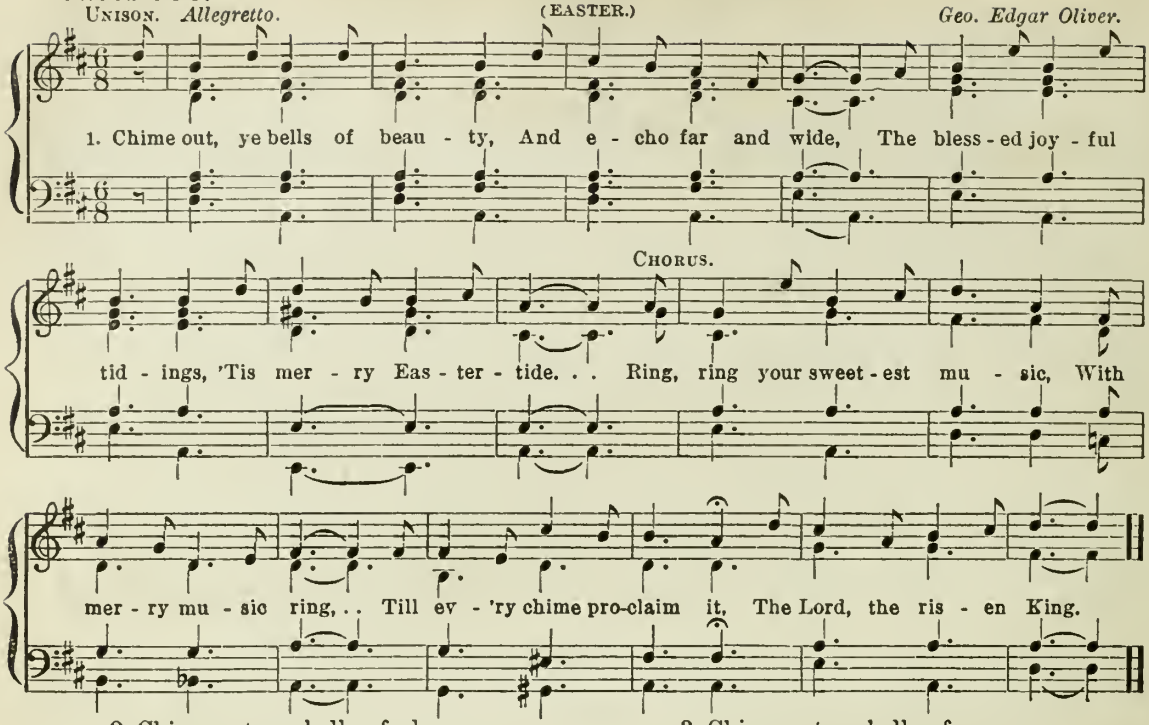
4 Alleluia! Christ is risen!
He hath triumphed gloriously:
Now, through Christ may man triumphant,
Joyful gain the victory.
Alleluia! Saviour, keep us
By Thy heavenly grace, we pray,
That we keep with Thee in Heaven
Everlasting Easter Day.

5 Alleluia! Lord, we hail Thee,
Join the chorus of the skies,
And with Angels and Archangels
Bid the Hymn of Praise arise.
Alleluia! praise and glory,
Laud, thanksgiving, honour, might,
Worship, blessing, adoration,
To the Victor Infinite.

Chime out, ye bells of beauty.

Carol 306.

UNISON. *Allegretto.* (EASTER.) *Geo. Edgar Oliver.*


1. Chime out, ye bells of beau - ty, And e - cho far and wide, The bless - ed joy - ful
CHORUS.
tid - ings, 'Tis mer - ry Eas - ter - tide. . . Ring, ring your sweet - est mu - sic, With
mer - ry mu - sic ring, . . Till ev - 'ry chime pro-claim it, The Lord, the ris - en King.

2 Chime out, ye bells of glory,
With love in ev'ry tone,
And let your joyful pealing
Ascend to yonder throne. CHO.

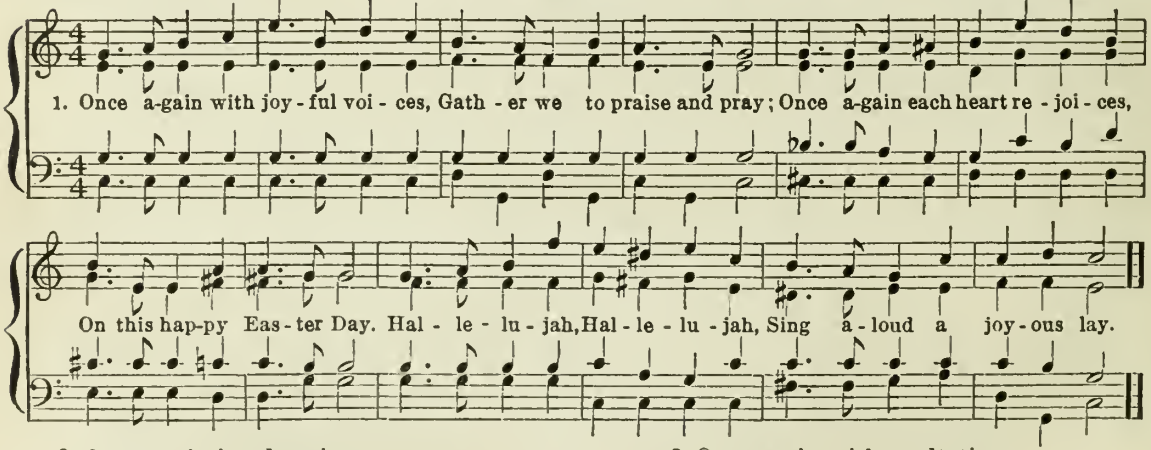
3 Chime out ye bells of mercy,
Christ lives, the Crucified,
He lives our dear Redeemer,
Proclaim it far and wide. CHO.

4 Chime out, ye bells of beauty,
And ring with pow'r to-day,
The tidings of salvation,
Till all the call obey. CHO.

Once again with joyful voices.

Carol 307.

(EASTER.) *Geo. Edgar Oliver.*


1. Once a-gain with joy - ful voi - ces, Gath - er we to praise and pray; Once a-gain each heart re - joi - ces,
On this hap-py Eas - ter Day. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing a - loud a joy - ous lay.

2 Once again in adoration,
Bow we low before the Throne;
Praise the God of our salvation,
Once declared "the great unknown."
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
He is God, and God alone.

3 Once again with exultation,
Praise the Holy Spirit too,
Who, in doubt and hesitation,
Points us to the right and true.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Everlasting praise is due.

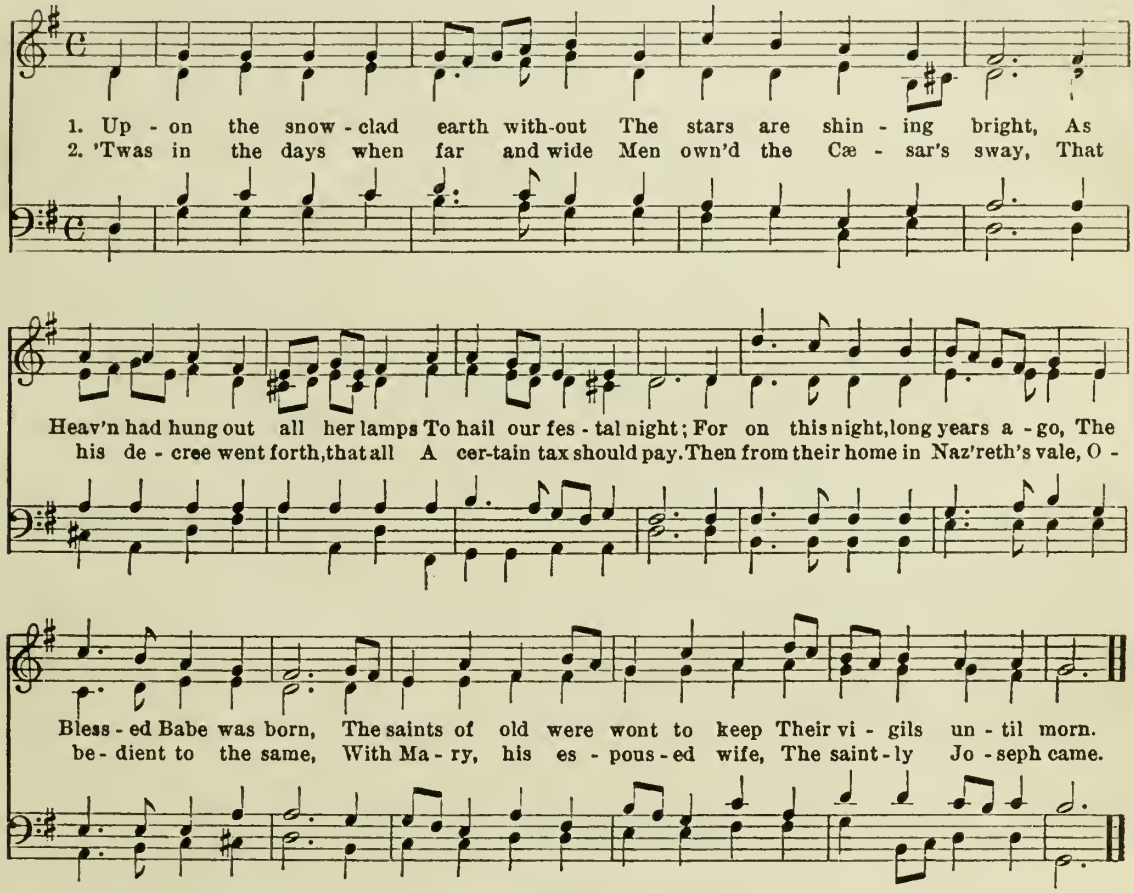
4 Hallelujah to the Father,
Hallelujah to the Son,
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Hallelujah, Three in One.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Christ is risen, and Heaven is won.

Upon the snow-clad earth.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 308.

Arthur Sullivan


1. Up - on the snow - clad earth with-out The stars are shin - ing bright, As
2. 'Twas in the days when far and wide Men own'd the Cæ - sar's sway, That
Heav'n had hung out all her lamps To hail our fes - tal night; For on this night, long years a - go, The
his de - cree went forth, that all A cer-tain tax should pay. Then from their home in Naz'reth's vale, O -
Bless - ed Babe was born, The saints of old were wont to keep Their vi - gils un - til morn.
be - dient to the same, With Ma - ry, his es - pous - ed wife, The saint - ly Jo - seph came.

3

A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around,
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
Yet blessed among women was
That holy mother-maid,
Who on that night her First-born Son
There in the manger laid.

4

The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
E'en from His very Birth,
Had not a place to lay His Head,
An outcast on the earth:
And yet we know that little Babe
Was tender to the touch,
And weak as other infants are;
He felt the cold as much.

5

In swaddling bands she wrapped Him round,
And smoothed His couch of straw,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While Eastern Sages from afar
The new-born radiance led!

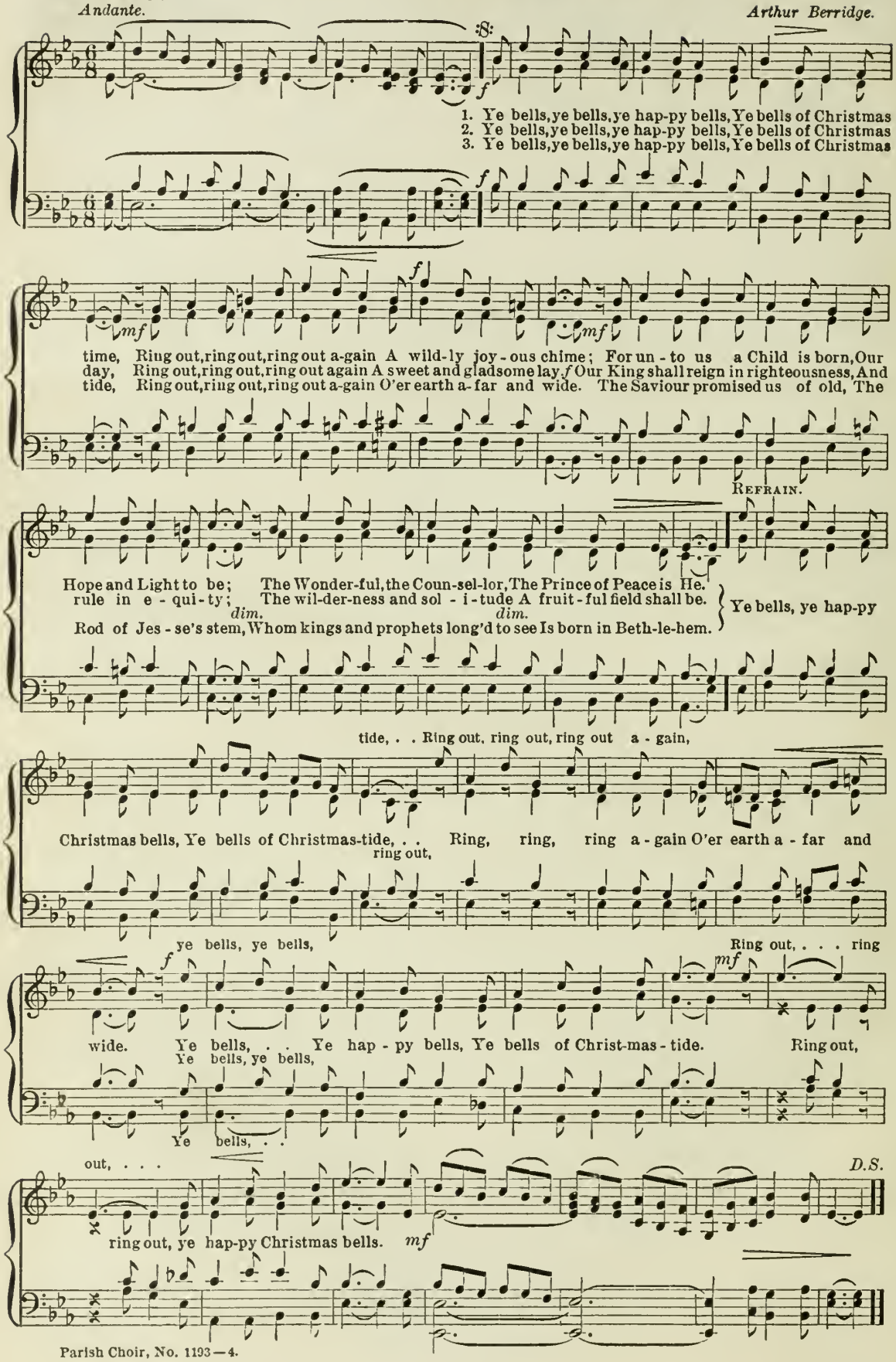
6

And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes 'round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
Because to us a Child is born
Our Brother, and our King,
Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.

Parish Choir, No. 1193—4.

Ye bells of Christmas time.

Carol 309.

Andante. *Arthur Berridge.*

1. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christmas
2. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christmas
3. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christmas
time, Ring out, ring out, ring out a-gain A wild-ly joy-ous chime; For un-to us a Child is born, Our
day, Ring out, ring out, ring out again A sweet and gladsome lay, Our King shall reign in righteousness, And
tide, Ring out, ring out, ring out a-gain O'er earth a-far and wide. The Saviour promised us of old, The
REFRAIN.
Hope and Light to be; The Wonder-ful, the Coun-sel-lor, The Prince of Peace is He.
rule in e-qui-ty; The wil-der-ness and sol-i-tude A fruit-ful field shall be.
Rod of Jes-se's stem, Whom kings and prophets long'd to see Is born in Beth-le-hem.
Ye bells, ye hap-py
tide, . . Ring out, ring out, ring out a-gain,
Christmas bells, Ye bells of Christmas-tide, . . Ring, ring, ring a-gain O'er earth a-far and
ring out,
ye bells, ye bells,
Ring out, . . . ring
wide. Ye bells, . . Ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christ-mas-tide. Ring out,
Ye bells, ye bells,
Ye bells, . .
out, . . .
D.S.
ring out, ye hap-py Christmas bells.

Bethlehem land.

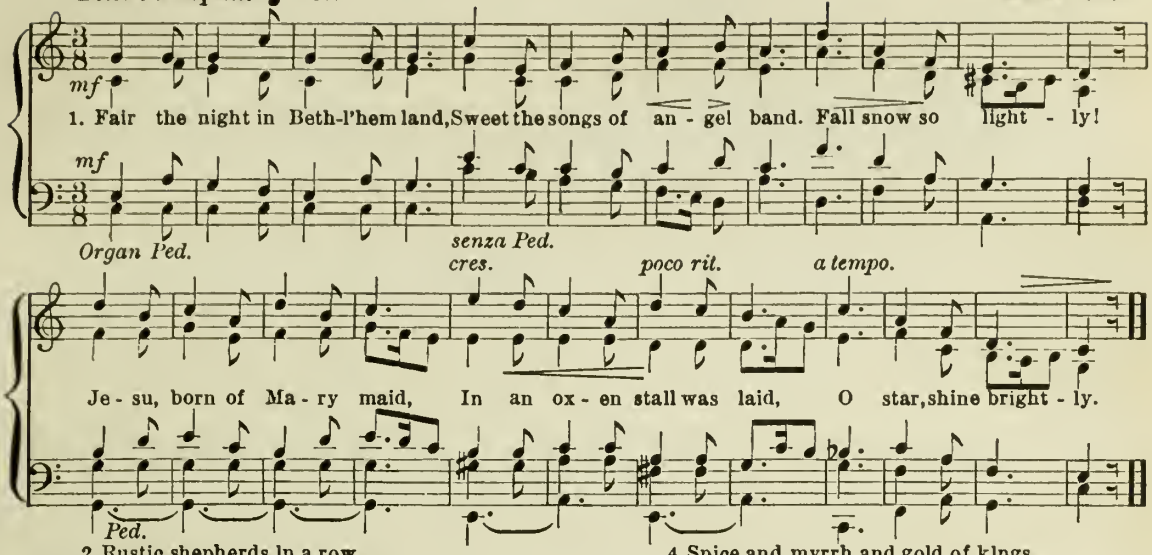
Carol 310.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. C. W. Stubbs.*

Dolce e tranquillo. ♩ = 60.

T. Tertius Noble.


mf
1. Fair the night in Beth-l'hem land, Sweet the songs of an - gel band. Fall snow so light - ly!
mf
Organ Ped.
senza Ped.
cres.
poco rit.
a tempo.
Je - su, born of Ma - ry maid, In an ox - en stall was laid, O star, shine bright - ly.
Ped.

2 Rustic shepherds in a row
Knelt beside the cradle low.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
Told of all the magic song
They had heard their sheep among,
O star, shine brightly!

3 Three men rode from out the wild,
Came to greet the Christmas child.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar,
Magian pilgrims from afar.
O star, shine brightly!

4 Spice and myrrh and gold of kings,
Offerings rare of far-brought things.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
Gold for joy and myrrh for pain,
Frankincense for altar's fane.
O star, shine brightly!

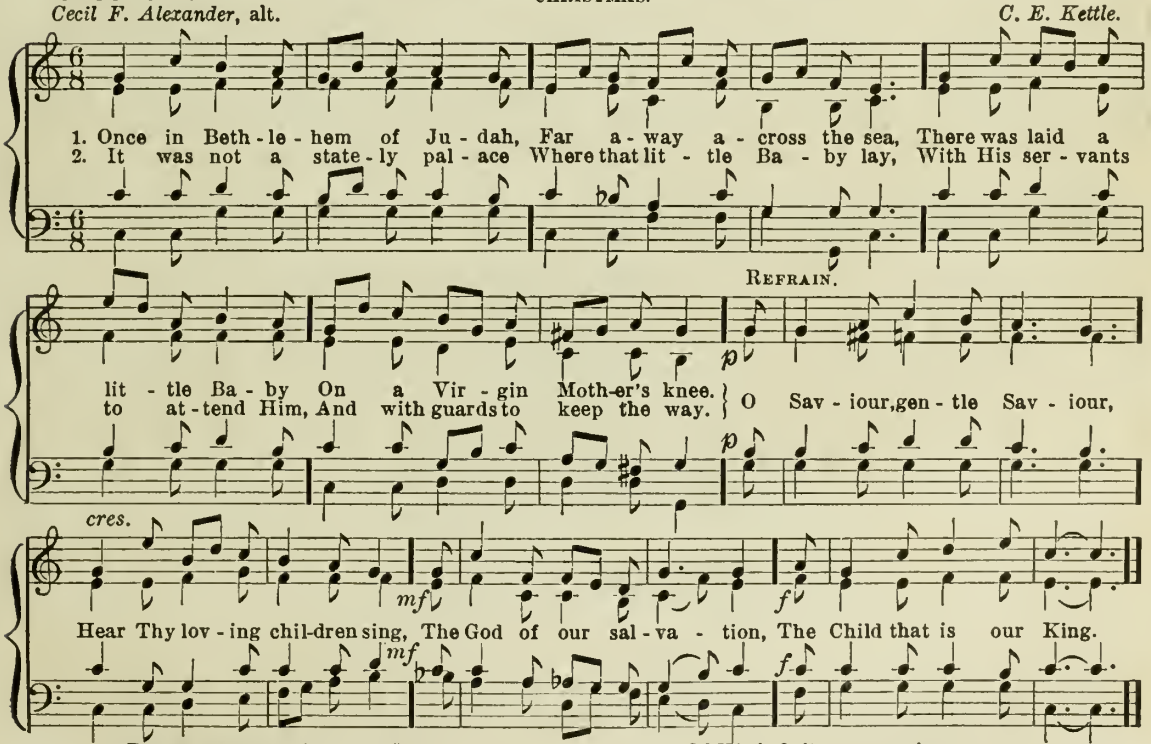
5 Nowell, Nowell, sing we then,
Jesu saves the souls of men.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
So joy comes from God above
To all those who Christmas love.
O star, shine brightly!

Once in Bethlehem of Judah.

Carol 311.

CHRISTMAS.

Cecil F. Alexander, alt.

C. E. Kettle.

1. Once in Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, Far a - way a - cross the sea, There was laid a
2. It was not a state - ly pal - ace Where that lit - tle Ba - by lay, With His ser - vants
Refrain.
lit - tle Ba - by On a Vir - gin Moth-er's knee.
to at - tend Him, And with guards to keep the way.
O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour,
cres.
mf
f
Hear Thy lov - ing chil-dren sing, The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King.
mf
f

3 But the oxen stood around Him,
In a stable low and dim;
In the world He had created
There was not a room for Him.— Ref.

4 For He left His Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature,
In the greatness of His love.— Ref.

5 Of His infinite compassion
He can feel our want and woe;
For He suffered, He was tempted,
When He lived our life below.— Ref.

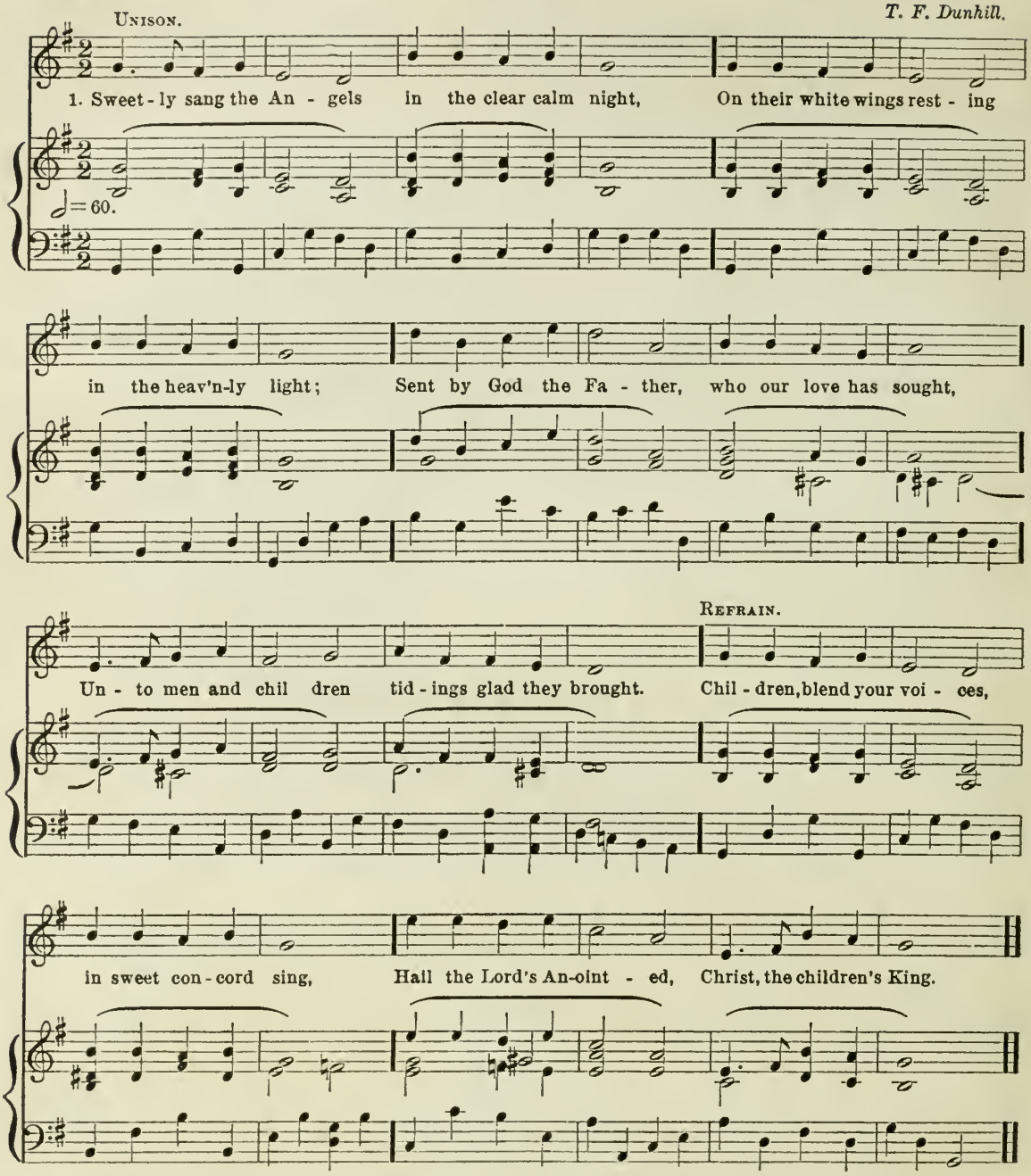
6 Still He stands and pleads in heaven,
For us weak and sin-defiled;
God, who is a man for ever,
Jesus, who was once a child.— Ref.

Sweetly sang the Angels.

Carol 312.

CHRISTMAS.

T. F. Dunhill.


Unison.
1. Sweet - ly sang the An - gels in the clear calm night, On their white wings rest - ing
♩= 60.
in the heav'n-ly light; Sent by God the Fa - ther, who our love has sought,
Refrain.
Un - to men and chil dren tid - ings glad they brought. Chil - dren, blend your voi - ces,
in sweet con - cord sing, Hail the Lord's An-oint - ed, Christ, the children's King.

2 To the gentle shepherds it was first revealed,
Watching 'mid the darkness in the open field,
That in David's city, on that holy morn,
In a lowly stable, Christ, our King, was born.
Children, blend your voices, etc.

3 Gladdened by the tidings, hastily they sped
To the crowded city and the manger-bed;
There they found the Saviour, with His mother mild;
Him they loved and worshipped though a lowly child.
Children, bend your voices, etc.

4 In His simple childhood, and His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy, all His words were truth; [untold,
For our sins He suffered, and through grief
All His lambs He purchased for His sacred
Children, blend your voices, etc. [fold.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle, make us like to Thee;
Loving, true, and tender, Thou wouldst have us be. [tide,
Blessings rich and holy, at this Christmas
Pour Thou out upon us, Saviour, King, and
Children, blend your voices, etc. [Guide.

Sing for joy.

EASTER.

Carol 313. *E. H. Ruel.*

Maestoso.

1. Sing for joy! Sing for
2. Round the world let it
3. Let the moun - tains re -

Trumpets.

joy! For the morn - ing has come, Far a - way flee the hosts of the night; He has
ring From the East to the West, Let the na - tions the glad-some song swell; And the
joice, Let the sea lift its voice, From the North to the South let it ring That the

con - quered the grave, He the migh - ty to save, Lift your heads, all ye gates, to the
shout shall re - sound That our Lead - er is crowned And has con-quer'd the dark - ness of
bat - tle is done, And the vic - to - ry won, Shout for joy, all ye sons of the

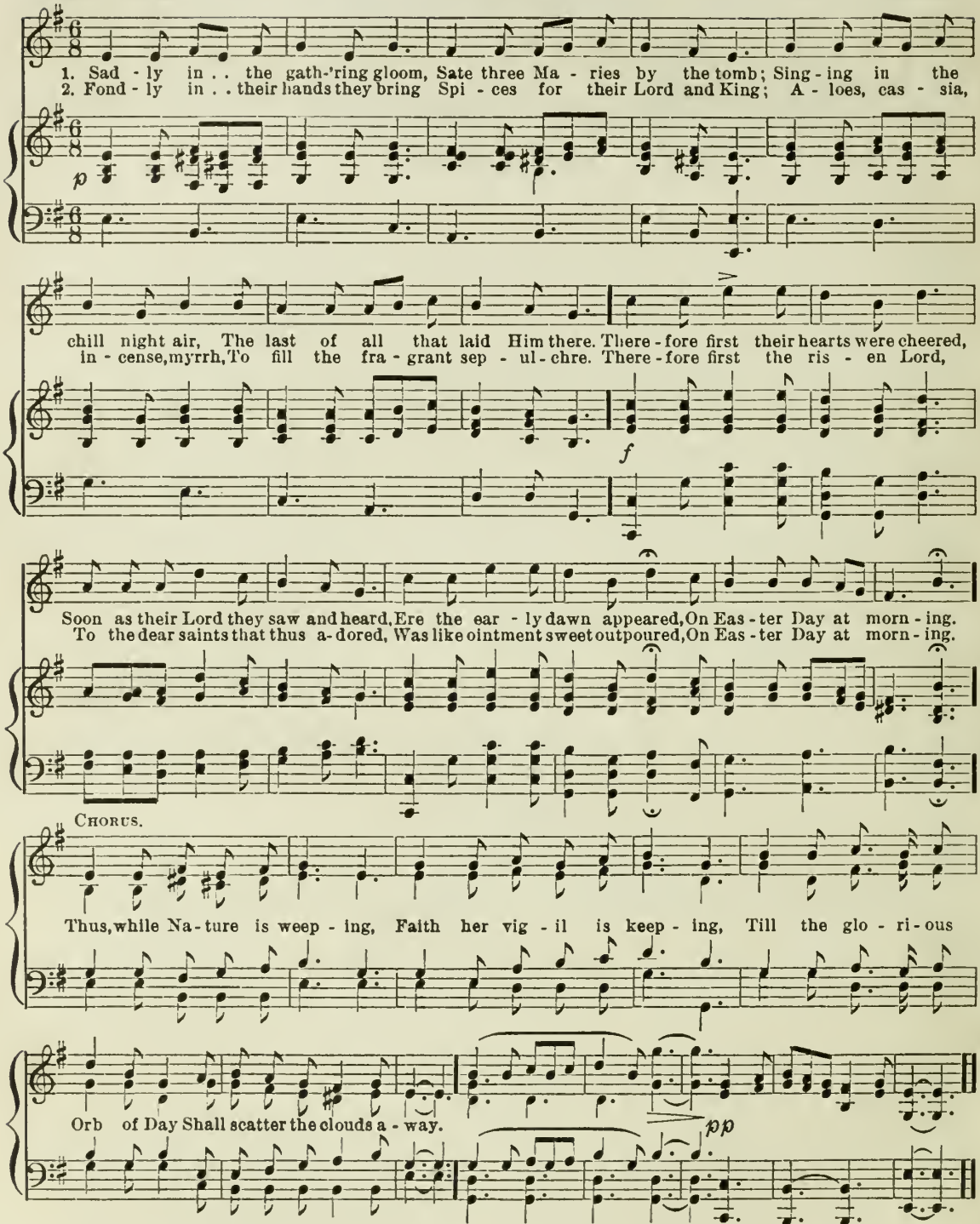
Harmony. *con forza.* *rall.*

light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lift your heads, all ye gates, to the light.
Hell. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! He has con-quer'd the dark-ness of Hell.
King. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Shout for joy, all ye sons of the King.

Sadly in the gathering gloom.

EASTER.

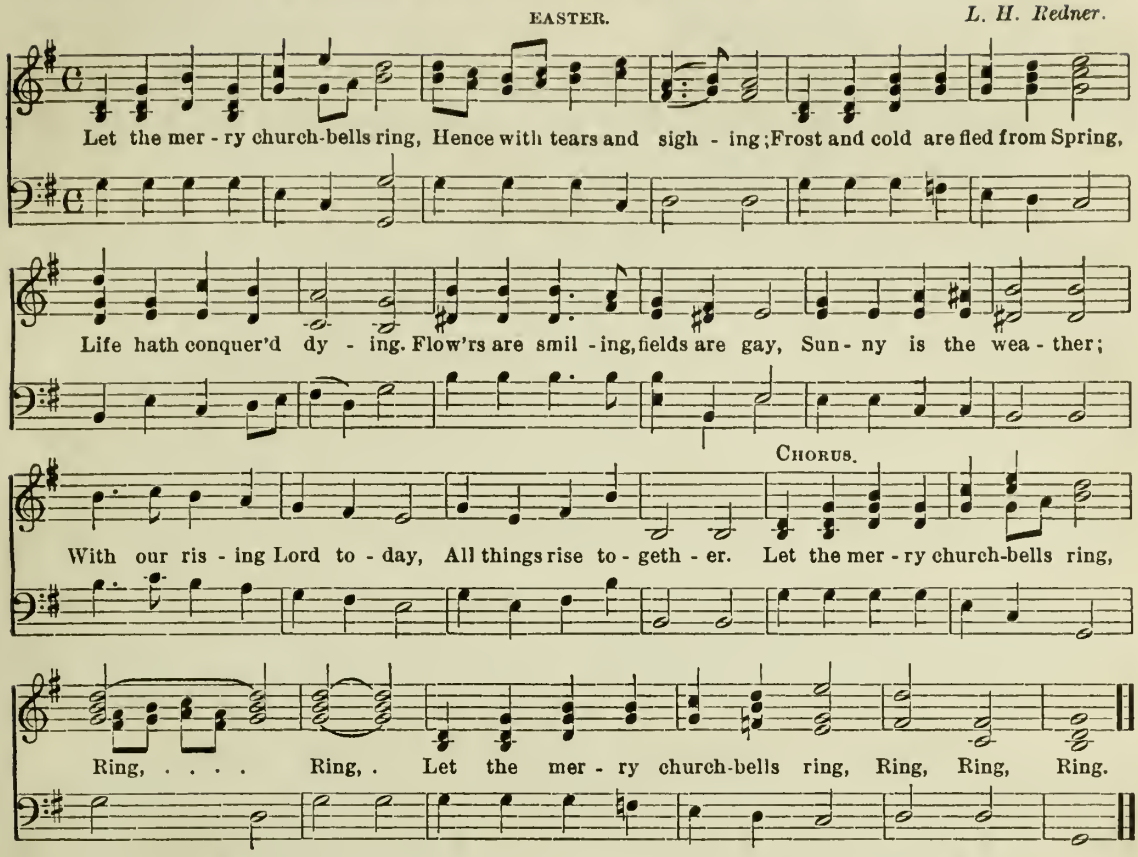
Carol 314. *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*


1. Sad - ly in . . the gath-'ring gloom, Sate three Ma - ries by the tomb; Sing - ing in the
2. Fond - ly in . . their hands they bring Spi - ces for their Lord and King; A - loes, cas - sia,
p
chill night air, The last of all that laid Him there. There - fore first their hearts were cheered,
in - cense, myrrh, To fill the fra - grant sep - ul - chre. There - fore first the ris - en Lord,
f
Soon as their Lord they saw and heard, Ere the ear - ly dawn appeared, On Eas - ter Day at morn - ing.
To the dear saints that thus a - dored, Was like ointment sweet outpoured, On Eas - ter Day at morn - ing.
Chorus.
Thus, while Na - ture is weep - ing, Faith her vig - il is keep - ing, Till the glo - ri - ous
Orb of Day Shall scatter the clouds a - way.
pp

3 Last to kiss His feet were they
When in death His body lay:—
Last to weep while they around
His limbs the linen grave-clothes wound:
First, then, they hear angels tell
How the Lord Christ, our foes to quell,
Burst the bands of Death and Hell,
On Easter Day at morning.
Cho. Thus, while, etc.

4 Love now wins a new employ;
Last in grief is first in joy;
Woman shall proclaim to men
That Jesus Christ is risen again!
We still hear that message sung,
Sweetly as when from woman's tongue,
First its thrilling raptures rung
On Easter Day at morning.
Cho. Thus, while, etc.

Carol 315. Let the merry church bells ring.

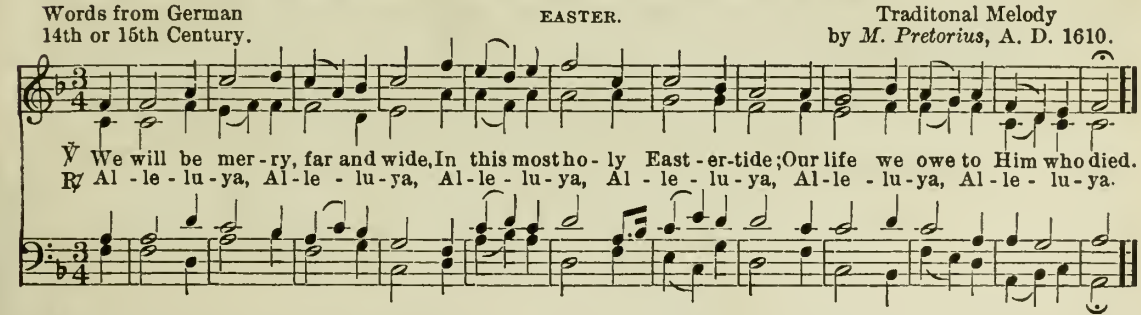
EASTER. *L. H. Redner.*

Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing; Frost and cold are fled from Spring,
Life hath conquer'd dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the wea - ther;
Chorus.
With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer - ry church-bells ring,
Ring, ... Ring, . Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, Ring, Ring, Ring.

2 Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter,
Let the merry, etc.

3 Let the thought of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth;
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit.
Let the merry, etc.

Carol 316. We will be merry, far and wide.

Words from German 14th or 15th Century. EASTER. Traditonal Melody by *M. Pretorius*, A. D. 1610.


℣ We will be mer - ry, far and wide, In this most ho - ly East - er-tide; Our life we owe to Him who died.
℟ Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

2 ℣ Now Christ is ris'n, to die no more,
Death on the Cross Who nobly bore;
Him therefore bless we evermore.
℟ Alleluya, etc.

3 ℣ The gates of death in twain He broke,
And led thereout His ransom'd folk,
Ay free from Satan's deadly yoke.
℟ Alleluya, etc.

4 ℣ Praise, honour, laud to Christ be done,
The Father's only sinless Son,
Who Paradise for man re-won.
℟ Alleluya, etc.

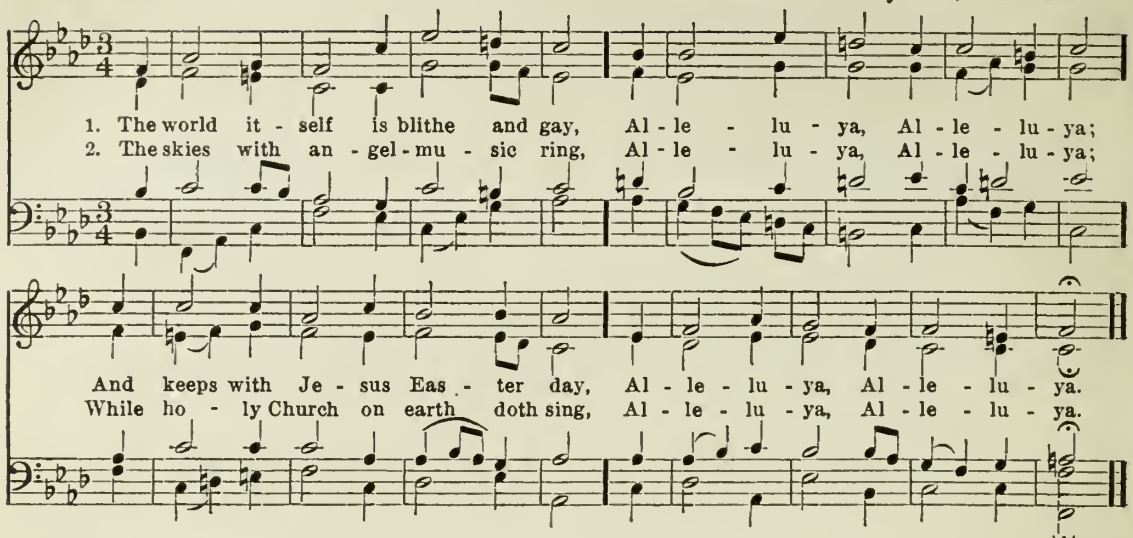
5 ℣ Good Christian people, sing for glee,
And praise the Holy Trinity,
From age to age eternally.
℟ Alleluya, etc.

The world itself is blithe and gay.

EASTER.

Carol 317.

Words and Melody from the Kölnisches Gesangbuch, 1623. Har. by *G. R. Woodward.*


1. The world it - self is blithe and gay, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya;
2. The skies with an - gel - mu - sic ring, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya;
And keeps with Je - sus Eas - ter day, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.
While ho - ly Church on earth doth sing, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

3. Our fields are decked in vernal hue, Alleluya;
The trees begin to bloom anew, Alleluya.

4. Hark! birds are singing far and near; Alleluya;
The nightingale 'tis joy to hear. Alleluya.

5 Now sunbeams daily stronger grow, Alleluya;
And lend the earth a brighter glow. Alleluya.

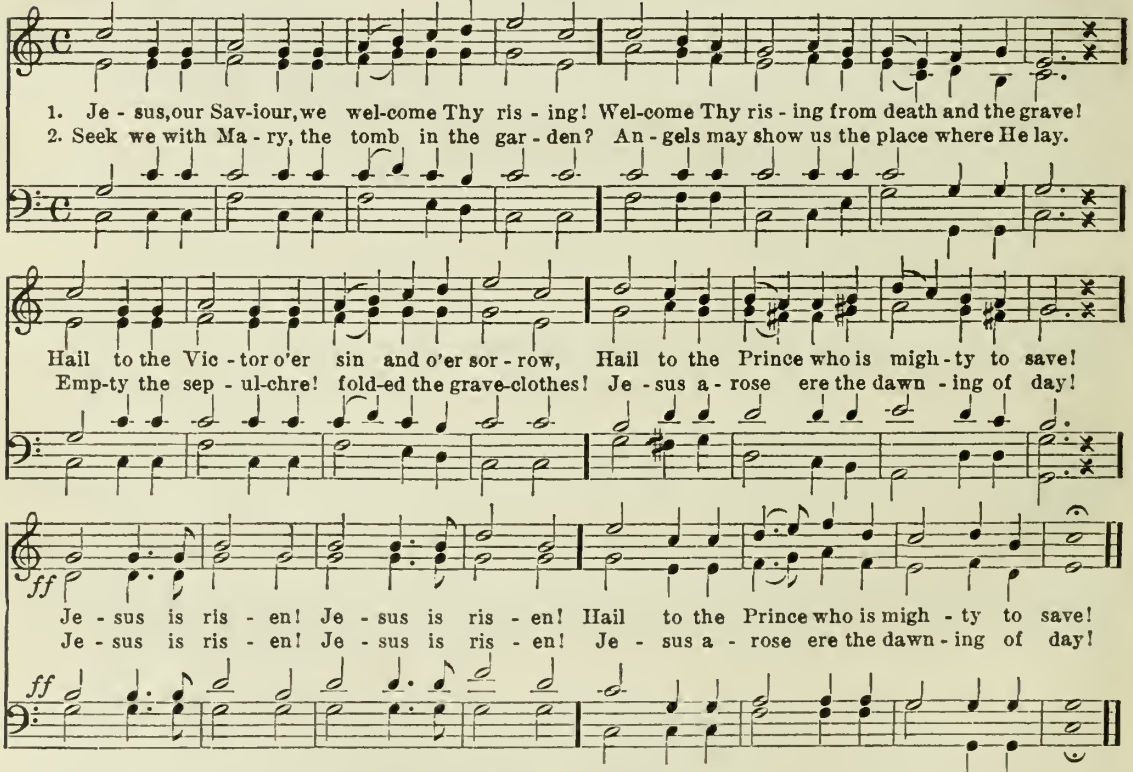
6 The world itself is blithe and gay, Alleluya;
And keep with Jesus Easter-day. Alleluya.

Jesus, our Saviour, we welcome Thy rising.

EASTER.

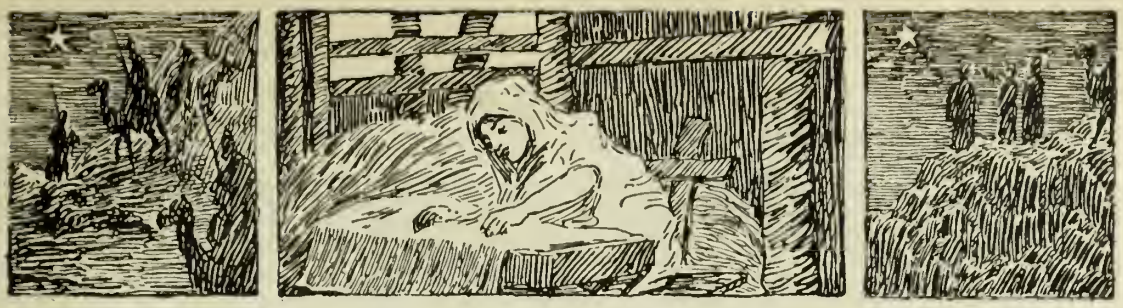
Carol 318.

S. P. Warren.


1. Je - sus, our Sav-iour, we wel-come Thy ris - ing! Wel-come Thy ris - ing from death and the grave!
2. Seek we with Ma - ry, the tomb in the gar - den? An - gels may show us the place where He lay.
Hail to the Vic - tor o'er sin and o'er sor - row, Hail to the Prince who is migh - ty to save!
Emp-ty the sep - ul-chre! fold-ed the grave-clothes! Je - sus a - rose ere the dawn - ing of day!
ff
Je - sus is ris - en! Je - sus is ris - en! Hail to the Prince who is migh - ty to save!
Je - sus is ris - en! Je - sus is ris - en! Je - sus a - rose ere the dawn - ing of day!
ff

3 Yet He is near, if we turn when He speaketh,
Calling our names, till we know it is He.
Hands might not touch Him until He ascended—
Master, Rabboni, our *hearts* cling to Thee!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Master, Rabboni, our hearts cling to Thee!

4 Welcome to Him who was dead and who liveth!
Jesus, our Saviour, alive evermore! [Him!
Bring we our treasures, and spread them before
Jesus, our Saviour, we love and adore!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Jesus, our Saviour, we love and adore!



In the hallowed manger.

Carol 319. CHRISTMAS. *Thomas Adams.*

♩. = 54. *Dolce e devoto.* *cres. poco a poco.*

1. In the hal - lowed man - ger Sleeps the Ho - ly Child, Love and light shine

from Him, Though the win - ter's wild: Earth-storms yet may gath - er, Loom-ing large and

cres.

loud, . . . Time has touch'd th' E - ter - nal, Light is in the cloud.

Maestoso e marcato. ♩ = 92.

Glo - ry to God, hark! how the wel - kin rings, And night is woo'd to mirth:

rit. e dim.

High min - strels hov - er on a-dor-ing wings, And breathe God's peace, God's peace, on earth.

2 At the hallowed manger,
Bowed in faith before
Love's divinest vision,
Simple swains adore:
Still true hearts discover
That entrancing sight,
Still the Babe of Bethlehem
Leads pure souls to light.
Glory to God, hark! etc.

3 At the hallowed manger,
In our Babe's pure birth,
Wistful hope is finding
Sanctity for earth:
For the light that reddened
Once that midnight sky,
Flames where still that Child heart
Saves humanity.
Glory to God, hark! etc.

R. E. Adderley.

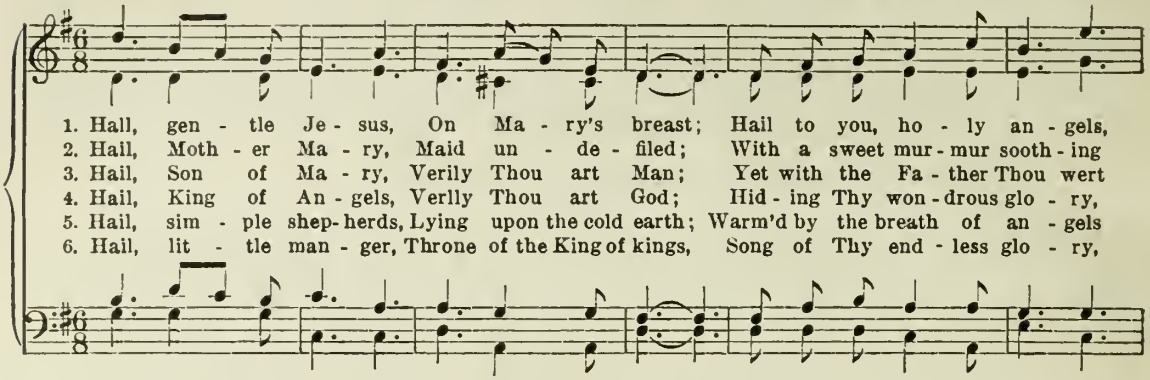
Parish Choir, No. 1246—6.

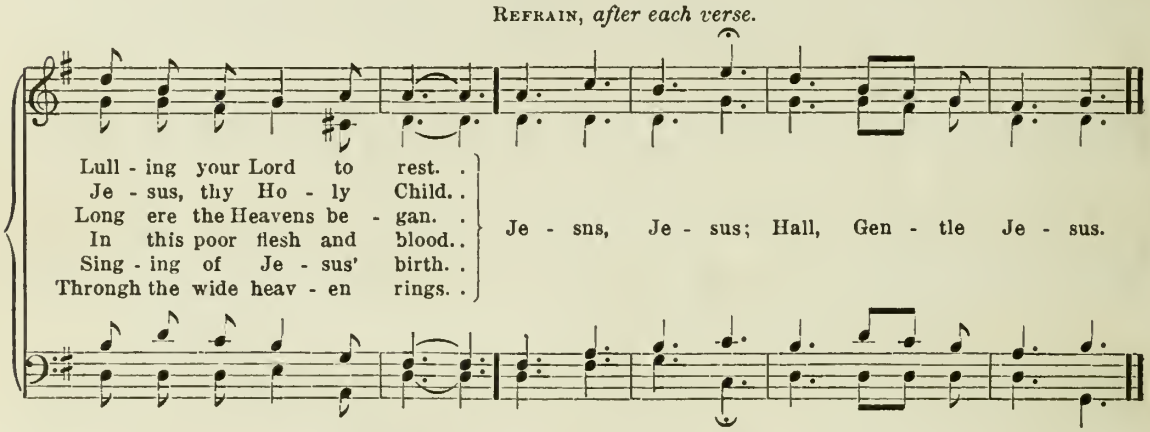
Hail, gentle Jesus.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 320.

Words and music by *J. G. A.*


1. Hail, gen - tle Je - sus, On Ma - ry's breast; Hail to you, ho - ly an - gels,
2. Hail, Moth - er Ma - ry, Maid un - de - filed; With a sweet mur - mur sooth - ing
3. Hail, Son of Ma - ry, Verily Thou art Man; Yet with the Fa - ther Thou wert
4. Hail, King of An - gels, Verlly Thou art God; Hid - ing Thy won - drous glo - ry,
5. Hail, sim - ple shep - herds, Lying upon the cold earth; Warm'd by the breath of an - gels
6. Hail, lit - tle man - ger, Throne of the King of kings, Song of Thy end - less glo - ry,

Refrain, *after each verse.*

Lull - ing your Lord to rest.
Je - sus, thy Ho - ly Child.
Long ere the Heavens be - gan.
In this poor flesh and blood.
Sing - ing of Je - sus' birth.
Throngh the wide heav - en rings.
Je - sns, Je - sus; Hall, Gen - tle Je - sus.

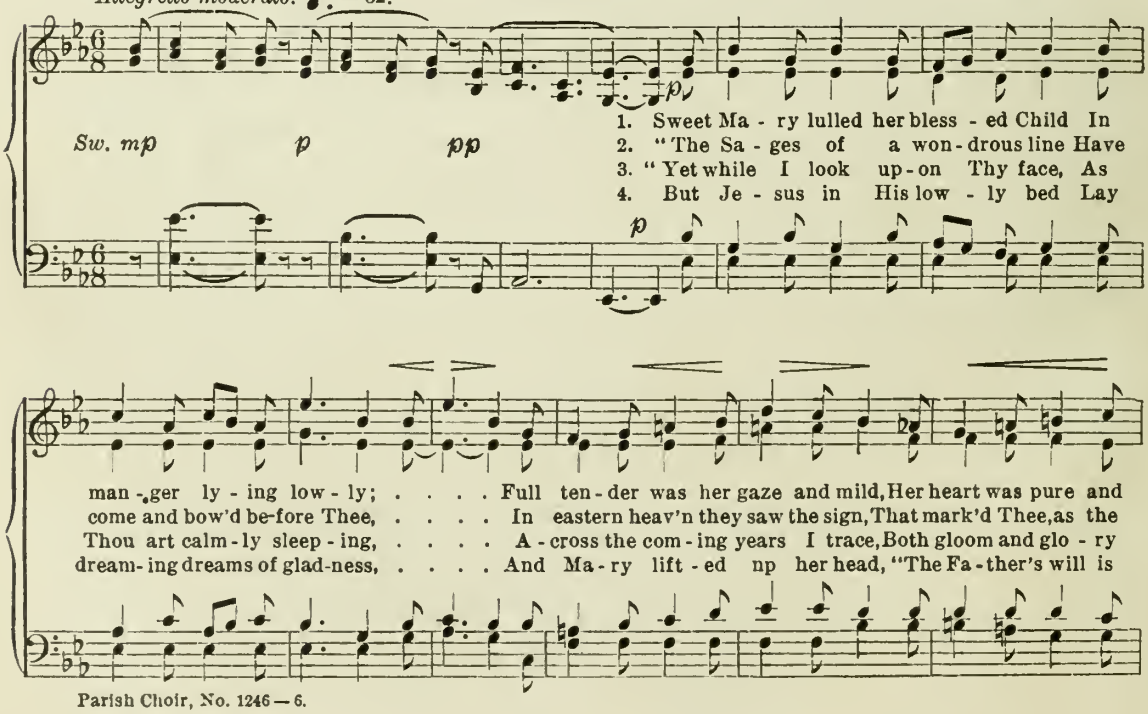
Sweet Mary lulled her blessed Child.

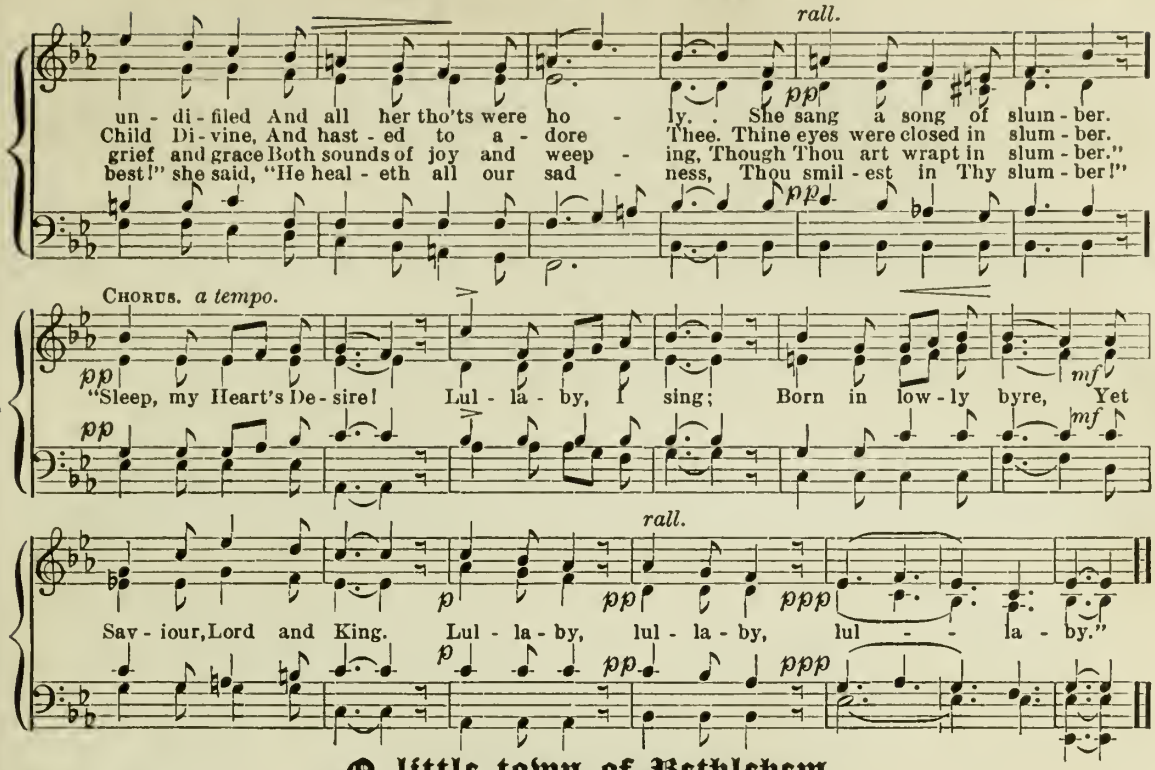
CHRISTMAS.

Carol 321.

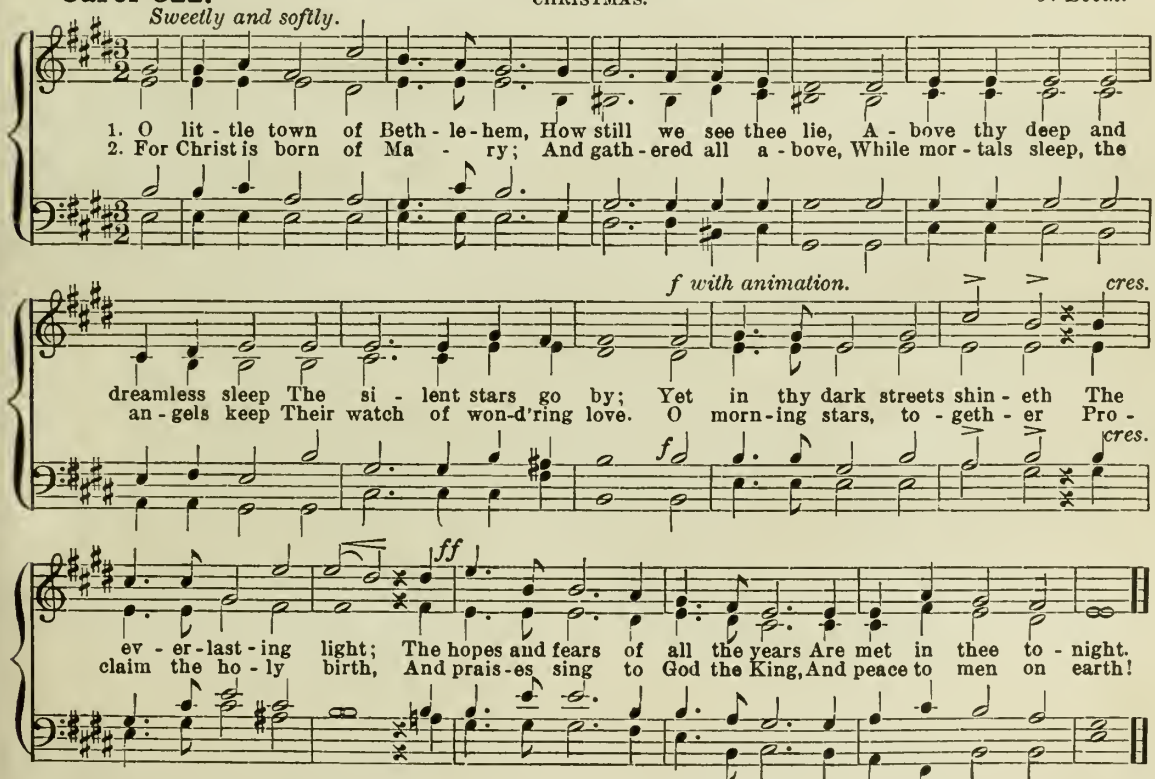
Words by *Colin Sterne.*

H. Ernest Nichol.

Allegretto moderato. ♩. = 52.

Sw. mp p pp
1. Sweet Ma - ry lulled her bless - ed Child In
2. "The Sa - ges of a won - drous line Have
3. "Yet while I look up - on Thy face, As
4. But Je - sus in His low - ly bed Lay
man - ger ly - ing low - ly; . . . . Full ten - der was her gaze and mild, Her heart was pure and
come and bow'd be - fore Thee, ... In eastern heav'n they saw the sign, That mark'd Thee, as the
Thou art calm - ly sleep - ing, ... A - cross the com - ing years I trace, Both gloom and glo - ry
dream - ing dreams of glad - ness, ... And Ma - ry lift - ed up her head, "The Fa - ther's will is


rall.
un - di - filed And all her tho'ts were ho - ly. . She sang a song of slum - ber.
Child Di - vine, And hast - ed to a - dore Thee. Thine eyes were closed in slum - ber.
grief and grace Both sounds of joy and weep - ing, Though Thou art wrapt in slum - ber."
best!" she said, "He heal - eth all our sad - ness, Thou smil - est in Thy slum - ber!"
pp
Chorus. a tempo.
"Sleep, my Heart's De - sire! Lul - la - by, I sing; Born in low - ly byre, Yet
mf
rall.
Sav - iour, Lord and King. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - - la - by."
p
ppp

O little town of Bethlehem.

Carol 322. CHRISTMAS. *J. Booth.*

Sweetly and softly.
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie, A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep, the
f with animation.
cres.
dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
ff
ev - er - last - ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!

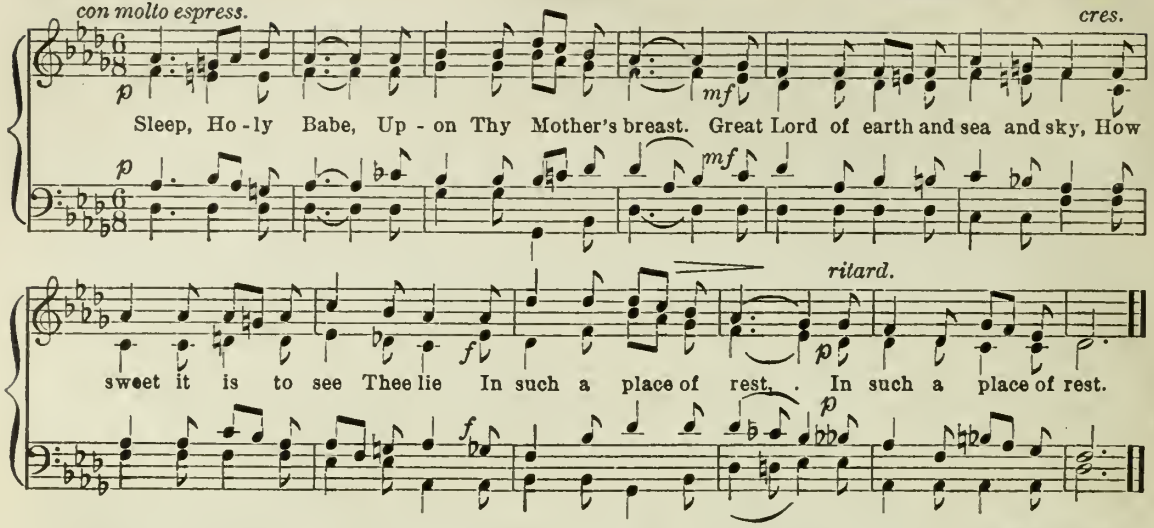
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in:
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Bishop Phillips Brooks.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 323. CHRISTMAS. *Arthur F. M. Custance.*


con molto espress.
cres.
Sleep, Ho - ly Babe, Up - on Thy Mother's breast. Great Lord of earth and sea and sky, How
ritard.
sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest, In such a place of rest.

2 Sleep! Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

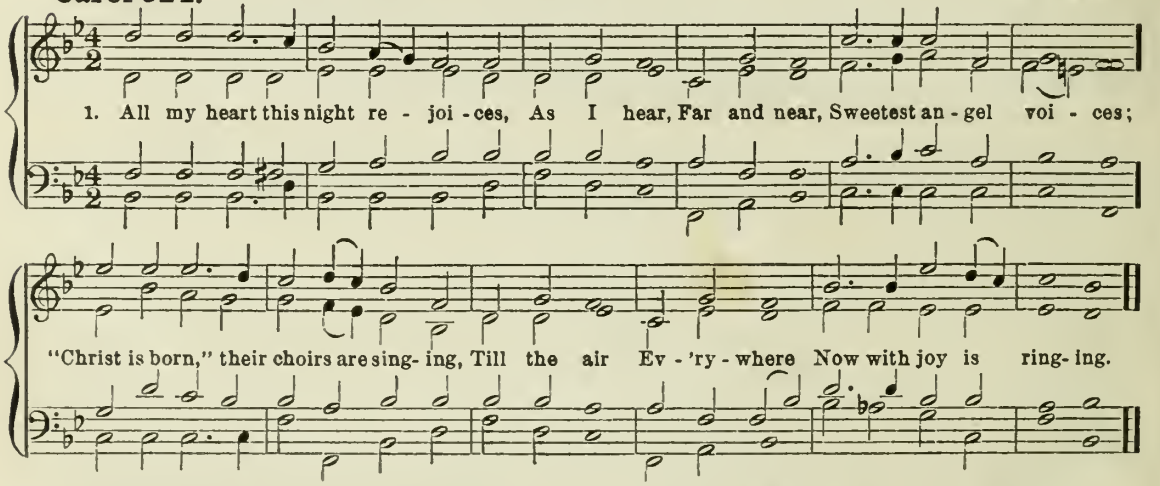
3 Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

4 Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

E. Caswell.

All my heart this night rejoices.

Carol 324. CHRISTMAS. *H. W. Parker.*


1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest an - gel voi - ces;
"Christ is born," their choirs are sing- ing, Till the air Ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring- ing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

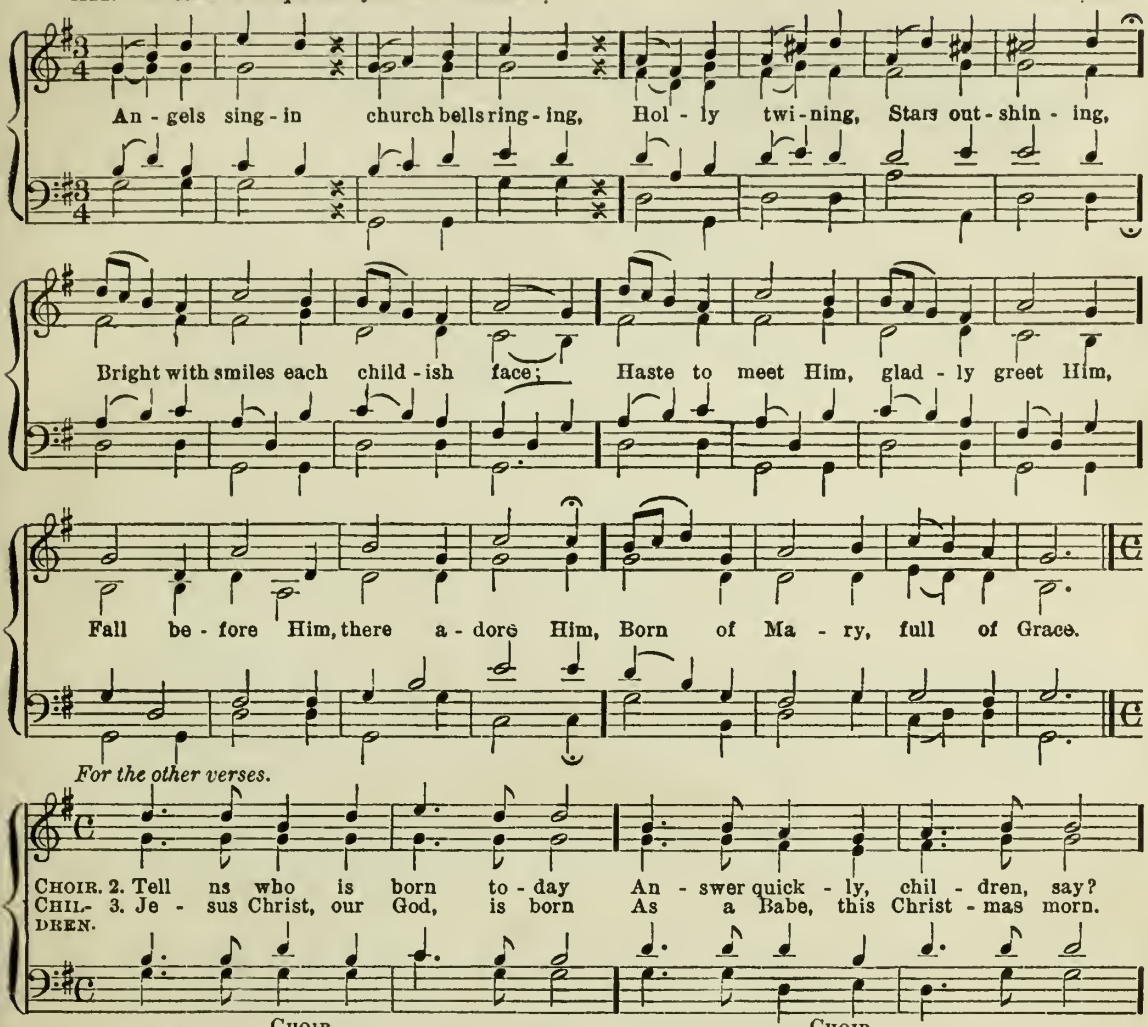
4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656; Tr. C. Winkworth.

Angels singing, church bells ringing.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 325

ALL. *1st verse and repeated after the 17th verse.* *German.*

An - gels sing - in church bells ring - ing, Hol - ly twi - ning, Stars out - shin - ing,
Bright with smiles each child - ish face; Haste to meet Him, glad - ly greet Him,
Fall be - fore Him, there a - dore Him, Born of Ma - ry, full of Grace.
For the other verses.
CHOIR. 2. Tell us who is born to - day An - swer quick - ly, chil - dren, say?
CHIL- 3. Je - sus Christ, our God, is born As a Babe, this Christ - mas morn.
DREN.

CHOIR.

4 Say who brought the tidings down,
Who has made the wonder known?

CHILDREN.

5 Thousand angels in the sky
Sang the glorious mystery.

CHOIR.

6 Say what watchers there were found
First to hear the welcome sound?

CHILDREN.

7 Shepherds in the fields to-night
Heard the song and saw the Light.

CHOIR.

8 Rested they beside the fold
When the joyful news was told?

CHILDREN.

9 Nay, with loving haste they sped
Unto Bethlehem's cattle-shed.

CHOIR.

10 Quickly say what saw they there,
Did they find the Babe so fair?

CHILDREN.

11 Yes, all sweetly on the hay,
Jesus in the manger lay.

CHOIR.

12 Was He there alone? were none
Set to guard the Blessèd One?

CHILDREN.

13 Mary rocked Him on her breast,
Joseph watched the Babe at rest.

CHOIR.

14 May we too the Babe adore,
Kneeling on the stable-floor?

CHILDREN.

15 Yes, we may adore Him thus,
For the Babe is born for us.

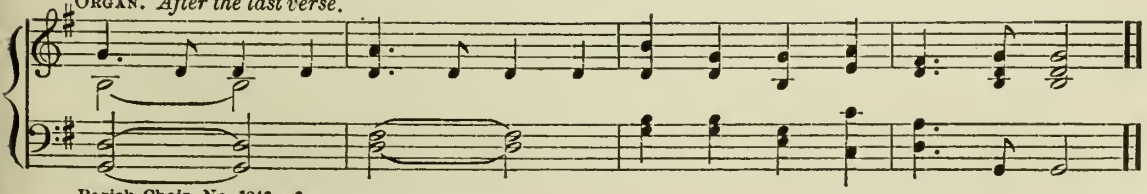
CHOIR.

16 Unto us a Son is given,
God hath made us heirs of Heav'n!
Holy Spirit, Thee we pray,
Draw us hither day by day.

CHILDREN.

17 Jesus! to Thy manger bed
May Thy children all be led;
There the Infant Saviour see,
Love and praise and worship Thee.

ORGAN. *After the last verse.*



Carol 326. Ring out, ye wild and merry bells.

C. Maitland.

mf

1. Ring out, ye wild and mer - ry bells, Ring out the old, old sto - ry, That first was told by
2. Ring out, ye sil - v'ry bells, ring out, Ring out your ex - ul - ta - tion; That God with man is
3. Ring out, ye bra - zen bells, ring out, With tones of great re - joic - ing, At-tune Re-demp-tion's
4. Ring out, ye mel-low'd bells, ring out, O joy! all joys ex - cel - ling, A joy for na - tions

p *a little slower.* *ff*

an - gel tongues, From out the realms of glo - ry. Peace on earth was their sweet song, Glo - ry in the
rec - on - ciled, Go tell it to the na - tions. Therefore let us all to - day, Glo - ry in the
hymn of praise, And songs of peace be voi - cing. Tho' the sound of strife may roar, Glo - ry in the
far and wide, For - ev - er-more be tell - ing. Love di-vine to all He brings, Glo - ry in the

ff *ff*

ff CHORUS. *a tempo.*

high - est! Echo-ing all the hills a-way, Glo - ry in the highest.
high - est! Ban - ish sor - row far a-way, Glo - ry in the highest!
high - est! Peace shall reign from shore to shore, Glo - ry in the highest!
high - est! Peace and heal - ing in His wings, Glo - ry in the highest!
} Ring, sweet bells, ring ev-er-more,

rit.

Peal from ev - 'ry stee - ple, Christ the Lord shall be our God, And we shall be His peo - ple.

Carol 327. The Shepherds were watching.

E. W. S. Watson.

With spirit. *cres.*

mp 1. The shepherds were watch-ing Their flocks in the night, When pearl-y wings scattered The darkness with light.
mf 2. We, too, with the an - gels Would sing of His love, Who for our sal - va - tion Came down from a-bove.
mf 3. We, too, with the Ma - gi, Would rest at His feet, Our cost-li - est treasures Most fair and most meet.
p 4. O, hear us, dear Sav-iour, O grant us Thy grace, And shed on our darkness The light of Thy face.

REFRAIN *after each verse.*

mf *f* *mf*

O an-gels of glo - ry, Come, sing once a-gain, That wonder-ful sto - ry, Good will unto men. O

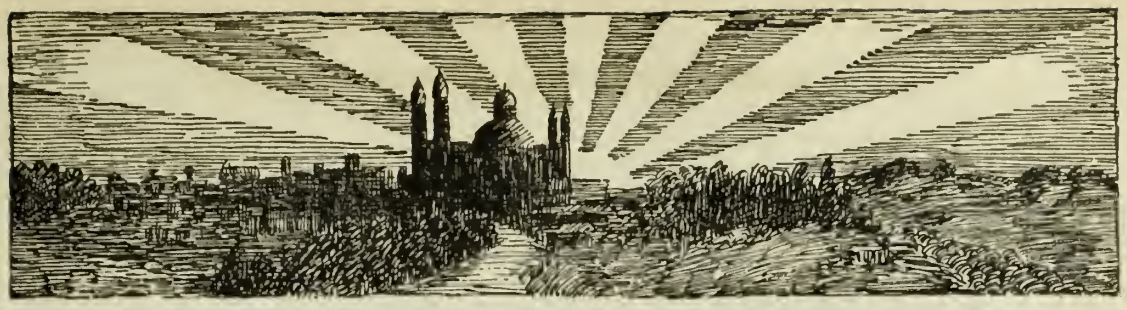
mf *f* *mf*

cres.

f

an-gels of glo - ry, Come sing once a - gain, That won-der - ful sto - ry, Good-will un - to men.

f



Again the morn of gladness.

EASTER.

Carol 328.

Words by John Ellerton. *Sir John Stainer.*

Joyful.

mf

1. A - gain the morn of glad-ness, The morn of light is here; And earth it - self looks fair - er,

mf

And heaven it - self more near; *p* The bells like an - gel voi - ces, Speak peace to ev - 'ry breast;

p

And all the land lies qui - et To keep the day of rest. *f* "Glo - ry be to Je - sus!"

f

Let all His chil-dren say: "He rose a-gain, He rose a-gain, On this glad Eas - ter Day!"

mf 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to see Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

mf 3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
p The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
cres. These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

mf 4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray:
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same "pure offering,"
And sings the same sweet psalms.
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

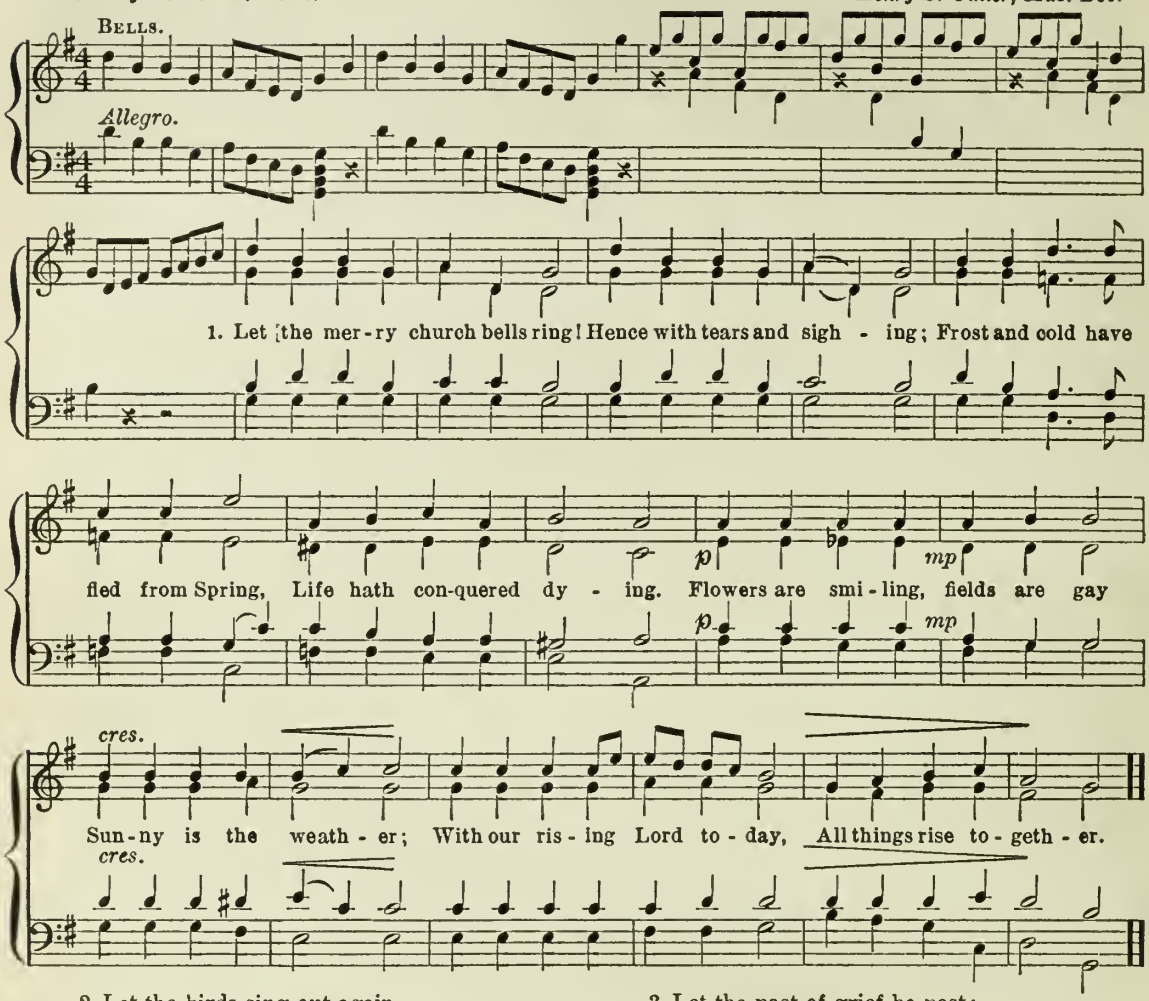
f 5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim!
cres. Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing!
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1258—4.

Let the merry church bells ring.

Carol 329.

EASTER.

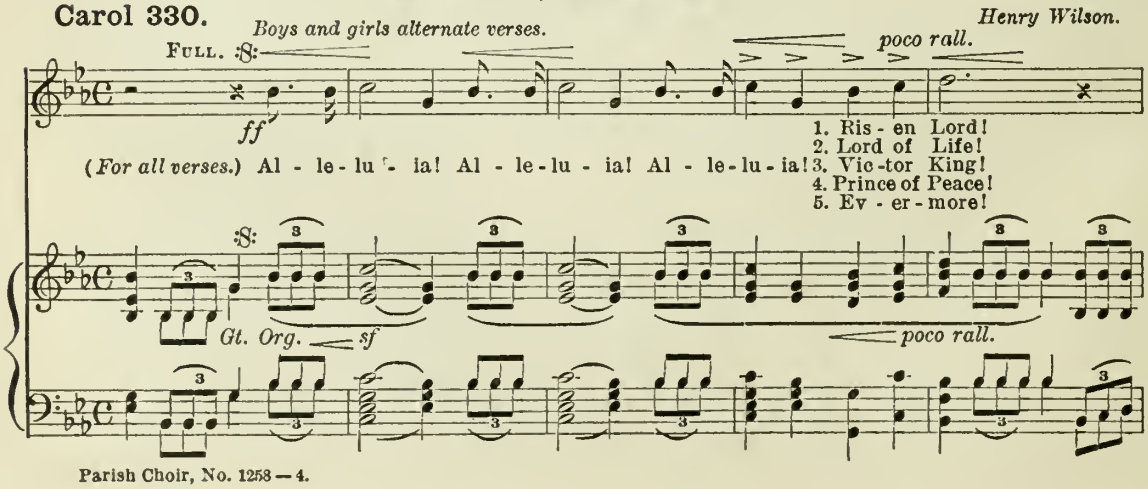
Words by Rev. J. M. Neale. *Henry S. Cutler, Mus. Doc.*

Bells.
Allegro.
1. Let the mer-ry church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh - ing; Frost and cold have
fled from Spring, Life hath con-quered dy - ing. Flowers are smi-ling, fields are gay
cres.
Sun-ny is the weath - er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er.
cres.

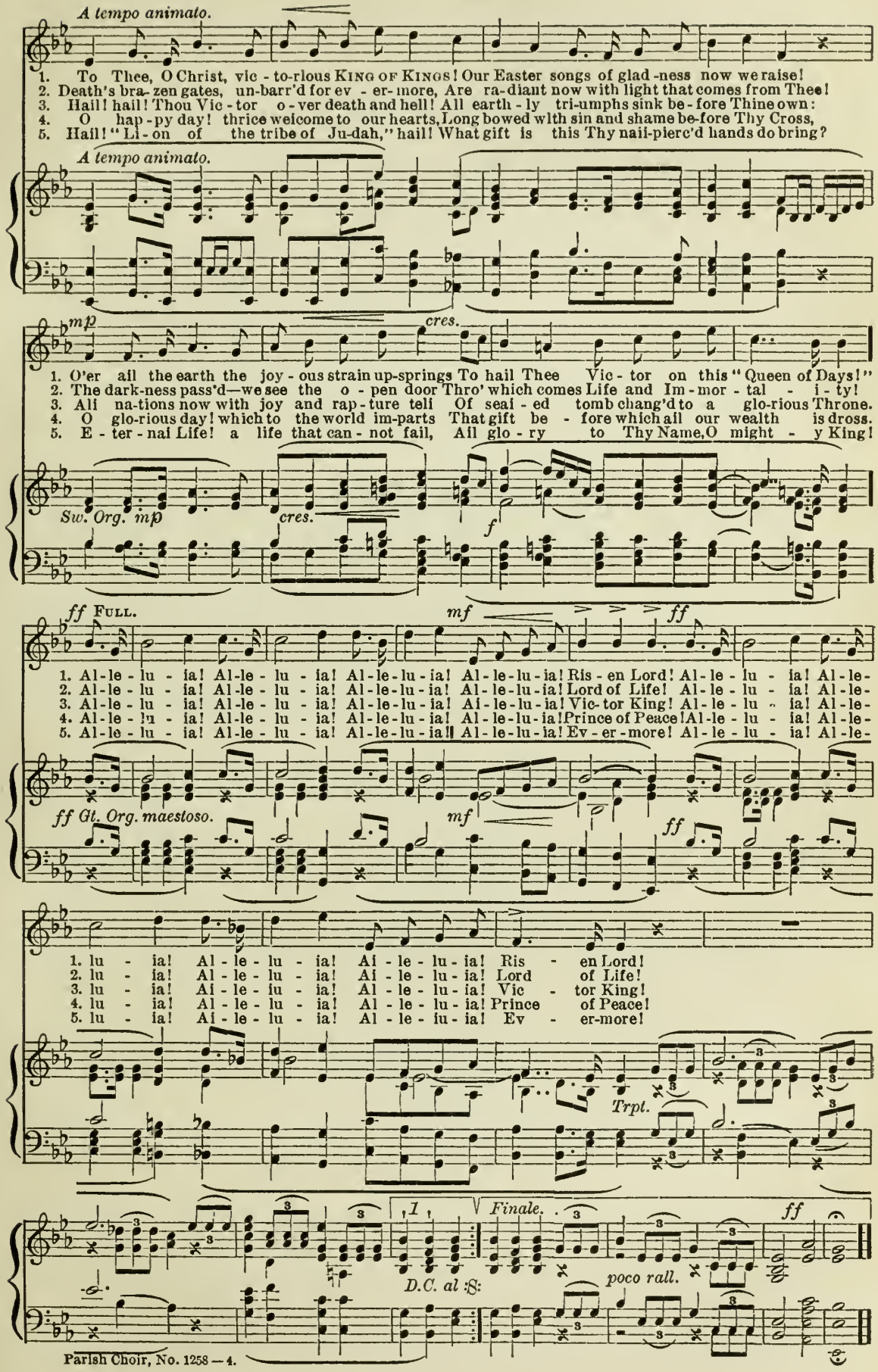
2 Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
Let the merry, etc.

3 Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit.
Let the merry, etc.

Alleluia! Risen Lord.

Carol 330.

Henry Wilson.

Full.
Boys and girls alternate verses.
poco rall.
ff
1. Ris - en Lord!
2. Lord of Life!
(For all verses.) Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! 3. Vic - tor King!
4. Prince of Peace!
5. Ev - er - more!
Gt. Org.
sf
poco rall.


A tempo animato.
1. To Thee, O Christ, vic - to-rious KING OF KINGS! Our Easter songs of glad -ness now we raise!
2. Death's bra- zen gates, un-barr'd for ev - er-more, Are ra-diant now with light that comes from Thee!
3. Hail! hail! Thou Vic - tor o - ver death and hell! All earth - ly tri-umphs sink be - fore Thine own:
4. O hap - py day! thrice welcome to our hearts, Long bowed with sin and shame be-fore Thy Cross,
5. Hail! "Li - on of the tribe of Ju-dah," hail! What gift is this Thy nail-pierc'd hands do bring?
A tempo animato.
mp
cres.
1. O'er all the earth the joy - ous strain up-springs To hail Thee Vic - tor on this "Queen of Days!"
2. The dark-ness pass'd—we see the o - pen door Thro' which comes Life and Im - mor - tal - i - ty!
3. All na-tions now with joy and rap - ture tell Of seal - ed tomb chang'd to a glo-rious Throne.
4. O glo-rious day! which to the world im-parts That gift be - fore which all our wealth is dross.
5. E - ter - nal Life! a life that can - not fail, All glo - ry to Thy Name, O might - y King!
Sw. Org. mp
cres.
f
ff FULL.
mf
ff
1. Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Ris - en Lord! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-
2. Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Lord of Life! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-
3. Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Vic-tor King! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-
4. Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Prince of Peace! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-
5. Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Ev - er-more! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le-
ff Gt. Org. maestoso.
mf
ff
1. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en Lord!
2. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord of Life!
3. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Vic - tor King!
4. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prince of Peace!
5. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ev - er-more!
Trpt.
1
Finale.
ff
D.C. al :S:
poco rall.

Softly through the mellow starlight.

Carol 331.

EASTER.

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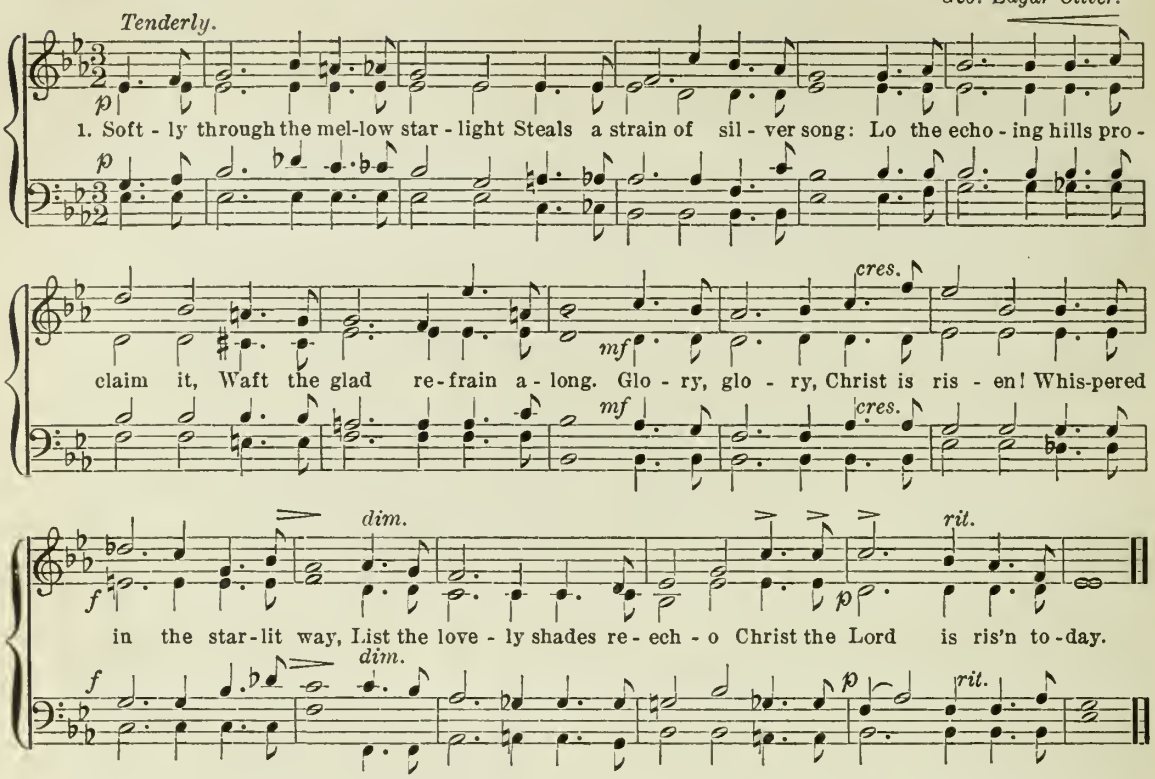
Geo. Edgar Oliver.

Tenderly.
1. Soft - ly through the mel-low star - light Steals a strain of sil - ver song: Lo the echo - ing hills pro -
claim it, Waft the glad re-frain a - long. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Christ is ris - en! Whis-pered
in the star-lit way, List the love - ly shades re - ech - o Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.
cres.
dim.
rit.

2 Happy bands in shining raiment
Fill the arch of Heaven's dome,
Sweep their harps to strains so tender
Wafted from their distant home. CHO.

3 Softly through life's shaded valley
Comes once more the silver strain,
Borne on angel pinions to us,
And we join the sweet refrain. CHO.

We are little children.

Carol 332.

EASTER.

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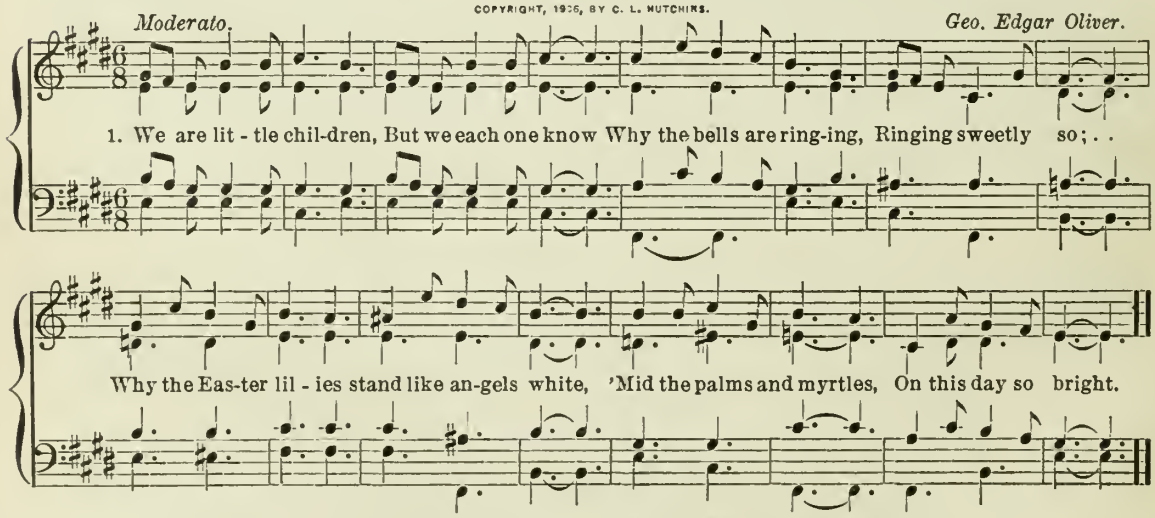
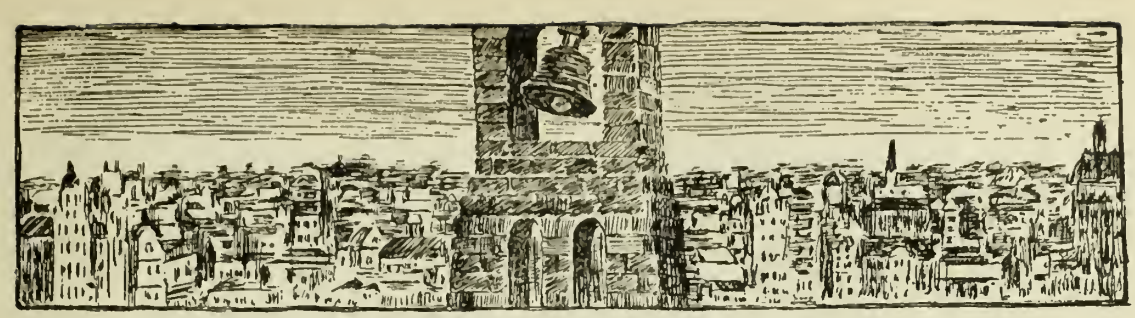
Geo. Edgar Oliver.


Moderato.
1. We are lit - tle chil-dren, But we each one know Why the bells are ring-ing, Ringing sweetly so; . .
Why the Eas-ter lil - ies stand like an-gels white, 'Mid the palms and myrtles, On this day so bright.

2 'Tis because our Saviour,
He who lived and died,
Left His grave so gloomy,
Rolled the rocks aside;
On the first day morning,
On a day like this,
'Twas His resurrection
Brought us joy and bliss.

3 We are glad 'tis Easter,
That is why we sing,
To our risen Jesus
Happy songs we sing;
And our hearts we offer,
These He'll not despise,
In our souls for ever
Jesus, Saviour, rise.



Ring the bells.

Carol 333.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Alfred Oake.

In unison.

1. Ring the bells, the Christ-mas bells, Chime out the won-drous sto - ry; First in song on
2. Wise men has-tened from the East To bring their rich - est treas - ure,—Gold, and myrrh, and
3. Earth-ly crowns were not for Him: He came God's love re - veal - ing; On the Cross He

an - gel-tongues, It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good-will to men, An -
frank - in - cense, And jew - els with - out meas - ure. Him they sought al - though a King, They
died for us, His blood for - give - ness seal - ing. 'Tis the Sav - iour prom - ised long, Ring

gel - ic voi - ces sing - ing, Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo-rious mes-sage bring - ing.
found in birth-place low - ly, There with-in a man - ger lay The babe so pure and ho - ly.
out your loud - est prais - es: Ev - 'ry heart this hap - py day Its grate-ful an-them rais - es.

VOICES.

Ring the mer - ry Christ - mas bells, Chime out . . the won - drous sto - ry,

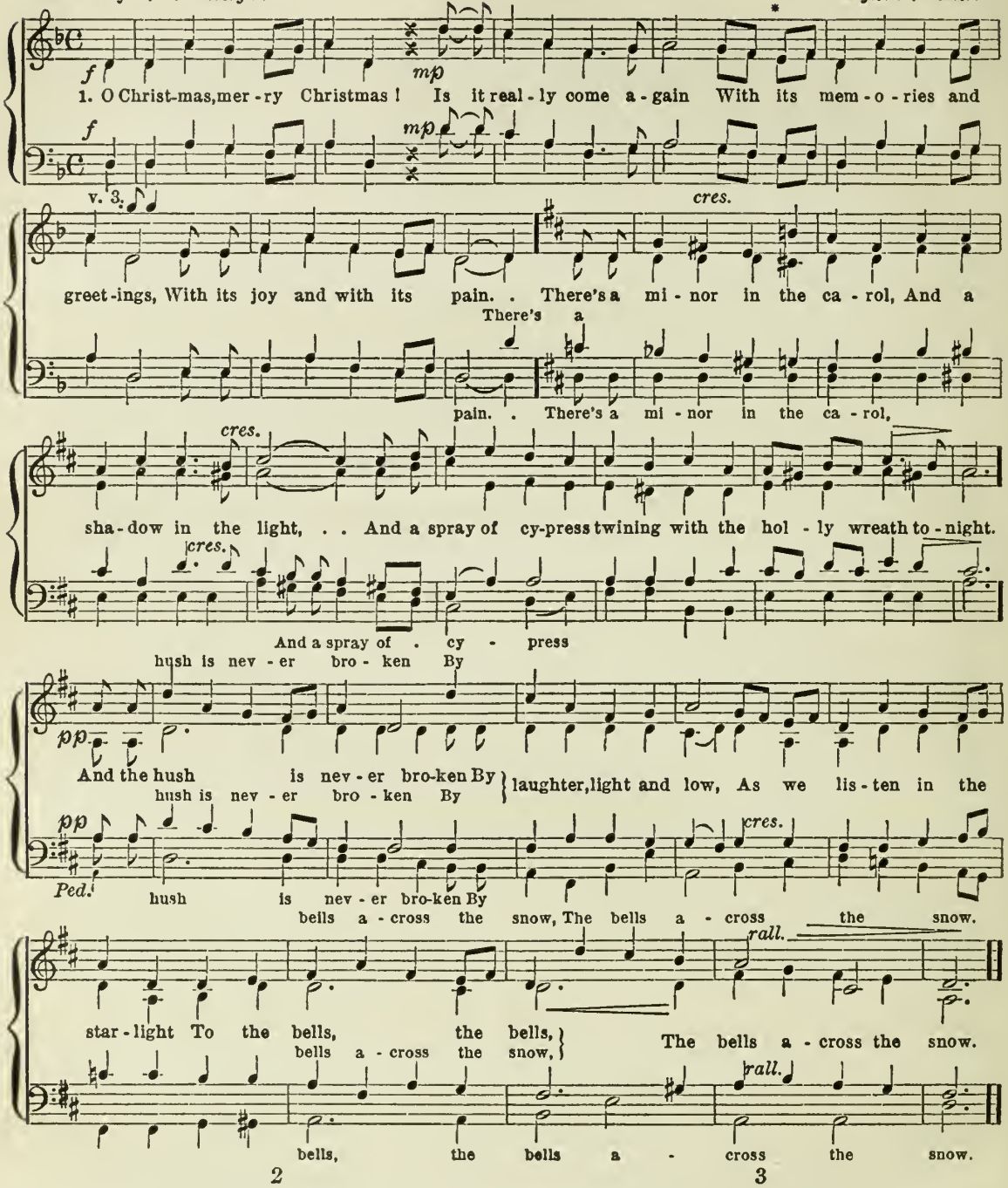
Org. Sw. Full. Gt. Bourdon & Twelfth, coup to Sw.

Glo - ry be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

f

Carol 334. O Christmas, merry Christmas!

Words by *F. R. Havergal.* *Myles B. Foster.*


1. O Christ-mas, mer-ry Christmas! Is it real-ly come a-gain With its mem-o-ries and
greet-ings, With its joy and with its pain. . There's a mi-nor in the ca-rol, And a
There's a
pain. . There's a mi-nor in the ca-rol,
sha-dow in the light, . . And a spray of cy-press twining with the hol-ly wreath to-night.
And a spray of . cy-press
hush is nev-er bro-ken By
And the hush is nev-er bro-ken By
hush is nev-er bro-ken By
laughter, light and low, As we lis-ten in the
hush is nev-er bro-ken By
bells a-cross the snow, The bells a-cross the snow.
star-light To the bells, the bells,
bells a-cross the snow,
The bells a-cross the snow.
bells, the bells a-cross the snow.

2

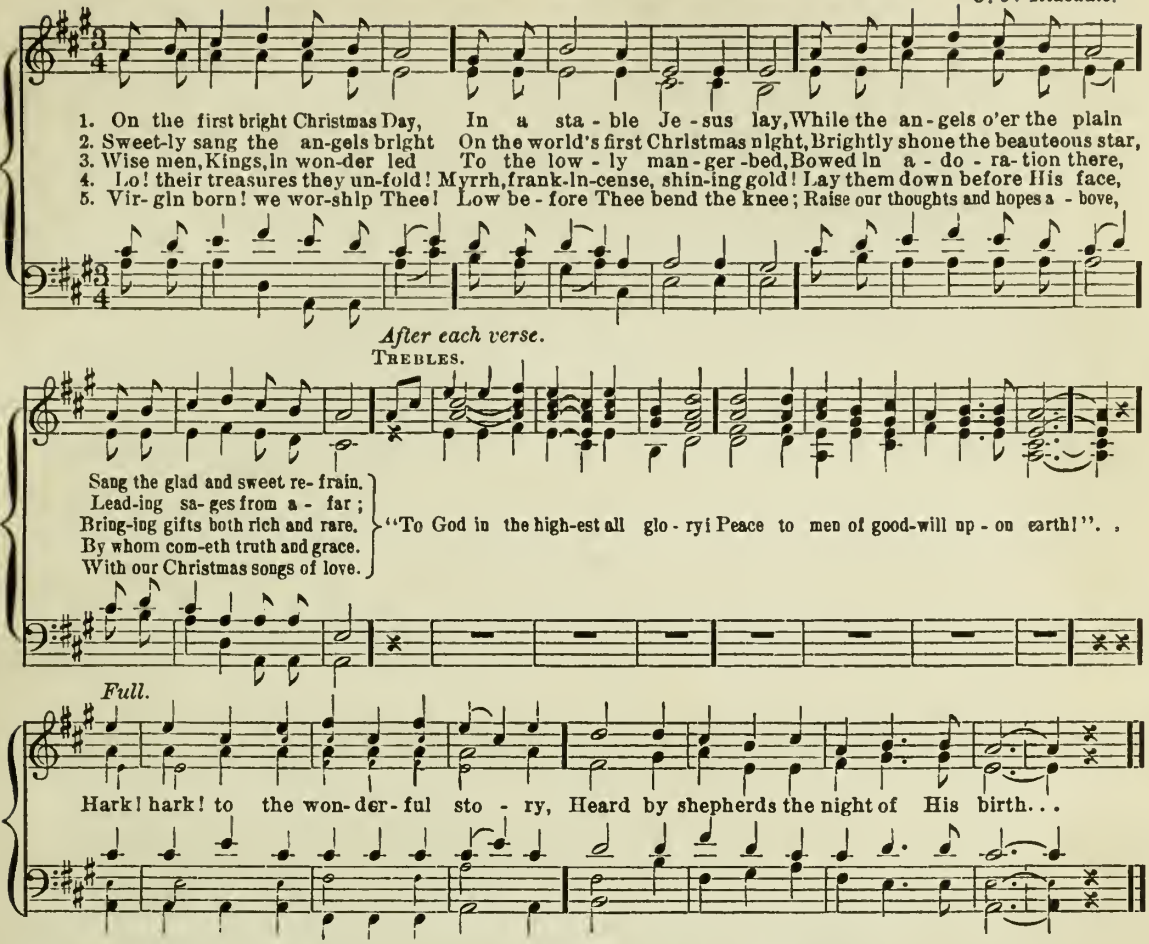
O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song.
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!

3

O Christmas, merry Christmas;
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

 * Commence here for third line of 2d and 3d verses.

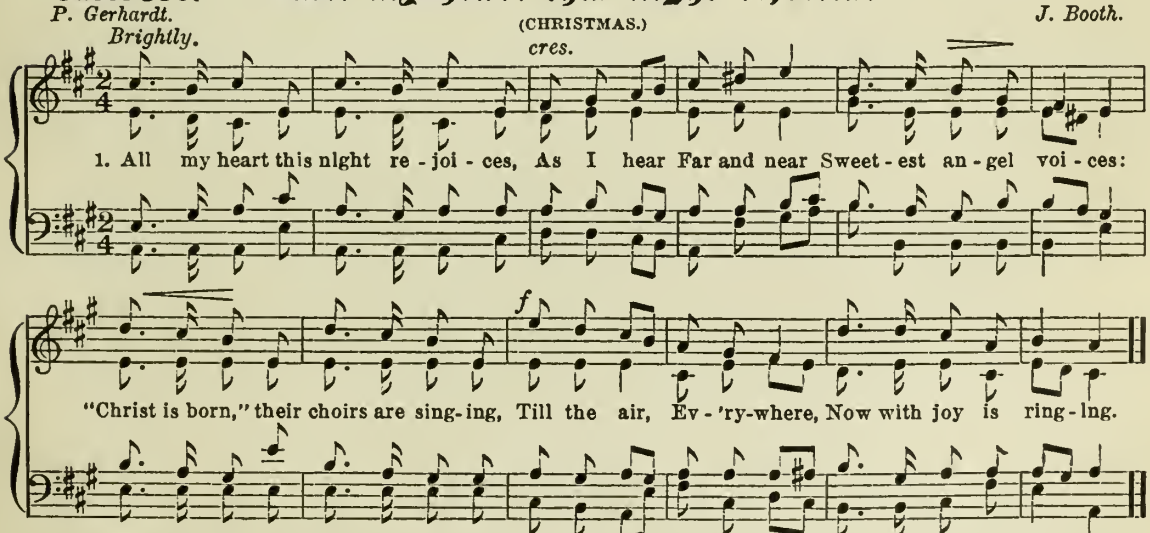
Carol 335. On the first bright Christmas Day.

C. J. Ridsdale.

1. On the first bright Christmas Day, In a sta - ble Je - sus lay, While the an - gels o'er the plain
2. Sweet-ly sang the an-gels bright On the world's first Christmas night, Brightly shone the beauteous star,
3. Wise men, Kings, In won-der led To the low - ly man - ger - bed, Bowed in a - do - ra - tion there,
4. Lo! their treasures they un-fold! Myrrh, frank-in-cense, shin-ing gold! Lay them down before His face,
5. Vir- gin born! we wor-ship Thee! Low be - fore Thee bend the knee; Raise our thoughts and hopes a - bove,
After each verse.
TREBLES.
Sang the glad and sweet re- frain.
Lead-ing sa- ges from a - far;
Bring-ing gifts both rich and rare.
By whom com-eth truth and grace.
With our Christmas songs of love.
"To God in the high-est all glo - ry! Peace to men of good-will up - on earth!".
Full.
Hark! hark! to the won-der- ful sto - ry, Heard by shepherds the night of His birth...

Carol 336. All my heart this night rejoices.

P. Gerhardt. (CHRISTMAS.) *J. Booth.*

Brightly. *cres.*


1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear Far and near Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces:
f
"Christ is born," their choirs are sing-ing, Till the air, Ev - 'ry-where, Now with joy is ring - ing.

2 For it dawns—the promised morrow
Of His birth Who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed, All you need
I will surely give you."

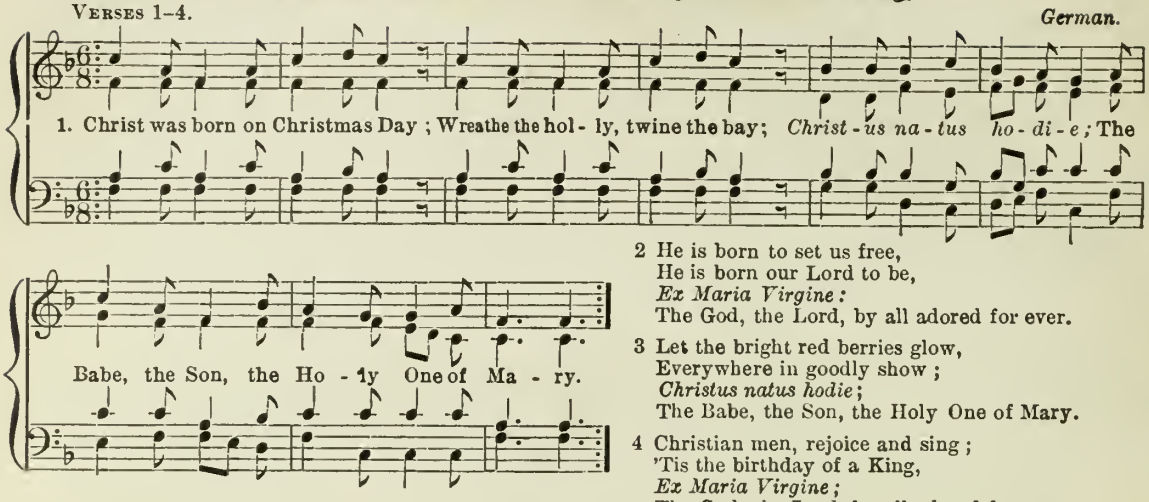
4 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning,
Hail the Star That from afar
Bright with hope is burning!

Carol 337.

Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Verses 1–4.

German.

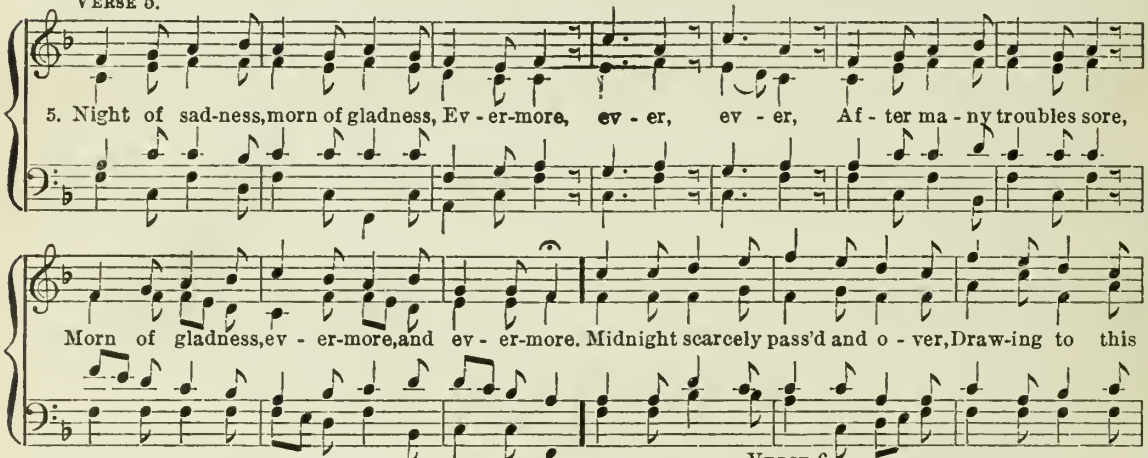

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day ; Wreathe the hol - ly, twine the bay; *Christ - us na - tus ho - di - e ;* The
Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.

2 He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

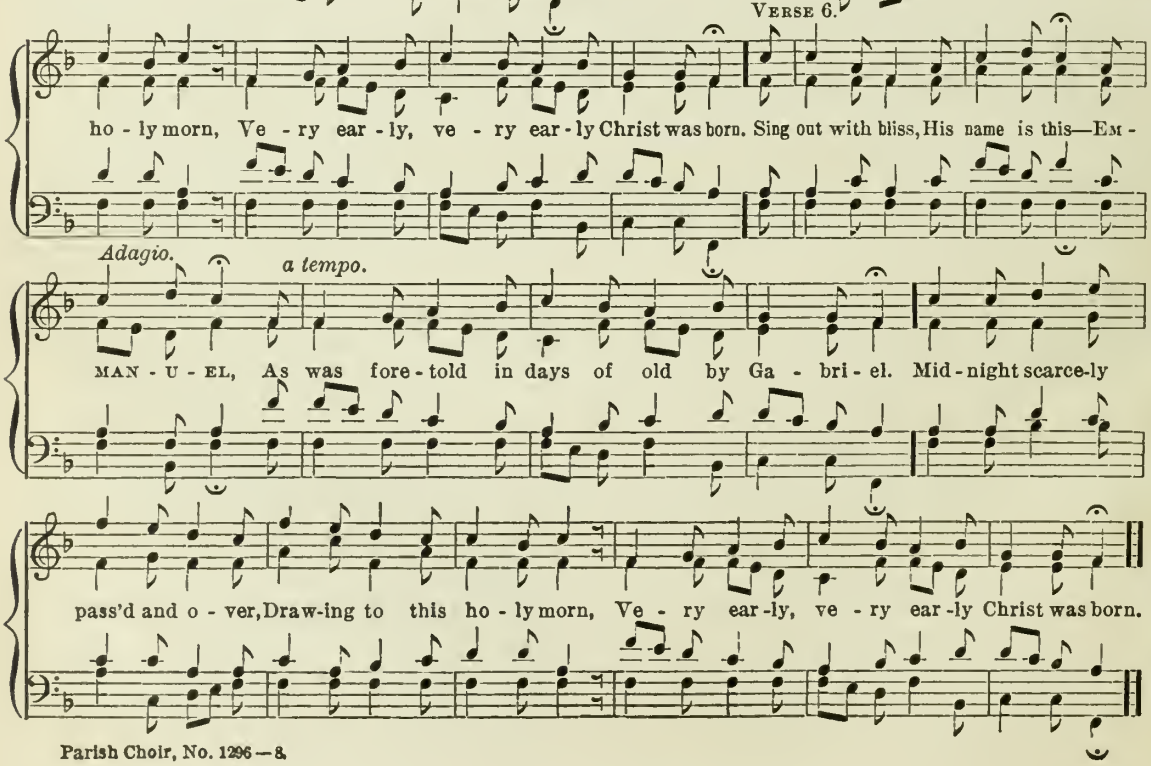
3 Let the bright red berries glow,
Everywhere in goodly show ;
Christus natus hodie ;
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4 Christian men, rejoice and sing ;
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine ;
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

Verse 5.

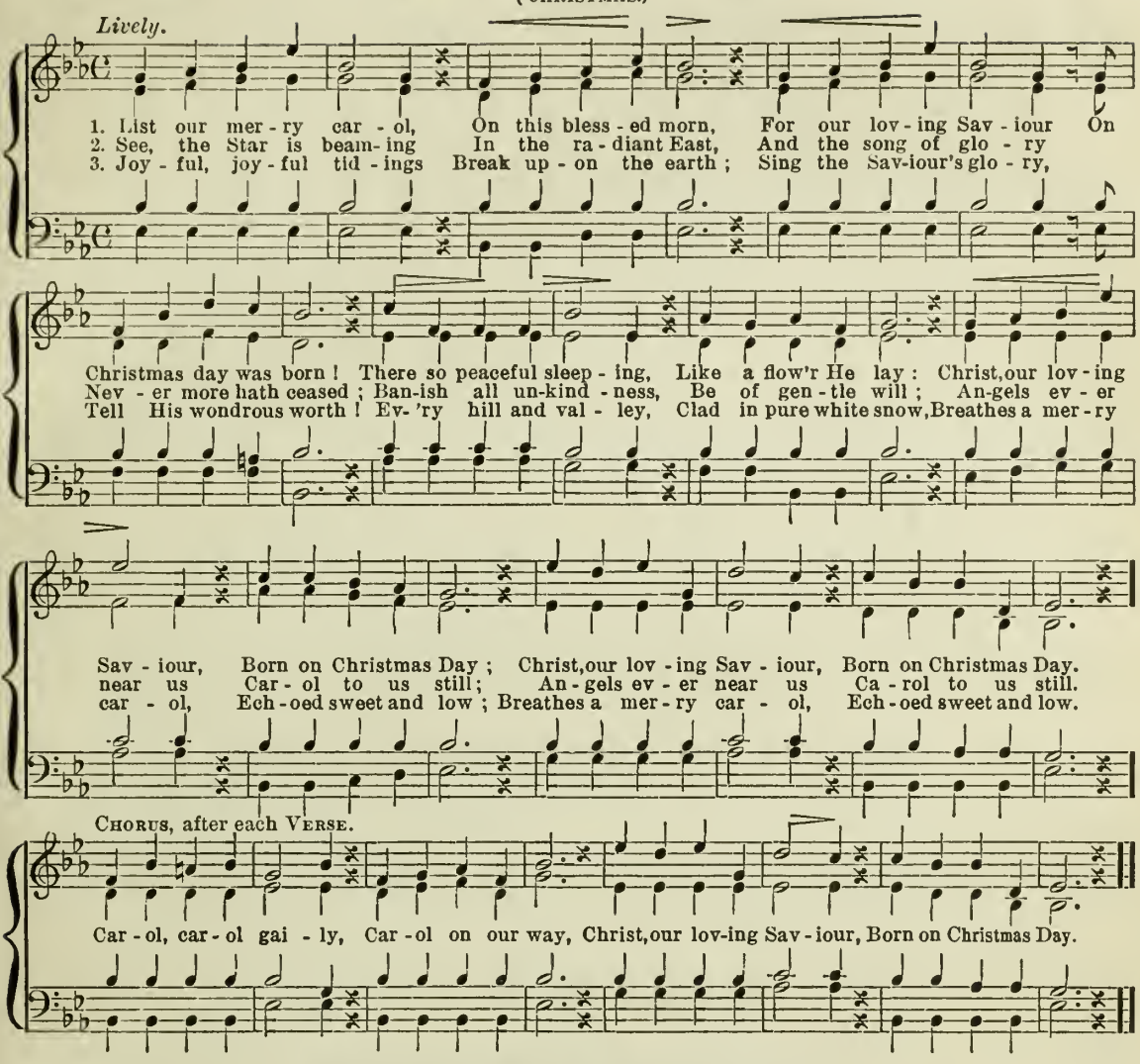

5. Night of sad-ness, morn of gladness, Ev - er-more, ev - er, ev - er, Af - ter ma - ny troubles sore,
Morn of gladness, ev - er-more, and ev - er-more. Midnight scarcely pass'd and o - ver, Draw-ing to this

Verse 6.


ho - ly morn, Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born. Sing out with bliss, His name is this—Em -
Adagio.
a tempo.
man - u - el, As was fore - told in days of old by Ga - bri - el. Mid - night scarce-ly
pass'd and o - ver, Draw-ing to this ho - ly morn, Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born.

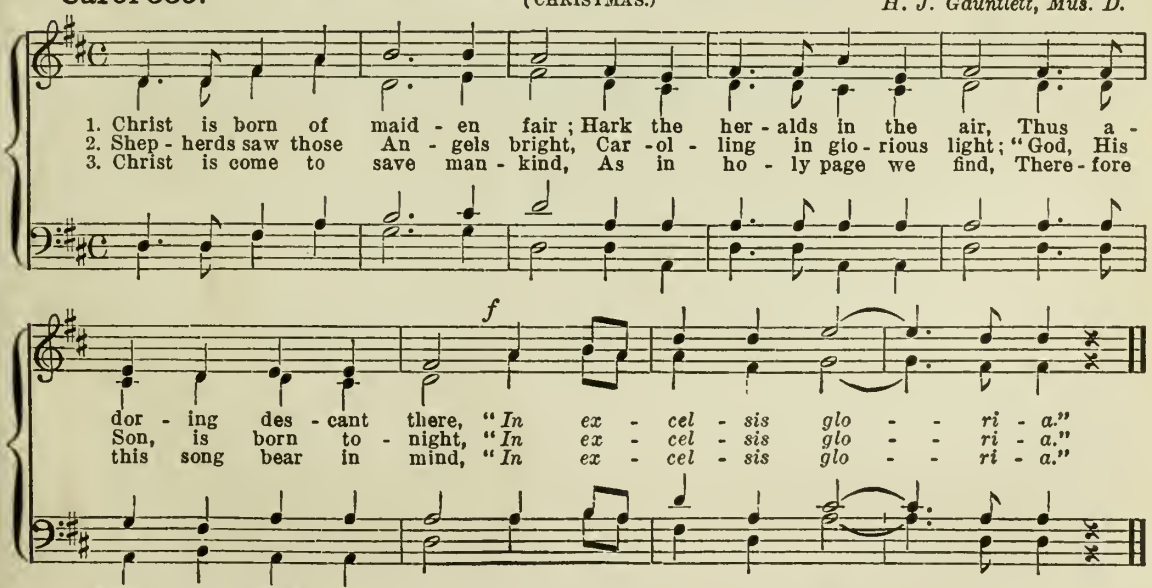
Carol 338. List our merry carol.

(CHRISTMAS.)

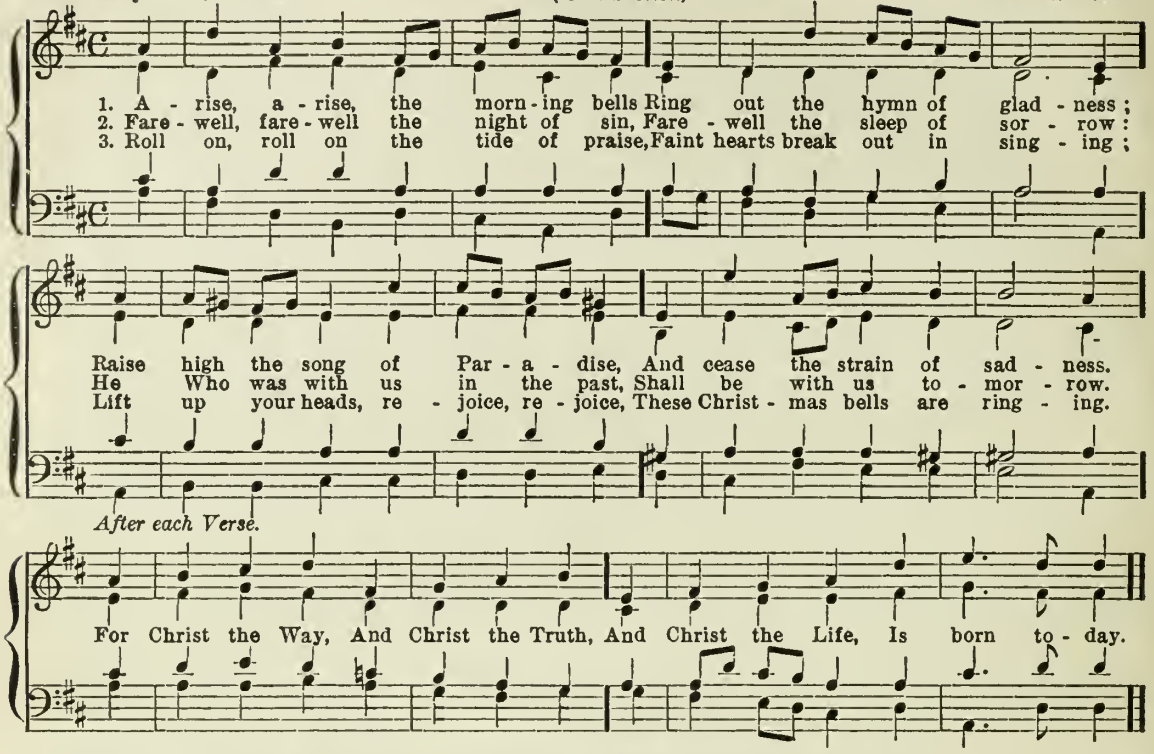
Lively.

1. List our mer - ry car - ol, On this bless - ed morn, For our lov - ing Sav - iour On
2. See, the Star is beam- ing In the ra - diant East, And the song of glo - ry
3. Joy - ful, joy - ful tid - ings Break up - on the earth ; Sing the Sav-iour's glo - ry,
Christmas day was born ! There so peaceful sleep - ing, Like a flow'r He lay : Christ,our lov - ing
Nev - er more hath ceased ; Ban-ish all un-kind - ness, Be of gen - tle will ; An-gels ev - er
Tell His wondrous worth ! Ev- 'ry hill and val - ley, Clad in pure white snow,Breathes a mer - ry
Sav - iour, Born on Christmas Day ; Christ,our lov - ing Sav - iour, Born on Christmas Day.
near us Car - ol to us still; An - gels ev - er near us Ca - rol to us still.
car - ol, Ech - oed sweet and low ; Breathes a mer - ry car - ol, Ech - oed sweet and low.
CHORUS, after each VERSE.
Car - ol, car - ol gai - ly, Car - ol on our way, Christ,our lov-ing Sav - iour, Born on Christmas Day.

Carol 339. Christ is born of maiden fair.

(CHRISTMAS.)

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.

1. Christ is born of maid - en fair ; Hark the her - alds in the air, Thus a -
2. Shep - herds saw those An - gels bright, Car - ol - ling in glo - rious light ; "God, His
3. Christ is come to save man - kind, As in ho - ly page we find, There - fore
f
dor - ing des - cant there, "*In ex - cel - sis glo - - ri - a.*"
Son, is born to - night, "*In ex - cel - sis glo - - ri - a.*"
this song bear in mind, "*In ex - cel - sis glo - - ri - a.*"

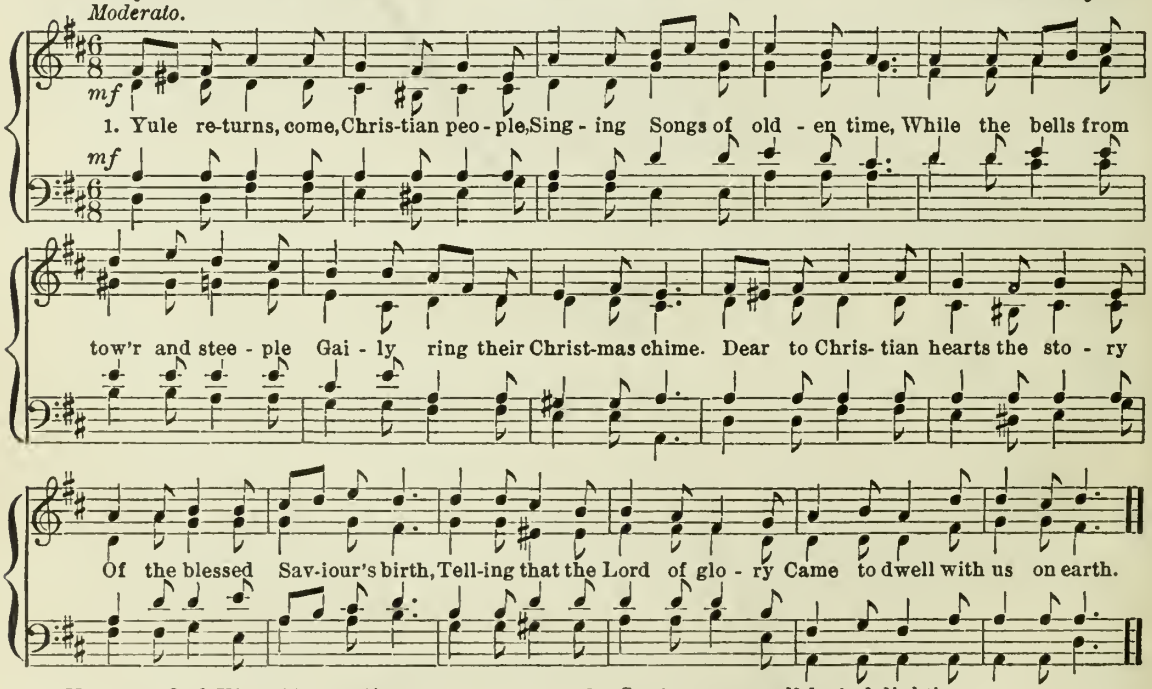
Carol 340. Arise, arise, the morning bells.

Words by *H. R. Haweis.* (CHRISTMAS.) *Edwin Moss.*

1. A - rise, a - rise, the morn - ing bells Ring out the hymn of glad - ness;
2. Fare - well, fare - well the night of sin, Fare - well the sleep of sor - row:
3. Roll on, roll on the tide of praise, Faint hearts break out in sing - ing;
Raise high the song of Par - a - dise, And cease the strain of sad - ness.
He Who was with us in the past, Shall be with us to - mor - row.
Lift up your heads, re - joice, re - joice, These Christ - mas bells are ring - ing.
After each Verse.
For Christ the Way, And Christ the Truth, And Christ the Life, Is born to - day.

Carol 341. Yule returns; come, Christian people.

Words by *Rev. R. Watham.* (CHRISTMAS.) *V. B. Crowther-Benyon.*

Moderato.

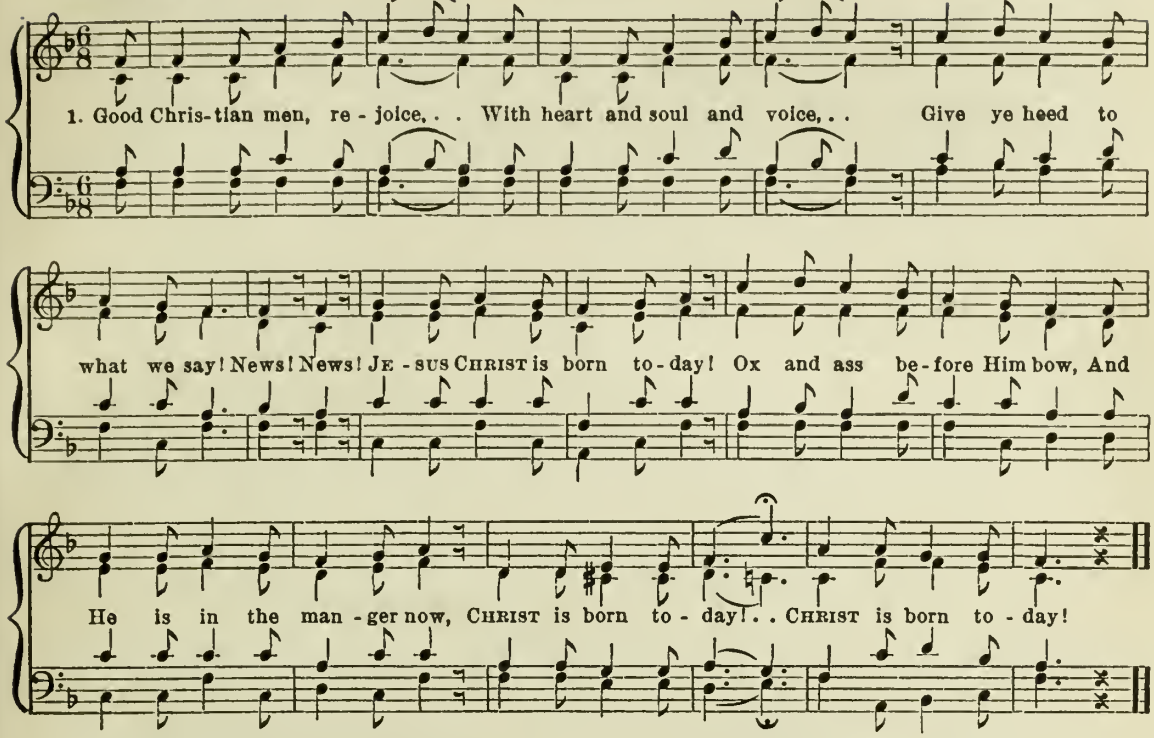

mf
1. Yule re-turns, come, Chris-tian peo - ple, Sing - ing Songs of old - en time, While the bells from
mf
tow'r and stee - ple Gai - ly ring their Christ-mas chime. Dear to Chris- tian hearts the sto - ry
Of the blessed Sav-iour's birth, Tell-ing that the Lord of glo - ry Came to dwell with us on earth.

2 How our God Himself revealing,
As the prophets long foretold,
Eastern sages offered kneeling
Myrrh and frankincense and gold.
And the shepherds on the mountains
Heard the sounds of holy glee;
Love divine unlocked the fountains
Of celestial melody.

3 So (as years roll by) delighting
In the mystery of Thy love,
Mortals hymn Thy praise, uniting
With angelic choirs above.
This the anthem that resounded
O'er Judean hill and glen,
"Love eternal, love unbounded,
Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Good Christian men, rejoice.

Carol 342. (CHRISTMAS.) *Trier Gesangbuch.*


1. Good Chris-tian men, re - joice, . . With heart and soul and voice, . . Give ye heed to
what we say! News! News! Je - sus Christ is born to - day! Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And
He is in the man - ger now, Christ is born to - day! . . Christ is born to - day!

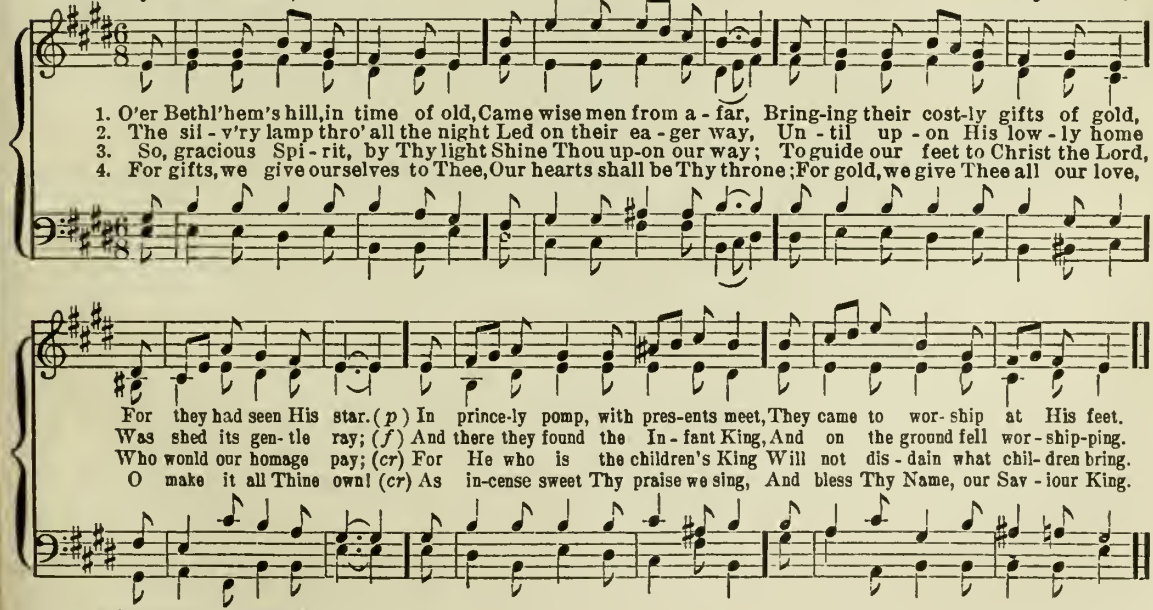
2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss!
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd ever more.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave;
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save,
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall;
Christ was born to save,
Christ was born to save.

O'er Bethlehem's hill, in time of old.

Carol 343. (CHRISTMAS.)

Words by *M. G. Pearse, 1879.* *Liversey Carrott.*

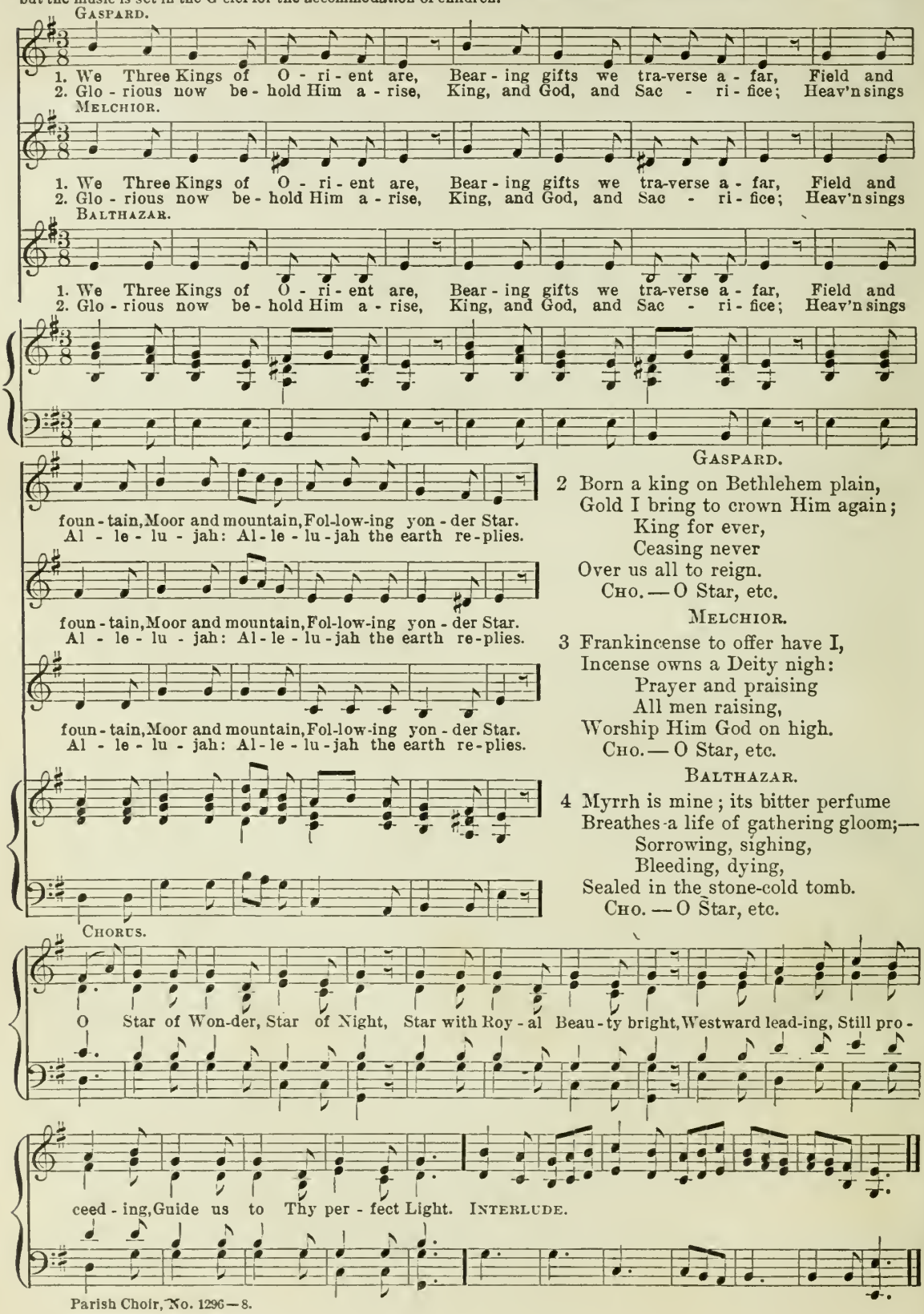

1. O'er Bethl'hem's hill, in time of old, Came wise men from a - far, Bring-ing their cost-ly gifts of gold,
2. The sil - v'ry lamp thro' all the night Led on their ea - ger way, Un - til up - on His low - ly home
3. So, gracious Spi - rit, by Thy light Shine Thou up-on our way; To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,
4. For gifts, we give ourselves to Thee, Our hearts shall be Thy throne; For gold, we give Thee all our love,
For they had seen His star. (p) In prince-ly pomp, with pres-ents meet, They came to wor - ship at His feet.
Was shed its gen - tle ray; (f) And there they found the In - fant King, And on the ground fell wor - ship-ping.
Who would our homage pay; (cr) For He who is the children's King Will not dis - dain what chil - dren bring.
O make it all Thine own! (cr) As in-cense sweet Thy praise we sing, And bless Thy Name, our Sav - iour King.

We Three Kings of Orient are.

Carol 344. (CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.)

Words and music by *The Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.*

Verses 1 and 5 are sung as a Trio. Each of verses 2, 3 and 4 is sung as a solo to the music of Gaspard's part in the 1st and 5th verses, the accompaniment and chorus being the same throughout. Men's voices are best for the parts of the Three Kings, but the music is set in the G clef for the accommodation of children.


GASPARD.
1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a - far, Field and
2. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King, and God, and Sac - ri - fice; Heav'n sings
MELCHIOR.
1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a - far, Field and
2. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King, and God, and Sac - ri - fice; Heav'n sings
BALTHAZAR.
1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a - far, Field and
2. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King, and God, and Sac - ri - fice; Heav'n sings
foun - tain, Moor and mountain, Fol-low-ing yon - der Star.
Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.
foun - tain, Moor and mountain, Fol-low-ing yon - der Star.
Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.
foun - tain, Moor and mountain, Fol-low-ing yon - der Star.
Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.
CHORUS.
O Star of Won-der, Star of Night, Star with Roy - al Beau - ty bright, Westward lead-ing, Still pro -
ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect Light. INTERLUDE.

GASPARD.

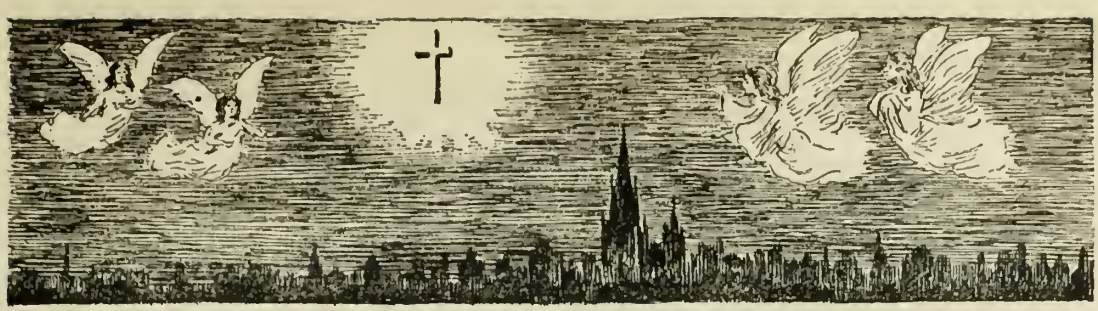
2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
CHO. — O Star, etc.

MELCHIOR.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on high.
CHO. — O Star, etc.

BALTHAZAR.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
CHO. — O Star, etc.



The angels' songs this joyful day.

Carol 345. EASTER. *Alfred Redhead.*

Joyfully.

1. The An - gels' songs, this joy - ful day Are ring - ing thro' the Eas - ter sky, The
2. In vain the sol - diers strove to keep The Ho - ly One with - in the grave; In
3. For on the Third Day, as He said, He came a - gain in tri - umph high, And
4. We all must die, as Je - sus died; But now we hope with Him to rise; And

Lord of Hosts has risen a - gain, And Je - sus lives no more to die.
vain they set a stone and seal Up - on the en - trance of the cave.
rose all glo - rious from the dead Glit - t'ring with night and maj - es - ty.
in these bo - dies glo - ri - fied, To reign with Him be - yond the skies.

After each verse.

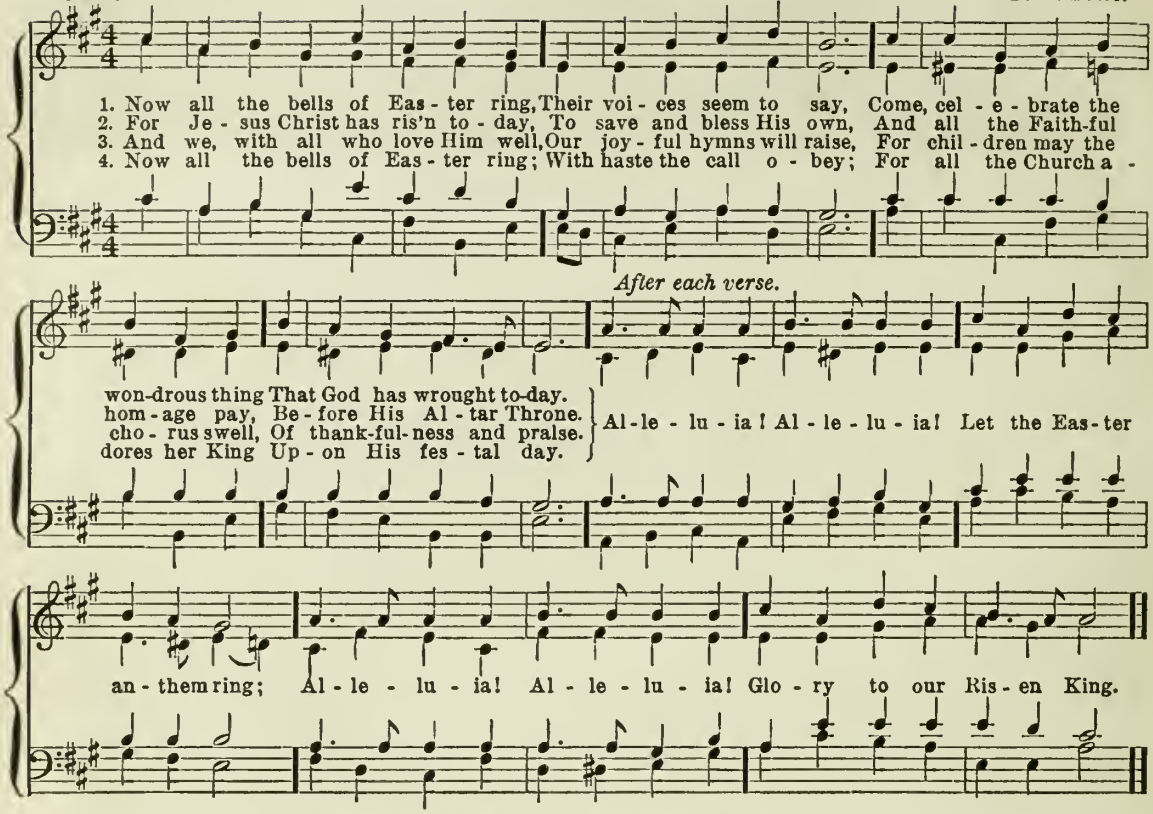
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! This is what the An - gels say!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! We will sing with them to - day!

Parish Choir, No. 1311—4.

Now all the bells of Easter ring.

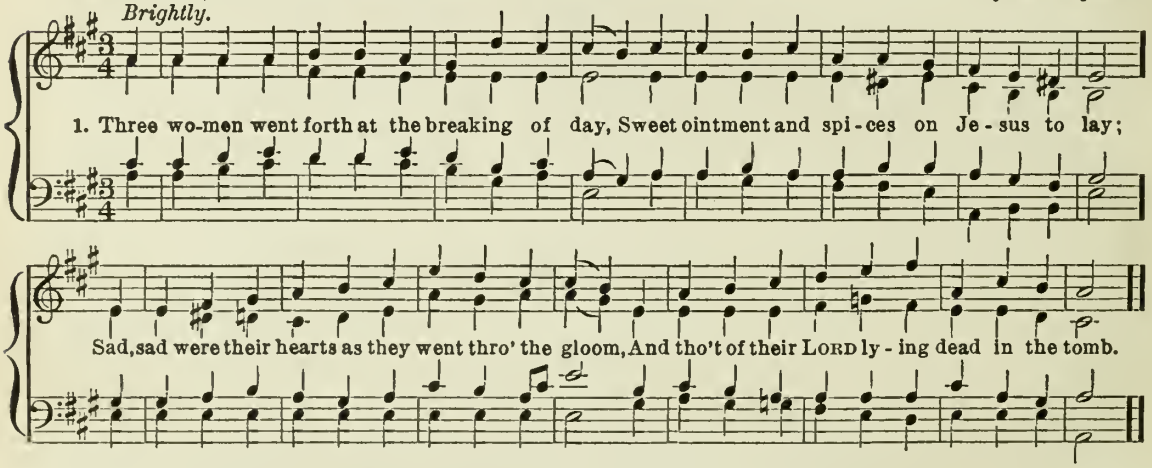
Carol 346. *F. R. Price.*


1. Now all the bells of Eas - ter ring, Their voi - ces seem to say, Come, cel - e - brate the
2. For Je - sus Christ has ris'n to - day, To save and bless His own, And all the Faith-ful
3. And we, with all who love Him well, Our joy - ful hymns will raise, For chil - dren may the
4. Now all the bells of Eas - ter ring; With haste the call o - bey; For all the Church a -
After each verse.
won-drous thing That God has wrought to-day.
hom - age pay, Be - fore His Al - tar Throne.
cho - rus swell, Of thank-ful-ness and praise.
dores her King Up - on His fes - tal day.
Al-le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let the Eas-ter
an - them ring; Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry to our Ris - en King.

Three women went forth.

Carol 347. EASTER. *Arr. from Haydn.*

Brightly.


1. Three wo-men went forth at the breaking of day, Sweet ointment and spi-ces on Je-sus to lay;
Sad, sad were their hearts as they went thro' the gloom, And tho't of their LORD ly - ing dead in the tomb.

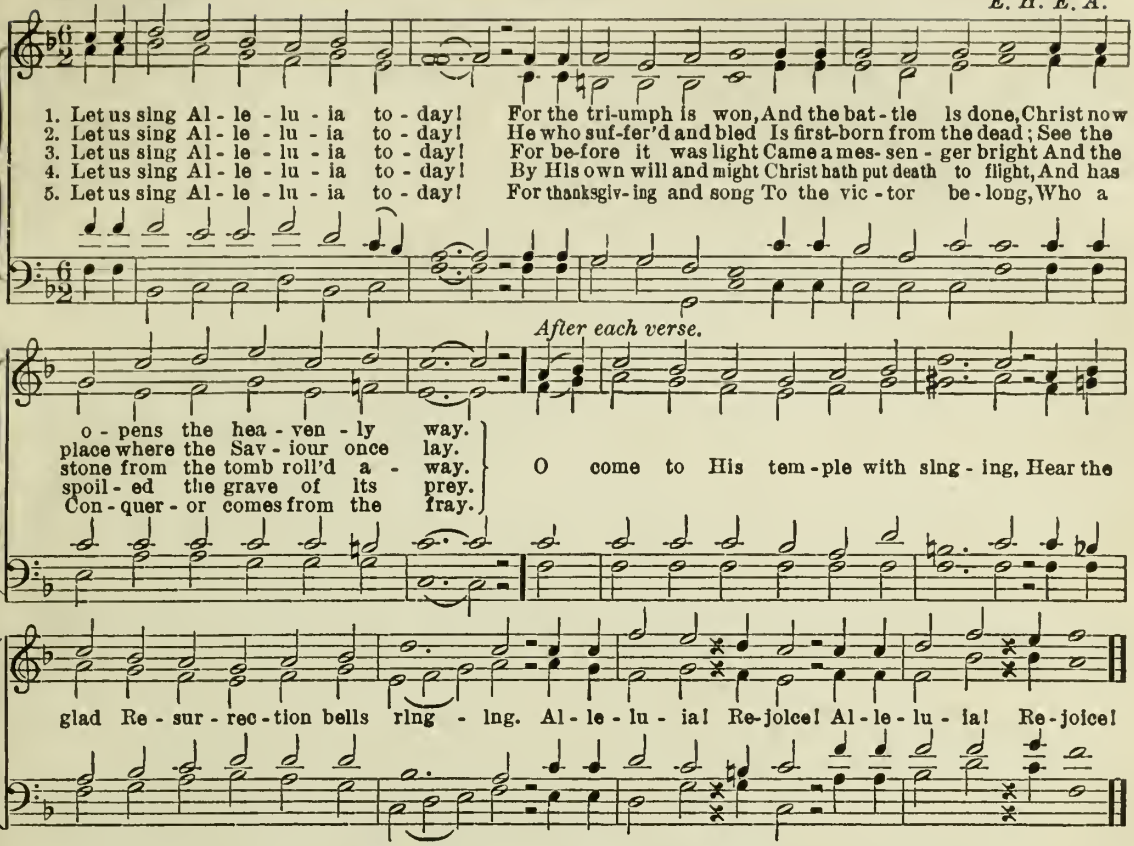
2 'Twas all in a sepulchre Joseph had made,
Rough-hewn in the rock, that our Saviour was laid;
And Joseph had rolled a great stone to the door,
And Pilate had sealed it to make it more sure.

3 There soldiers kept watch, keeping guard night and day
For fear that the Christ should be stolen away;
But vain were the vigil and craft of His foes,
Triumphant o'er death and the grave He arose.

4 Three women drew nigh to the grave at the dawn, [was gone;
The stone was rolled back, and their Saviour
And two shining Angels in garments so white,
With words of great joy put their sorrows to flight.

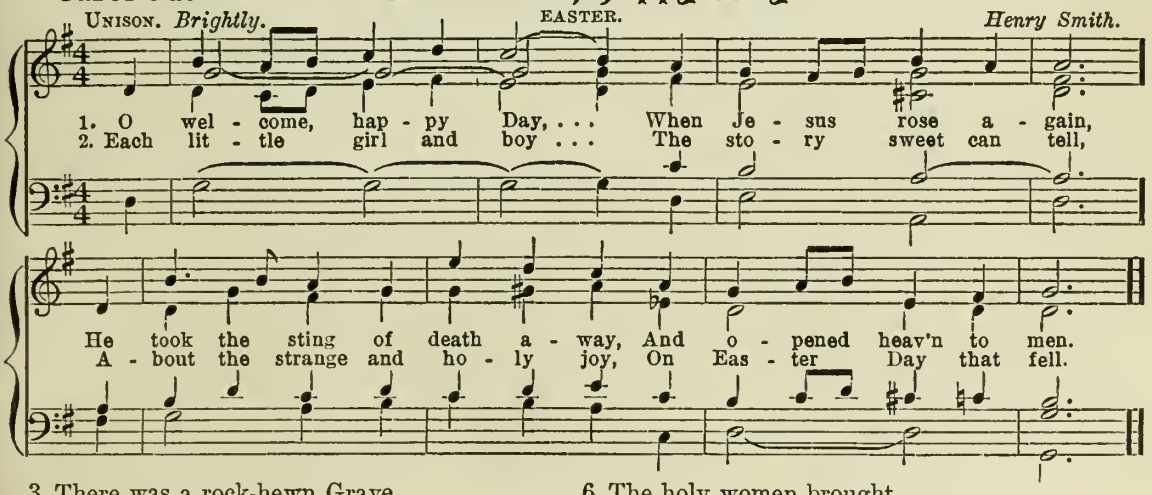
5 "All hail, blessed women! Why weep for the dead?
Your LORD is not here, He is ris'n, as He said;
Now come, see the place where the LORD lately lay,
Then haste, spread the news—He is risen to-day.

Let us sing Alleluia to-day.

Carol 348. EASTER. *E. H. E. A.*

1. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! For the tri-umph is won, And the bat - tle is done, Christ now
2. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! He who suf-fer'd and bled Is first-born from the dead; See the
3. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! For be-fore it was light Came a mes- sen - ger bright And the
4. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! By His own will and might Christ hath put death to flight, And has
5. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! For thanksgiv-ing and song To the vic - tor be - long, Who a
After each verse.
o - pens the hea - ven - ly way.
place where the Sav - iour once lay.
stone from the tomb roll'd a - way.
spoil - ed the grave of its prey.
Con - quer - or comes from the fray.
O come to His tem - ple with sing - ing, Hear the
glad Re - sur - rec - tion bells ring - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! Re-joice! Al - le - lu - ia! Re-joice!

O welcome, happy Day.

Carol 349. UNISON. *Brightly.* EASTER. *Henry Smith.*


1. O wel - come, hap - py Day, . . . When Je - sus rose a - gain,
2. Each lit - tle girl and boy . . . The sto - ry sweet can tell,
He took the sting of death a - way, And o - pened heav'n to men.
A - bout the strange and ho - ly joy, On Eas - ter Day that fell.

3 There was a rock-hewn Grave
In Joseph's garden-ground,
Where CHRIST's dear Body buried lay,
With soldiers watching round.

4 But ere the dawn was risen
Upon that Easter Morn,
The King of Life had burst His prison
And put His foes to scorn.

5 And ere the sun was high
On that third happy day,
An Angel bright flew from the sky
And rolled the stone away.

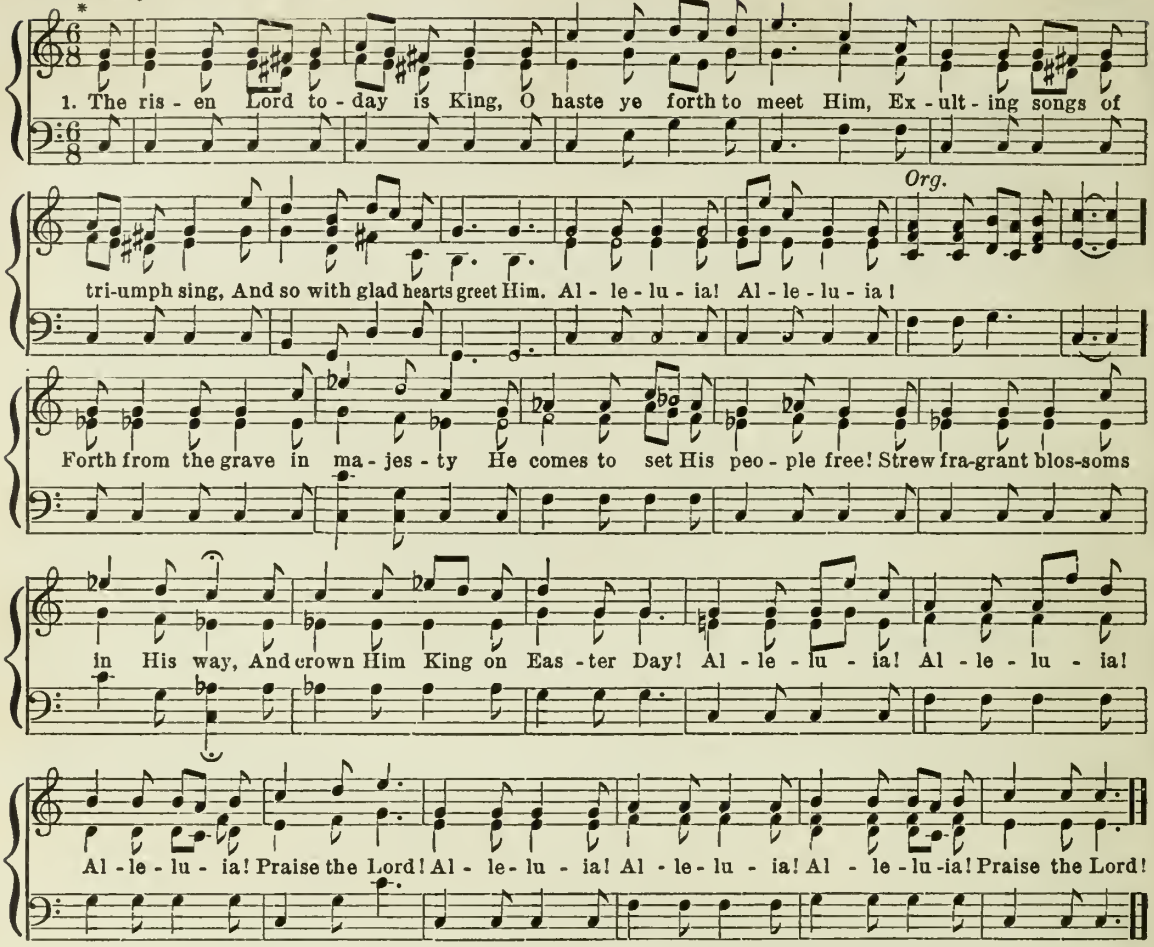
6 The holy women brought
Their spices rich and rare;
The Grave was ope'd, the Lord they sought
No longer rested there.

7 O what a wondrous sight;
The soldiers all were gone,
And lo, behold an Angel bright
Was sitting on the stone.

8 "Fear not," he gently said,
"Ye seek your Lord again,
But He is risen, and left His bed,
Come, see where He has lain."

The risen Lord to-day is King.

Carol 350. EASTER.

Words by *Rev. J. C. Middleton.* *L. H. Redner.*

1. The ris - en Lord to - day is King, O haste ye forth to meet Him, Ex - ult - ing songs of
Org.
tri-umph sing, And so with glad hearts greet Him. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Forth from the grave in ma - jes - ty He comes to set His peo - ple free! Strew fra-grant blos-soms
in His way, And crown Him King on Eas - ter Day! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord!

2 At early morn around His tomb
A wondrous light was beaming,
And from its depths a sweet perfume,
Like fragrant spices, streaming!
Alleluia!
While angels stood beside the door
Which He had opened evermore,
And said to His Disciples dear
The Lord is risen — He is not here!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

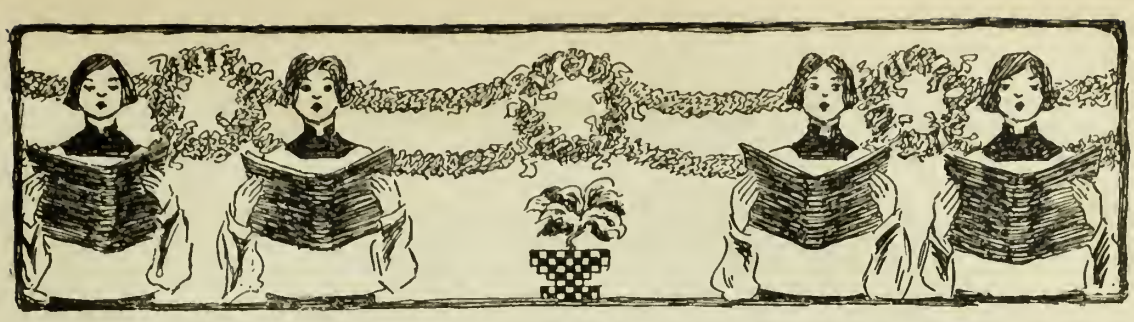
3 The joyous news of Easter spread,—
Tell far and wide the story
That JESUS lives, Who once was dead,
And reigns the King of glory!
Alleluia!
His hand a jewelled sceptre bears —
His head a crown immortal wears —
And, writ in gems upon His breast,
Are names of those He loves the best!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

4 Bring flashing jewels to adorn
His crown of royal glory!
Let diamonds gleam where cruel thorn
Once pressed His temples gory!
Alleluia!
Your costliest offerings to Him pay
Who rose triumphant Easter-Day:
Join precious pearl with rarest gem
And form with love His diadem!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

5 Hearts washed in Blood make jewels rare
And glow with light undying:
Each loving act, each fervent prayer
A radiant gem supplying!
Alleluia!
More precious to the risen Christ
Than emerald or amethyst!
And these, on Easter-Day we bring
As grateful offerings to our King.
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

6 On Thy dear Cross we lay them down,
And there rejoicing leave them;
O King of Love, in mercy own
And graciously receive them!
Alleluia!
Wear them for ever on Thy breast,
Thou interceding, Great High-Priest;
And when Thou comest, Lord, again
Count us among Thy Jewels then!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

* This tune is also used with Carol 124, "The world itself" etc.
Parish Choir, No. 1311 — 4.



Carolling, carolling all thro' the night.

Carol 351.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *T. D. Hyde.* *C. Simper.*

cres.

mf

1. Car - ol - ling, car - ol - ling all thro' the night, Mu - sic God's love did in - spire;
2. Glo - ry, O glo - ry, thus rang the glad strain, (*cr*) Glo - ry to God with sweet peace!
3. Sing - ing, O sing - ing, blest an - gels so fair, (*cr*) Mel - o - dies sweet and sub - lime;
4. Car - ol, then car - ol, for ho - ly the joy, (*cr*) Flow-ing from Je - sus the King;

mf *cres.*

♩. = 42.

mf *cres.*

An - gels from Glo - ry are wing - ing their flight, Bright-rob'd and gold - en that choir!
Mor - tals and sin - ners Christ com - eth to reign, Sor - row and sigh - ing shall cease.
Sooth - ing the hearts that are wea - ry with care, Waft - ing glad ti - dings di - vine.
Voi - ces, ten thous - and, come, glad notes em - ploy, Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a sing!

dim.

After each verse.

f

Hark, the her - ald an - gels In the hea - ven - ly choir, . .

f

cres. *rall.*

ff

Christ-mas glo - ry chant - ing, Strik - ing harp and lyre! Strik - ing harp and lyre!

cres. *ff*

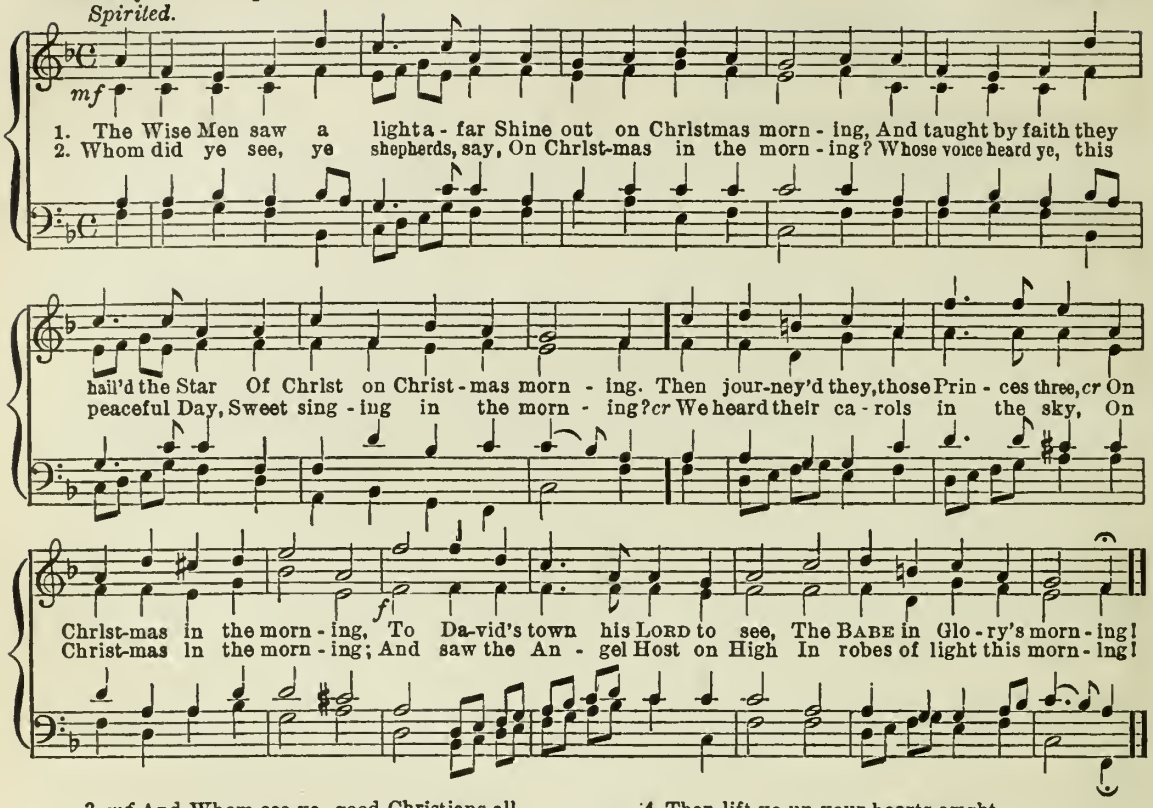
The wise men saw a light afar.

Carol 352.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *R. R. Chope.* *H. J. Gauntlett.*

Spirited.


mf
1. The Wise Men saw a light a - far Shine out on Christmas morn - ing, And taught by faith they
2. Whom did ye see, ye shepherds, say, On Christ-mas in the morn - ing? Whose voice heard ye, this
hail'd the Star Of Christ on Christ - mas morn - ing. Then jour-ney'd they, those Prin - ces three, cr On
peaceful Day, Sweet sing - ing in the morn - ing? cr We heard their ca - rols in the sky, On
f
Christ-mas in the morn - ing, To Da-vid's town his Lord to see, The Babe in Glo - ry's morn - ing!
Christ-mas in the morn - ing; And saw the An - gel Host on High In robes of light this morn - ing!

3 *mf* And Whom see ye, good Christians all
On Christmas in the morning?
Whose voice hear we, this Festival,
In tones of love and warning? —
cr We hear the Church, our Mother dear,
On Christmas in the morning;
And see Her Spouse for faith sees clear,
The Incarnate Word, this morning.

4 Then lift ye up your hearts aright,
This Eucharistic morning!
Come, come, where Altars beam with light,
And choirs sing sweet, this morning:—
ff Glory to God, to God our King,
On Christmas in the morning!
p Peace, Peace, let all good people sing,
f Goodwill to men, this morning!

The Virgin stills the crying.

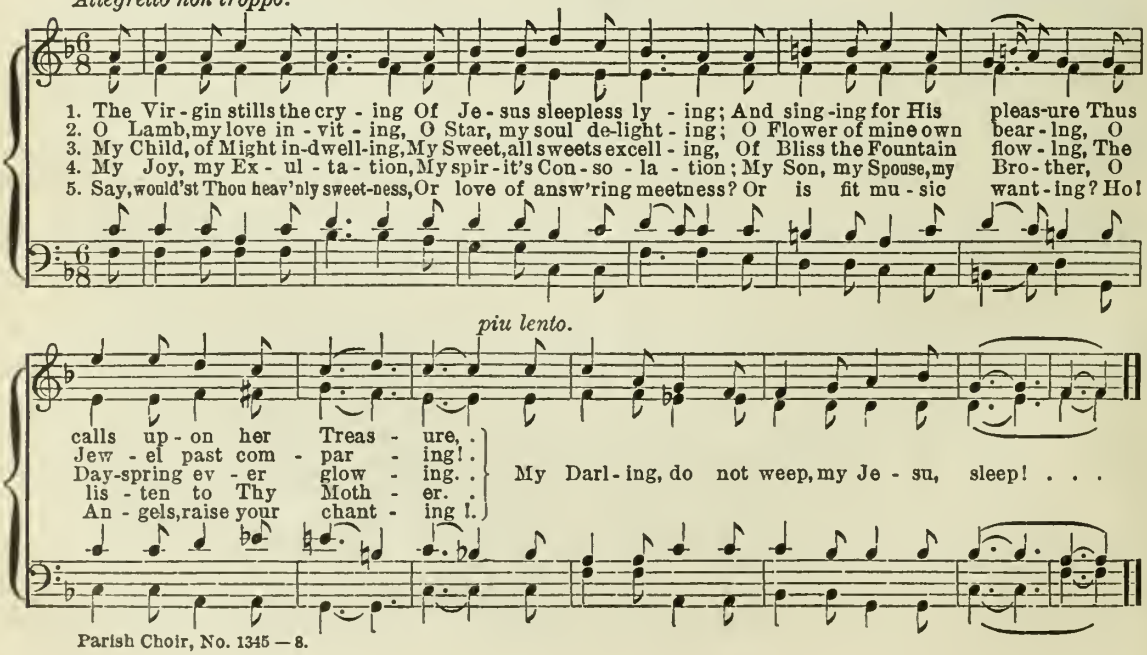
Carol 353.

Trans. from Latin.

CHRISTMAS.

Joseph Barnby.

Allegretto non troppo.

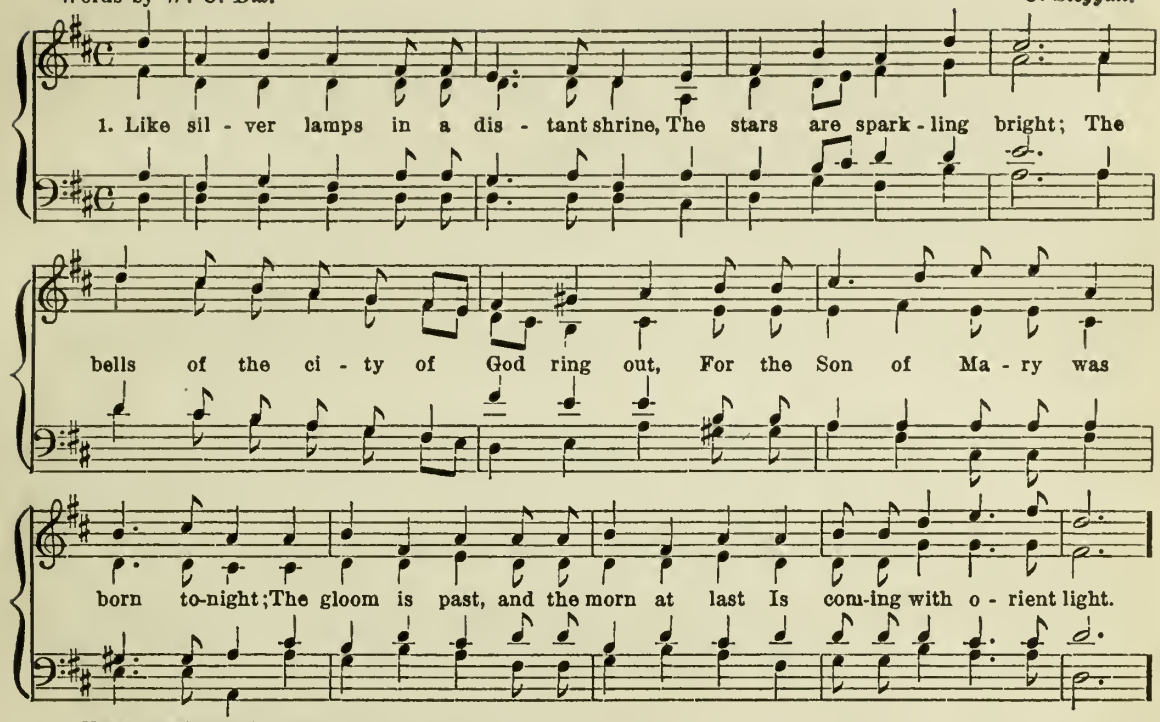

1. The Vir - gin stills the cry - ing Of Je - sus sleepless ly - ing; And sing - ing for His pleas-ure Thus
2. O Lamb, my love in - vit - ing, O Star, my soul de-light - ing; O Flower of mine own bear - ing, O
3. My Child, of Might in-dwell-ing, My Sweet, all sweets excell - ing, Of Bliss the Fountain flow - ing, The
4. My Joy, my Ex - ul - ta - tion, My spir - it's Con - so - la - tion; My Son, my Spouse, my Bro - ther, O
5. Say, would'st Thou heav'nly sweet-ness, Or love of answ'ring meetness? Or is fit mu - sic want - ing? Ho!
piu lento.
calls up - on her Treas - ure,
Jew - el past com - par - ing!
Day-spring ev - er glow - ing.
lis - ten to Thy Moth - er.
An - gels, raise your chant - ing!
My Darl - ing, do not weep, my Je - su, sleep! . . .

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine.

Carol 354.

CHRISTMAS.

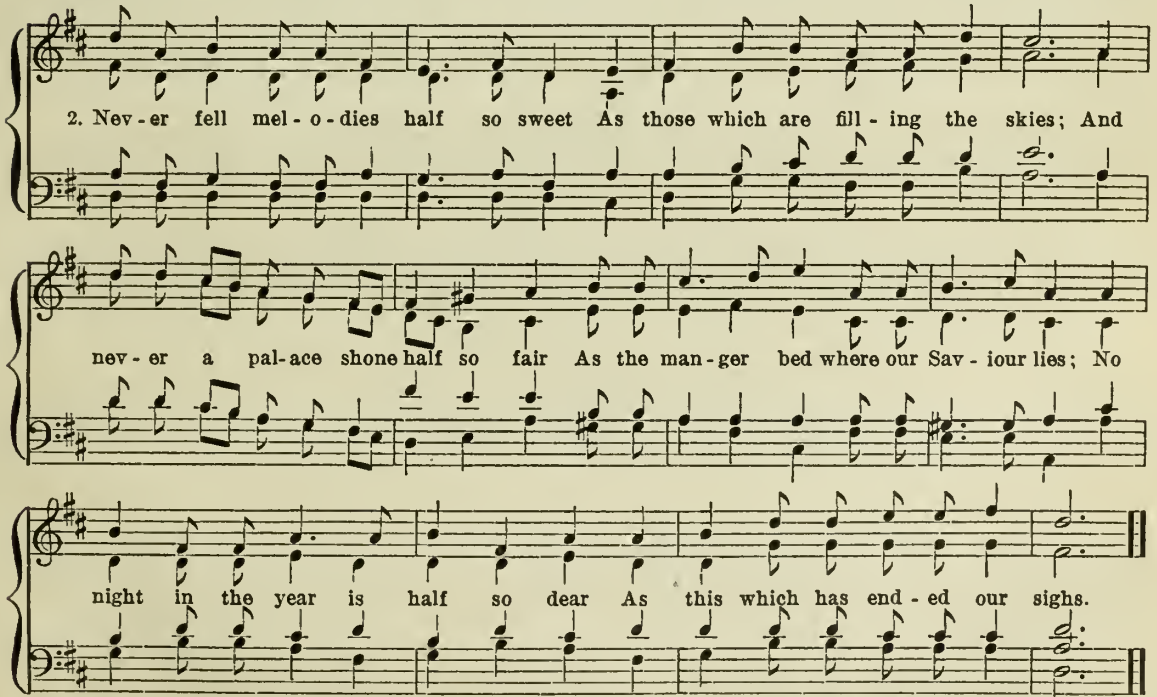
Words by *W. C. Dix.* *C. Steggall.*


1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling bright; The
bells of the ci - ty of God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was
born to-night; The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com-ing with o - rient light.

Verse 2—with music below.

3 The stars of heaven still shine *as at* first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song *still* rings *in the* height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh *from* fleshly sight.

4 Faith *sees no* longer the stable-floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there; [world;
The clear light of Heaven streams out *to the*
And An*gels of* God *are* crowding *the air;*
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless
Are at peace on this night so fair. [Birth,


2. Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As those which are fill - ing the skies; And
nev - er a pal-ace shone half so fair As the man - ger bed where our Sav - iour lies; No
night in the year is half so dear As this which has end - ed our sighs.

Verse 4 begins on the second chord, *i.e.*, at the beginning of the bar. Monosyllables in italics should be sung to two notes, and dissyllables to one note or two notes slurred.

Within a manger.

Carol 355. EPIPHANY. *Alfred Redhead.*

Tempo di Pastorale. *p*

1. With - in a man-ger bare He lay, Who made both heav'n and earth, While an - gels to the shepherds told Of Je - sus' wondrous birth. And now E - pi - pha - ny is here, Up - on that sta - ble floor. Three East-ern kings are kneeling low To wor - ship and a - dore.
2. The star which o'er their dis - tant home Shone forth the news to bring, O'er Beth-l'hem's sta - ble shines to mark The birth-place of the King. To Thee, dear Babe, whom, help-less, I In Ma - ry's arms be - hold, With these three kings, I would present Myrrh, Frank-in-cense and Gold.
3. But I, like Thee, am poor and weak, No trea-sures, Lord, are mine, My-self a - lone have I to give To be for ev - er Thine. O make me know Thee more and more, Shine in my heart by grace, Till on Thy glo-rious Throne in heav'n I see Thee, Face to face.

rit. *tempo.* *After each verse.*

Dear Saviour, show Thy - self to me On this Thy glad E - pi - pha - ny.

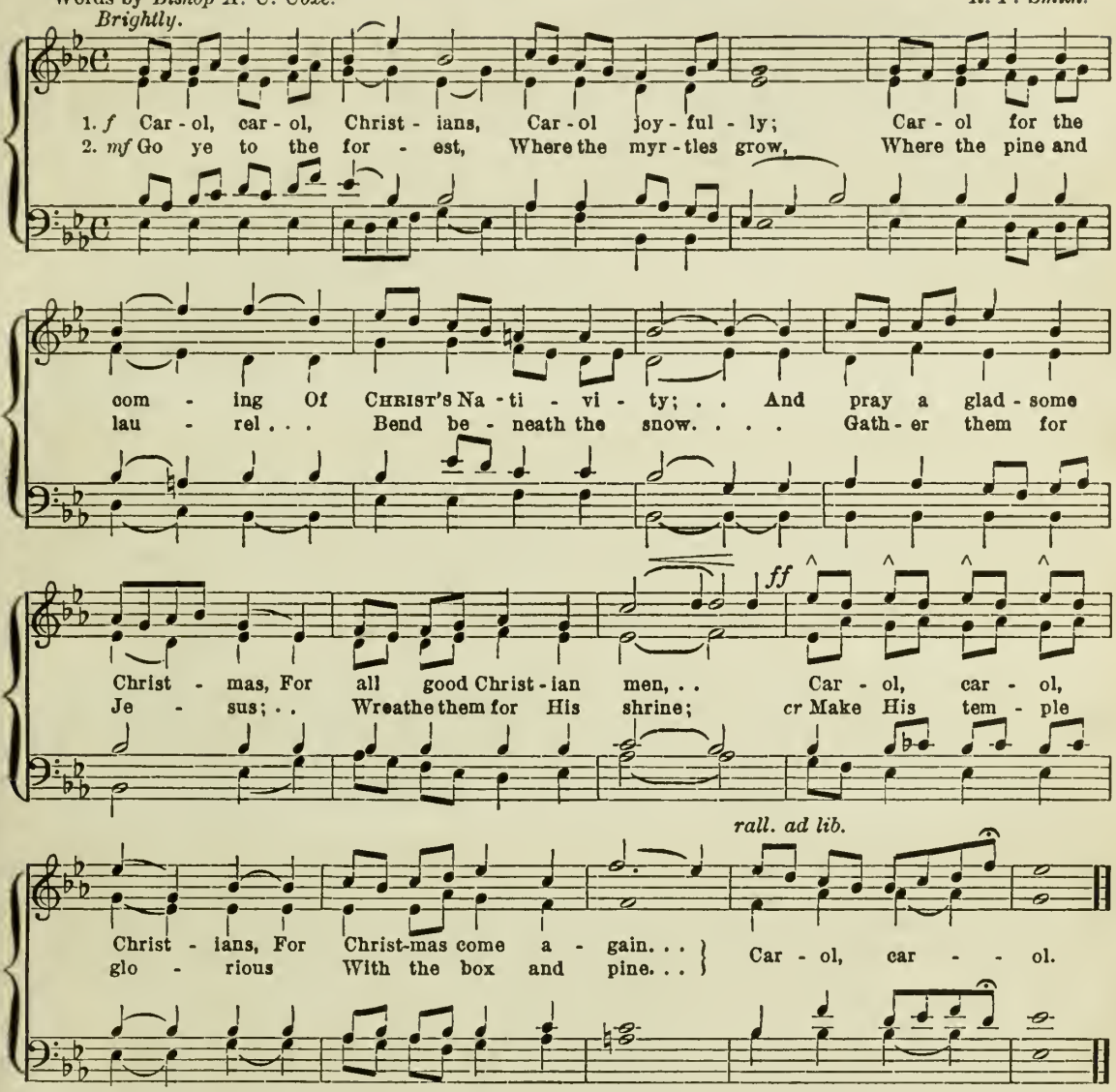
rit. *tempo.*

Carol, carol, Christians.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 356.

Words by *Bishop A. C. Coxe.* *R. F. Smith.*

Brightly.

1. f Car - ol, car - ol, Christ - ians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly; Car - ol for the
2. mf Go ye to the for - est, Where the myr - tles grow, Where the pine and
com - ing Of Christ's Na - ti - vi - ty; . . And pray a glad - some
lau - rel . . . Bend be - neath the snow. . . . Gath - er them for
ff
Christ - mas, For all good Christ - ian men, . . Car - ol, car - ol,
Je - sus; . . Wreathe them for His shrine; cr Make His tem - ple
rall. ad lib.
Christ - ians, For Christ-mas come a - gain. . .
glo - rious With the box and pine. . .
Car - ol, car - - ol.

3 *mf* Wreathe your Christmas garland.
Where to Christ we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be,
cr Than our holy chancel
On Christ's Nativity.
ff Carol, carol.

4 *mf* Carol, carol, Christians,
Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets
With a grateful vow:
Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh, and finest gold,
p At our Christmas Altar,
Humbly to unfold.
ff Carol, carol.

5 *f* Blow, blow up the trumpet,
For our solemn Feast;
Gird thine armour, Christian,
Wear thy vesture, priest!
Go ye to the Altar,
Pray, with fervour pray,
For Jesus' Second Coming,
And the Latter Day.
ff Carol, carol.

6 *mf* Give us Grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly
As Thyself with men;
cr So to rise in glory
When Thou com'st again!
ff Carol, carol.

Christmas comes again.

Carol 357. *C. Darnton.*

Brightly.

mf No - el, No - el, No - el. 1. Let us car - ols sing; Christ-mas comes a - gain!
2. On this hap - py day, A lit - tle ba - by came;
No - - - el. 3. An - gels in the sky Hail'd His low - ly birth;

cres. *f* *mf*

Let the wel - kin ring With loud and glad re - frain. 'Tis a time of joy and glad-ness, Cast a-way all
In a man-ger lay And Je - sus was His name. He has come, sal-va - tion bring-ing, Let us wel-come
"Glo - ry to God on high, And peace to men on earth." We will join the an-them ho - ly, Cel - e - brate His

cres. *f* *mf.* *ril.* *f* *mf* el.

gloom and sadness,
Him with singing.
ad-vent low-ly.
} Christmas comes a - gain, Christmas comes a - gain! No - el, No - el, No - el.
No - - - el.

Happy Christmas morning.

Carol 358.

Words by *A. S. Woods.* *C. Simper.*

Andante. ♩ = 108.

f

1. Be mer - ry, Christian men, and sing, It is the Birthday of our King! With car - ols sweet His
mf 2. Let gar-lands green His courts entwine, And Christ-mas ros - es deck His shrine; Is aught too rare for
3. Small won-der that the East is bright! The choirs of God were there last night, And still they raise sweet
4. In Bethlehem's sta-ble we may see Dear Je - sus on His moth-er's knee, Hu - man - i - ty and
5. O come and wor - ship, and a-dore The Child foretold in Proph-et's lore, From ev - er - more to

Ad - vent greet This hap - py Christ-mas morn - ing.
One so fair This hap - py Christ-mas morn - ing?
songs of praise This hap - py Christ-mas morn - ing.
De - i - ty This hap - py Christ-mas morn - ing.
ev - er more This hap - py Christ-mas morn - ing.
} Be mer - ry, Chris-tian men, and sing. It

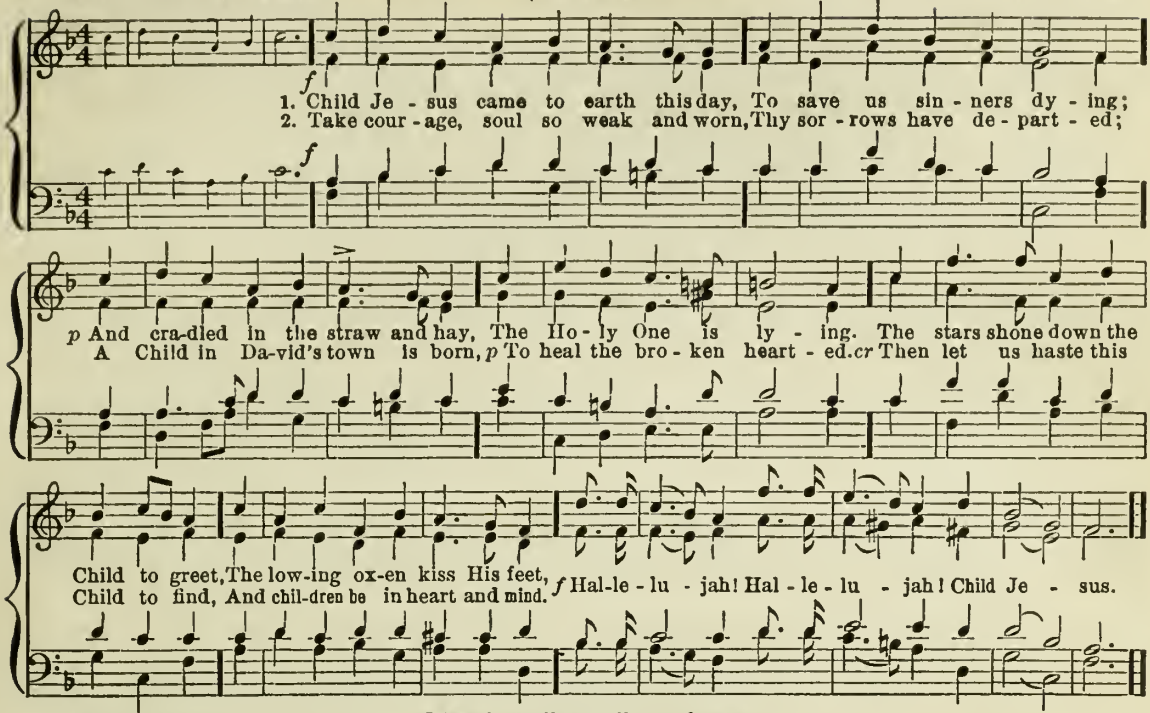
rall.

ff *ff*

is the Birth - day of our King! With car - ols sweet His Ad - vent greet This hap - py Christmas morn - ing.

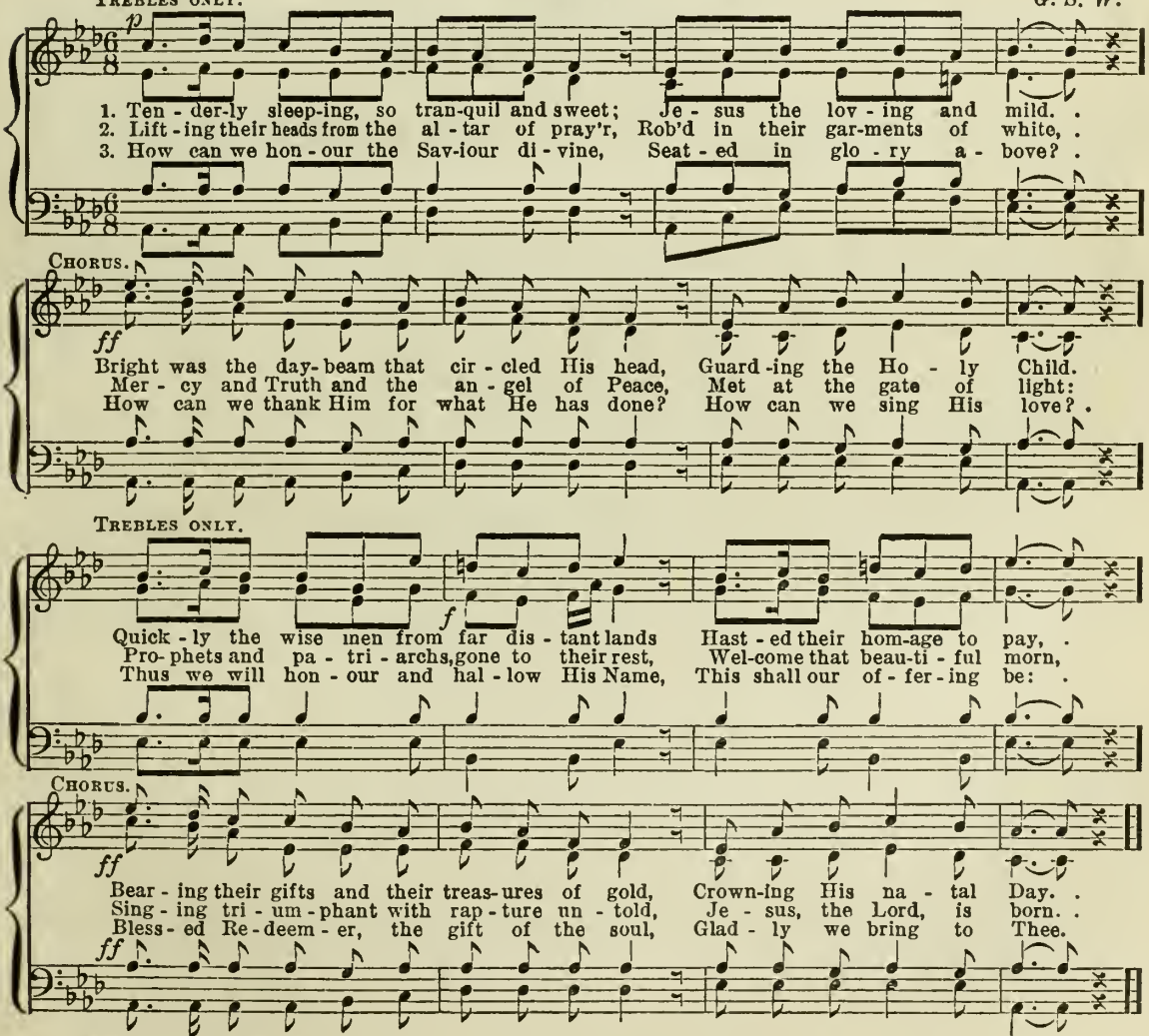
Carol 359. Child Jesus came to earth this day.

Trans. from *Hans Andersen.* (CHRISTMAS.) *Niels W. Gade.*


1. Child Je - sus came to earth this day, To save us sin - ners dy - ing;
2. Take cour - age, soul so weak and worn, Thy sor - rows have de - part - ed;
And cra-dled in the straw and hay, The Ho - ly One is ly - ing. The stars shone down the
A Child in Da-vid's town is born, To heal the bro - ken heart - ed. Then let us haste this
Child to greet, The low-ing ox-en kiss His feet, Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Child Je - sus.
Child to find, And chil-dren be in heart and mind.

Carol 360. Tenderly sleeping.

CHRISTMAS.

TREBLES ONLY. *G. S. W.*

1. Ten - der-ly sleep-ing, so tran-quil and sweet; Je - sus the lov - ing and mild.
2. Lift - ing their heads from the al - tar of pray'r, Rob'd in their gar-ments of white,
3. How can we hon - our the Sav-iour di - vine, Seat - ed in glo - ry a - bove?
CHORUS.
Bright was the day-beam that cir - cled His head, Guard - ing the Ho - ly Child.
Mer - cy and Truth and the an - gel of Peace, Met at the gate of light:
How can we thank Him for what He has done? How can we sing His love?
TREBLES ONLY.
Quick - ly the wise men from far dis - tant lands Hast - ed their hom-age to pay,
Pro- phets and pa - tri - archs, gone to their rest, Wel-come that beau-ti - ful morn,
Thus we will hon - our and hal - low His Name, This shall our of - fer - ing be:
CHORUS.
Bear - ing their gifts and their treas-ures of gold, Crown-ing His na - tal Day.
Sing - ing tri - um - phant with rap - ture un - told, Je - sus, the Lord, is born.
Bless - ed Re-deem - er, the gift of the soul, Glad - ly we bring to Thee.

Sweetly sang the angels.

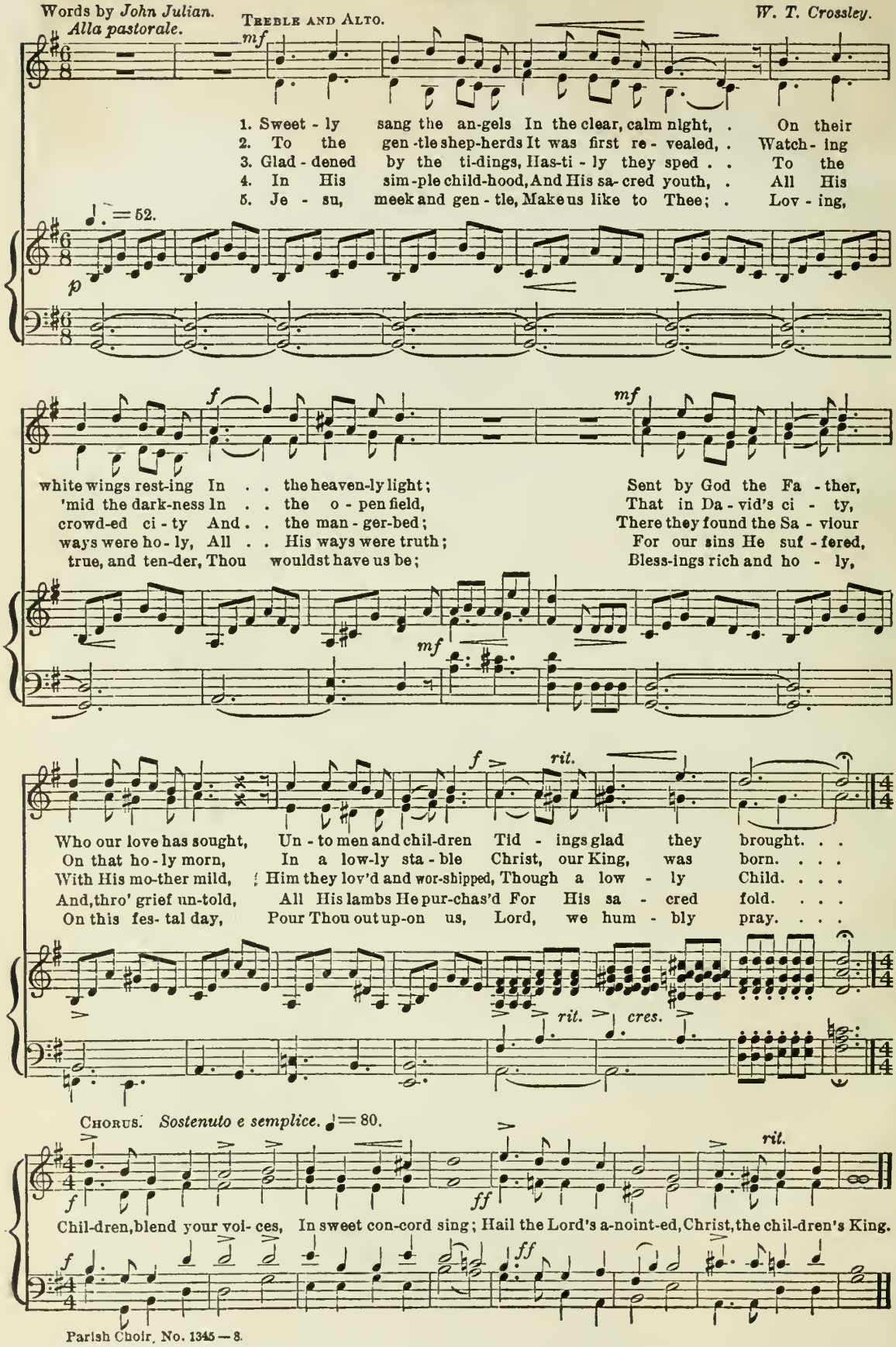
Carol 361.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *John Julian.*

Alla pastorale.

TREBLE AND ALTO.

W. T. Crossley.

mf
1. Sweet - ly sang the an-gels In the clear, calm night, . On their
2. To the gen -tle shep-herds It was first re - vealed, . Watch - ing
3. Glad - dened by the ti-dings, Has-ti - ly they sped . . To the
4. In His sim-ple child-hood, And His sa- cred youth, . All His
5. Je - su, meek and gen - tle, Make us like to Thee; . Lov - ing,
♩. = 52.
p
white wings rest-ing In . . the heaven-ly light;
'mid the dark-ness In . . the o - pen field,
crowd-ed ci - ty And . . the man - ger-bed;
ways were ho - ly, All . . His ways were truth;
true, and ten-der, Thou wouldst have us be;
f
mf
Sent by God the Fa - ther,
That in Da - vid's ci - ty,
There they found the Sa - viour
For our sins He suf - fered,
Bless-ings rich and ho - ly,
mf
Who our love has sought, Un - to men and chil-dren Tid - ings glad they brought. . .
On that ho - ly morn, In a low-ly sta - ble Christ, our King, was born. . . .
With His mo-ther mild, Him they lov'd and wor-shipped, Though a low - ly Child. . . .
And, thro' grief un-told, All His lambs He pur-chas'd For His sa - cred fold. . . .
On this fes- tal day, Pour Thou out up-on us, Lord, we hum - bly pray. . . .
f
rit.
rit.
cres.
CHORUS. *Sostenuto e semplice.* ♩ = 80.
f
ff
rit.
Chil-dren, blend your vol- ces, In sweet con-cord sing; Hail the Lord's a-noint-ed, Christ, the chil-dren's King.
f
ff

Joy-bells ringing.

Carol 362.

EASTER.

Briskly. *Charles Vincent.*

mf

1. Joy-bells ring-ing, chil-dren sing-ing, Fill the air with thank-ful praise,
2. Joy-bells ring-ing, chil-dren sing-ing, Join the cho-rus loud and clear,

mf

cres. *f*

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! Hymns of joy to Him we raise.
Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! Chil-dren's praise He loves to hear.
Joy-bells, joy-bells,

cres. *f*

nev-er cease your ring-ing; Chil-dren, chil-dren, nev-er cease your sing-ing!

Good Lord, ac-cept Thy chil-dren's praise, On this the Church's Day of Days.

3 Earth seems brighter, hearts grow lighter
With the gladsome melody,
Christ is risen! Hear the Church bells
Pealing, pealing joyfully.
Joy-bells, joy-bells, etc.

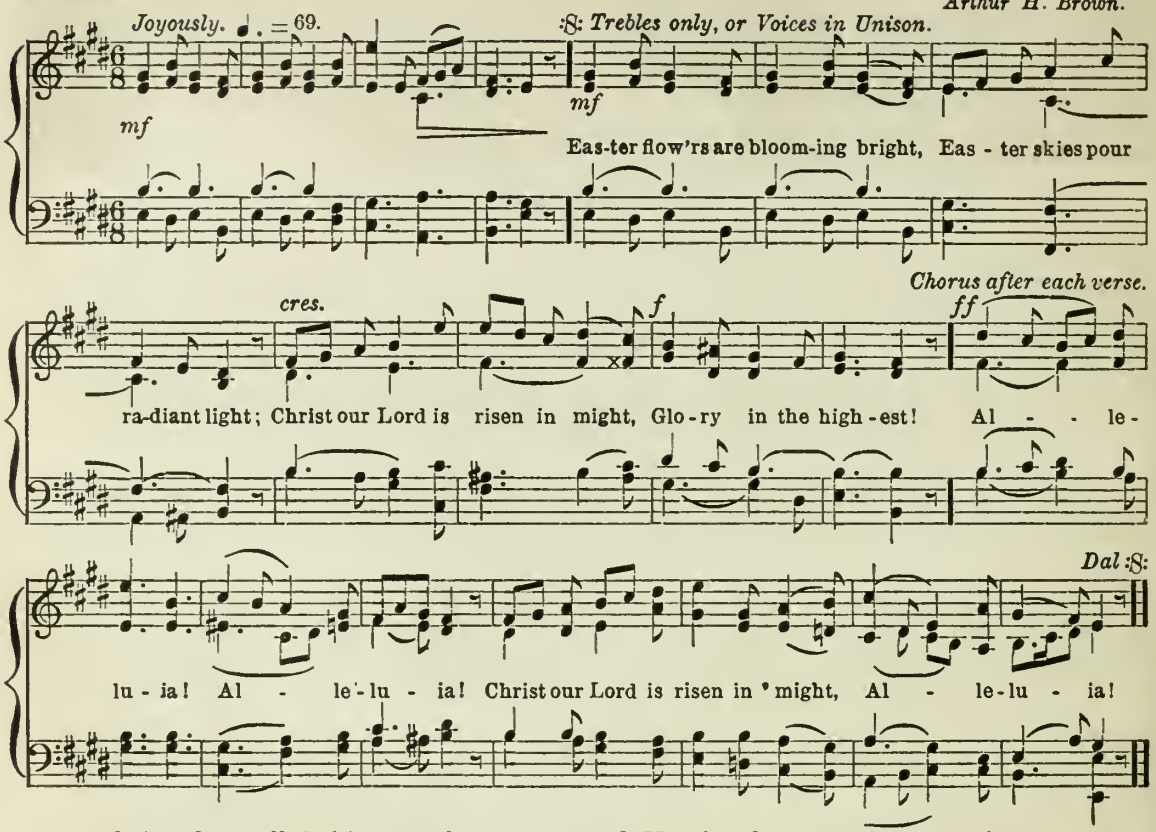
4 Joy-bells clearer sound and nearer
To hearts filled with purity,
Christ is risen! All the ransomed
Now from sin's dark power are free.
Joy-bells, joy-bells, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1359—4.

Easter flowers are blooming bright.

Carol 363.

Arthur H. Brown.


Joyously. ♩. = 69.
mf
:S: Trebles only, or Voices in Unison.
mf
Eas-ter flow'rs are bloom-ing bright, Eas - ter skies pour
Chorus after each verse.
cres.
f
ff
ra-diant light; Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo-ry in the high-est! Al - - le-
Dal :S:
lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! Christ our Lord is risen in might, Al - le-lu - ia!

2 Angels carolled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest!
Alleluia! etc.

3 He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest!
Alleluia! etc.

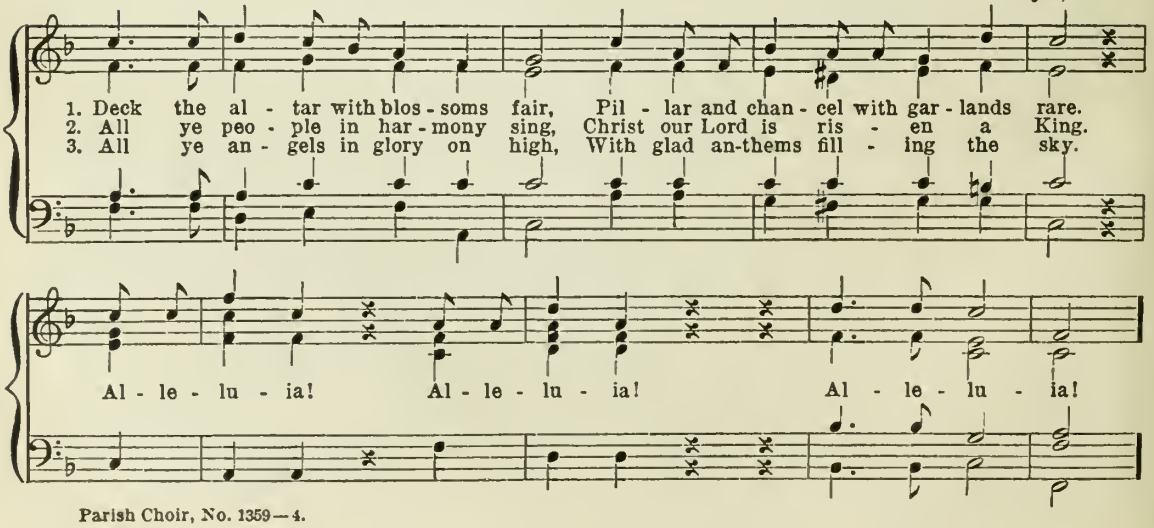
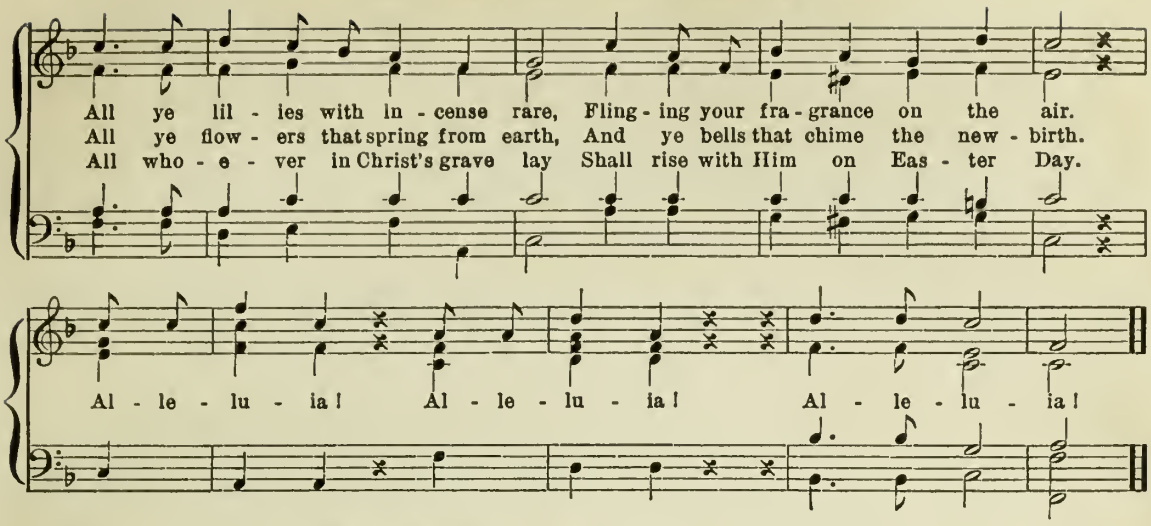
4 As He riseth rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest!
Alleluia! etc.

Deck the altar with blossoms fair,

Carol 364.

EASTER.

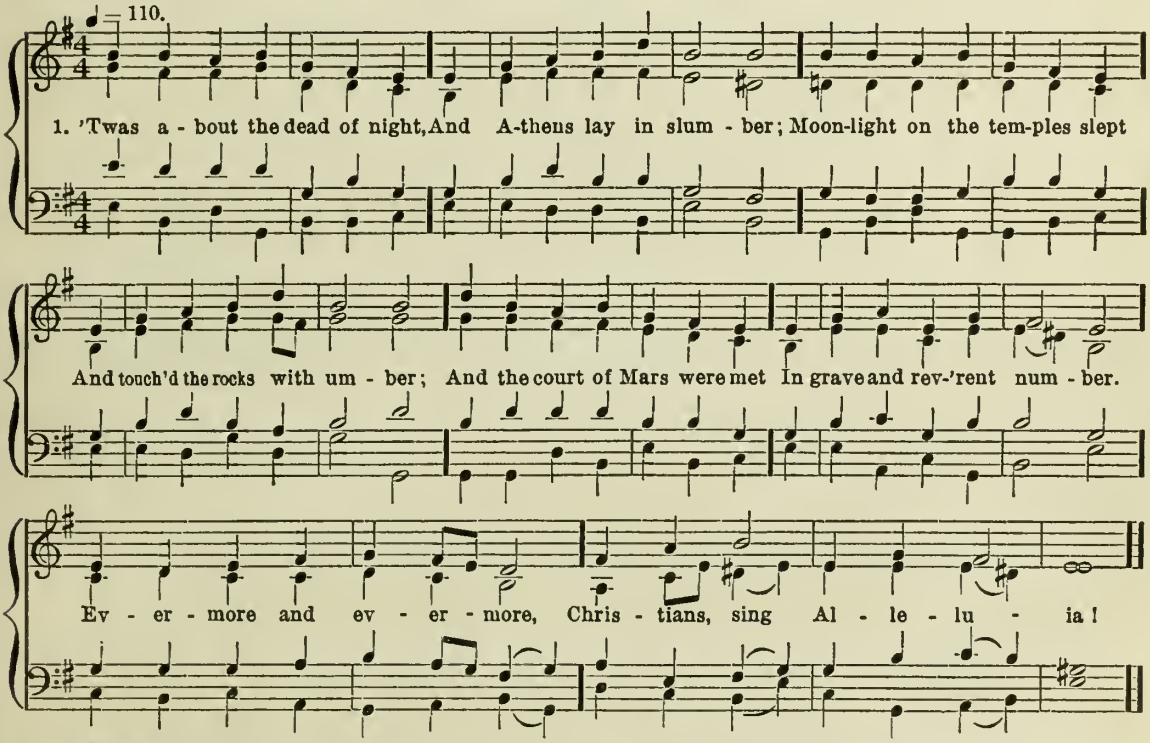
Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.


1. Deck the al - tar with blos - soms fair, Pil - lar and chan - cel with gar - lands rare.
2. All ye peo - ple in har - mony sing, Christ our Lord is ris - en a King.
3. All ye an - gels in glory on high, With glad an-thems fill - ing the sky.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

All ye lil - ies with in - cense rare, Fling - ing your fra - grance on the air.
All ye flow - ers that spring from earth, And ye bells that chime the new - birth.
All who - e - ver in Christ's grave lay Shall rise with Him on Eas - ter Day.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

'Twas about the dead of night.

Carol 365.

EASTER.


♩ = 110.
1. 'Twas a - bout the dead of night, And A-thens lay in slum - ber; Moon-light on the tem-ples slept
And touch'd the rocks with um - ber; And the court of Mars were met In grave and rev-'rent num - ber.
Ev - er - more and ev - er - more, Chris - tians, sing Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Met were they to hear and judge
The teaching of a stranger;
O'er the ocean he had come,
Through want, and toil, and danger;
And he worship'd for his God
One cradled in a manger.
Evermore, etc.

3 While he spake against their gods,
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection;
'Till with bolder voice and mien
He preach'd THE RESURRECTION.
Evermore, etc.

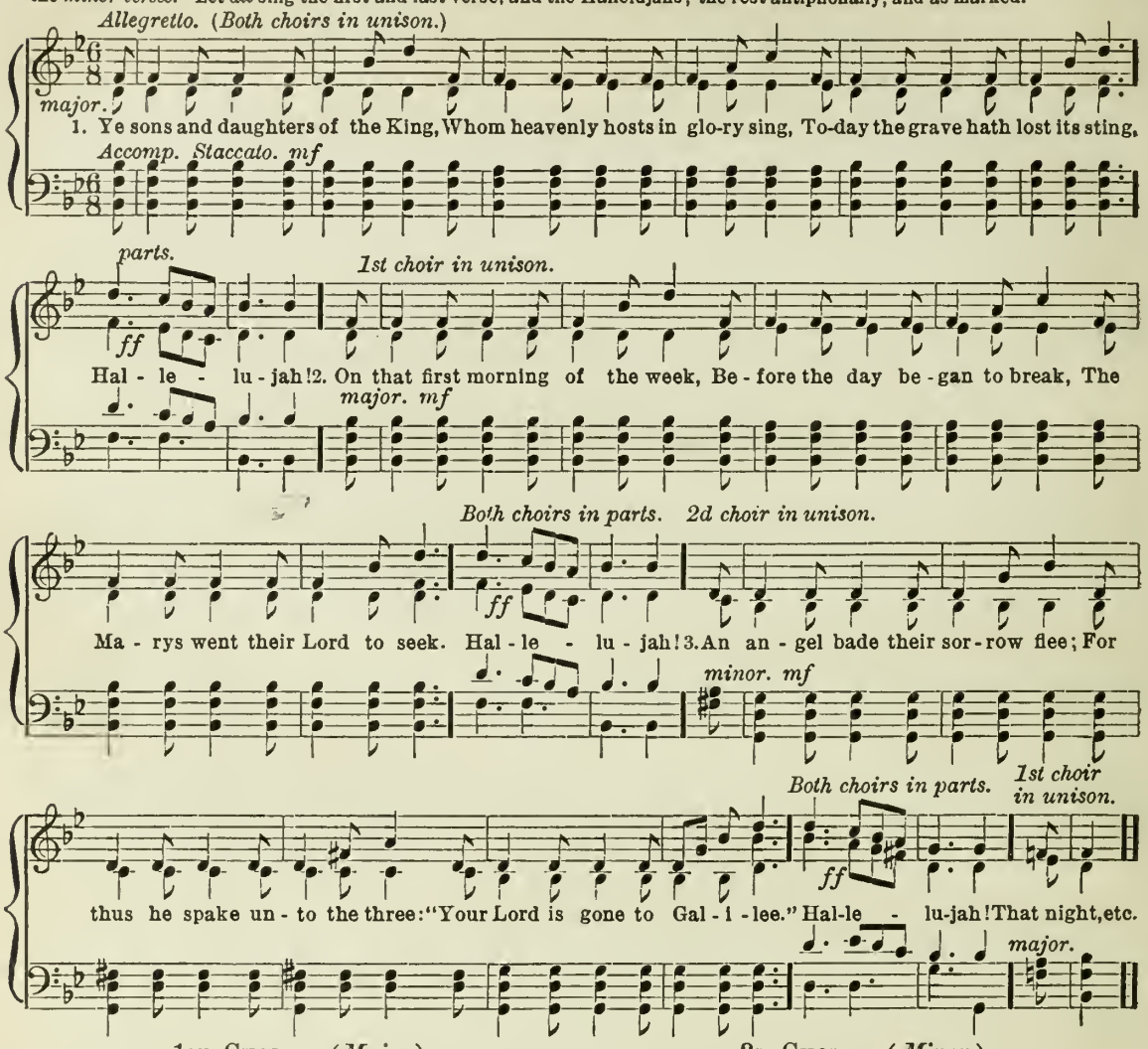
4 Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
Of blasphemy and treason;
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason;
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Evermore, etc.

5 Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
Now Europe hath received it;
Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
Now children have believed it;
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achieved it.
Evermore, etc.

Ye sons and daughters of the King.

Carol 366. EASTER. *George W. Warren.*

NOTE. Two choirs are necessary to sing this *Carol* properly. Divide the school, one side taking the *major*, and the other, the *minor verses*. Let *all* sing the first and last verse, and the Hallelujahs; the rest antiphonally, and as marked.


Allegretto. (Both choirs in unison.)
major.
1. Ye sons and daughters of the King, Whom heavenly hosts in glo-ry sing, To-day the grave hath lost its sting,
Accomp. Staccato. mf
parts.
1st choir in unison.
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! 2. On that first morning of the week, Be - fore the day be - gan to break, The
major. mf
Both choirs in parts. 2d choir in unison.
ff
Ma - rys went their Lord to seek. Hal - le - lu - jah! 3. An an - gel bade their sor - row flee; For
minor. mf
Both choirs in parts. 1st choir in unison.
ff
thus he spake un - to the three: "Your Lord is gone to Gal - i - lee." Hal-le - lu-jah! That night, etc.
major.

1ST CHOIR. (*Major.*)

4 That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came the Lord most dear,
And said, "Peace be unto you here!"
Hallelujah!

2D CHOIR. (*Minor.*)

5 When Thomas afterwards had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.
Hallelujah!

1ST CHOIR. (*Major.*)

6 "Thomas, behold My Side," said He;
"My hands, My Feet, My Body see;
And doubt not, but believe in Me."
Hallelujah!

2D CHOIR. (*Minor.*)

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Hallelujah!

1ST CHOIR. (*Major.*)

8 Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
In Life eternal they shall reign.
Hallelujah!

2D CHOIR. (*Minor.*)

9 On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee and praise.
Hallelujah!

BOTH CHOIRS. (*Major.*)

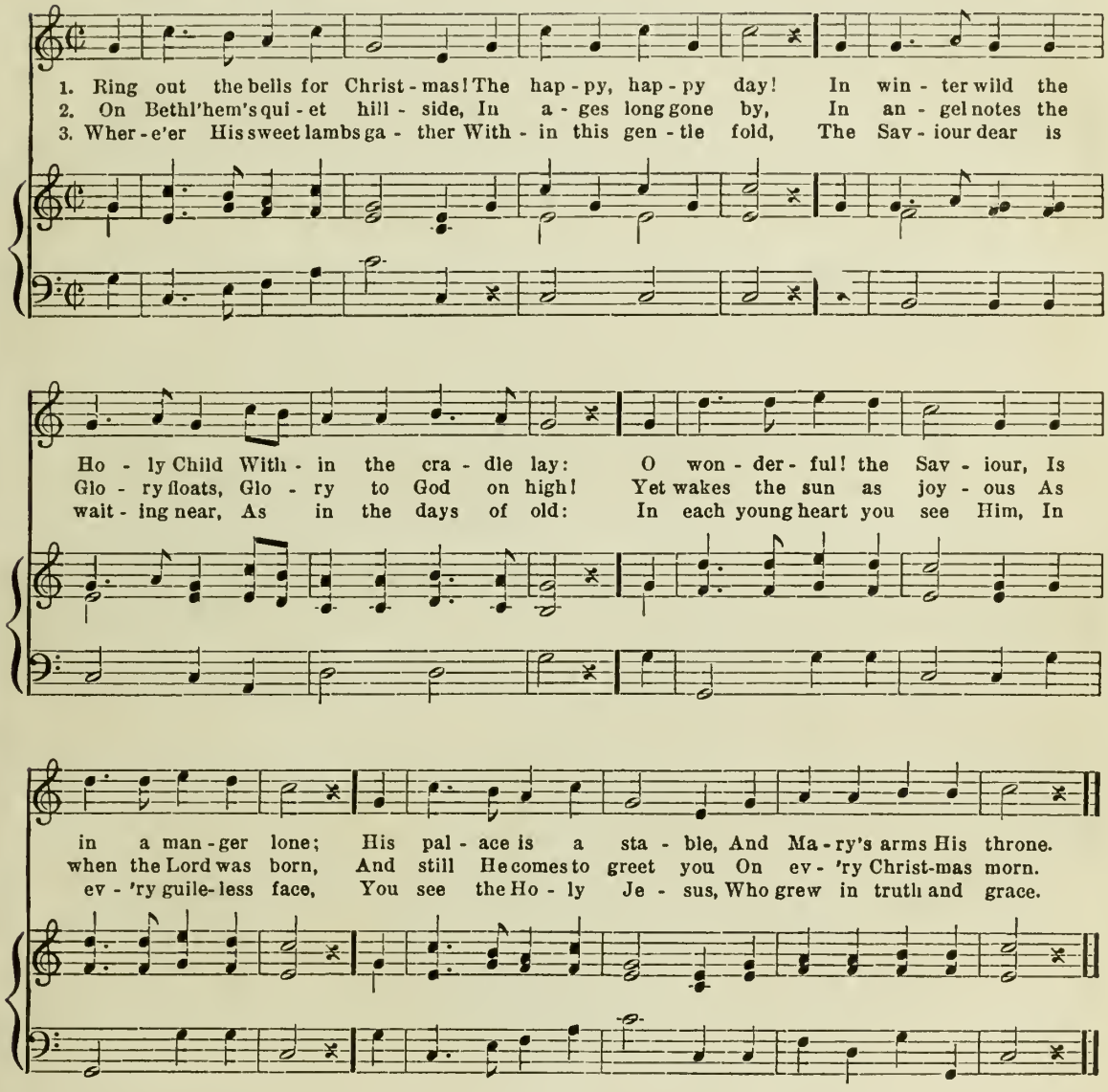
10 And we with Holy Church unite,
As evermore is just and right,
* In glory to the King of Light.
Hallelujah!

*Sing this line slowly, and with all power.

Ring out the bells for Christmas.

Carol 367.

Words by the *Rev. E. A. Washburn.* *J. Mosenthal.*


1. Ring out the bells for Christ - mas! The hap - py, hap - py day! In win - ter wild the
2. On Bethl'hem's qui - et hill - side, In a - ges long gone by, In an - gel notes the
3. Wher - e'er His sweet lambs ga - ther With - in this gen - tle fold, The Sav - iour dear is
Ho - ly Child With - in the cra - dle lay: O won - der - ful! the Sav - iour, Is
Glo - ry floats, Glo - ry to God on high! Yet wakes the sun as joy - ous As
wait - ing near, As in the days of old: In each young heart you see Him, In
in a man - ger lone; His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arms His throne.
when the Lord was born, And still He comes to greet you On ev - 'ry Christ-mas morn.
ev - 'ry guile - less face, You see the Ho - ly Je - sus, Who grew in truth and grace.

4

In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In Winter bleak, with shivering cheek
The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth
The Christ-child at the door.

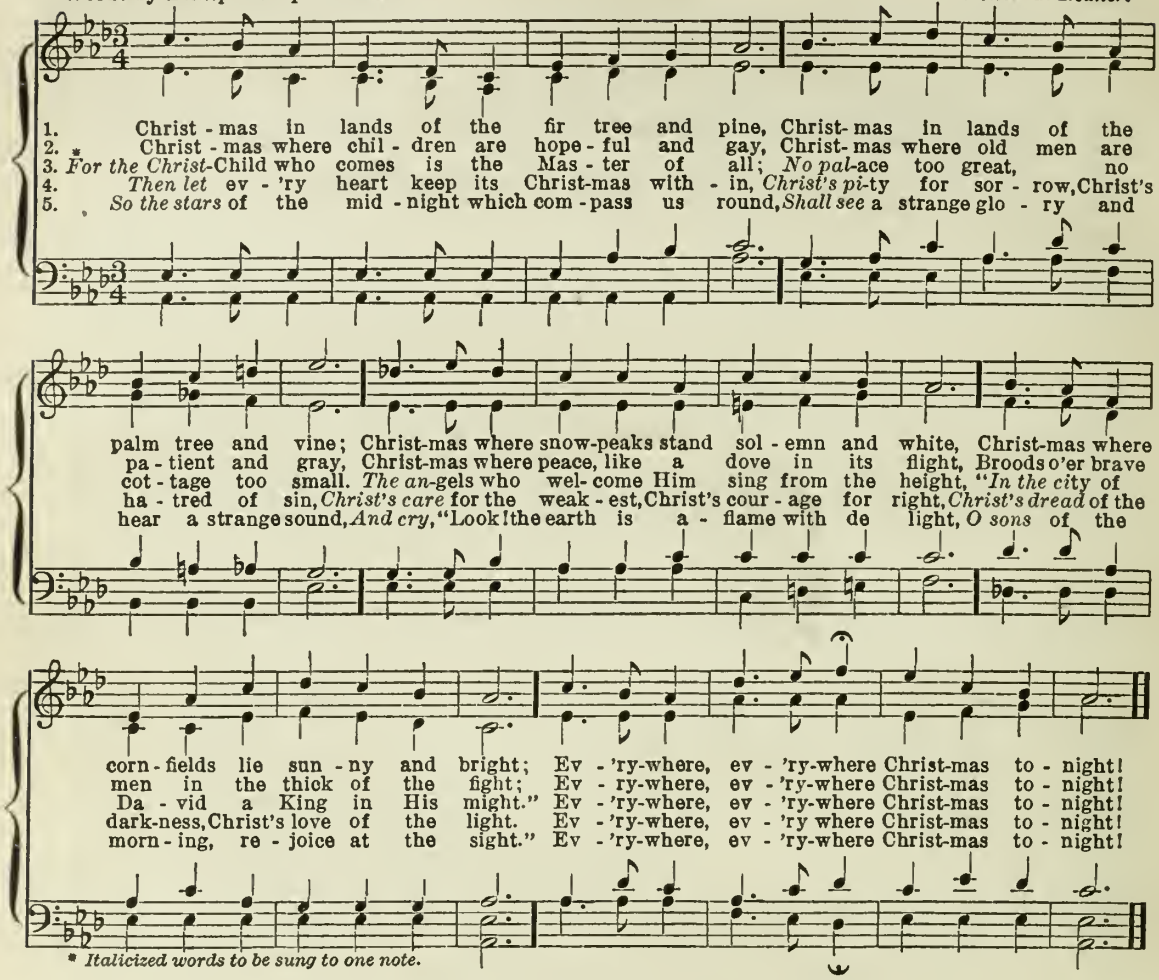
5

Then sing your gladsome carols
And hail the new-born sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

Carol 368.

Words by *Bishop Phillips Brooks.* *Lewis H. Redner.*


1. Christ-mas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christ-mas in lands of the
2. Christ-mas where chil-dren are hope-ful and gay, Christ-mas where old men are
3. *For the Christ*-Child who comes is the Mas-ter of all; *No pal*-ace too great, no
4. *Then let* ev-'ry heart keep its Christ-mas with-in, *Christ's pi*-ty for sor-row, Christ's
5. *So the stars* of the mid-night which com-pass us round, *Shall see* a strange glo-ry and
palm tree and vine; Christ-mas where snow-peaks stand sol-emn and white, Christ-mas where
pa-tient and gray, Christ-mas where peace, like a dove in its flight, Broods o'er brave
cot-tage too small. *The an*-gels who wel-come Him sing from the height, "*In the city* of
ha-tred of sin, *Christ's care* for the weak-est, Christ's cour-age for right, *Christ's dread* of the
hear a strange sound, *And cry*, "Look! the earth is a-flame with de light, *O sons* of the
corn-fields lie sun-ny and bright; Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
men in the thick of the fight; Ev-ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
Da-vid a King in His might." Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
dark-ness, Christ's love of the light. Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry where Christ-mas to-night!
morn-ing, re-joice at the sight." Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!

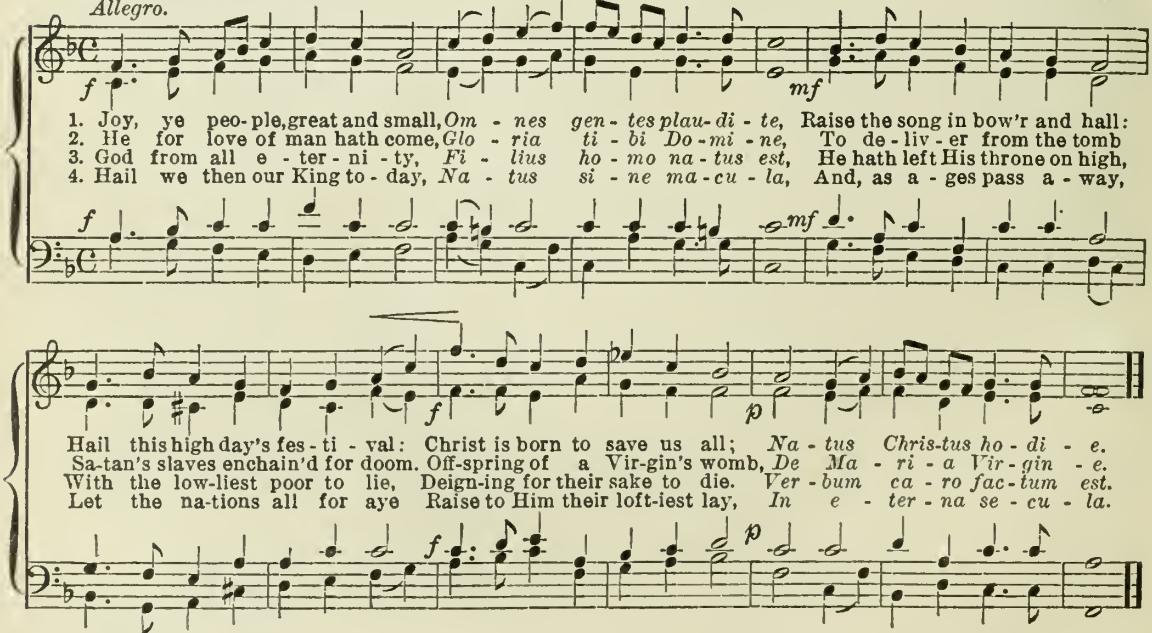
* *Italicized words to be sung to one note.*

Joy, ye people, great and small.

Carol 369. (CHRISTMAS.)

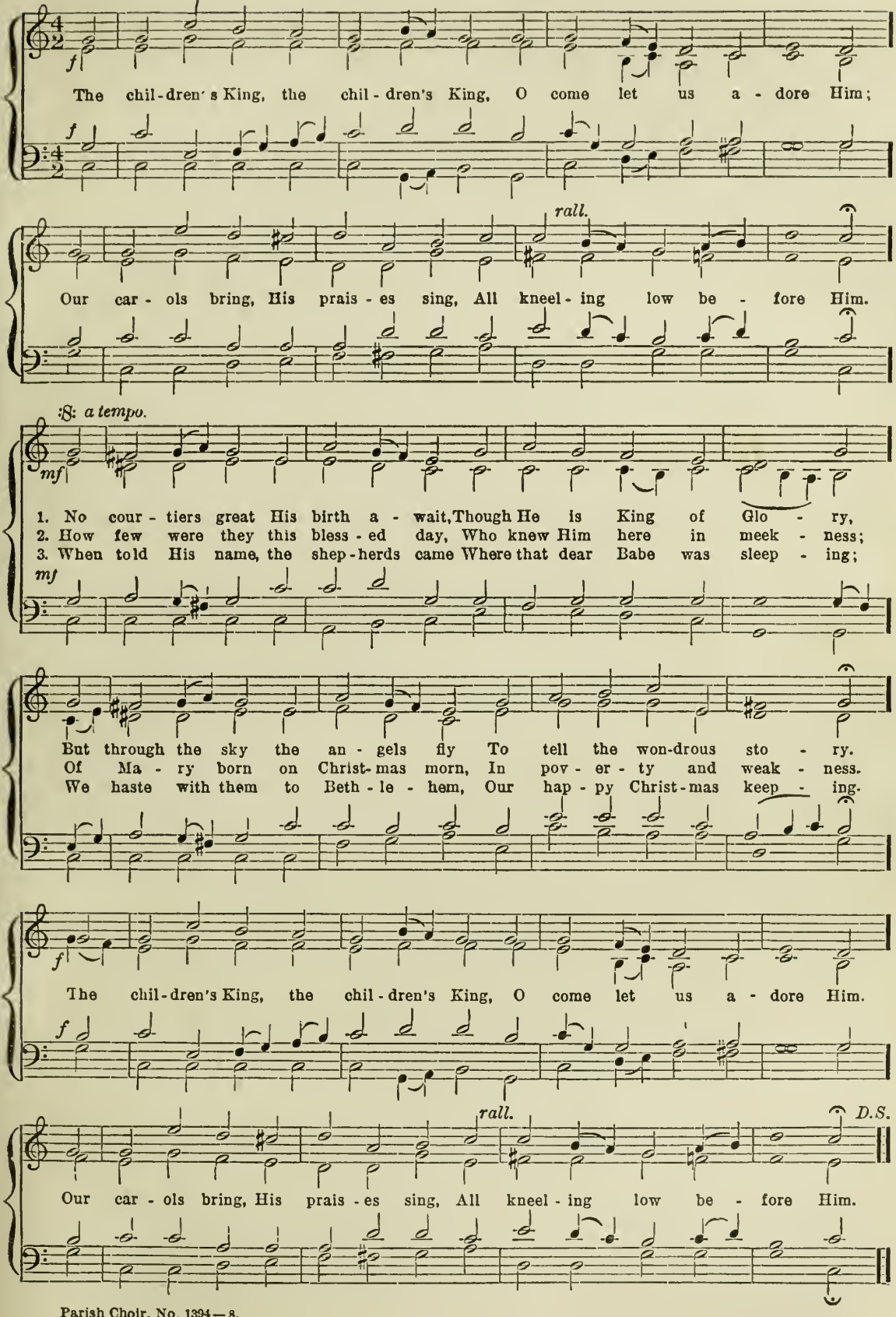
Words by *Rev. F. K. Harford.* *J. F. Bridge.*

Allegro.


1. Joy, ye peo-ple, great and small, *Om-nes gen-tes plau-di-te,* Raise the song in bow'r and hall:
2. He for love of man hath come, *Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne,* To de-liv-er from the tomb
3. God from all e-ter-ni-ty, *Fi-lius ho-mo na-tus est,* He hath left His throne on high,
4. Hail we then our King to-day, *Na-tus si-ne ma-cu-la,* And, as a-ges pass a-way,
Hail this high day's fes-ti-val: Christ is born to save us all; *Na-tus Chris-tus ho-di-e.*
Sa-tan's slaves enchain'd for doom. Off-spring of a Vir-gin's womb, *De Ma-ri-a Vir-gin-e.*
With the low-liest poor to lie, Deign-ing for their sake to die. *Ver-bum ca-ro fac-tum est.*
Let the na-tions all for aye Raise to Him their loft-iest lay, *In e-ter-na se-cu-la.*

The children's King.

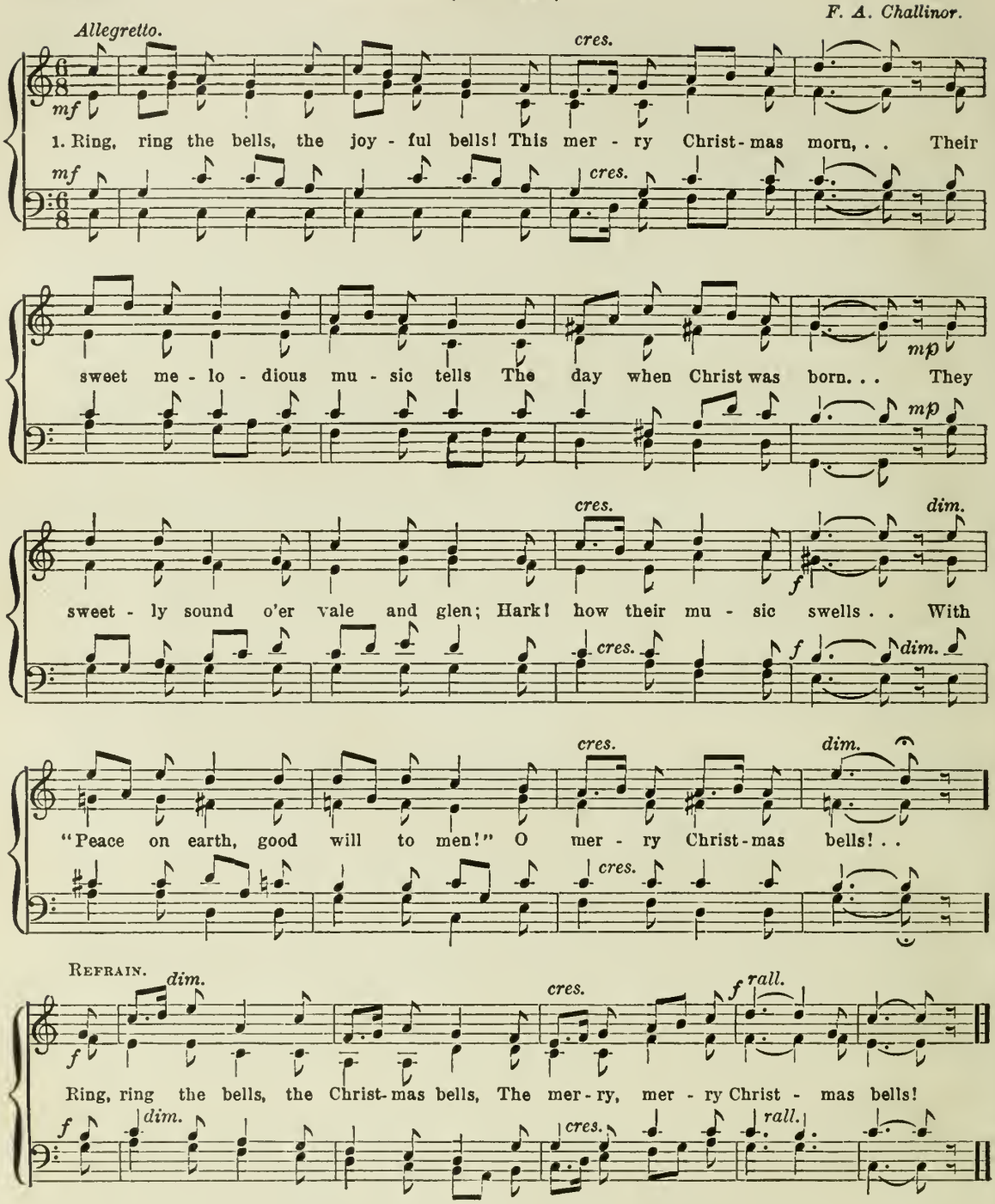
Carol 370. (CHRISTMAS.) *Old Melody.*


The chil-dren's King, the chil-dren's King, O come let us a-dore Him;
rall.
Our car-ols bring, His prais-es sing, All kneel-ing low be-fore Him.
a tempo.
1. No cour-tiers great His birth a-wait, Though He is King of Glo-ry,
2. How few were they this bless-ed day, Who knew Him here in meek-ness;
3. When told His name, the shep-herds came Where that dear Babe was sleep-ing;
But through the sky the an-gels fly To tell the won-drous sto-ry.
Of Ma-ry born on Christ-mas morn, In pov-er-ty and weak-ness.
We haste with them to Beth-le-hem, Our hap-py Christ-mas keep-ing.
The chil-dren's King, the chil-dren's King, O come let us a-dore Him.
rall.
D.S.
Our car-ols bring, His prais-es sing, All kneel-ing low be-fore Him.

Ring, ring the bells!

Carol 371. (CHRISTMAS.)

F. A. Challinor.


Allegretto.
mf
cres.
1. Ring, ring the bells, the joy - ful bells! This mer - ry Christ - mas morn, . . Their
sweet me - lo - dious mu - sic tells The day when Christ was born. . . They
mp
sweet - ly sound o'er vale and glen; Hark! how their mu - sic swells . . With
f
dim.
"Peace on earth, good will to men!" O mer - ry Christ - mas bells! . .
REFRAIN.
Ring, ring the bells, the Christ - mas bells, The mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells!
rall.

2 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
For in their joyous chime
Once more on earth the chorus swells
Of angel-song sublime.
The sweet old story, ever new,
Falls on the heart again,
Refreshing as the early dew,
Or soft as summer rain.
Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
The merry, merry Christmas bells!

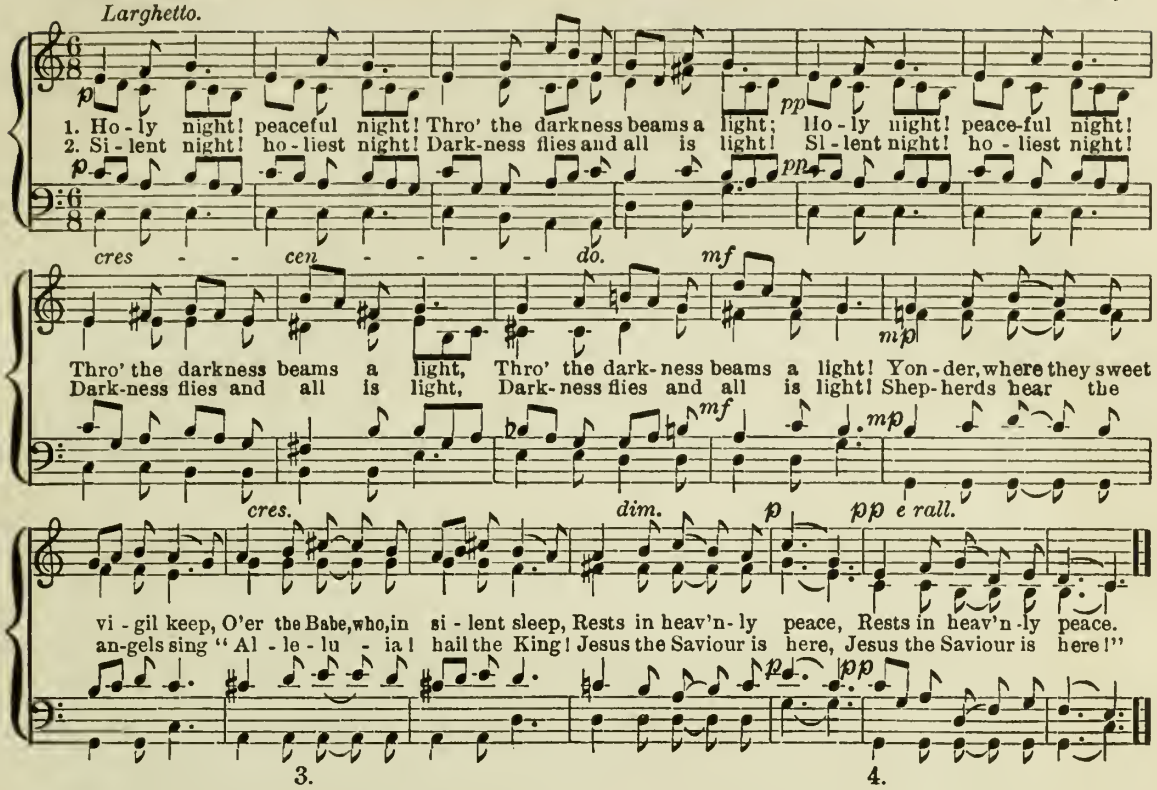
3 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
Prophetic of the day
When He of whom their ringing tells
Shall all the nations sway.
Shall bless and rule and fill each heart,
Shall bid all sorrows cease,
And give His own the better part
Of everlasting peace.
Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
The merry, merry Christmas bells!

Holy night! peaceful night!

Carol 372. CHRISTMAS.

Tr. from *J. Mohr.* *J. Barnby.*

Larghetto.

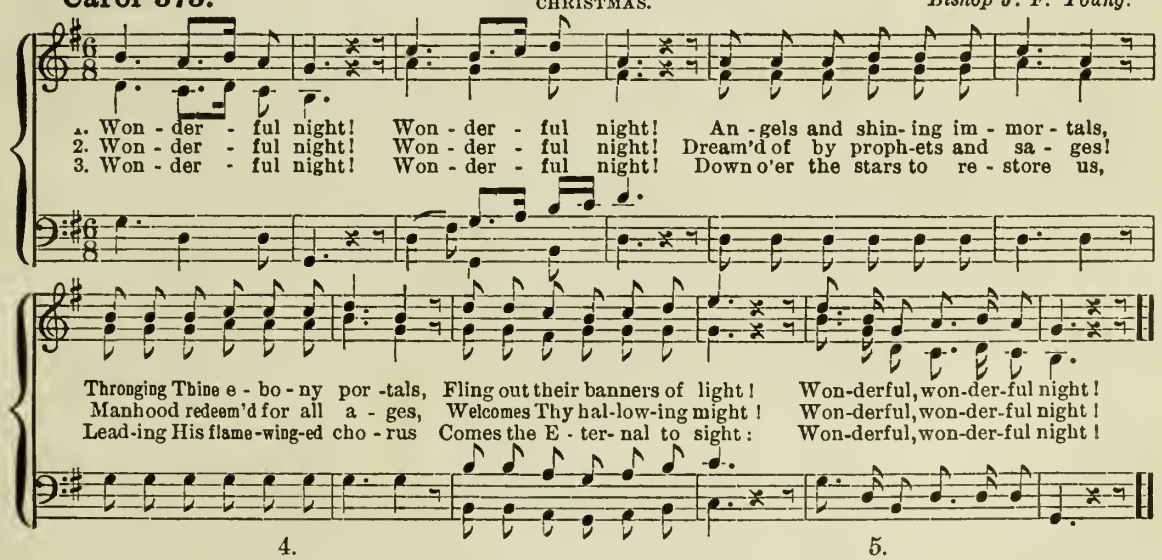

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the darkness beams a light; Ho - ly night! peace-ful night!
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light! Si - lent night! ho - liest night!
cres - - cen - - - - do.
Thro' the darkness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light! Yon - der, where they sweet
Dark-ness flies and all is light, Dark-ness flies and all is light! Shep-herds hear the
cres.
dim.
e rall.
vi - gil keep, O'er the Babe, who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heav'n - ly peace, Rests in heav'n - ly peace.
an-gels sing "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King! Jesus the Saviour is here, Jesus the Saviour is here!"
3.
4.

‖: Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend Thy light! :‖
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

‖: Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend Thy light! :‖
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus *our* Saviour is here!

Wonderful night!

Carol 373. CHRISTMAS.

Bishop J. F. Young.

1. Won - der - ful night! Won - der - ful night! An - gels and shin - ing im - mor - tals,
2. Won - der - ful night! Won - der - ful night! Dream'd of by proph-ets and sa - ges!
3. Won - der - ful night! Won - der - ful night! Down o'er the stars to re - store us,
Thronging Thine e - bo - ny por - tals, Fling out their banners of light! Won-derful, won-der-ful night!
Manhood redeem'd for all a - ges, Welcomes Thy hal-low-ing might! Won-derful, won-der-ful night!
Lead-ing His flame-wing-ed cho - rus Comes the E - ter - nal to sight: Won-derful, won-der-ful night!
4.
5.

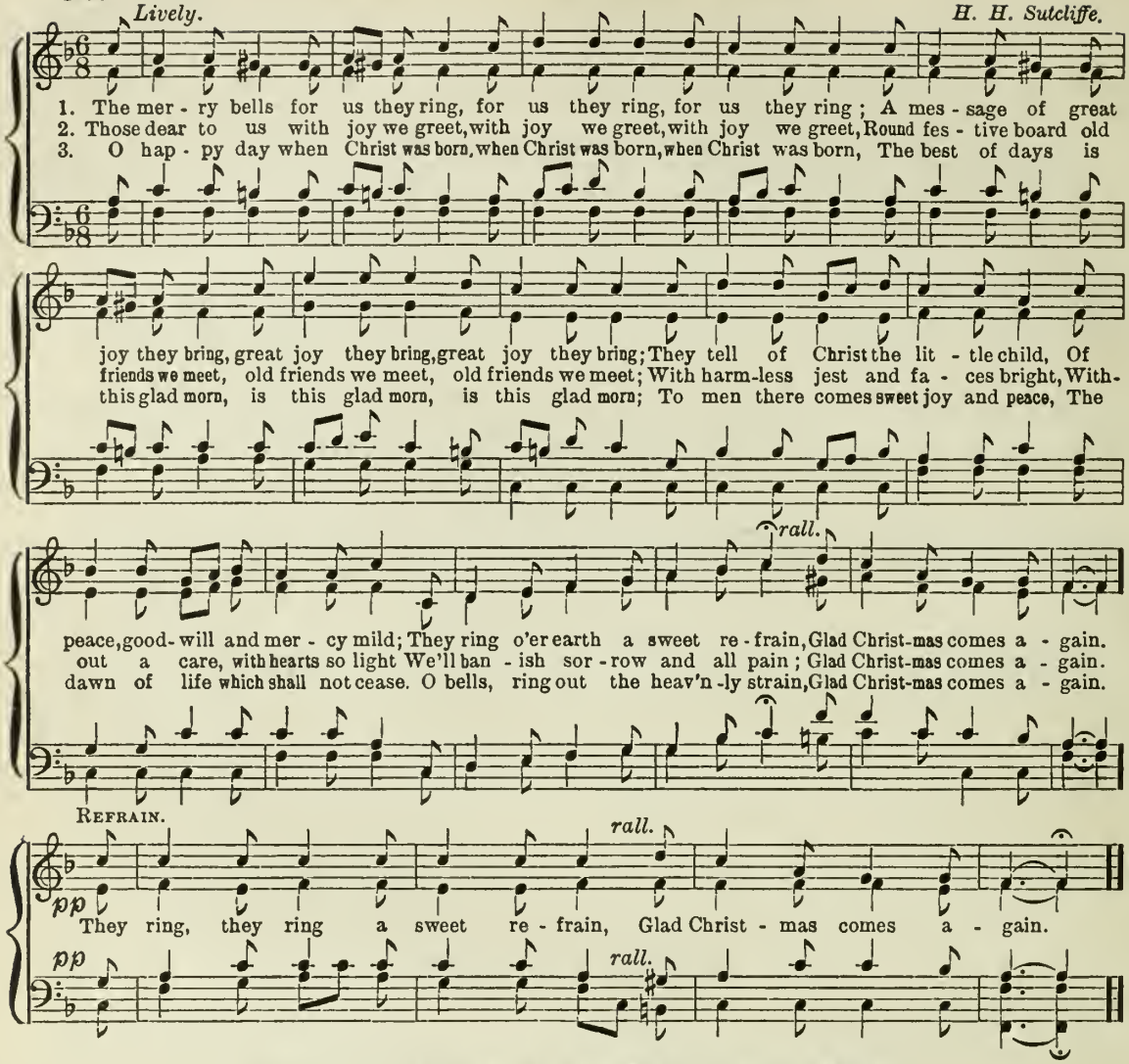
Wonderful night!
Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
Making the dull heart and dreary
Laugh in a dream of delight;
Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!
Let me, as long as life lingers,
Sing with the cherubim singers,
"Glory to God in the height."
Wonderful night!

Glad Christmas comes again.

Carol 374.

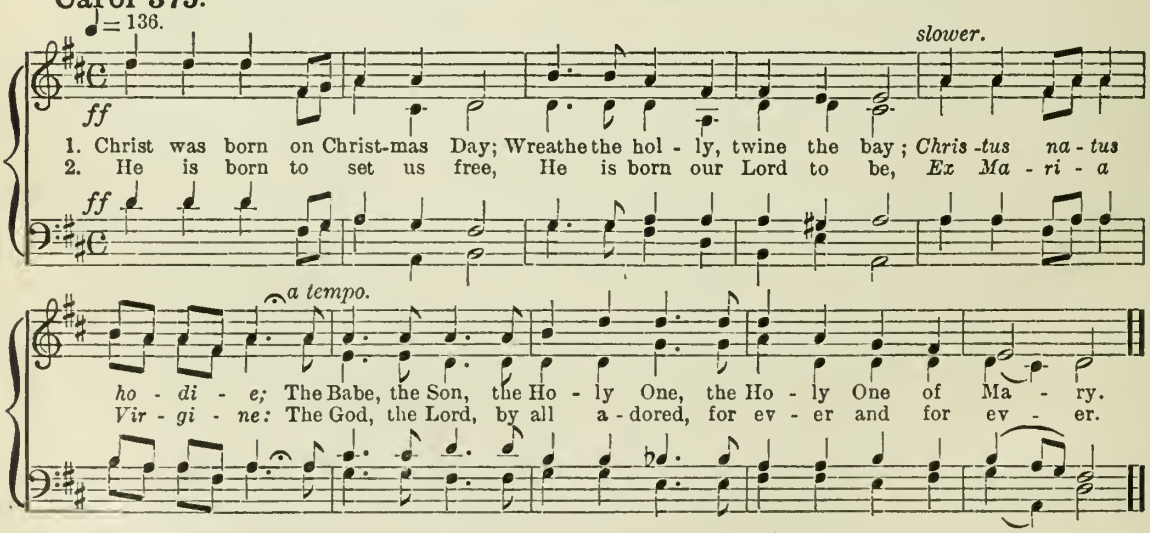
Lively. *H. H. Sutcliffe.*


1. The mer - ry bells for us they ring, for us they ring, for us they ring ; A mes - sage of great
2. Those dear to us with joy we greet, with joy we greet, with joy we greet, Round fes - tive board old
3. O hap - py day when Christ was born, when Christ was born, when Christ was born, The best of days is
joy they bring, great joy they bring, great joy they bring; They tell of Christ the lit - tle child, Of
friends we meet, old friends we meet, old friends we meet; With harm-less jest and fa - ces bright, With-
this glad morn, is this glad morn, is this glad morn; To men there comes sweet joy and peace, The
rall.
peace, good-will and mer - cy mild; They ring o'er earth a sweet re - frain, Glad Christ-mas comes a - gain.
out a care, with hearts so light We'll ban - ish sor - row and all pain ; Glad Christ-mas comes a - gain.
dawn of life which shall not cease. O bells, ring out the heav'n -ly strain, Glad Christ-mas comes a - gain.
REFRAIN.
rall.
pp
They ring, they ring a sweet re - frain, Glad Christ - mas comes a - gain.
pp
rall.

Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Carol 375.

♩ = 136.

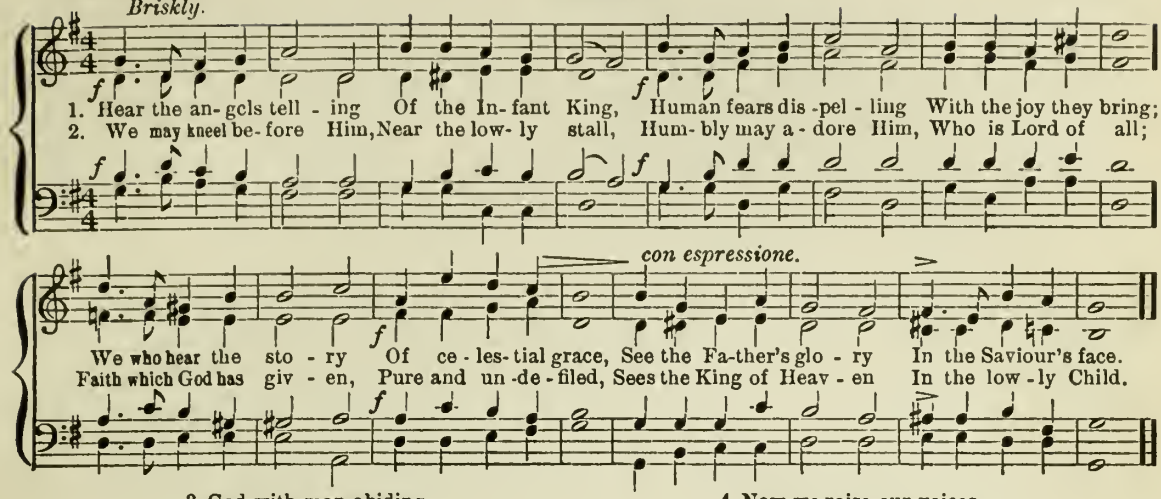

slower.
ff
1. Christ was born on Christ-mas Day; Wreathe the hol - ly, twine the bay ; *Chris -tus na - tus*
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be, *Ex Ma - ri - a*
ff
a tempo.
ho - di - e; The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
Vir - gi - ne: The God, the Lord, by all a - dored, for ev - er and for ev - er.

3 Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show ;
Christus natus hodie :
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4 Christian men, rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever and for ever.

Hear the angels telling.

Carol 376. CHRISTMAS. *F. Iliffe.*

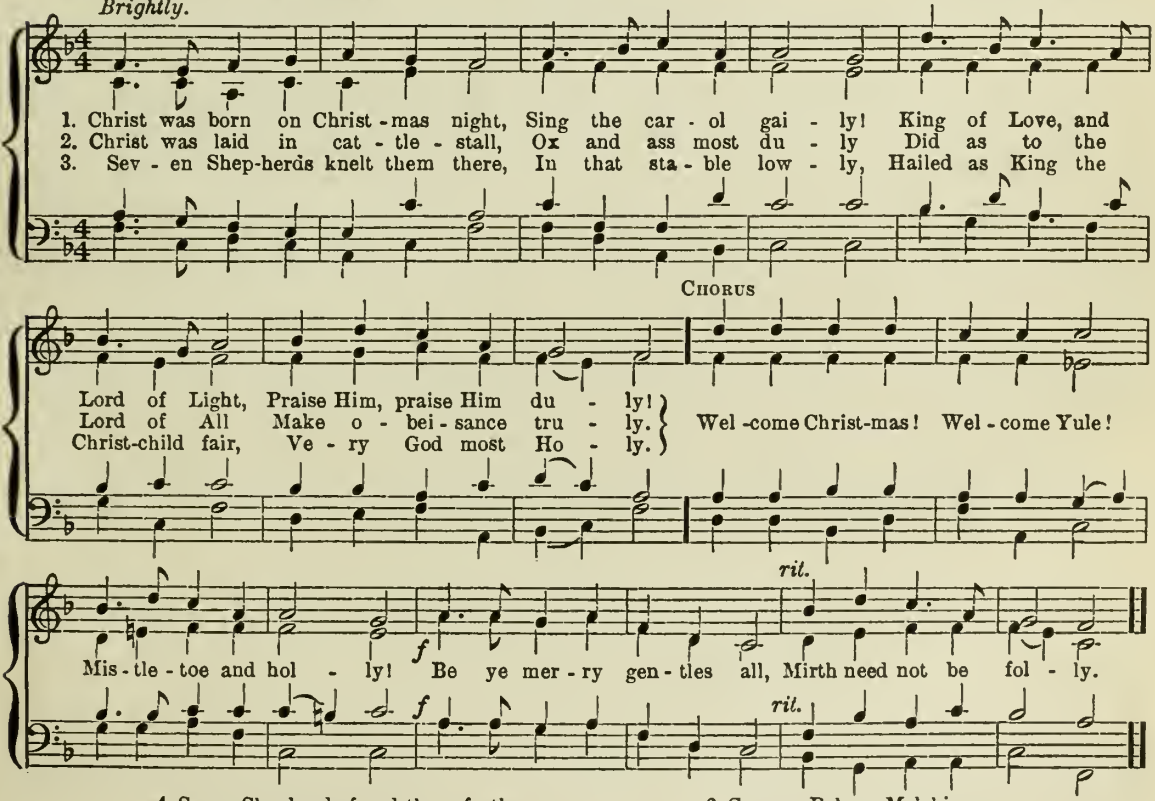
Briskly.

1. Hear the an- gels tell - ing Of the In- fant King, Human fears dis -pel - ling With the joy they bring;
2. We may kneel be- fore Him, Near the low- ly stall, Hum- bly may a - dore Him, Who is Lord of all;
con espressione.
We who hear the sto - ry Of ce - les- tial grace, See the Fa-ther's glo - ry In the Saviour's face.
Faith which God has giv - en, Pure and un -de - filed, Sees the King of Heav - en In the low - ly Child.

3 God with man abiding
Veiled in flesh we see,
All His glory hiding
In humility.
Man with God united
Through the Incarnate Word,
Human hopes once blighted
Wondrously restored!

4 Now we raise our voices
With the angelic throng,
Earth with heaven rejoices
In the Christmas song.
To the God of Heaven,
Ever One in Three,
Laud and praise be given
Through eternity.

Carol 377. Christ was born on Christmas night.

Words by *Rt. Rev. C. W. Stubbs.* CHRISTMAS. *Sir Thomas Wardle.*

Brightly.

1. Christ was born on Christ - mas night, Sing the car - ol gai - ly! King of Love, and
2. Christ was laid in cat - tle - stall, Ox and ass most du - ly Did as to the
3. Sev - en Shep-herds knelt them there, In that sta - ble low - ly, Hailed as King the
Chorus
Lord of Light, Praise Him, praise Him du - ly!
Lord of All Make o - bei - sance tru - ly.
Christ-child fair, Ve - ry God most Ho - ly.
Wel -come Christ-mas! Wel - come Yule!
ritl.
Mis - tle - toe and hol - ly! Be ye mer - ry gen - tles all, Mirth need not be fol - ly.
ritl.

4 Seven Shepherds fared them forth
God's gift glorifying,
Told the wonder of its worth
For men, living, dying.
Welcome Christmas! etc.

5 Star-led kings from Eastern land,
Came on camels riding,
Spice and myrrh and gold in hand
For a royal tithing.
Welcome Christmas! etc.

6 Gaspar, Belsar, Melchior,
Found in Bethlem City,
Him they knew by mystic lore,
King of Love and Pity.
Welcome Christmas! etc.

7 Pity, mercy, peace and love,
These be Christmas sweetings,
Be they yours from God above,
Take our Christmas greetings!
Welcome Christmas! etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1394 — 8.

Three Kings from out the Orient.

Carol 378.

Words by *Rev. T. E. Brown.*

Allegretto cantabile. *mp* *W. H. Gill.*

1. Three Kings from out the
2. The first was Mel - chi -
3. The next was Gas - par
4. The last was dusk - y

Allegretto cantabile

O - ri - ent For Ju - dah's land were fair - ly bent To find the Lord of grace; . And
or to see, The Em - p'ror knight of A - ra - bye, An a - ged man, I trow; . . He
young and gay, That held the realm of far Ca - thay— Our Je - sus drew him thence,— Y -
Bal - tha - sar That rode up - on a drom - e - dar,— His coat was of the fur; . . Dark -

Maestoso. *rall.* FULL. *ff*

as they journeyed pleasantlie, A star kept shin - ing in the sky, To guide them to the place.
set up - on a roun-cey bold, Had ta - ken of the red and gold, The babe for to en - dow.
clad in silks from head to heel, He rode up - on a high ca-meel, And bar the frank - in - cense.
browed he came from Sa-markand, The Christ to seek, and in his hand Up-held the bleed-ing myrrh.

"O

Maestoso. *rall.*

a tempo.

Star" they* cried, "by all . . con - fest, With - out - en dreed the . . love - - - li - est!"

ff *a tempo.*

* In verses 2, 3, and 4, for "they" substitute "he."

Merrily the Easter Bells.

Carol 379.

Words by *Rev. R. R. Chope.* *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.*

Brightly.

1. Mer - ri - ly the Eas - ter bells Ring from tower and stee - ple, Tell - ing of the
2. But the night has passed a - way, Sweet the bells are ring - ing, He, our Joy, this
3. Up through all the heaven-ly spheres Ring the old, old sto - ry, As we sing of
4. All our doubts and fears are gone, Cheer - i - ly the peal - ing Through the blind-ing

Brightly.

death-less Love, Liv - ing for His peo - ple. Al - le - lu - ia! Notes of joy
morn has come, We too now are sing - ing: Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is risen,
Eas - ter joy Of the Lord of Glo - ry. Al - le - lu - ia! An - gels sing
mist of tears Wak - ens joy - ous feel - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! Ring a - gain,

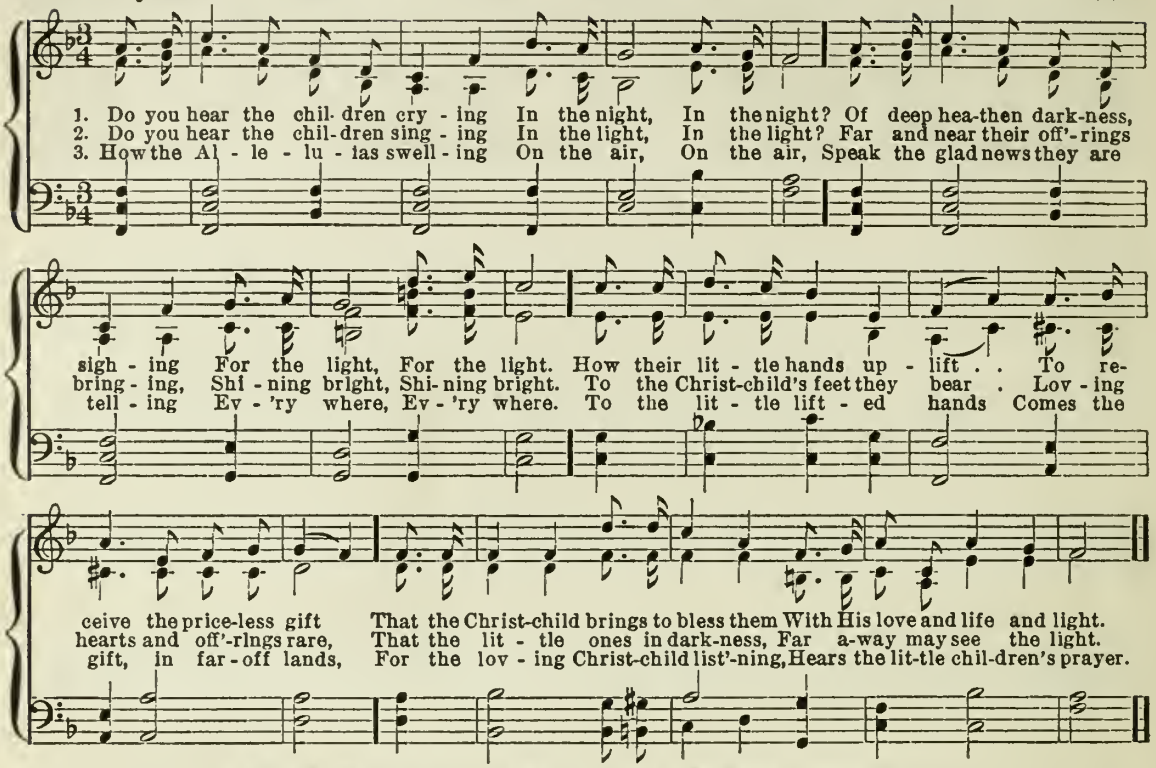
f

Won - drous-ly are blend - ing With the sad-ness yes - ter eve, Of the life so end - ing.
So will we be ris - ing, He from death, and we from sin, Lov-ing lips and priz - ing.
Songs of joy with mor - tals, Of the way of Life to - day Christ unbarred the por - tals.
Christ has passed the riv - er, As He rose and lives, would we Rise and live for ev - er.

f Slow and strong.

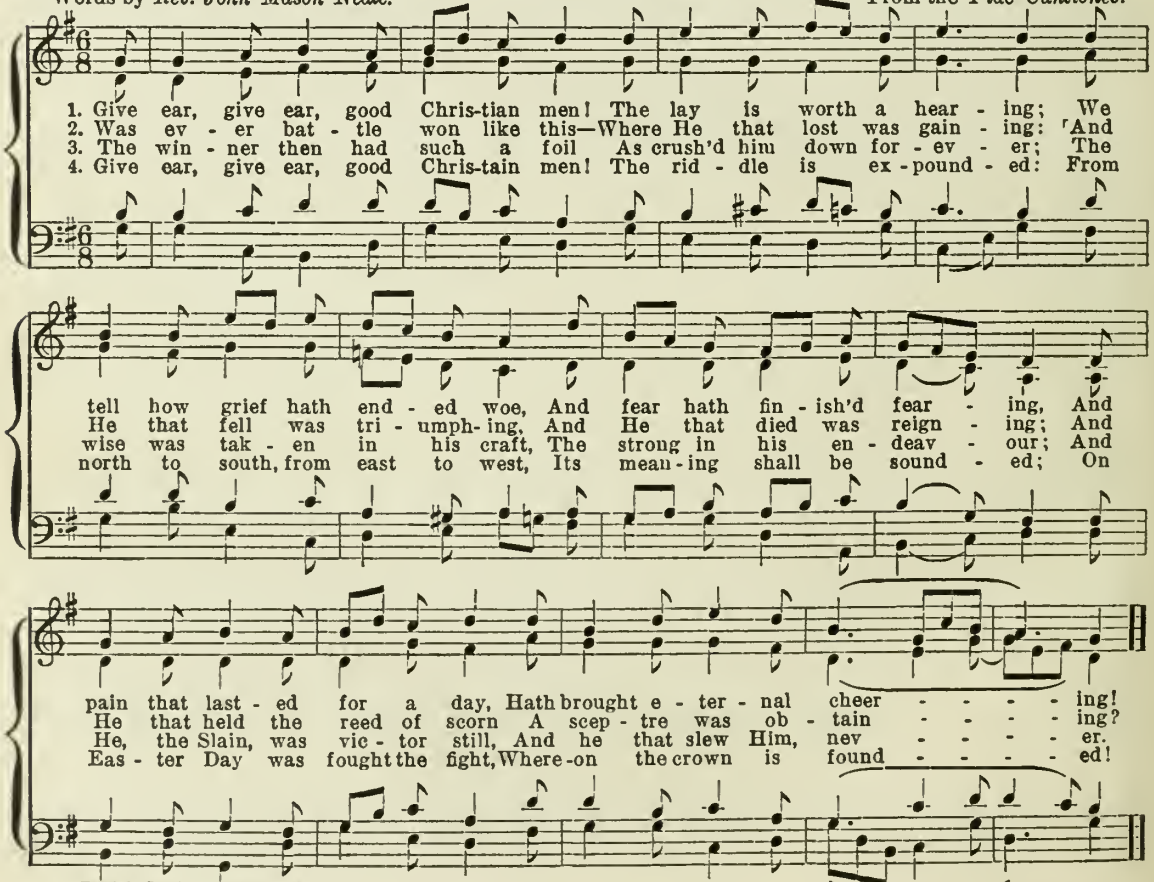
Carol 380. The children's Easter offering.

Words by *Rev. C. C. Rollitt.* *Rev. J. D. Herron.*


1. Do you hear the chil-dren cry-ing In the night, In the night? Of deep hea-then dark-ness,
2. Do you hear the chil-dren sing-ing In the light, In the light? Far and near their off'-rings
3. How the Al-le-lu-ias swell-ing On the air, On the air, Speak the glad news they are
sigh-ing For the light, For the light. How their lit-tle hands up-lift . . To re-
bring-ing, Shi-ning bright, Shi-ning bright. To the Christ-child's feet they bear . Lov-ing
tell-ing Ev-'ry where, Ev-'ry where. To the lit-tle lift-ed hands Comes the
ceive the price-less gift That the Christ-child brings to bless them With His love and life and light.
hearts and off'-rings rare, That the lit-tle ones in dark-ness, Far a-way may see the light.
gift, in far-off lands, For the lov-ing Christ-child list'-ning, Hears the lit-tle chil-dren's prayer.

Carol 381. Give ear, give ear, good Christian men.

EASTER.

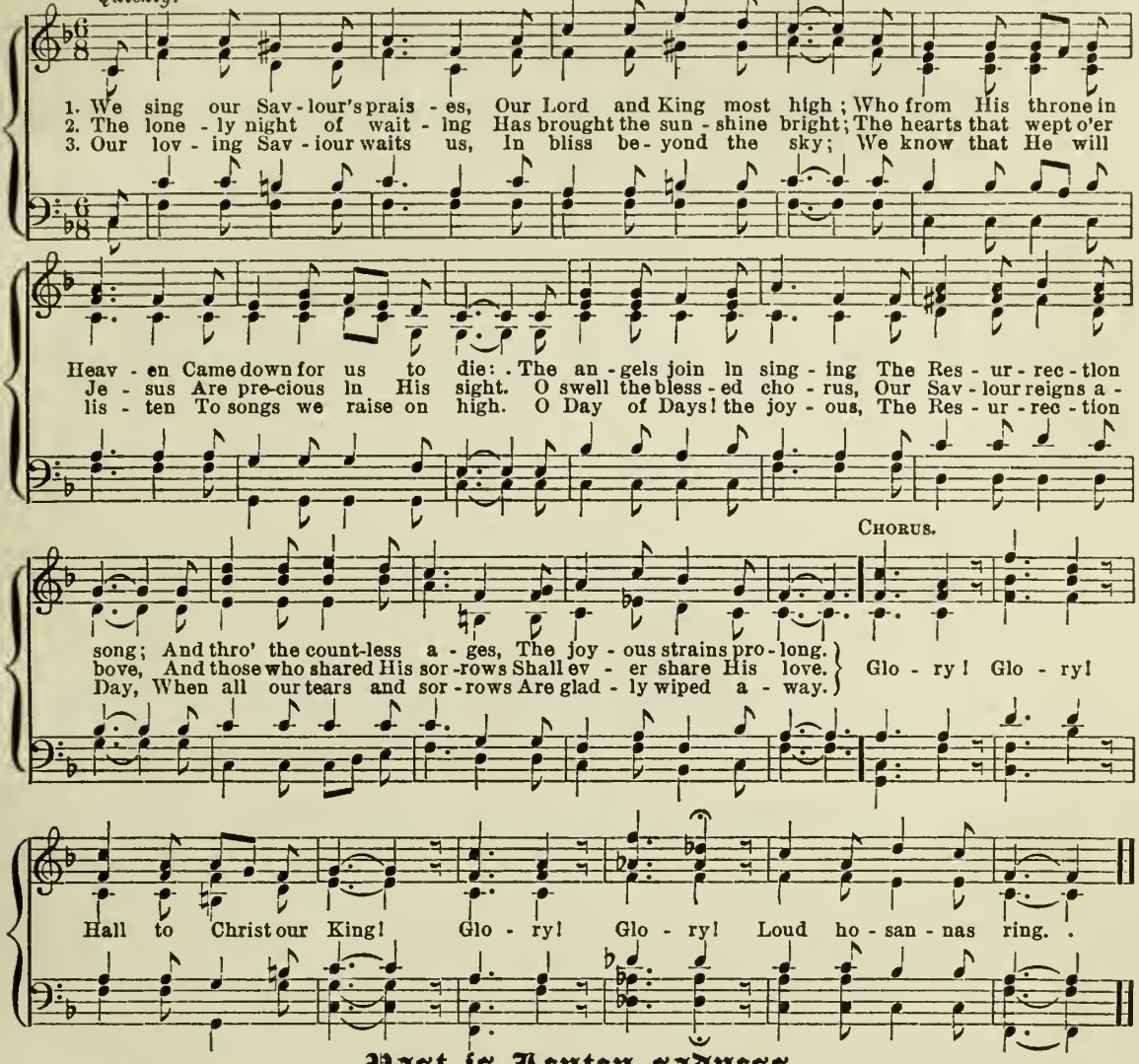
Words by *Rev. John Mason Neale.* From the *Piae Cantiones.*

1. Give ear, give ear, good Chris-tian men! The lay is worth a hear-ing; We
2. Was ev-er bat-tle won like this—Where He that lost was gain-ing: And
3. The win-ner then had such a foil As crush'd him down for-ev-er; The
4. Give ear, give ear, good Chris-tain men! The rid-dle is ex-pound-ed: From
tell how grief hath end-ed woe, And fear hath fin-ish'd fear-ing, And
He that fell was tri-umph-ing, And He that died was reign-ing; And
wise was tak-en in his craft, The strong in his en-deav-our; And
north to south, from east to west, Its mean-ing shall be sound-ed; On
pain that last-ed for a day, Hath brought e-ter-nal cheer - - - - ing!
He that held the reed of scorn A scep-tre was ob-tain - - - - ing?
He, the Slain, was vic-tor still, And he that slew Him, nev - - - - er.
Eas-ter Day was fought the fight, Where-on the crown is found - - - - ed!

We sing our Saviour's praises.

Carol 382. EASTER.

Words by *Margaret Ford.* *H. A. Farnsworth.*

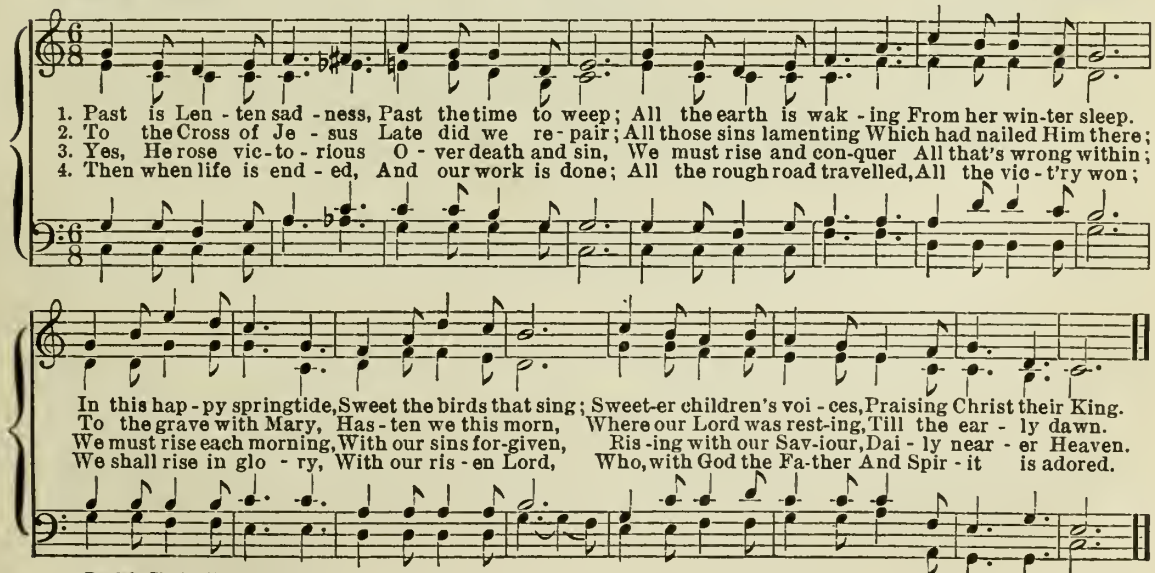
Quickly.


1. We sing our Sav - lour's prais - es, Our Lord and King most high; Who from His throne in
2. The lone - ly night of wait - ing Has brought the sun - shine bright; The hearts that wept o'er
3. Our lov - ing Sav - iour waits us, In bliss be - yond the sky; We know that He will
Heav - en Came down for us to die: The an - gels join in sing - ing The Res - ur - rec - tion
Je - sus Are pre-cious in His sight. O swell the bless - ed cho - rus, Our Sav - lour reigns a -
lis - ten To songs we raise on high. O Day of Days! the joy - ous, The Res - ur - rec - tion
Chorus.
song; And thro' the count-less a - ges, The joy - ous strains pro - long.
bove, And those who shared His sor - rows Shall ev - er share His love.
Day, When all our tears and sor - rows Are glad - ly wiped a - way.
Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
Hail to Christ our King! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Loud ho - san - nas ring.

Past is Lenten sadness.

Carol 383. EASTER.

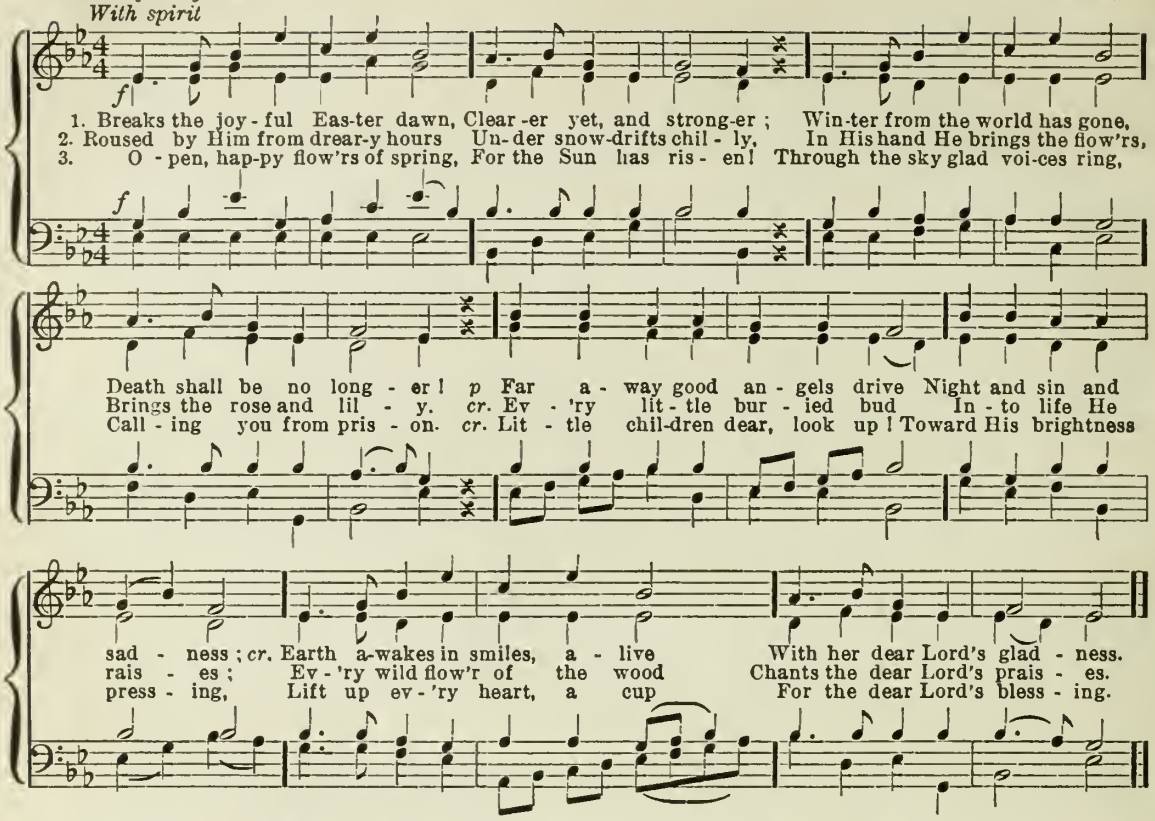
J. Frederick Bridge.


1. Past is Len - ten sad - ness, Past the time to weep; All the earth is wak - ing From her win-ter sleep.
2. To the Cross of Je - sus Late did we re - pair; All those sins lamenting Which had nailed Him there;
3. Yes, He rose vic - to - rious O - ver death and sin, We must rise and con-quer All that's wrong within;
4. Then when life is end - ed, And our work is done; All the rough road travelled, All the vic - t'ry won;
In this hap - py springtide, Sweet the birds that sing; Sweet-er children's voi - ces, Praising Christ their King.
To the grave with Mary, Has - ten we this morn, Where our Lord was rest-ing, Till the ear - ly dawn.
We must rise each morning, With our sins for-given, Ris - ing with our Sav-iour, Dai - ly near - er Heaven.
We shall rise in glo - ry, With our ris - en Lord, Who, with God the Fa-ther And Spir - it is adored.

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn.

Carol 384.

Words by *Lucy Larcom.* *German.*

With spirit

1. Breaks the joy-ful Eas-ter dawn, Clear-er yet, and strong-er ; Win-ter from the world has gone,
2. Roused by Him from drear-y hours Un-der snow-drifts chil-ly, In His hand He brings the flow'rs,
3. O-pen, hap-py flow'rs of spring, For the Sun has ris-en! Through the sky glad voi-ces ring,
Death shall be no long-er! p Far a-way good an-gels drive Night and sin and
Brings the rose and lil-y. cr. Ev-'ry lit-tle bur-ied bud In-to life He
Call-ing you from pris-on. cr. Lit-tle chil-dren dear, look up! Toward His brightness
sad-ness ; cr. Earth a-wakes in smiles, a-live With her dear Lord's glad-ness.
rais-es ; Ev-'ry wild flow'r of the wood Chants the dear Lord's prais-es.
press-ing, Lift up ev-'ry heart, a cup For the dear Lord's bless-ing.

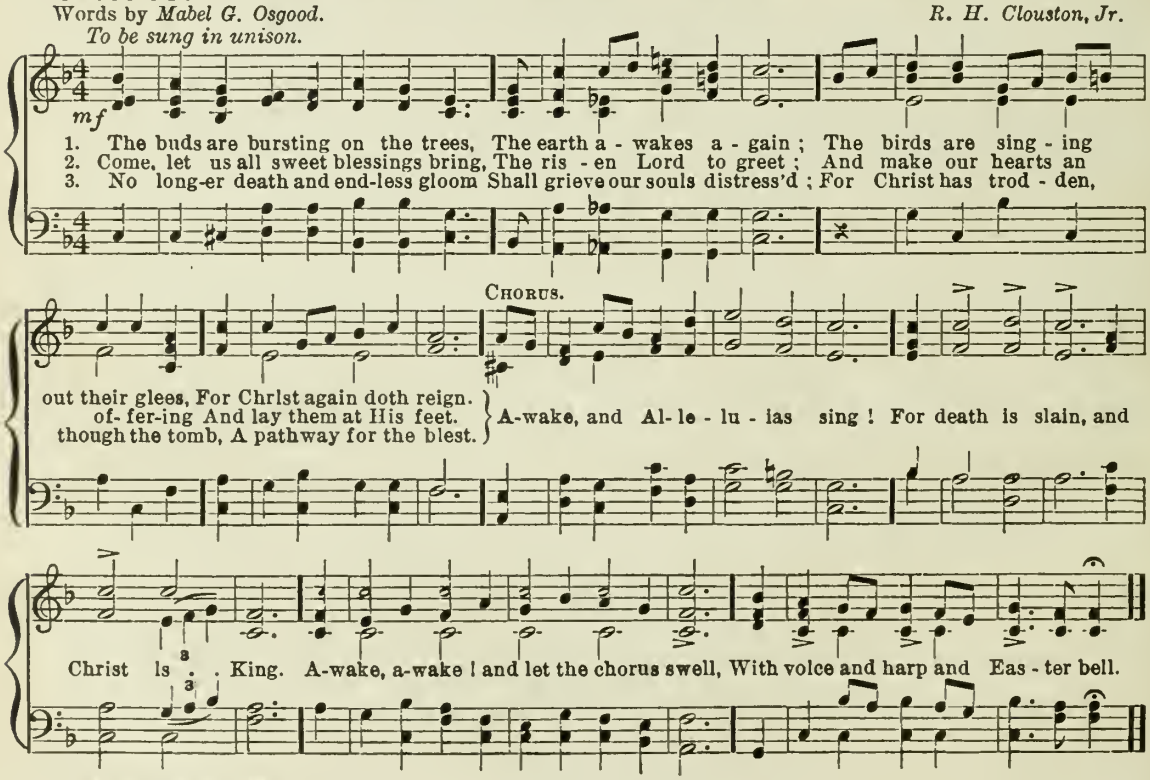
The buds are bursting on the trees.

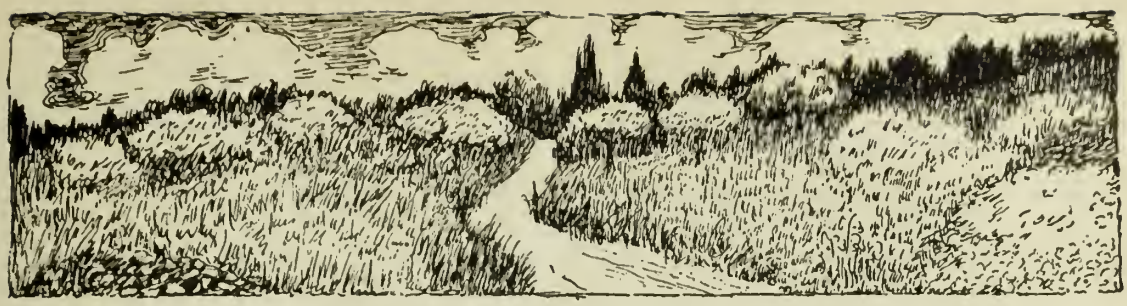
Carol 385.

EASTER.

Words by *Mabel G. Osgood.* *R. H. Clouston, Jr.*

To be sung in unison.


1. The buds are bursting on the trees, The earth a-wakes a-gain ; The birds are sing-ing
2. Come, let us all sweet blessings bring, The ris-en Lord to greet ; And make our hearts an
3. No long-er death and end-less gloom Shall grieve our souls distress'd ; For Christ has trod-den,
CHORUS.
out their glees, For Christ again doth reign.
of-fer-ing And lay them at His feet.
though the tomb, A pathway for the blest.
A-wake, and Al-le-lu-ias sing! For death is slain, and
Christ is King. A-wake, a-wake! and let the chorus swell, With voice and harp and Eas-ter bell.



God when He made this world.

Carol 386. HARVEST.

Alfred Redhead.

1. God when He made this world be - low, Pronounced it ve - ry good, And still His gra - cious
2. We thank Thee for the per - fume sweet Of flow'rs and leaves and trees, That fills the fra - grant
3. We thank Thee for the col - ours rare, Paint - ed so won-drous -ly, . . The green grass un - der -

After each verse.

Hand we trace On moun-tain, stream and wood,
sum - mer air, And floats up - on the breeze.
neath our feet, The blue of sky and sea. . .

How beau - ti -ful, how beau - ti - ful, How

fair and bright this earth! How beau - ti - ful our God must be, From whom it all took birth!

4 We thank Thee for the song of birds,
And for their plumage bright,
Filling alike both ear and eye,
With treasures of delight.
How beautiful, etc.

5 We thank Thee for the sun's glad beams,
The moon's pure silver ray,
The twinkling of the countless stars,
Like diamonds far away.
How beautiful, etc.

6 We thank Thee for the plenteous fruits
That ripen all around,
The sweetness and the healthfulness
With which Thy works abound.
How beautiful, etc.

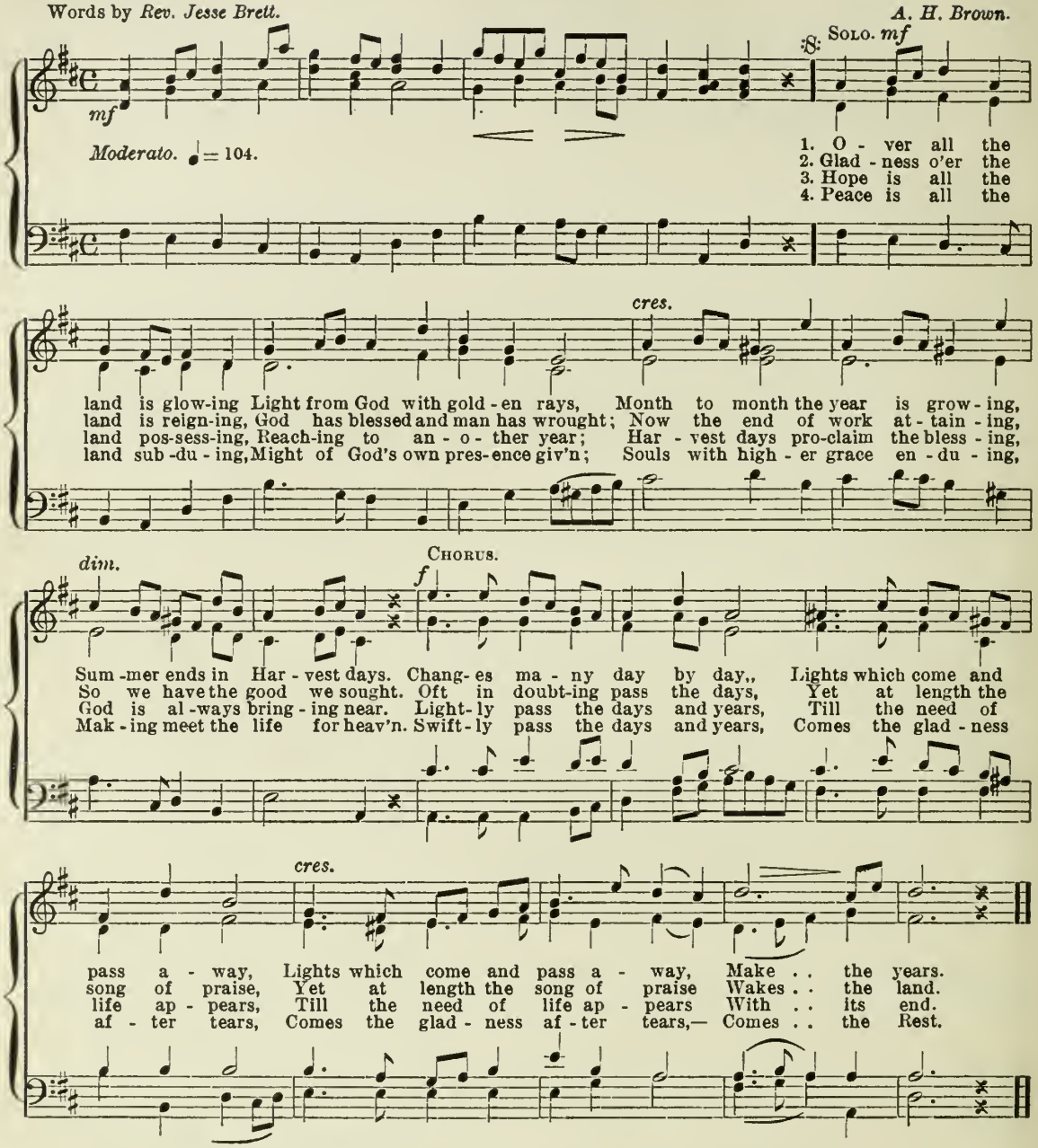
7 O God of beauty, who hast made
Thy works so passing fair,
Make us all beautiful within,
Be this our daily prayer.
How beautiful, etc.

Over all the land is glowing.

Carol 387.

HARVEST.

Words by *Rev. Jesse Brett.* *A. H. Brown.*

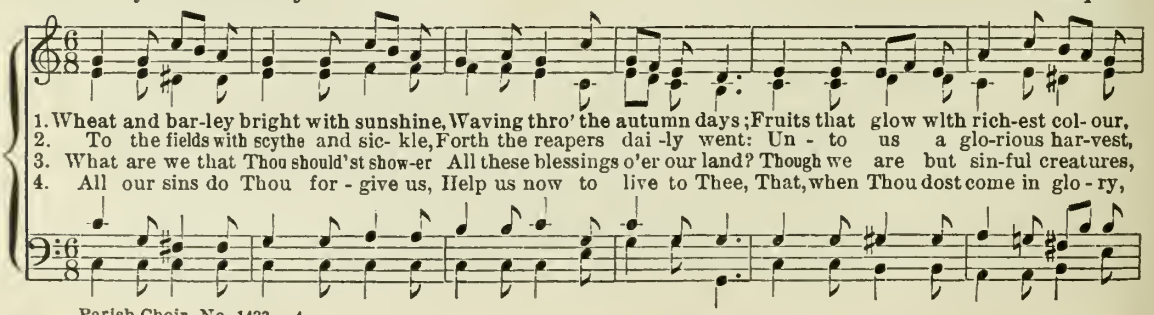

Solo. mf
mf
Moderato. ♩ = 104.
1. O - ver all the
2. Glad - ness o'er the
3. Hope is all the
4. Peace is all the
cres.
land is glow-ing Light from God with gold - en rays,
land is reign-ing, God has blessed and man has wrought;
land pos-sess-ing, Reach-ing to an - o - ther year;
land sub -du - ing, Might of God's own pres-ence giv'n;
Month to month the year is grow - ing,
Now the end of work at - tain - ing,
Har - vest days pro-claim the bless - ing,
Souls with high - er grace en - du - ing,
dim.
Chorus.
f
Sum -mer ends in Har - vest days. Chang- es ma - ny day by day,, Lights which come and
So we have the good we sought. Oft in doubt-ing pass the days, Yet at length the
God is al -ways bring - ing near. Light- ly pass the days and years, Till the need of
Mak - ing meet the life for heav'n. Swift - ly pass the days and years, Comes the glad - ness
cres.
pass a - way, Lights which come and pass a - way, Make . . the years.
song of praise, Yet at length the song of praise Wakes . . the land.
life ap - pears, Till the need of life ap - pears With . . its end.
af - ter tears, Comes the glad - ness af - ter tears,— Comes . . the Rest.

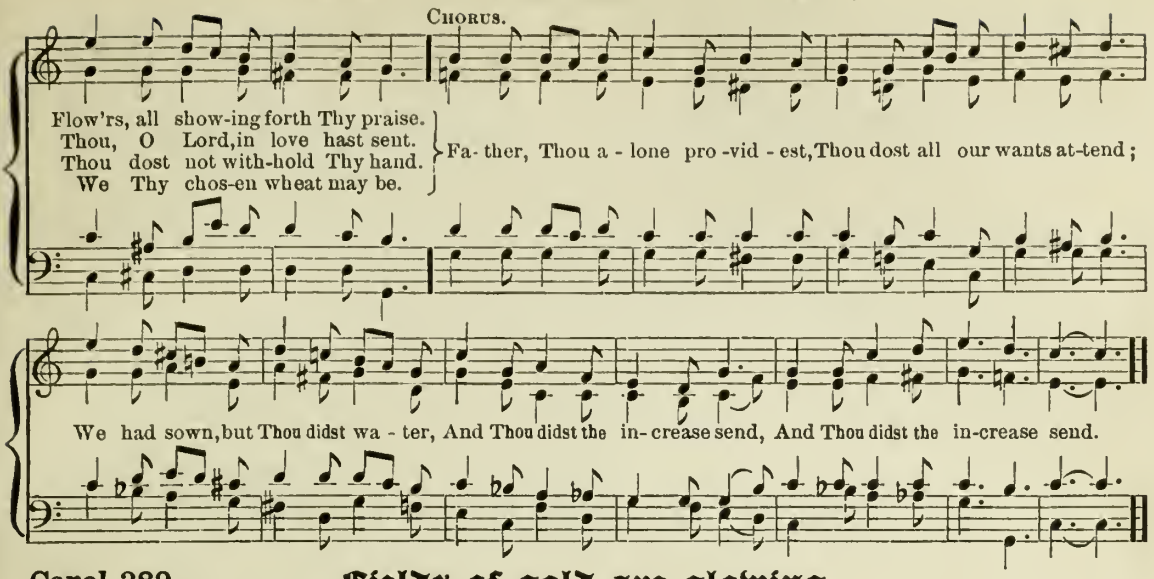
Wheat and barley bright with sunshine.

Carol 388.

HARVEST.

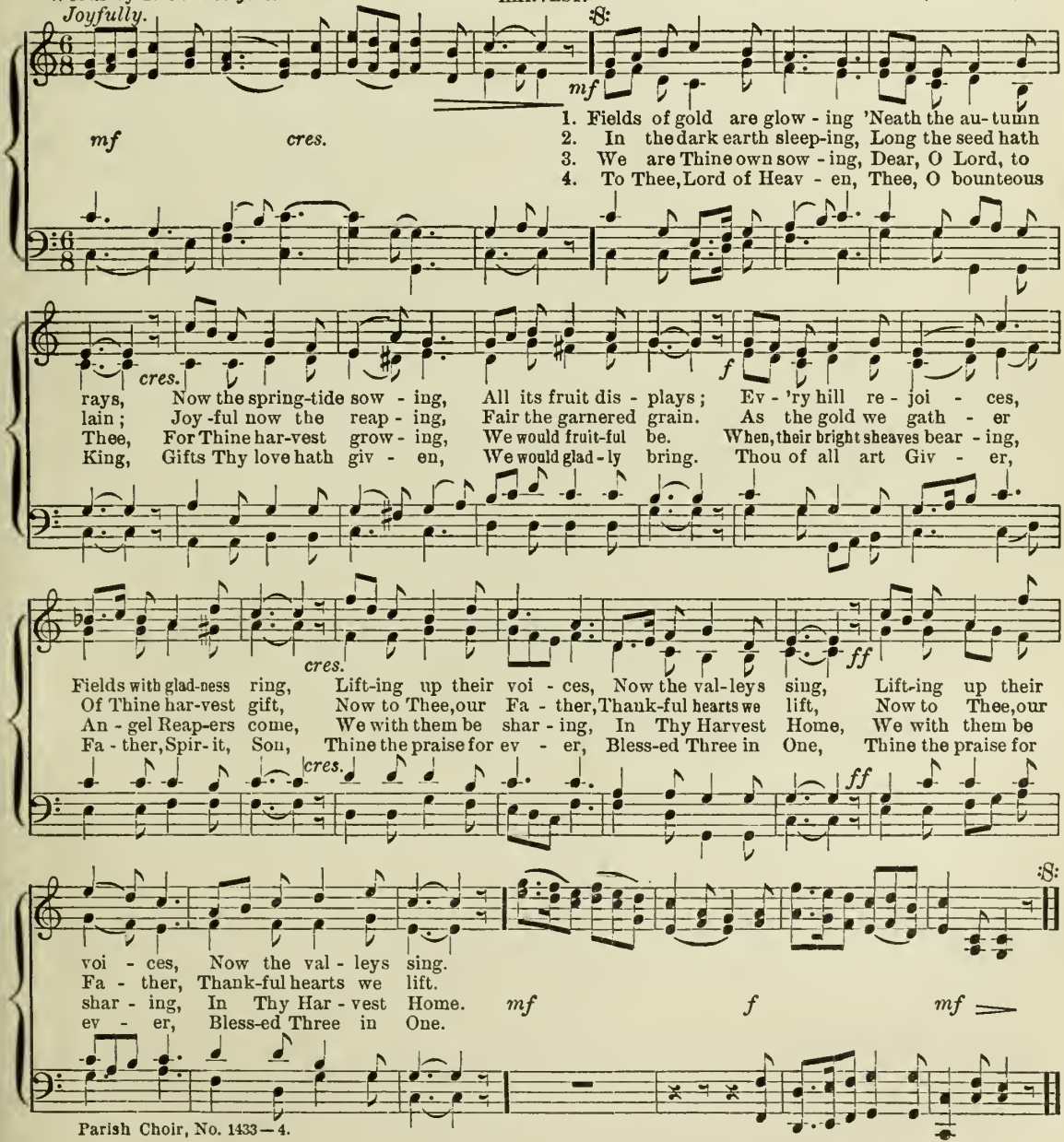
Words by *G. W. Brindley.* *C. Simper.*


1. Wheat and bar-ley bright with sunshine, Waving thro' the autumn days; Fruits that glow with rich-est col- our,
2. To the fields with scythe and sic- kle, Forth the reapers dai -ly went: Un - to us a glo-rious har-vest,
3. What are we that Thou should'st show-er All these blessings o'er our land? Though we are but sin-ful creatures,
4. All our sins do Thou for - give us, Help us now to live to Thee, That, when Thou dost come in glo - ry,


Chorus.
Flow'rs, all show-ing forth Thy praise.
Thou, O Lord, in love hast sent.
Thou dost not with-hold Thy hand.
We Thy chos-en wheat may be.
Fa-ther, Thou a-lone pro-vid-est, Thou dost all our wants at-tend;
We had sown, but Thou didst wa-ter, And Thou didst the in-crease send, And Thou didst the in-crease send.

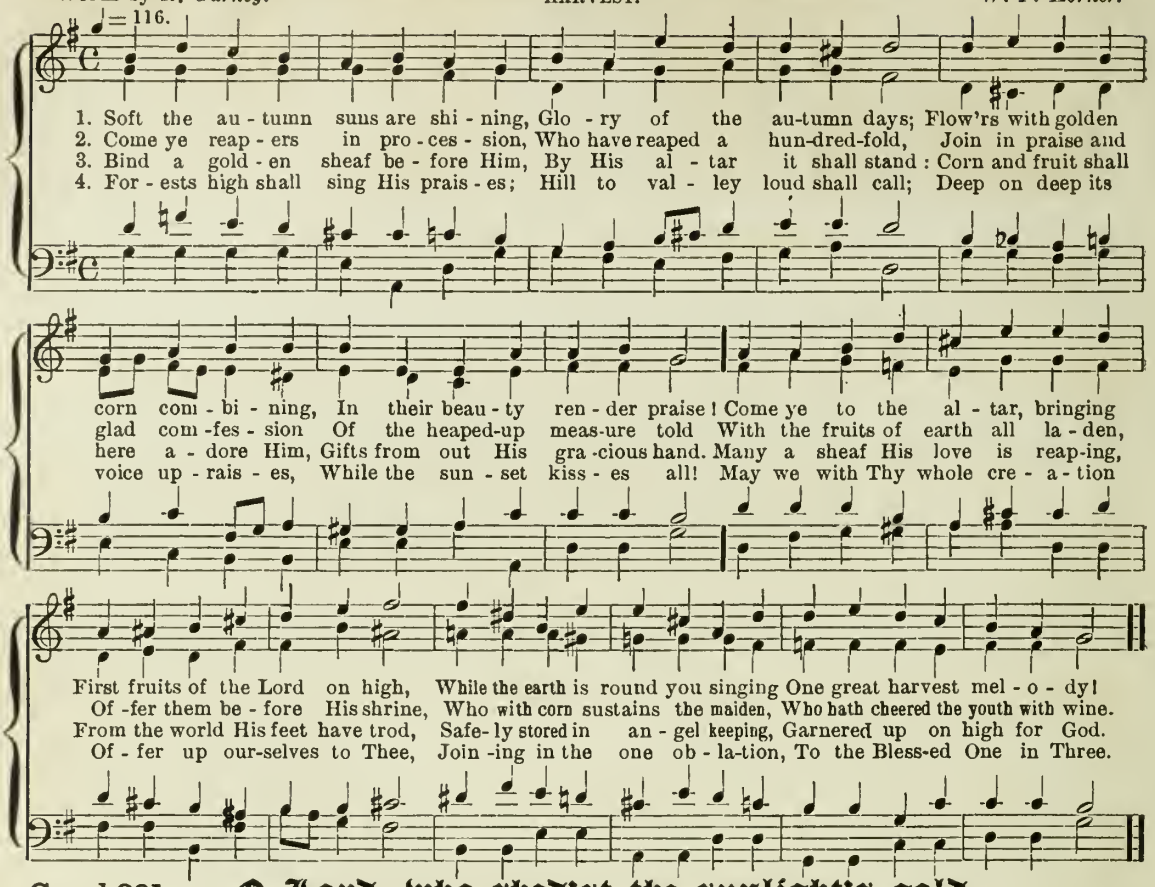
Carol 389. Fields of gold are glowing.

Words by *I. J. Postgate.* HARVEST. *A. H. Brown.*


Joyfully.
mf
cres.
1. Fields of gold are glow-ing 'Neath the au-tumn
2. In the dark earth sleep-ing, Long the seed hath
3. We are Thine own sow-ing, Dear, O Lord, to
4. To Thee, Lord of Heav-en, Thee, O bounteous
rays, Now the spring-tide sow-ing, All its fruit dis-plays; Ev-'ry hill re-joi-ces,
lain; Joy-ful now the reap-ing, Fair the garnered grain. As the gold we gath-er
Thee, For Thine har-vest grow-ing, We would fruit-ful be. When, their bright sheaves bear-ing,
King, Gifts Thy love hath giv-en, We would glad-ly bring. Thou of all art Giv-er,
f
Fields with glad-ness ring, Lift-ing up their voi-ces, Now the val-leys sing, Lift-ing up their
Of Thine har-vest gift, Now to Thee, our Fa-ther, Thank-ful hearts we lift, Now to Thee, our
An-gel Reap-ers come, We with them be shar-ing, In Thy Harvest Home, We with them be
Fa-ther, Spir-it, Son, Thine the praise for ev-er, Bless-ed Three in One, Thine the praise for
ff
voi-ces, Now the val-leys sing.
Fa-ther, Thank-ful hearts we lift.
shar-ing, In Thy Har-vest Home.
ev-er, Bless-ed Three in One.
mf
f
mf

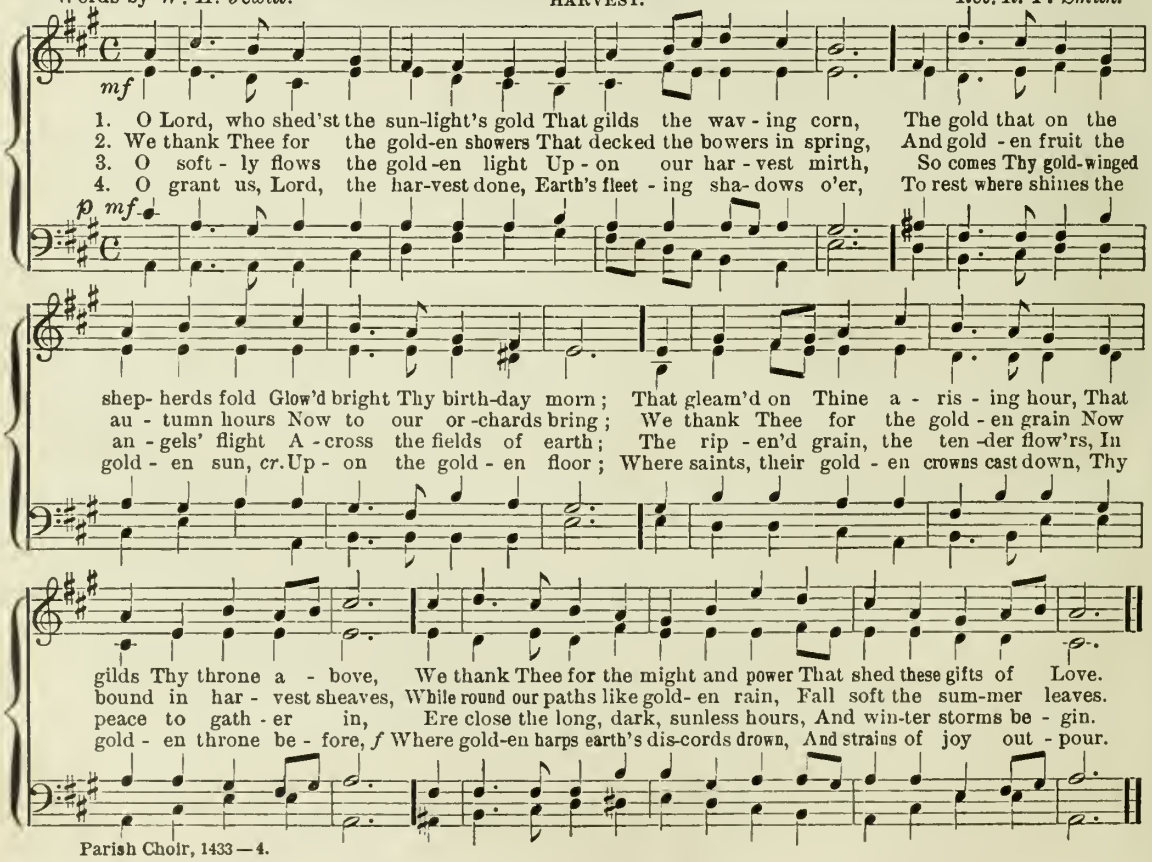
Carol 390. Soft the autumn suns are shining.

Words by *R. Gurney.* HARVEST. *W. F. Horner.*

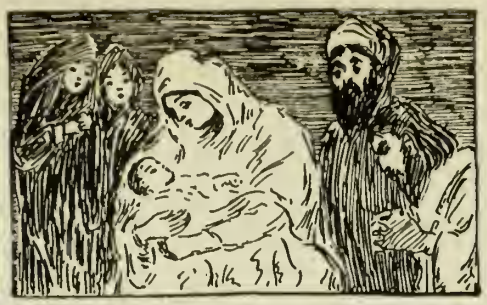

♩ = 116.
1. Soft the au - tumn suns are shi - ning, Glo - ry of the au-tumn days; Flow'rs with golden
2. Come ye reap - ers in pro - ces - sion, Who have reaped a hun-dred-fold, Join in praise and
3. Bind a gold - en sheaf be - fore Him, By His al - tar it shall stand: Corn and fruit shall
4. For - ests high shall sing His prais - es; Hill to val - ley loud shall call; Deep on deep its
corn com - bi - ning, In their beau - ty ren - der praise! Come ye to the al - tar, bringing
glad com - fes - sion Of the heaped-up meas-ure told With the fruits of earth all la - den,
here a - dore Him, Gifts from out His gra - cious hand. Many a sheaf His love is reap-ing,
voice up - rais - es, While the sun - set kiss - es all! May we with Thy whole cre - a - tion
First fruits of the Lord on high, While the earth is round you singing One great harvest mel - o - dy!
Of - fer them be - fore His shrine, Who with corn sustains the maiden, Who hath cheered the youth with wine.
From the world His feet have trod, Safe - ly stored in an - gel keeping, Garnered up on high for God.
Of - fer up our-selves to Thee, Join - ing in the one ob - la-tion, To the Bless-ed One in Three.

Carol 391. O Lord, who shed'st the sunlight's gold.

Words by *W. H. Jewitt.* HARVEST. *Rev. R. F. Smith.*


mf
1. O Lord, who shed'st the sun-light's gold That gilds the wav - ing corn, The gold that on the
2. We thank Thee for the gold-en showers That decked the bowers in spring, And gold - en fruit the
3. O soft - ly flows the gold-en light Up - on our har - vest mirth, So comes Thy gold-winged
4. O grant us, Lord, the har-vest done, Earth's fleet - ing sha-dows o'er, To rest where shines the
p mf
shep- herds fold Glow'd bright Thy birth-day morn; That gleam'd on Thine a - ris - ing hour, That
au - tumn hours Now to our or-chards bring; We thank Thee for the gold - en grain Now
an - gels' flight A - cross the fields of earth; The rip - en'd grain, the ten-der flow'rs, In
gold - en sun, cr. Up - on the gold - en floor; Where saints, their gold - en crowns cast down, Thy
gilds Thy throne a - bove, We thank Thee for the might and power That shed these gifts of Love.
bound in har - vest sheaves, While round our paths like gold- en rain, Fall soft the sum-mer leaves.
peace to gath - er in, Ere close the long, dark, sunless hours, And win-ter storms be - gin.
gold - en throne be - fore, f Where gold-en harps earth's dis-cords drown, And strains of joy out - pour.

Parish Choir, 1433—4.



Sweetest music, softly stealing.

Carol 392.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *G. W. Brindley.* *C. Simper.*

With expression.

mf

1. Sweet - est mu - sic, soft - ly steal - ing Thro' the si - lence of the night;
2. Now in Da - vid's an - cient ci - ty He is born, the an - gels say;
3. Shep - herds, to the sta - ble has - ten, There your Sav - iour Christ is born,
4. He from high - est heav'n de-scend - ing Comes on earth your woes to heal,

mf

f

To the shep - herds, now re - veal - ing, Christ is born, the Source of light.
God the Fa - ther, full of pi - ty, Sends His Son to you to - day.
Son of Ma - ry, low - ly maid - en, On this first glad Christ - mas morn!
That your ev - 'ry want at - tend - ing, Love of God He may re - veal.

f.

f.

CHORUS. ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

ff

Glo - ry un - to God the Fa - ther, Who hath sent His on - ly Son,

ORGAN. *Full Swell.*

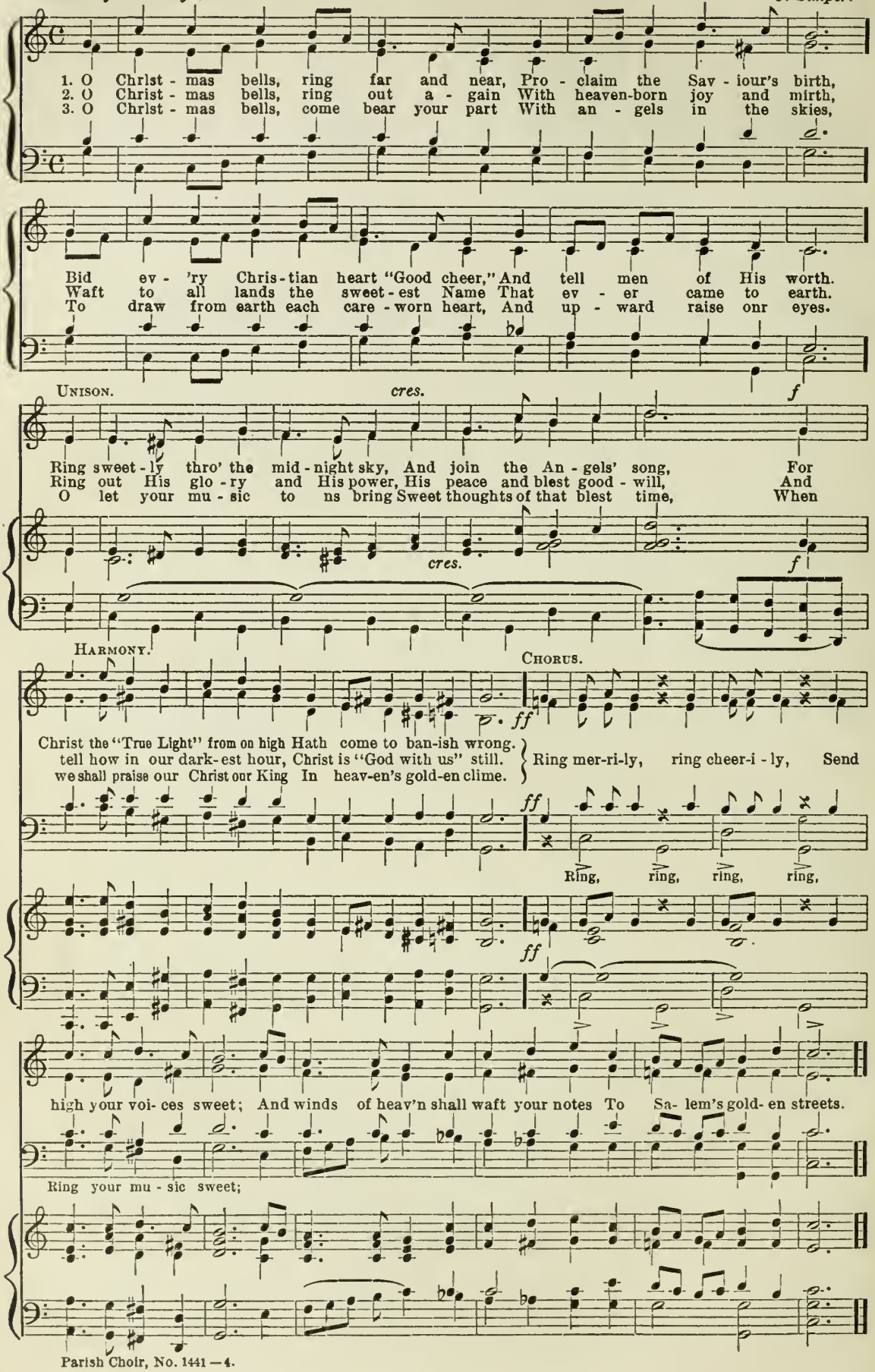
Ped.

That He may all na - tions ga - ther Round His feet and make them one.

Gt.

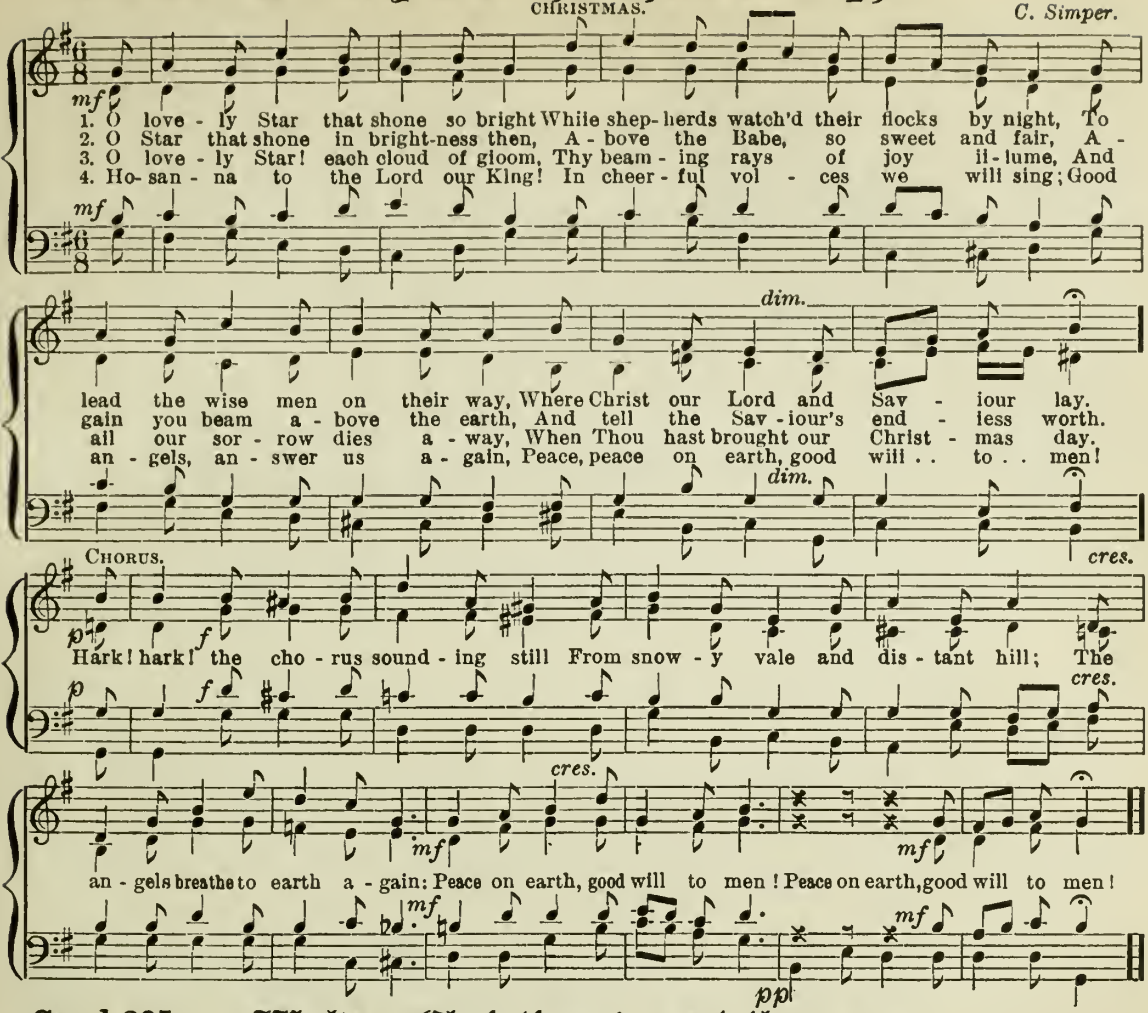
O Christmas bells, ring far and near.

Carol 393.

Words by *T. D. Hyde.* *C. Simper.*

1. O Christ - mas bells, ring far and near, Pro - claim the Sav - iour's birth,
2. O Christ - mas bells, ring out a - gain With heaven-born joy and mirth,
3. O Christ - mas bells, come bear your part With an - gels in the skies,
Bid ev - 'ry Chris - tian heart "Good cheer," And tell men of His worth.
Waft to all lands the sweet - est Name That ev - er came to earth.
To draw from earth each care - worn heart, And up - ward raise our eyes.
Unison.
cres.
f
Ring sweet - ly thro' the mid - night sky, And join the An - gels' song, For
Ring out His glo - ry and His power, His peace and blest good - will, And
O let your mu - sic to us bring Sweet thoughts of that blest time, When
cres.
f
Harmony.
Chorus.
ff
Christ the "True Light" from on high Hath come to ban-ish wrong.
tell how in our dark-est hour, Christ is "God with us" still.
we shall praise our Christ our King In heav-en's gold-en clime.
Ring mer-ri-ly, ring cheer-i - ly, Send
ff
Ring, ring, ring, ring,
ff
high your voi- ces sweet; And winds of heav'n shall waft your notes To Sa- lem's gold- en streets.
Ring your mu - sic sweet;

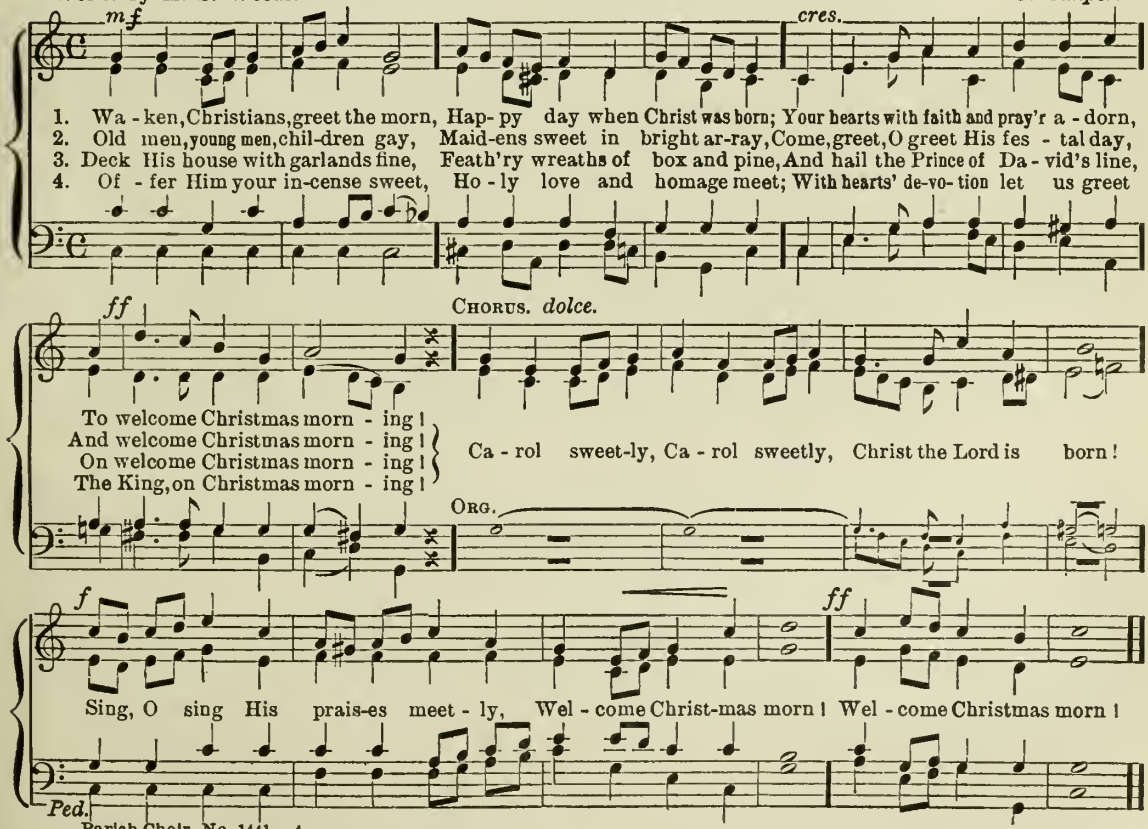
Carol 394. O lovely Star that shone so bright.

CHRISTMAS. C. Simper.


mf
1. O love - ly Star that shone so bright While shep- herds watch'd their flocks by night, To
2. O Star that shone in bright-ness then, A - bove the Babe, so sweet and fair, A -
3. O love - ly Star! each cloud of gloom, Thy beam - ing rays of joy il - lume, And
4. Ho- san - na to the Lord our King! In cheer - ful vol - ces we will sing; Good
dim.
lead the wise men on their way, Where Christ our Lord and Sav - iour lay.
gain you beam a - bove the earth, And tell the Sav - iour's end - less worth.
all our sor - row dies a - way, When Thou hast brought our Christ - mas day.
an - gels, an - swer us a - gain, Peace, peace on earth, good will . . to . . men!
CHORUS.
cres.
Hark! hark! the cho - rus sound - ing still From snow - y vale and dis - tant hill; The
an - gels breathe to earth a - gain: Peace on earth, good will to men! Peace on earth, good will to men!

Carol 395. Waken, Christians! greet the morn.

Words by *A. S. Woods.* CHRISTMAS. C. Simper.

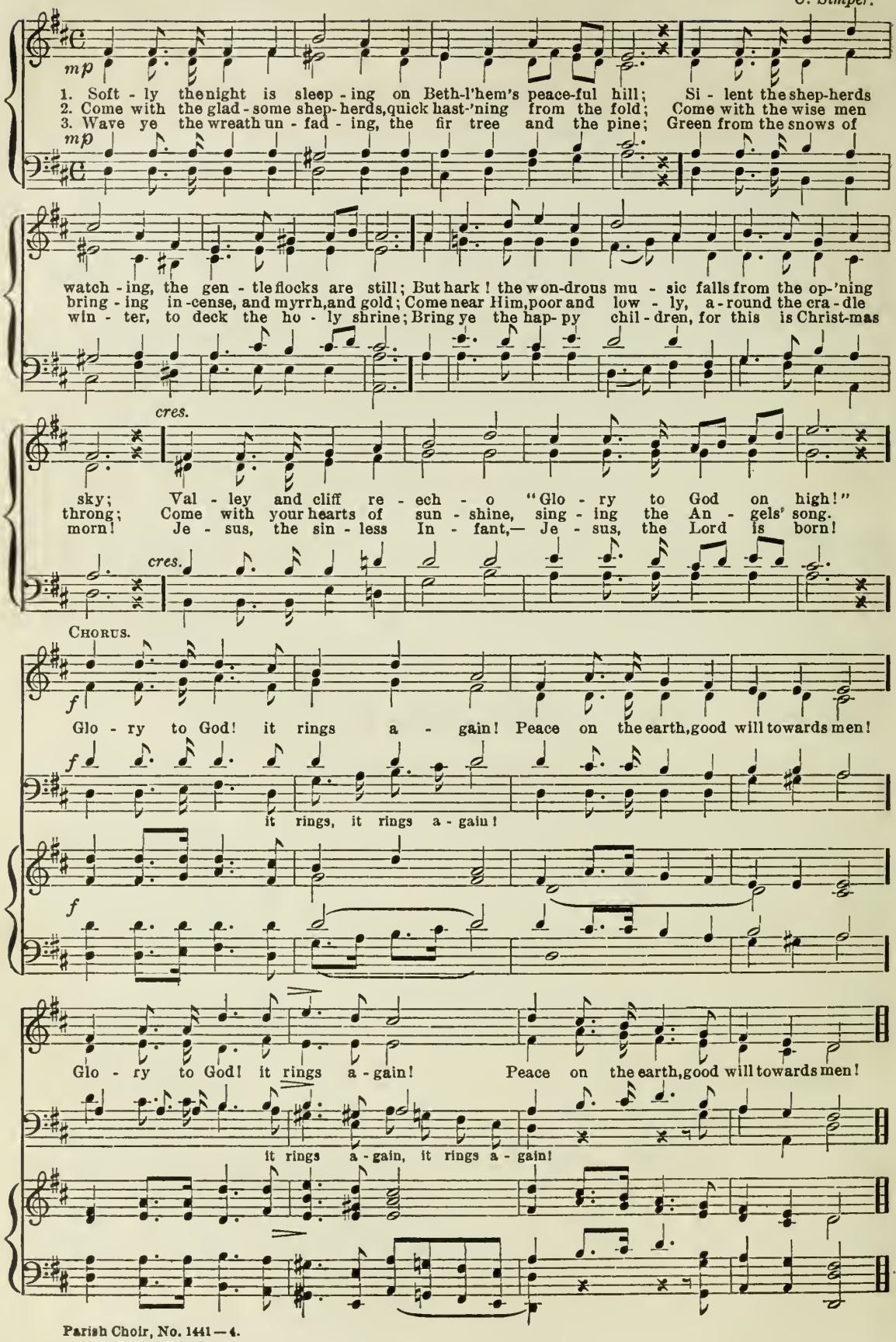

mf
cres.
1. Wa - ken, Christians, greet the morn, Hap- py day when Christ was born; Your hearts with faith and pray'r a - dorn,
2. Old men, young men, chil-dren gay, Maid-ens sweet in bright ar-ray, Come, greet, O greet His fes - tal day,
3. Deck His house with garlands fine, Feath'ry wreaths of box and pine, And hail the Prince of Da - vid's line,
4. Of - fer Him your in-cense sweet, Ho - ly love and homage meet; With hearts' de-vo- tion let us greet
ff
CHORUS. dolce.
To welcome Christmas morn - ing!
And welcome Christmas morn - ing!
On welcome Christmas morn - ing!
The King, on Christmas morn - ing!
Ca - rol sweet-ly, Ca - rol sweetly, Christ the Lord is born!
ORG.
f
ff
Sing, O sing His prais-es meet - ly, Wel - come Christ-mas morn! Wel - come Christmas morn!
Ped.

Carol 396.

Softly the night is sleeping.

CHRISTMAS.

C. Simper.


mp
1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing on Beth-l'hem's peace-ful hill; Si - lent the shep-herds
2. Come with the glad - some shep- herds, quick hast-'ning from the fold; Come with the wise men
3. Wave ye the wreath un - fad - ing, the fir tree and the pine; Green from the snows of
watch - ing, the gen - tle flocks are still; But hark! the won-drous mu - sic falls from the op-'ning
bring - ing in-cense, and myrrh, and gold; Come near Him, poor and low - ly, a - round the cra - dle
win - ter, to deck the ho - ly shrine; Bring ye the hap- py chil - dren, for this is Christ-mas
cres.
sky; Val - ley and cliff re - ech - o "Glo - ry to God on high!"
throng; Come with your hearts of sun - shine, sing - ing the An - gels' song.
morn! Je - sus, the sin - less In - fant,— Je - sus, the Lord is born!
cres.
Chorus.
f
Glo - ry to God! it rings a - gain! Peace on the earth, good will towards men!
f
it rings, it rings a - gain!
f
Glo - ry to God! it rings a - gain! Peace on the earth, good will towards men!
it rings a - gain, it rings a - gain!

Clear upon the night air sounding.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 397. *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.*

1. Clear up - on the night air sound - ing, Sweet - ly echo - ing o'er the plain, Full the an - gel -
2. Proph-ets told the won -drous sto - ry Of the fu - ture King and Lord, Who from up - per
3. We who know the lov - ing Sav- iour, Who have found the last - ing peace; Who have heard His

voice an - nounc-ing "Christ is born in Beth - le- hem." Clear - er, sweet - er, swelled the cho - rus
realms of glo - ry Should de-scend our Light and Word. But they knew not all His bright-ness,
voice ce - les - tial Bid - ding all our sor - rows cease; We can raise the song of tri - umph,

From the an - gel host a - round, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, in the high- est And on earth good -
Now the ful - ness of His grace,— Could not join the heav'n-ly cho - rus, Nor the song of
With th'an-gel - ic host pro -claim,—"Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est! Christ is born in

will a-bound." As the an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King,
tri - umph raise. As the an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to our God and King;
Beth - le - hem." And as an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to our God and King;

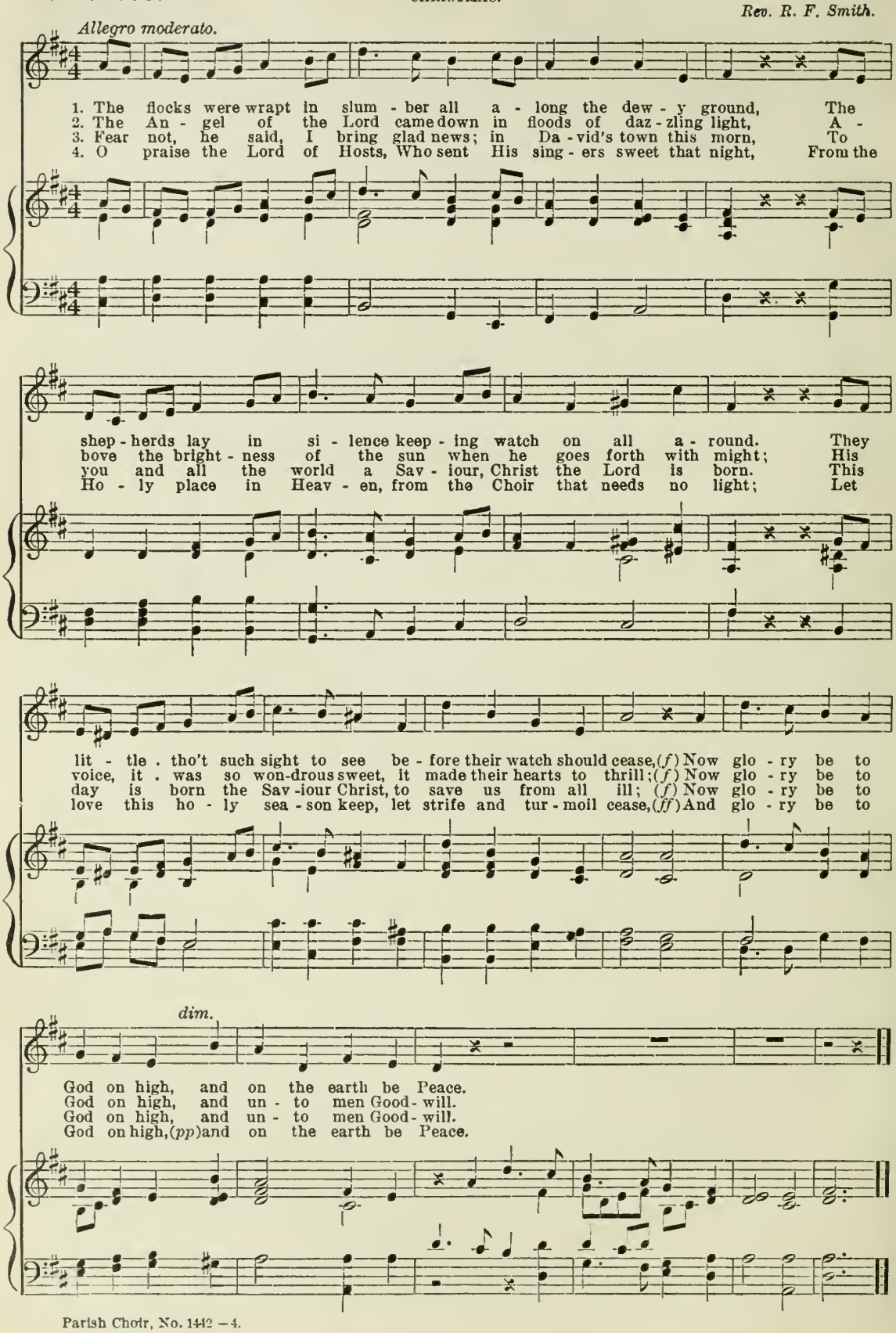
And our song we'll nev -er cease, Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace!
And our song we'll nev -er cease, Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace!
And our song we'll nev -er cease, Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace!

Parish Choir, No. 1442—4.

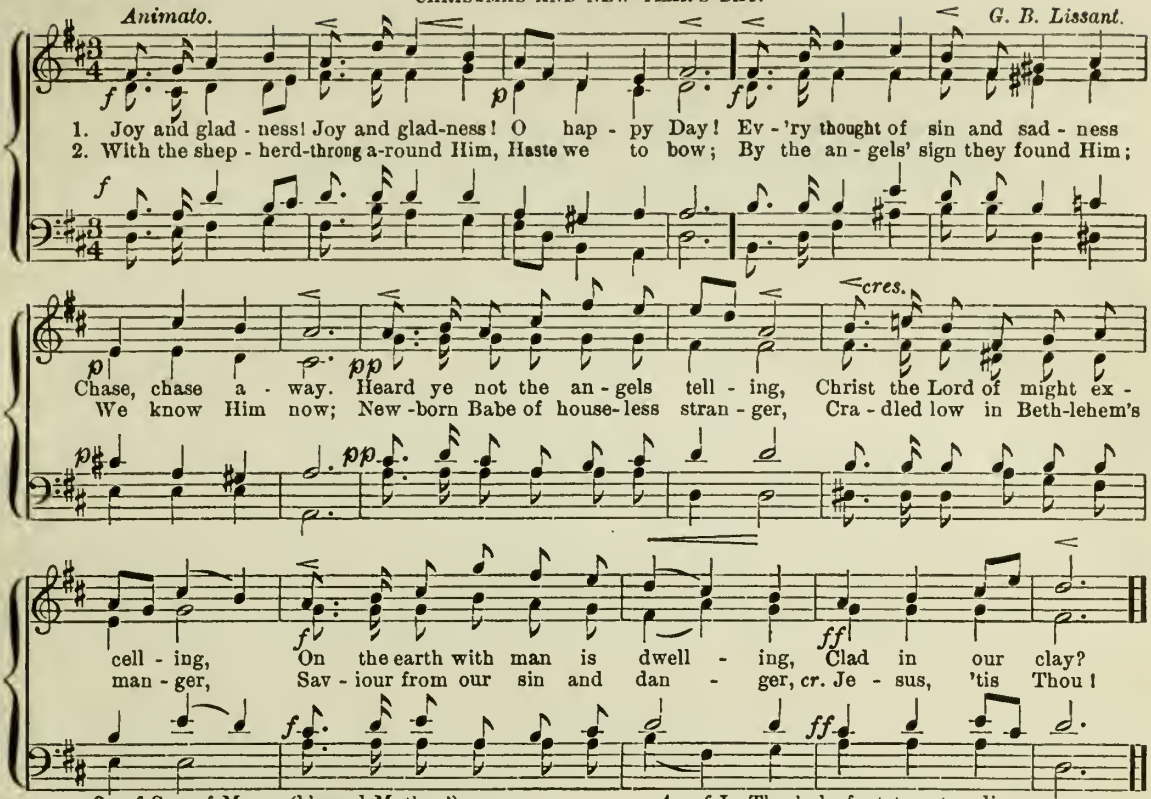
The flocks were wrapt in slumber.

Carol 398.

CHRISTMAS.

Rev. R. F. Smith.

Allegro moderato.
1. The flocks were wrapt in slum - ber all a - long the dew - y ground, The
2. The An - gel of the Lord came down in floods of daz - zling light, A -
3. Fear not, he said, I bring glad news; in Da - vid's town this morn, To
4. O praise the Lord of Hosts, Who sent His sing - ers sweet that night, From the
shep - herds lay in si - lence keep - ing watch on all a - round. They
bove the bright - ness of the sun when he goes forth with might; His
you and all the world a Sav - iour, Christ the Lord is born. This
Ho - ly place in Heav - en, from the Choir that needs no light; Let
lit - tle . tho't such sight to see be - fore their watch should cease,(f) Now glo - ry be to
voice, it . was so won-drous sweet, it made their hearts to thrill;(f) Now glo - ry be to
day is born the Sav - iour Christ, to save us from all ill; (f) Now glo - ry be to
love this ho - ly sea - son keep, let strife and tur - moil cease,(ff) And glo - ry be to
dim.
God on high, and on the earth be Peace.
God on high, and un - to men Good - will.
God on high, and un - to men Good - will.
God on high,(pp) and on the earth be Peace.

Carol 399. Joy and gladness.

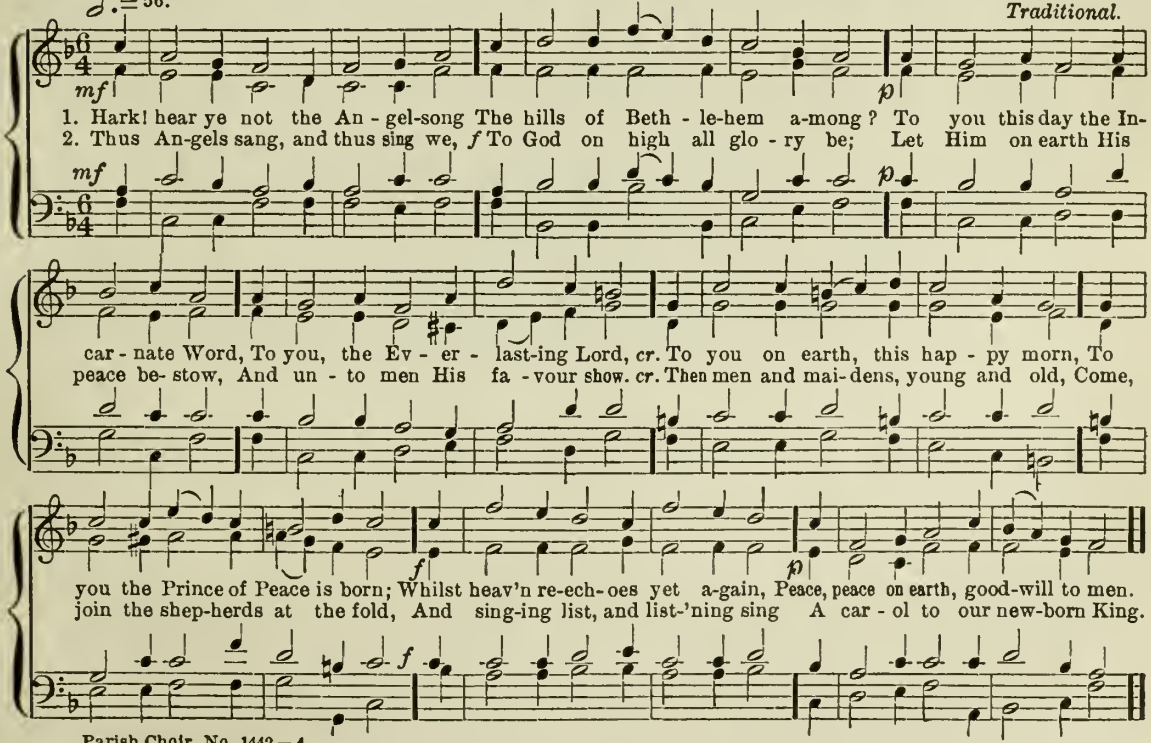
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Animato.
G. B. Lissant.
1. Joy and glad - ness! Joy and glad-ness! O hap - py Day! Ev - 'ry thought of sin and sad - ness
2. With the shep - herd-throng a-round Him, Haste we to bow; By the an - gels' sign they found Him;
Chase, chase a - way. Heard ye not the an - gels tell - ing, Christ the Lord of might ex -
We know Him now; New-born Babe of house-less stran - ger, Cra - dled low in Beth-lehem's
cell - ing, On the earth with man is dwell - ing, Clad in our clay?
man - ger, Sav - iour from our sin and dan - ger, cr. Je - sus, 'tis Thou!

3 *mf* Son of Mary, (blessed Mother!)
Thy love we claim;
Son of God, our Elder Brother,
p (O gentle Name!)
cr To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

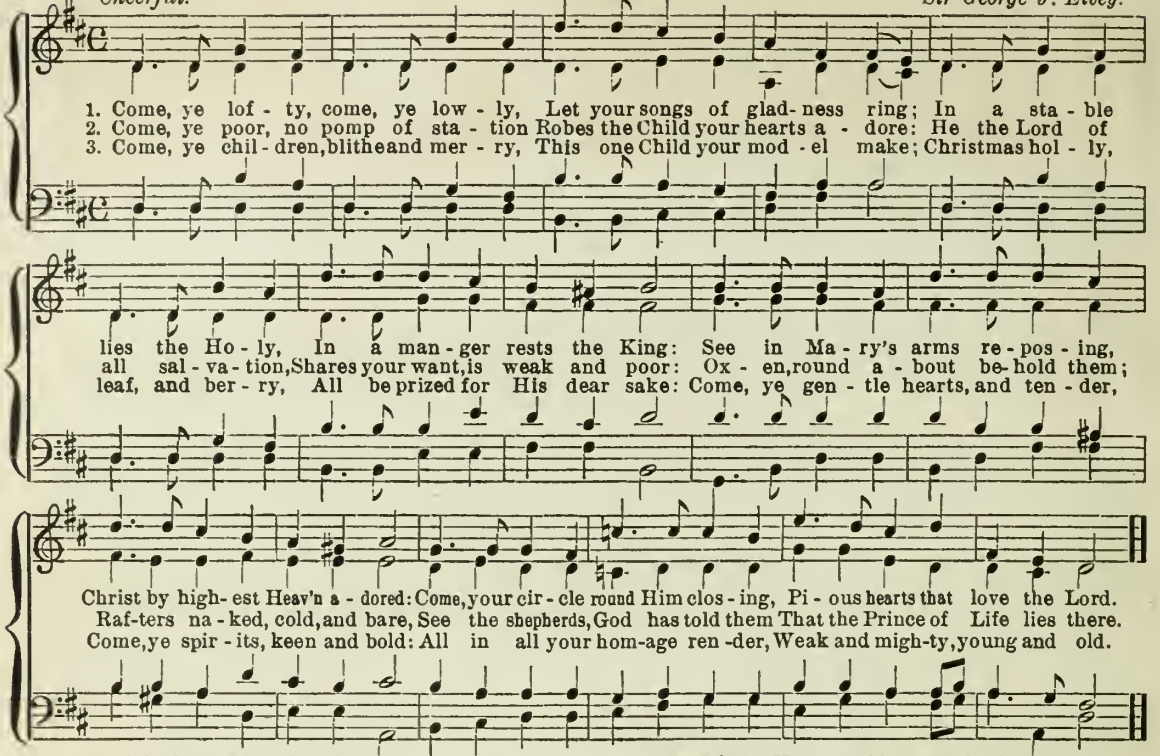
4 *mf* In Thy holy footsteps treading,
Guide, lest we stray;
From Thy Word of promise shedding
Light on our way;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
cr And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

Carol 400. Hark! Hear ye not the angel-song?

CHRISTMAS.


♩.= 56.
Traditional.
1. Hark! hear ye not the An - gel-song The hills of Beth - le-hem a-mong? To you this day the In-
2. Thus An-gels sang, and thus sing we, f To God on high all glo - ry be; Let Him on earth His
car - nate Word, To you, the Ev - er - last-ing Lord, cr. To you on earth, this hap - py morn, To
peace be- stow, And un - to men His fa - vour show. cr. Then men and mai-dens, young and old, Come,
you the Prince of Peace is born; Whilst heav'n re-ech-oes yet a-gain, Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men.
join the shep-herds at the fold, And sing-ing list, and list-'ning sing A car - ol to our new-born King.

Carol 401. Come! ye lofty.

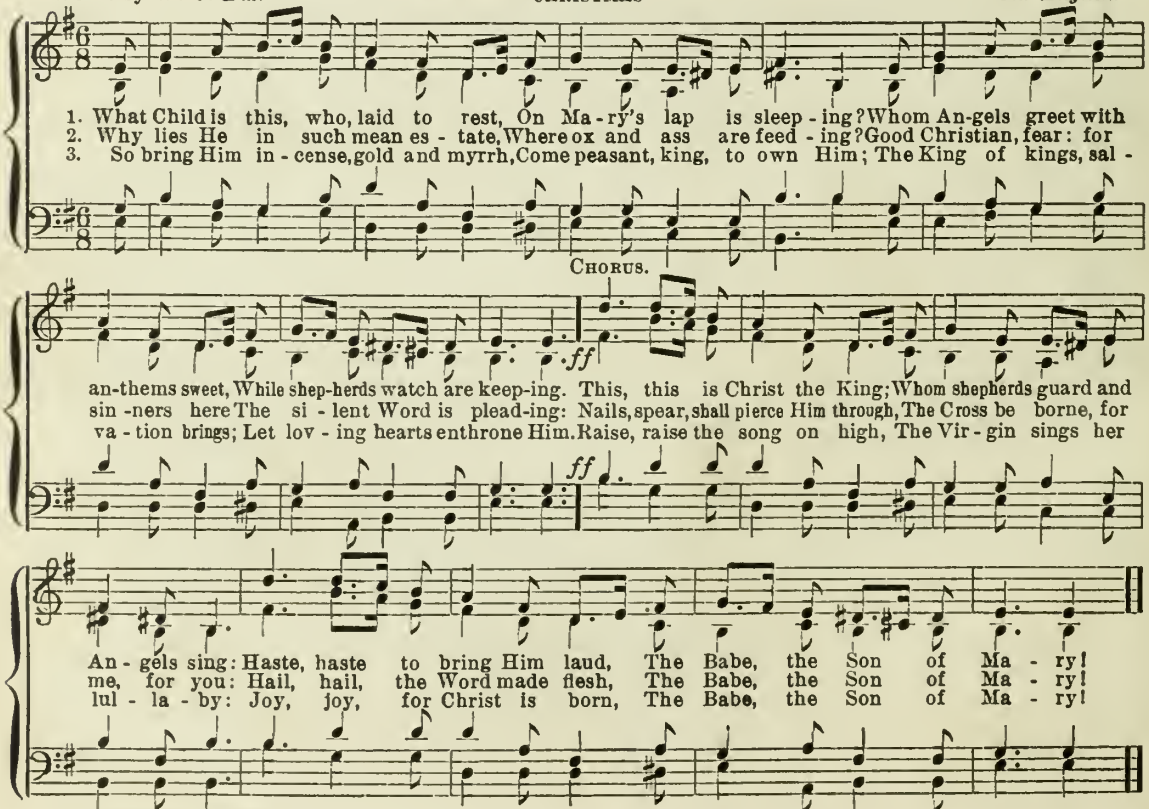
Cheerful. CHRISTMAS. *Sir George J. Elvey.*

1. Come, ye lof - ty, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad - ness ring; In a sta - ble
2. Come, ye poor, no pomp of sta - tion Robes the Child your hearts a - dore: He the Lord of
3. Come, ye chil - dren, blithe and mer - ry, This one Child your mod - el make; Christmas hol - ly,
lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King: See in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing,
all sal - va - tion, Shares your want, is weak and poor: Ox - en, round a - bout be - hold them;
leaf, and ber - ry, All be prized for His dear sake: Come, ye gen - tle hearts, and ten - der,
Christ by high - est Heav'n a - dored: Come, your cir - cle round Him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.
Raf-ters na - ked, cold, and bare, See the shepherds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.
Come, ye spir - its, keen and bold: All in all your hom-age ren -der, Weak and migh-ty, young and old.

4 High above a star is shining,
And the Wise-men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining:
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5 Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing
"Christ the Lord to man is born!"
Are not all our hearts too singing,
"Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past,
And the song of Christmas blessing,
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

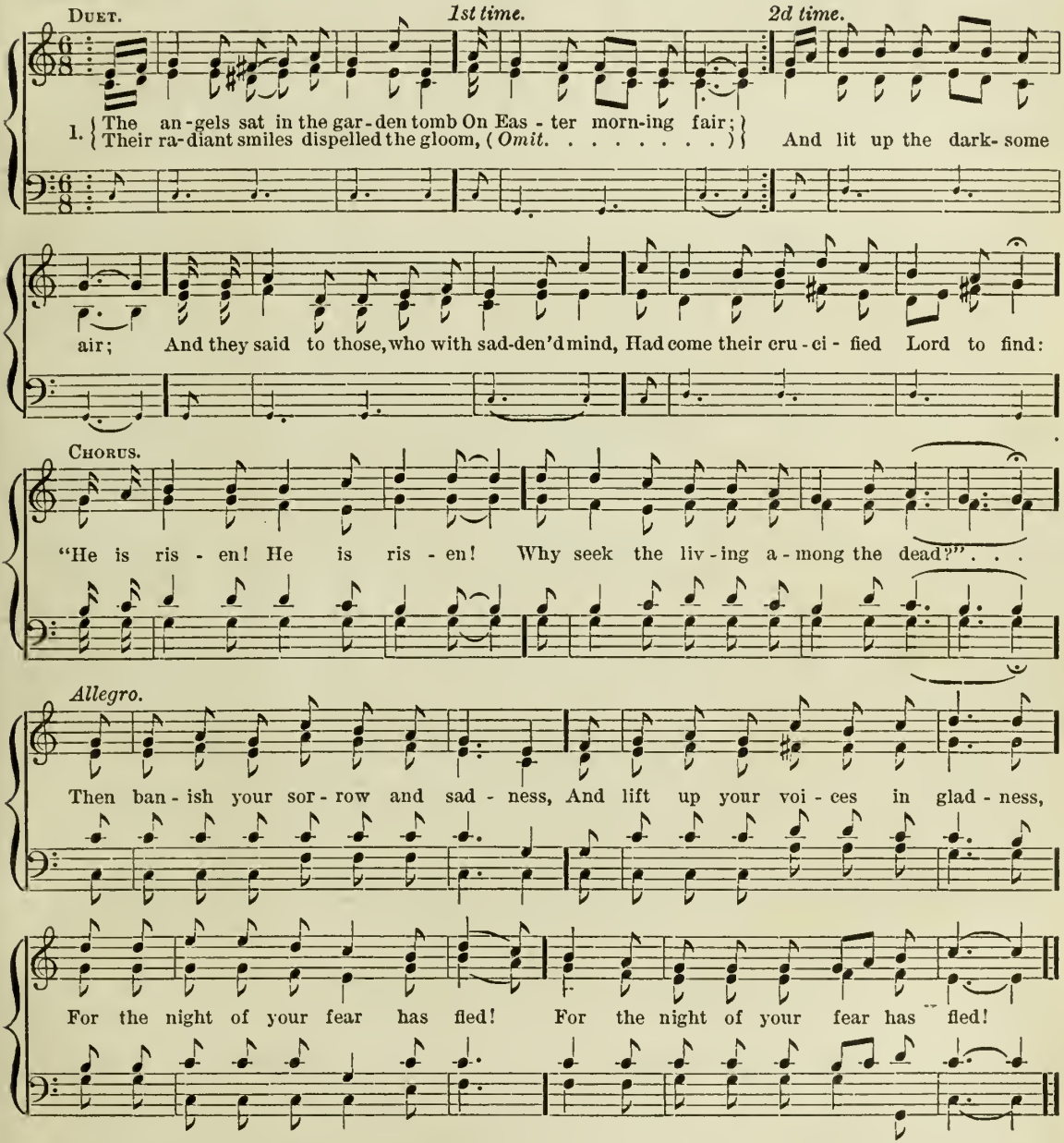
Carol 402. What Child is this?

Words by *W. C. Dix.* CHRISTMAS. *Old English.*


1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom An-gels greet with
2. Why lies He in such mean es - tate, Where ox and ass are feed - ing? Good Christian, fear: for
3. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come peasant, king, to own Him; The King of kings, sal -
Chorus.
an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep-ing. This, this is Christ the King; Whom shepherds guard and
sin - ners here The si - lent Word is plead-ing: Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne, for
va - tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts enthrone Him. Raise, raise the song on high, The Vir - gin sings her
An - gels sing: Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!
me, for you: Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!
lul - la - by: Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!

The angels sat in the garden-tomb.

EASTER.

Carol 403.

Duet.
1st time.
2d time.
1. The an-gels sat in the gar-den tomb On Eas-ter morn-ing fair;
Their ra-diant smiles dispelled the gloom, (Omit. . . . .)
And lit up the dark-some
air; And they said to those, who with sad-den'd mind, Had come their cru-ci-fied Lord to find:
Chorus.
"He is ris-en! He is ris-en! Why seek the liv-ing a-mong the dead?" . . .
Allegro.
Then ban-ish your sor-row and sad-ness, And lift up your voi-ces in glad-ness,
For the night of your fear has fled! For the night of your fear has fled!

2 "Come, see the place where the dear Lord lay;"
'Tis vacant now this morn;
And angels come on the Easter-day,
As they did when Christ was born;
And their voices sound in glad refrain,
And they bring glad tidings to earth again.
Cho.—"He is risen," etc.

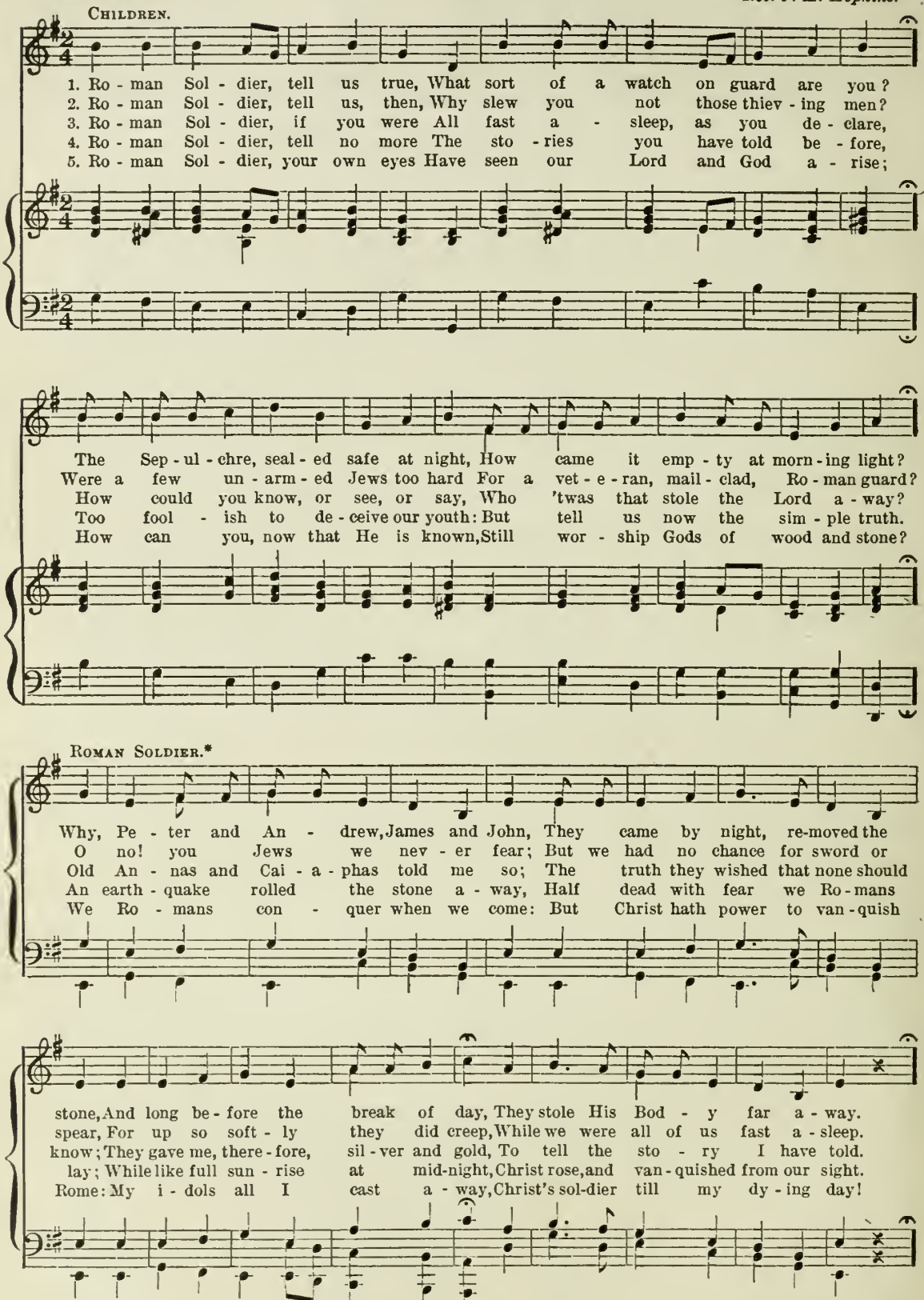
3 To-day the angels are standing still
Beside the open graves,
The darksome gloom with their light they fill,
As they speak of the Lord who saves;
Christ conquered Death in that bitter strife,
He will bring us into eternal life.
Cho.—"He is risen," etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1461—4.

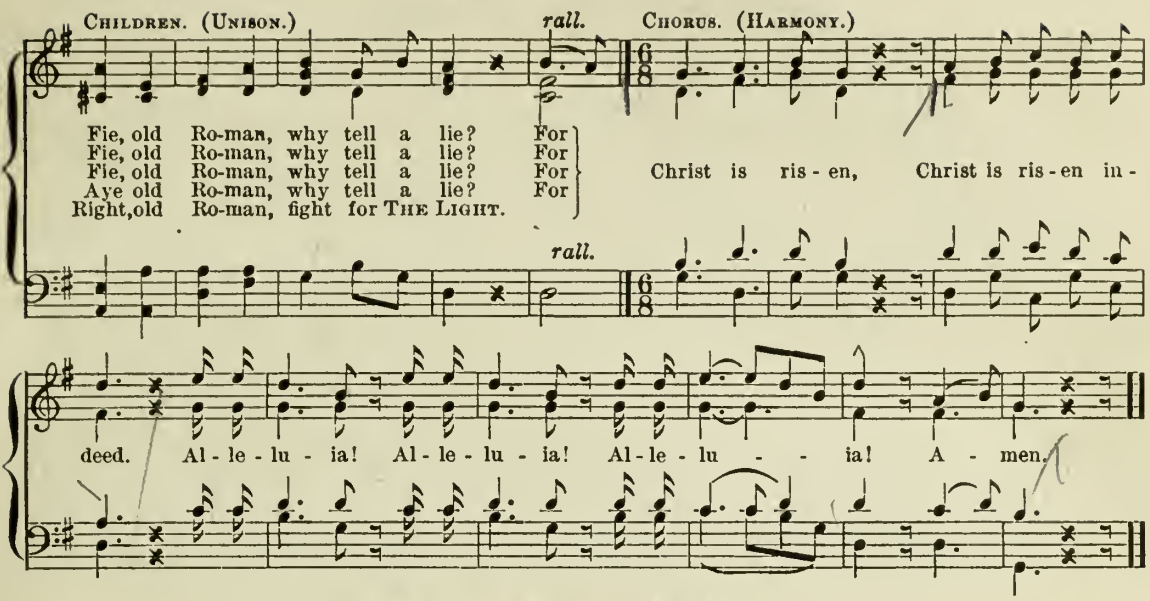
Roman soldier, tell us true.

EASTER.

Carol 404. *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*


CHILDREN.
1. Ro - man Sol - dier, tell us true, What sort of a watch on guard are you?
2. Ro - man Sol - dier, tell us, then, Why slew you not those thiev - ing men?
3. Ro - man Sol - dier, if you were All fast a - sleep, as you de - clare,
4. Ro - man Sol - dier, tell no more The sto - ries you have told be - fore,
5. Ro - man Sol - dier, your own eyes Have seen our Lord and God a - rise;
The Sep - ul - chre, seal - ed safe at night, How came it emp - ty at morn - ing light?
Were a few un - arm - ed Jews too hard For a vet - e - ran, mail - clad, Ro - man guard?
How could you know, or see, or say, Who 'twas that stole the Lord a - way?
Too fool - ish to de - ceive our youth: But tell us now the sim - ple truth.
How can you, now that He is known, Still wor - ship Gods of wood and stone?
ROMAN SOLDIER.*
Why, Pe - ter and An - drew, James and John, They came by night, re-moved the stone, And long be - fore the break of day, They stole His Bod - y far a - way.
O no! you Jews we nev - er fear; But we had no chance for sword or spear, For up so soft - ly they did creep, While we were all of us fast a - sleep.
Old An - nas and Cai - a - phas told me so; The truth they wished that none should know; They gave me, there - fore, sil - ver and gold, To tell the sto - ry I have told.
An earth - quake rolled the stone a - way, Half dead with fear we Ro - mans lay; While like full sun - rise at mid-night, Christ rose, and van - quished from our sight.
We Ro - mans con - quer when we come: But Christ hath power to van - quish Rome: My i - dols all I cast a - way, Christ's sol-dier till my dy - ing day!

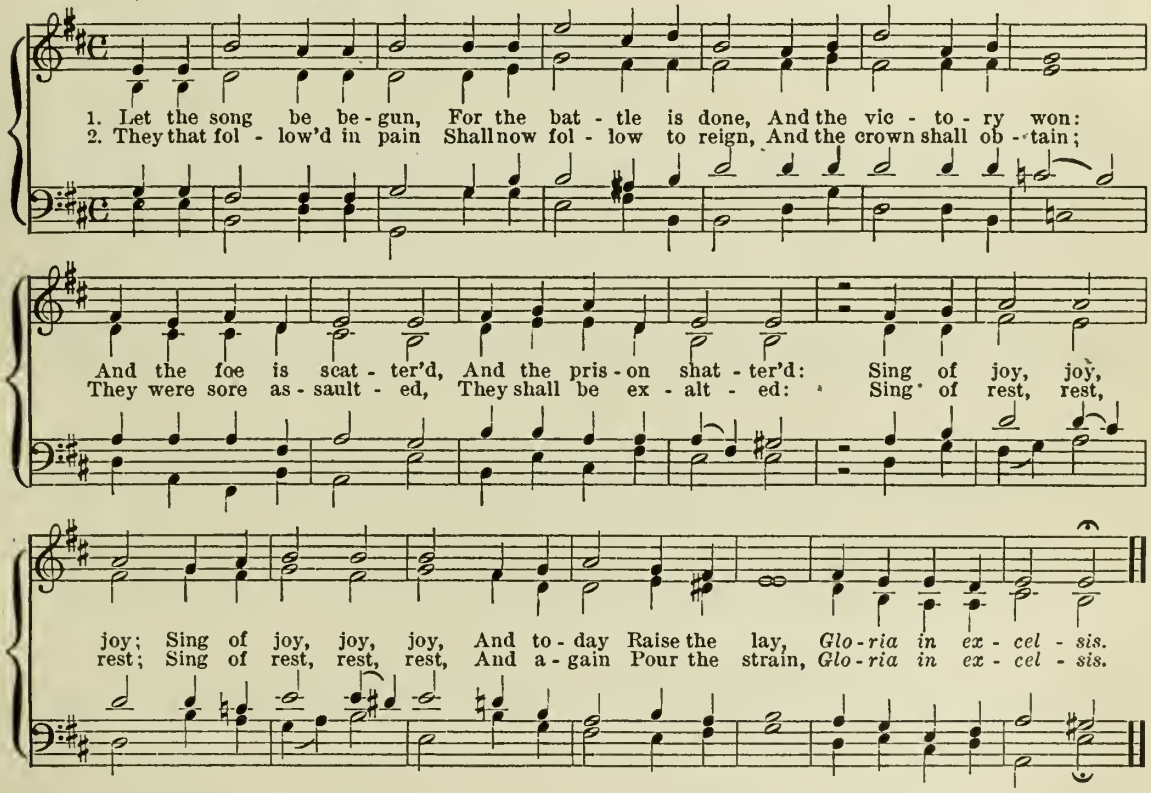
*The Roman Soldier's part is set in the G clef for the convenience of children; but it is much better when sung by a man, an octave below.


Children. (Unison.)
rall.
Chorus. (Harmony.)
Fie, old Ro-man, why tell a lie? For
Fie, old Ro-man, why tell a lie? For
Fie, old Ro-man, why tell a lie? For
Aye old Ro-man, why tell a lie? For
Right, old Ro-man, fight for The Light.
Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en in-
rall.
deed. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

Let the song be begun.

EASTER.

Carol 405.

Words by the *Rev. John Mason Neale.* From the *Piae Cantiones.*

1. Let the song be be-gun, For the bat-tle is done, And the vic-to-ry won:
2. They that fol-low'd in pain Shall now fol-low to reign, And the crown shall ob-tain;
And the foe is scat-ter'd, And the pris-on shat-ter'd: Sing of joy, joy,
They were sore as-sault-ed, They shall be ex-alt-ed: Sing of rest, rest,
joy; Sing of joy, joy, joy, And to-day Raise the lay, *Glo-ria in ex-cel-sis.*
rest; Sing of rest, rest, rest, And a-gain Pour the strain, *Glo-ria in ex-cel-sis.*

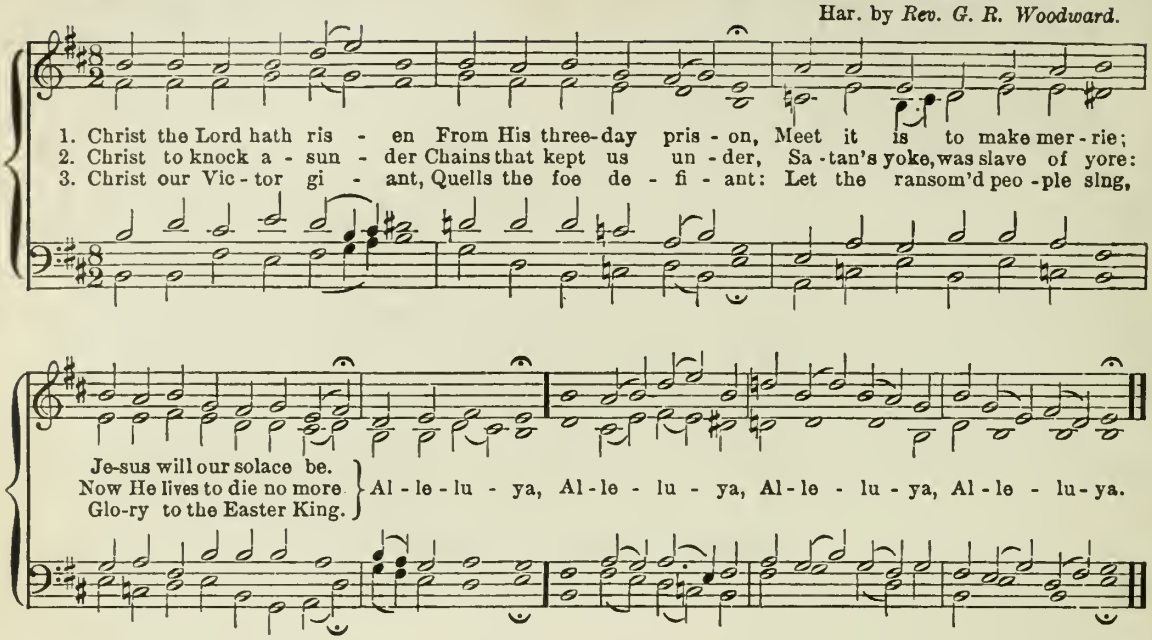
3 For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore,
When the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal,
There is life eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Earth and skies Bid it rise
Gloria in excelsis.

4 Then the brave, then the true,
Ye despised and ye few,
For the crown is for you:
Christ, that went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you:
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
And to-day Raise the lay
Gloria in excelsis.

Christ the Lord hath risen.

Carol 406. EASTER. *12th Century Carol.*

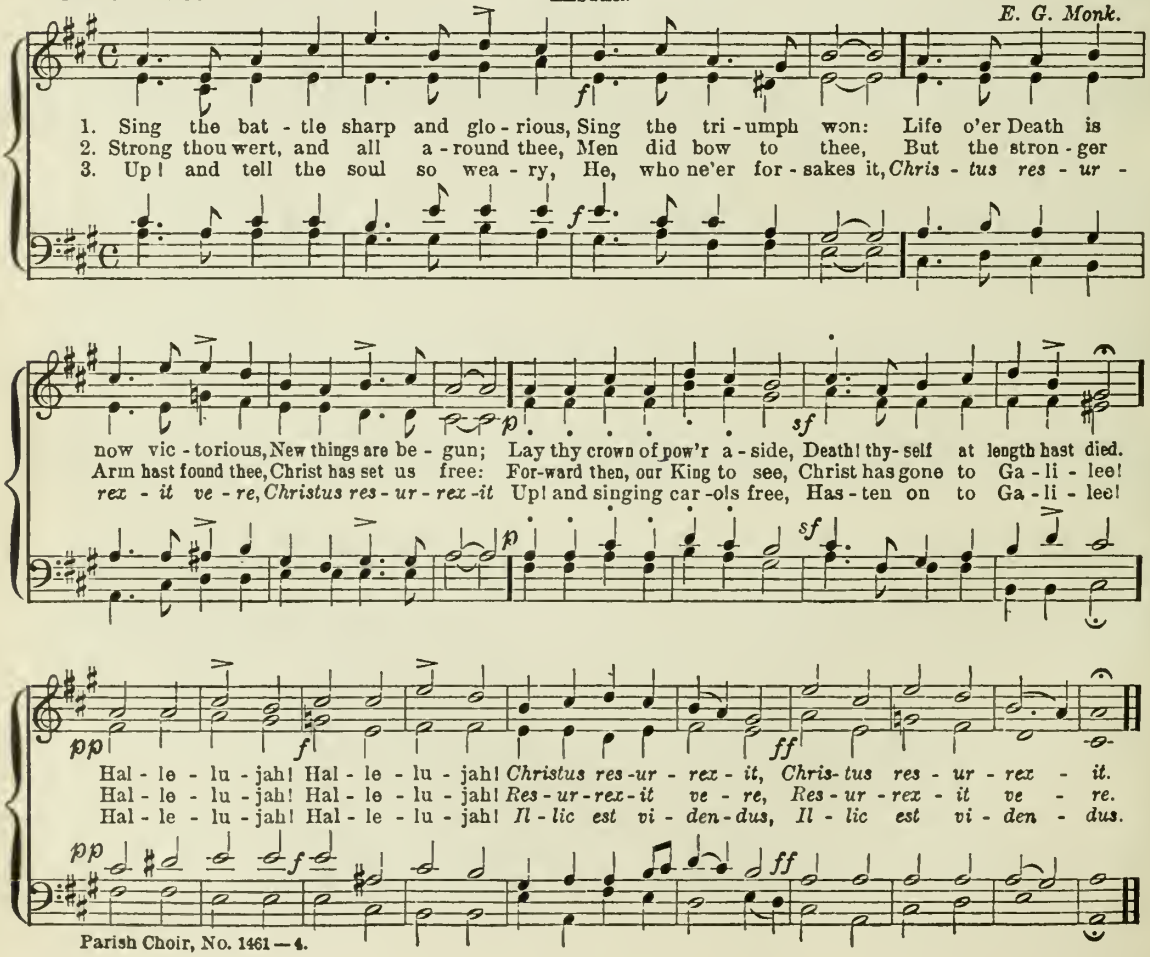
Har. by *Rev. G. R. Woodward.*


1. Christ the Lord hath ris - en From His three-day pris - on, Meet it is to make mer - rie;
2. Christ to knock a - sun - der Chains that kept us un - der, Sa - tan's yoke, was slave of yore:
3. Christ our Vic - tor gi - ant, Quells the foe de - fi - ant: Let the ransom'd peo - ple sing,
Je-sus will our solace be.
Now He lives to die no more
Glo-ry to the Easter King.
Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

Sing the battle.

Carol 407. EASTER.

E. G. Monk.


1. Sing the bat - tle sharp and glo - rious, Sing the tri - umph won: Life o'er Death is
2. Strong thou wert, and all a - round thee, Men did bow to thee, But the stron - ger
3. Up! and tell the soul so wea - ry, He, who ne'er for - sakes it, Chris - tus res - ur -
now vic - torious, New things are be - gun; Lay thy crown of pow'r a - side, Death! thy - self at length hast died.
Arm hast found thee, Christ has set us free: For-ward then, our King to see, Christ has gone to Ga - li - lee!
rex - it ve - re, Christus res - ur - rex - it Up! and singing car - ols free, Has - ten on to Ga - li - lee!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christus res - ur - rex - it, Chris - tus res - ur - rex - it.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Res - ur - rex - it ve - re, Res - ur - rex - it ve - re.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Il - lic est vi - den - dus, Il - lic est vi - den - dus.

THE MOTHER IN EGYPT REPOSING.

Sweet Child Divine.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 408.

Words by *Rev. Jesse Brett.*

Arthur H. Brown.

Molto moderato. ♩. = 58.

mf

1. Sweet Child Di - vine, of
2. All low - ly is Thy

low - ly grace, Thy Mo - ther guard is keep - ing; And An - gels pass with rev - 'rent pace Where
man - ger-throne, Yet Thou art tru - ly reign - ing, Re - ceiv - ing gifts from all Thine own, A

p *rall.* *mf* *tempo.*

Thou art calm - ly sleep - ing, Where Thou art calm - ly sleep - ing. O Life di - vine - ly
lost world's love re - gain - ing, A lost world's love re - gain - ing. So high and low shall

cres. *f*

shown! O Love made known for all to own! Sweet Babe we haste to bring All praise and
meet In u - nion sweet a - bout Thy Feet, Blest Child of heav'n - ly grace, Thy ten - der -

ser - vice ho - ly.
ness a - dor - ing.

mf *cres.*

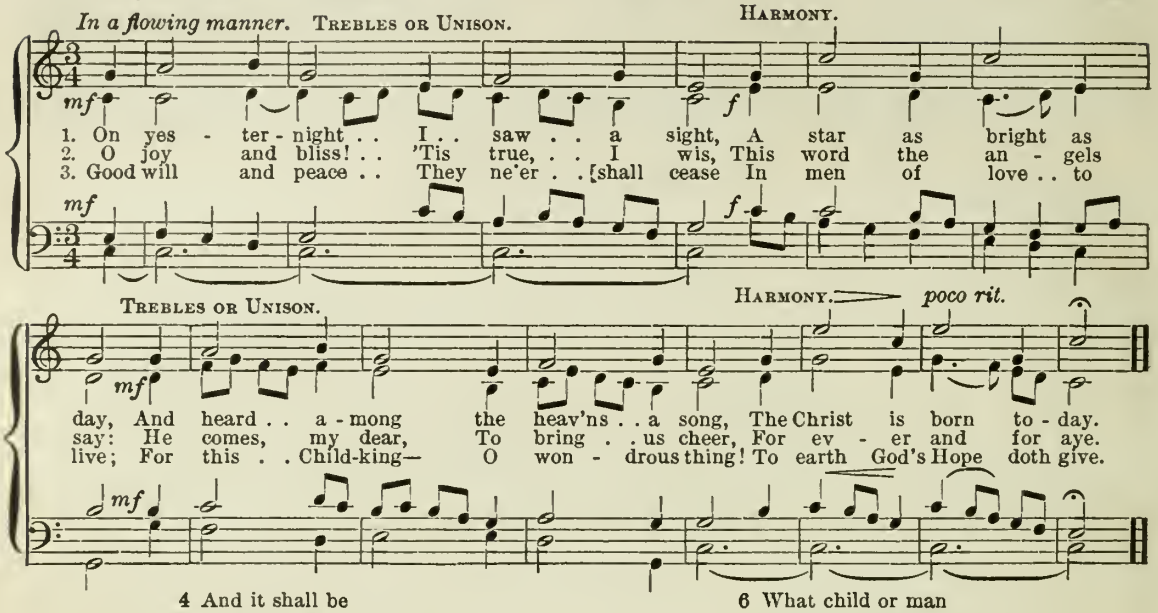
3 O Son of Mary, Son divine!
Oh, rest Thee, let her fold Thee
To that full heart, whose life is Thine,
Ere ruder hands shall hold Thee.
Swift years are hasting by,
A Cross stands high, and Thou wilt die:
Love, love, alway for men,
O Jesu, Son of Mary!

4 But now we greet Thee, Infant King,
With offerings rich and holy;
The treasures of our life we bring,
O Son of Mary lowly.
Glad Angels hover nigh,
To waft on high their lullaby,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
And Son of God most holy.

Parish Choir, No. 1493—4.

Carol 409. On yesternight I saw a sight.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rt. Rev. C. W. Stubbs.* *T. T. Noble.*

In a flowing manner. TREBLES OR UNISON.
HARMONY.
mf
f
1. On yes - ter - night . . I . . saw . . a sight, A star as bright as
2. O joy and bliss! . . 'Tis true, . . I wis, This word the an - gels
3. Good will and peace . . They ne'er . . [shall cease In men of love . . to
TREBLES OR UNISON.
HARMONY.
poco rit.
day, And heard . . a - mong the heav'ns . . a song, The Christ is born to - day.
say: He comes, my dear, To bring . . us cheer, For ev - er and for aye.
live; For this . . Child-king— O won - drous thing! To earth God's Hope doth give.

4 And it shall be
That good kings three
Shall bring on His Twelfth Night
A crown of gold
And gifts foretold
With jewels all endight.

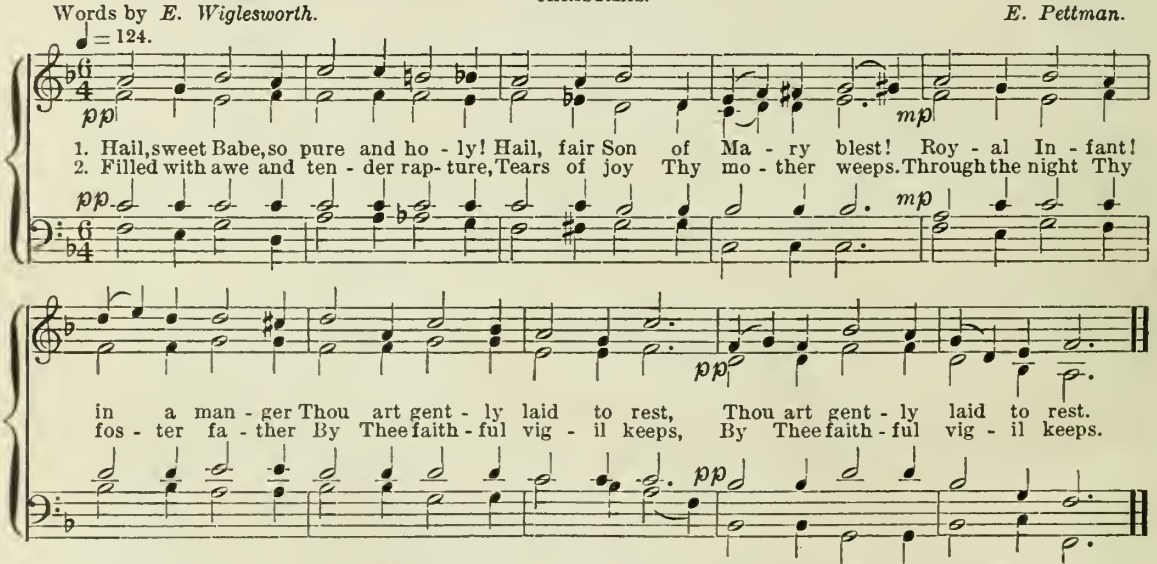
5 And spice and myrrh,
Alas! for her
(Sweet Mary, bless thy boy!)
For here is laid
The great world's aid,
Her sorrow and its joy.

6 What child or man
Who will or can
Not merry be to-day?
For news like this
Of joy and bliss
We know is sad no way.

7 O Holy Child,
Thou undefiled,
Send us God's grace, we pray!
O come to us,
Abide with us,
Be born in us to-day!

Carol 410. Hail! sweet Babe, so pure and holy.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *E. Wiglesworth.* *E. Pettman.*

♩ = 124.
pp
mp
1. Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and ho - ly! Hail, fair Son of Ma - ry blest! Roy - al In - fant!
2. Filled with awe and ten - der rap- ture, Tears of joy Thy mo - ther weeps. Through the night Thy
in a man - ger Thou art gent - ly laid to rest, Thou art gent - ly laid to rest.
fos - ter fa - ther By Thee faith - ful vig - il keeps, By Thee faith - ful vig - il keeps.

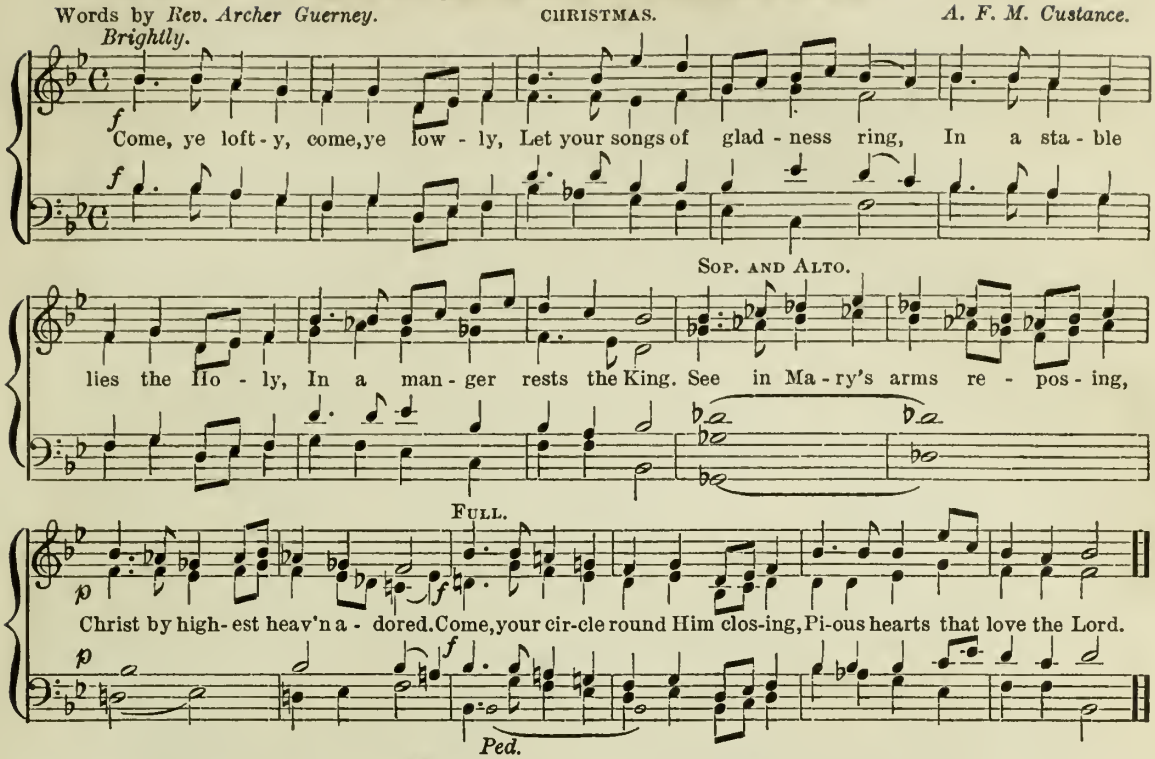
3 Hovering o'er the hallowed stable
Choirs of Angels carols sing,
Glory, glory in the highest,
Hail to Thee, O Christ our King!

4 Shepherds, leave your flocks, and hasten
To adore, on bended knee;
Wrapped in swaddling clothes your Saviour
Israel's Shepherd, ye shall see.

5 Children, year by year with gladness
Keep Christ's birthday feast anew,
Sing His praise with loving voices,
Who was born a Babe for you.

6 Hail, sweet Baby, Child of Mary,
Hail, King David's Royal Son,
Singing carols round Thy cradle,
We adore Thee, Holy One.

Carol 411. Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly.

Words by *Rev. Archer Guerney.* CHRISTMAS. *A. F. M. Custance.*

Brightly.
Come, ye loft-y, come, ye low-ly, Let your songs of glad-ness ring, In a sta-ble
Sop. and Alto.
lies the Ho-ly, In a man-ger rests the King. See in Ma-ry's arms re-pos-ing,
Full.
Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored. Come, your cir-cle round Him clos-ing, Pi-ous hearts that love the Lord.
Ped.

2 Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adored;
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor;
Oxen round about, behold them;
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3 Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake;
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come, ye spirits, keen and bold,
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

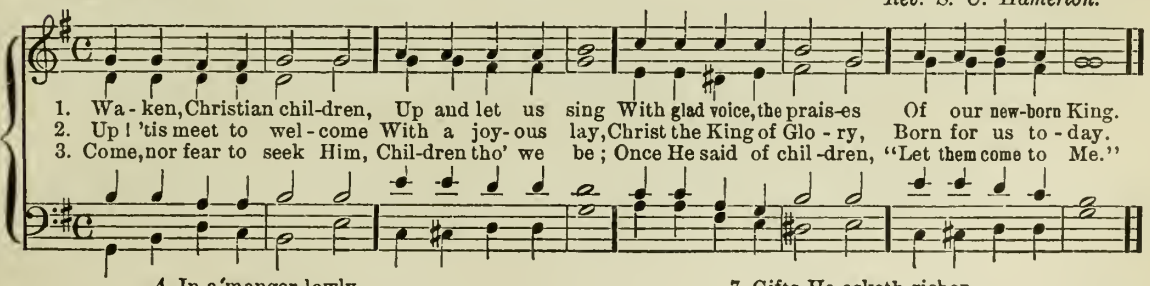
4 High above a star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,
For you all has risen a star;
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love, and faith and praise,
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5 Hark, the Heaven of heavens is ringing;
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn!
Still the Child all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past,
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

Waken, Christian children.

Carol 412. CHRISTMAS.

Words and music by the *Rev. S. C. Hamerton.*


1. Wa-ken, Christian chil-dren, Up and let us sing With glad voice, the prais-es Of our new-born King.
2. Up! 'tis meet to wel-come With a joy-ous lay, Christ the King of Glo-ry, Born for us to-day.
3. Come, nor fear to seek Him, Chil-dren tho' we be; Once He said of chil-dren, "Let them come to Me."

4 In a'manger lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.

5 Far above that stable,
Up in Heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

6 Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

7 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

8 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Infant purity.

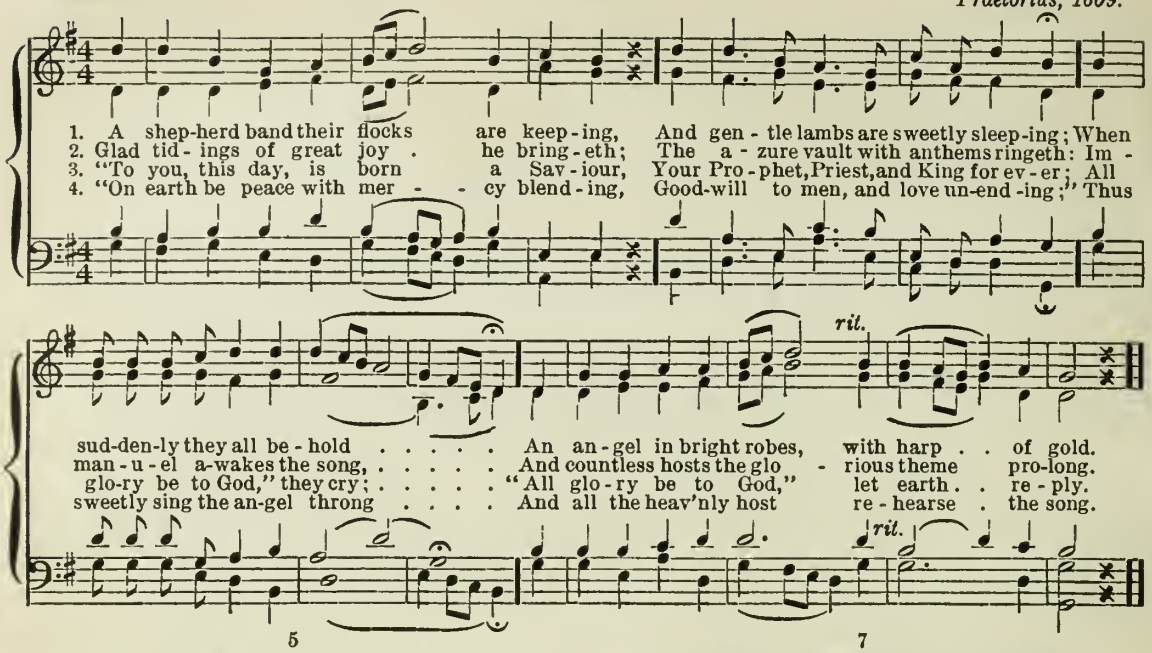
9 Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

A shepherd band their flocks.

Carol 413.

CHRISTMAS.

Praetorius, 1609.


1. A shep-herd band their flocks are keep-ing, And gen-tle lambs are sweetly sleep-ing; When
2. Glad tid-ings of great joy . he bring-eth; The a-zure vault with anthems ringeth: Im-
3. "To you, this day, is born a Sav-iour, Your Pro-phet, Priest, and King for ev-er; All
4. "On earth be peace with mer-cy blend-ing, Good-will to men, and love un-end-ing;" Thus
ril.
sud-den-ly they all be-hold . . . . . An an-gel in bright robes, with harp . . of gold.
man-u-el a-wakes the song, ... And countless hosts the glo-rious theme pro-long.
glo-ry be to God," they cry; . . . . . "All glo-ry be to God," let earth . . re-ply.
sweetly sing the an-gel throng . . . . And all the heav'nly host re-hearse . the song.
ril.

5

Through field and wood the song resoundeth,
O'er hill and vale the chorus boundeth:
Exultingly the echoes roll,
And hymns of triumph spread from pole to pole.

6

The shepherds view the host returning,
Their hearts with holy ardour burning;
To Bethelem they wend their way,
Repeating with glad tongues th' angelic lay.

7

In haste they seek the heavenly Stranger;
They find the Babe laid in a manger;
With wonder and with awe they fall,
And joyfully adore Him, Lord of all.

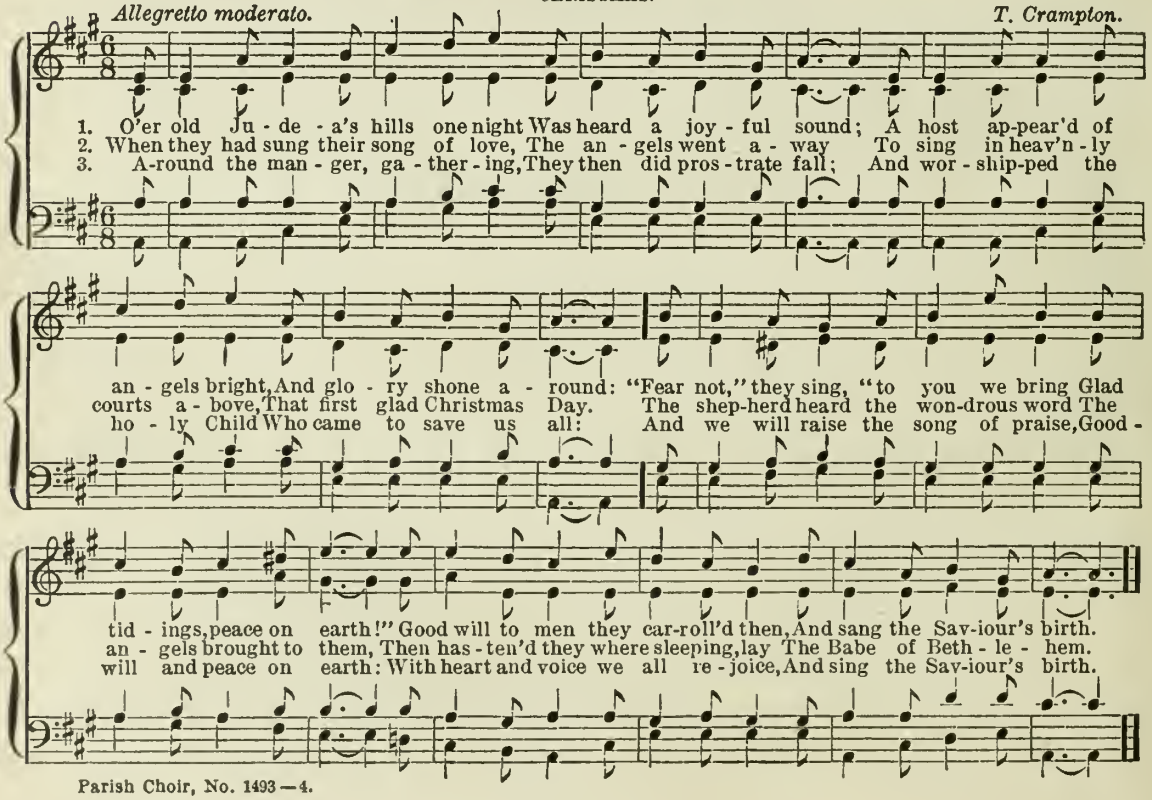
8

Now every voice with rapture swelleth,
For Christ the Lord with mortals dwelleth;
Let men and angels Him adore,
And shout their loud hosannas evermore.

O'er old Judea's hills.

Carol 414.

CHRISTMAS.

Allegretto moderato. *T. Crampton.*

1. O'er old Ju-de-a's hills one night Was heard a joy-ful sound; A host ap-pear'd of
2. When they had sung their song of love, The an-gels went a-way To sing in heav'n-ly
3. A-round the man-ger, ga-ther-ing, They then did pros-trate fall; And wor-ship-ped the
an-gels bright, And glo-ry shone a-round: "Fear not," they sing, "to you we bring Glad
courts a-bove, That first glad Christmas Day. The shep-herd heard the won-drous word The
ho-ly Child Who came to save us all: And we will raise the song of praise, Good-
tid-ings, peace on earth!" Good will to men they car-roll'd then, And sang the Sav-iour's birth.
an-gels brought to them, Then has-ten'd they where sleeping, lay The Babe of Beth-le-hem.
will and peace on earth: With heart and voice we all re-joice, And sing the Sav-iour's birth.

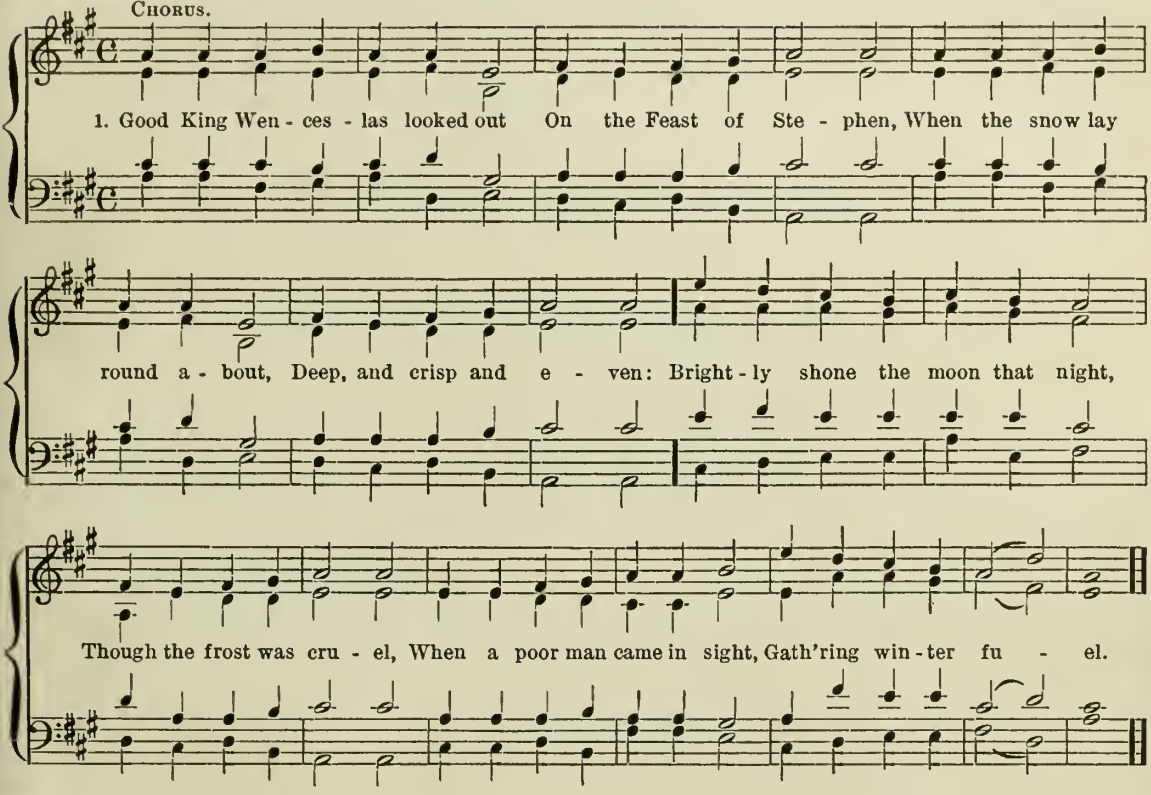
Good King Wenceslas.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 415.

Words by *J. M. Neale.* *Traditional.*

CHORUS.


1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out On the Feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
round a - bout, Deep, and crisp and e - ven: Bright - ly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win - ter fu - el.

2

Ten.* Solo. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Treb. Solo. "Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3

Ten. Solo. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Cho. Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament;
And the bitter weather.

4

Treb. Solo. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

Ten. Solo. "Mark my footsteps, my good page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5

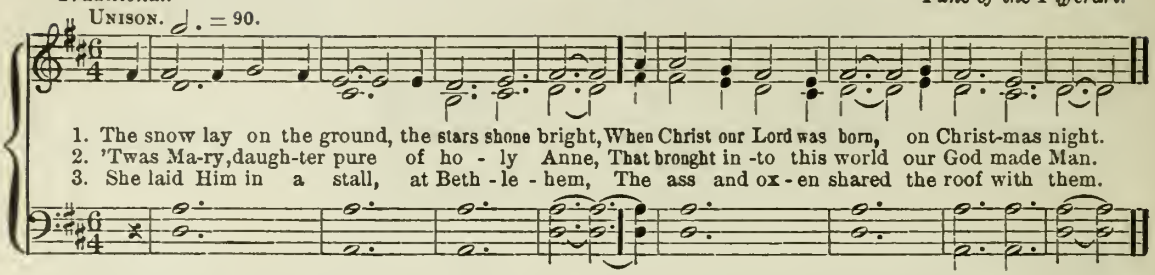
Cho. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

* All the verses may be sung in chorus if preferred.

Carol 416. The snow lay on the ground.

CHRISTMAS.

Traditional. *Tune of the Pifferari.*


Unison. ♩. = 90.
1. The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright, When Christ our Lord was born, on Christ-mas night.
2. 'Twas Ma-ry, daugh-ter pure of ho - ly Anne, That brought in -to this world our God made Man.
3. She laid Him in a stall, at Beth - le - hem, The ass and ox - en shared the roof with them.

4 Saint Joseph, too, was by to tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect His mother mild.

5 The Angels hover'd round, and sang this song:
"*Venite adoremus Dominum.*"

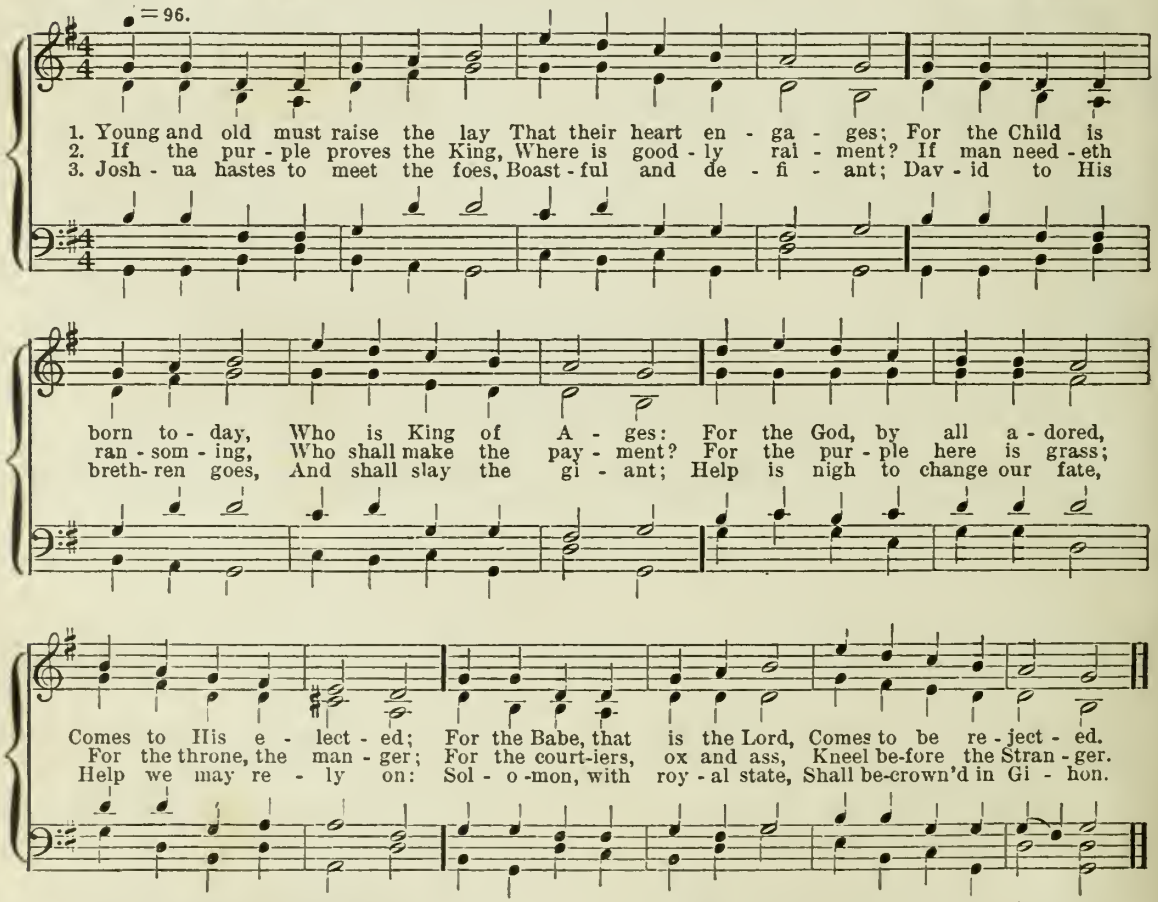
6 And thus, that manger poor became a Throne;
For He, whom Mary bore, was God the Son.

7 O come then, let us join the Heav'nly Host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Carol 417. Young and old must raise the lay.

CHRISTMAS

Words by *Rev. J. M. Neale.* *Aachen Gesangbuch.*


♩ = 96.
1. Young and old must raise the lay That their heart en - ga - ges; For the Child is
2. If the pur - ple proves the King, Where is good - ly rai - ment? If man need - eth
3. Josh - ua hastes to meet the foes, Boast - ful and de - fi - ant; Dav - id to His
born to - day, Who is King of A - ges: For the God, by all a - dored,
ran - som - ing, Who shall make the pay - ment? For the pur - ple here is grass;
breth- ren goes, And shall slay the gi - ant; Help is nigh to change our fate,
Comes to His e - lect - ed; For the Babe, that is the Lord, Comes to be re - ject - ed.
For the throne, the man - ger; For the court-iers, ox and ass, Kneel be-fore the Stran - ger.
Help we may re - ly on: Sol - o -mon, with roy - al state, Shall be-crown'd in Gi - hon.

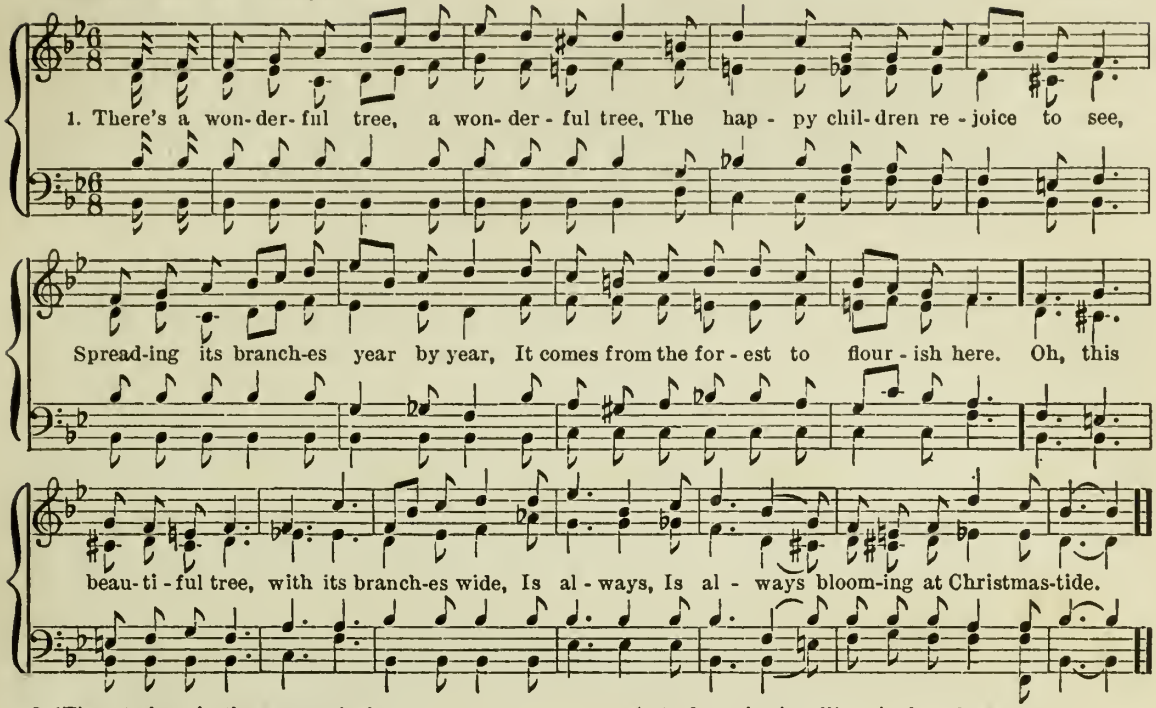
4 Through the desert as we go,
Sorrowful and fearing,
From the Rock the waters flow,
That shall work our cheering:
Manna, wherewith all are fed,
Comes for our salvation,
Born in Bethl'hem, House of Bread
By interpretation.

5 Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages;
For the Child is born to-day,
Who is King of Ages:
Young and old their deeds so frame,
That, as He came hither,
They, when He their lives shall claim,
May to Him go thither.

Carol 418. There's a wonderful tree.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Mrs. M. N. Meigs* — *F. Schilling.*


1. There's a won-der-ful tree, a won-der-ful tree, The hap-py chil-dren re-joice to see,
Spread-ing its branch-es year by year, It comes from the for-est to flour-ish here. Oh, this
beau-ti-ful tree, with its branch-es wide, Is al-ways, Is al-ways bloom-ing at Christmas-tide.

2 'Tis not alone in the summer's sheen,
Its boughs are broad, and its leaves are green;
It blooms for us when the wild winds blow,
And earth is white with its feathery snow;
And this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
Bears many a gift for the Christmas-tide.

3 'Tis all alight with its tapers' glow,
That flash on the shining eyes below,
And the strange sweet fruit on each laden bough
Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now.
Oh this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
We hail it with joy at the Christmas-tide.

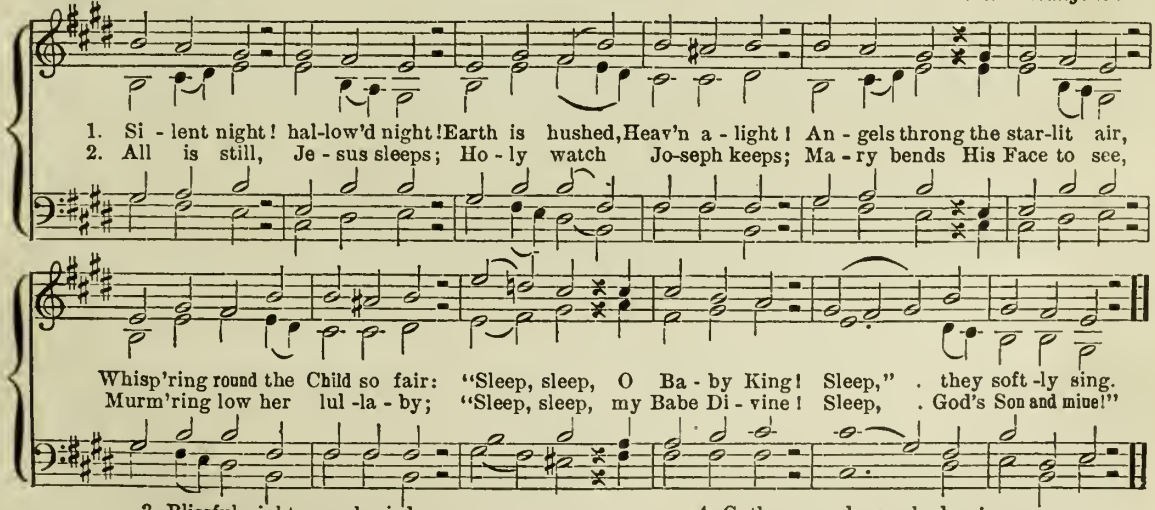
4 And a voice is telling, its boughs among,
Of the shepherds' watch and angels' song;
Of a holy Babe in a manger low,
The beautiful story of long ago,
When a radiant star threw its beams so wide,
To herald the earliest Christmas-tide.

5 Then spread thy branches, wonderful tree,
And bring some dainty gift to me,
And fill my heart with a burning love
To Him who came from His home above —
From His beautiful home with the glorified,
To give us the joys of the Christmas-tide.

Carol 419. Silent night! hallow'd night!

CHRISTMAS.

Trans. from *J. Mohr.* — *Trier Gesangbuch.*

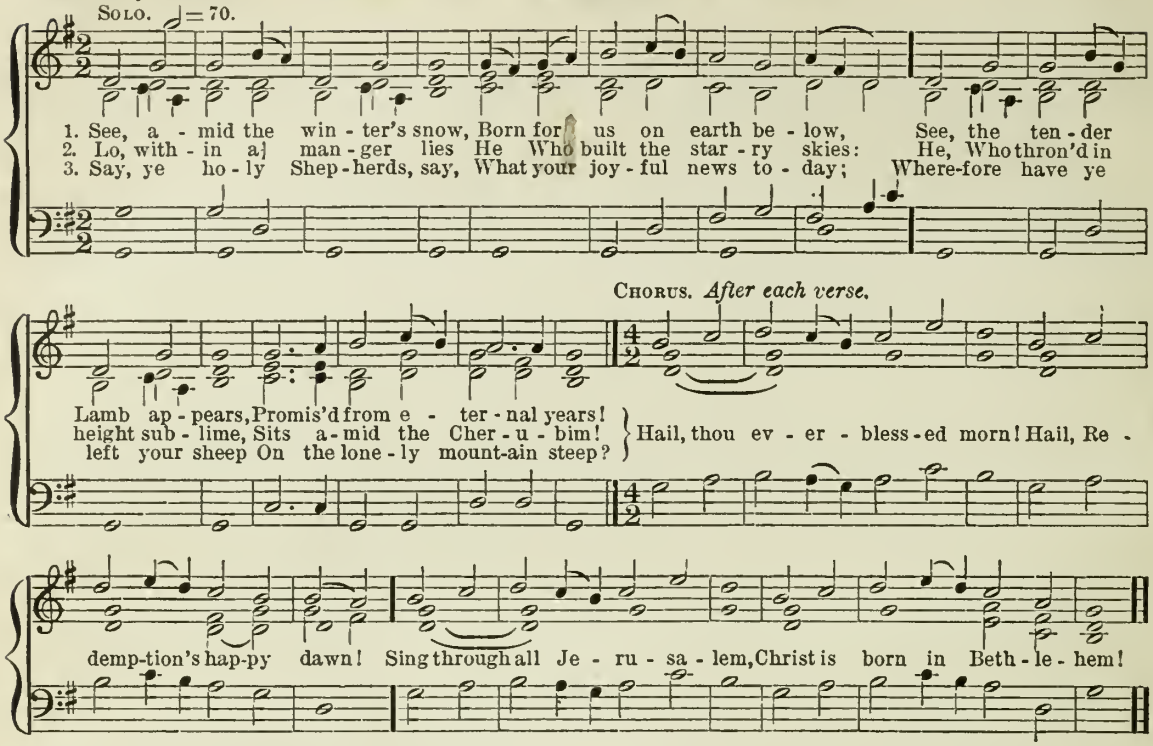

1. Si-lent night! hal-low'd night! Earth is hushed, Heav'n a-light! An-gels throng the star-lit air,
2. All is still, Je-sus sleeps; Ho-ly watch Jo-seph keeps; Ma-ry bends His Face to see,
Whisp'ring round the Child so fair: "Sleep, sleep, O Ba-by King! Sleep," . they soft-ly sing.
Murm'ring low her lul-la-by; "Sleep, sleep, my Babe Di-vine! Sleep, . God's Son and mine!"

3 Blissful night, prophesied;
Angel-Hosts glorified,
Wondrous news to shepherds tell!
Heavenly harps their chorus swell!
"Peace!" a Seraph sings,
"Peace the Saviour brings."

4 Gather round, people dear!
Young and old, gather near!
Though are closed those Eyes so sweet,
Lo! His Heart doth watchful beat;
Sleep then, Jesus dear!
Sleep, my heart doth hear!

Carol 420. See amid the winter's snow.

Words by *E. Caswall.* CHRISTMAS. *French Carol.*

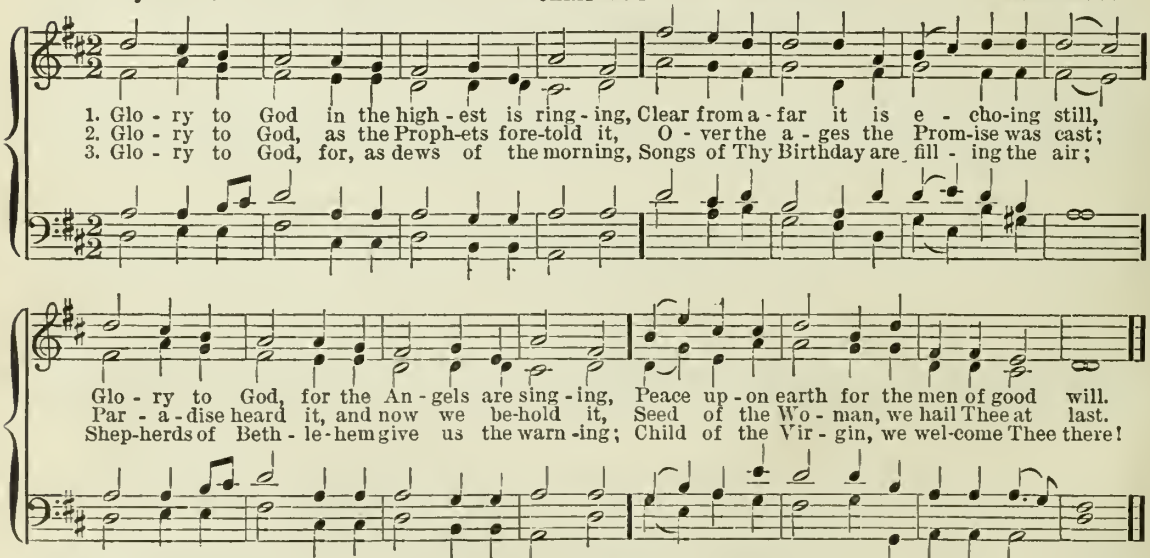

Solo. ♩ = 70.
1. See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low, See, the ten - der
2. Lo, with - in a manger lies He Who built the star - ry skies: He, Who thron'd in
3. Say, ye ho - ly Shep - herds, say, What your joy - ful news to - day; Where-fore have ye
Chorus. After each verse.
Lamb ap - pears, Promis'd from e - ter - nal years!
height sub - lime, Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!
left your sheep On the lone - ly mount-ain steep?
Hail, thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, Re -
demp-tion's hap-py dawn! Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

4 "As we watch'd at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels, singing, 'Peace on earth,'
Told us of the Saviour's Birth."
CHO. Hail, etc.

5 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.
CHO. Hail, etc.

Carol 421. Glory to God in the highest.

Words by *W. J. Irons* CHRISTMAS. *Mendelssohn.*


1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est is ring - ing, Clear from a - far it is e - cho-ing still,
2. Glo - ry to God, as the Proph-ets fore-told it, O - ver the a - ges the Prom-ise was cast;
3. Glo - ry to God, for, as dews of the morning, Songs of Thy Birthday are fill - ing the air;
Glo - ry to God, for the An - gels are sing - ing, Peace up - on earth for the men of good will.
Par - a - dise heard it, and now we be-hold it, Seed of the Wo - man, we hail Thee at last.
Shep-herds of Beth - le - hem give us the warn - ing; Child of the Vir - gin, we wel-come Thee there!

4 Glory to God, let the glad exultations
Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise,
Joy for all people—Desire of the Nations!—
Echo the tidings in songs to the skies!

5 We too, with Shepherd and Magi and Angel,
Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring;
Hail Thee the Saviour, the Christ, the Emmanuel,
Own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

Now sing we a strain of joy.

HARVEST.

(GOOD FOR PROCESSIONAL.)

Carol 422.

Words and Music by *Rev. George P. Grantham.*

1. Now sing we a strain of joy, . . To whom all our thanks are due; . .
2. For He, with His eye of love, . Hath look'd on each fur - row'd field; . .
3. O God! Thou art kind and good! . The eyes of all wait on Thee, .

Join, broth - ers, and raise lov - ing notes of praise To Him who hath bless'd a - new! . .
The new - ly - sown grain He hath bless'd a - main, Rich stores of ripe wheat to yield: . .
Who feed - est the ra - vens that cry for food, The birds of the green-wood tree. . .

From earth in His Church be - low, . . To heav'n thro' the star - lit dome, . .
Cold, heat, with the rain and wind, . In turn o'er the land are borne; . .
Though fam - ine or death may loom, . Yet still doth Thy love pre - vail; . . .

Bright thanks-giv - ings sing un - to God our King, The Lord of the Har - vest home.
By Him they are sent, and they help have lent, To ri - pen the gold - en corn!
While each doth a - bide will our God pro - vide That seed - time nor har - vest fail.

4

The wheat of eternal life
The sower goes forth to sow;
The weak heart of man is the narrow span
Where all holy fruits must grow.
There watered by contrite tears,
And warmed by love's kindling ray,
The seed cometh up, and the fruitful ears
Grow ripe for the lasting day.

5

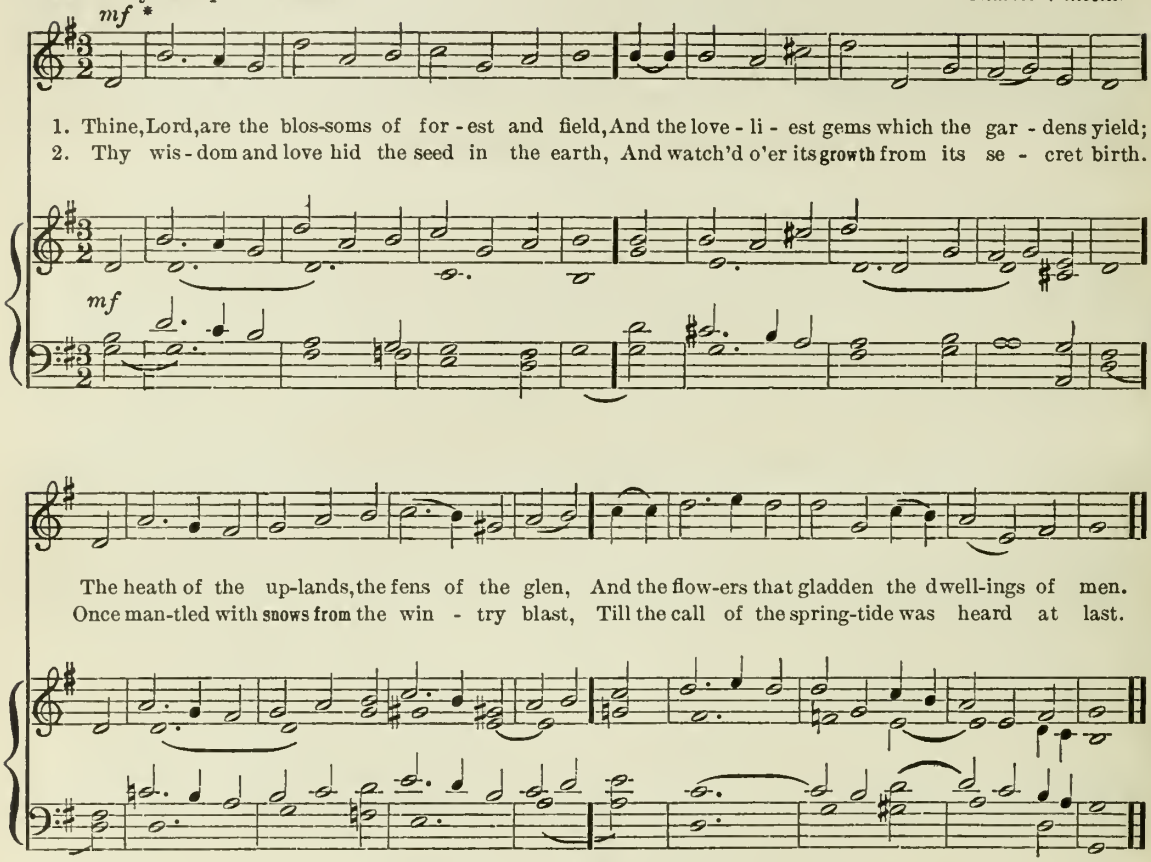
Then come, let our praises blend,
Uplifted to God's high throne;
Both body and soul He alike doth tend,
Then both should His glories own.
Upraise we then heart and voice
With joy to our heavenly King,
With happy refrain; and in joyous strain,
Our praises of rapture sing.

Parish Choir, No. 1536—4.

Thine, Lord, are the blessings of forest and field.

Carol 423. HARVEST.

Words by *Bishop Bickersteth.* *Charles Vincent.*


mf *
1. Thine, Lord, are the blos-soms of for-est and field, And the love-li-est gems which the gar-dens yield;
2. Thy wis-dom and love hid the seed in the earth, And watch'd o'er its growth from its se-cret birth.
mf
The heath of the up-lands, the fens of the glen, And the flow-ers that gladden the dwell-ings of men.
Once man-tled with snows from the win-try blast, Till the call of the spring-tide was heard at last.

3

Thine, Lord, were the dews and the showers of heav'n,
So eagerly longed for, so lovingly given;
The breath of the morning, the sunshine of noon,
The sweetness of May, and the glory of June.

4

Thou dwellest in beauty no tongue can express,
The beauty and glory of Höliness;
But the flowers are glimpses of Thëe and Thine,
Wherein tënder gleams of Thy göodness shine.

5

We meet in Thy temple to worship and pray;
But we think of Thy suffering children to-day:
Grant, Lord, that these gifts of Thy bounty may shed
The glow of Thy smiles on their wëary head.

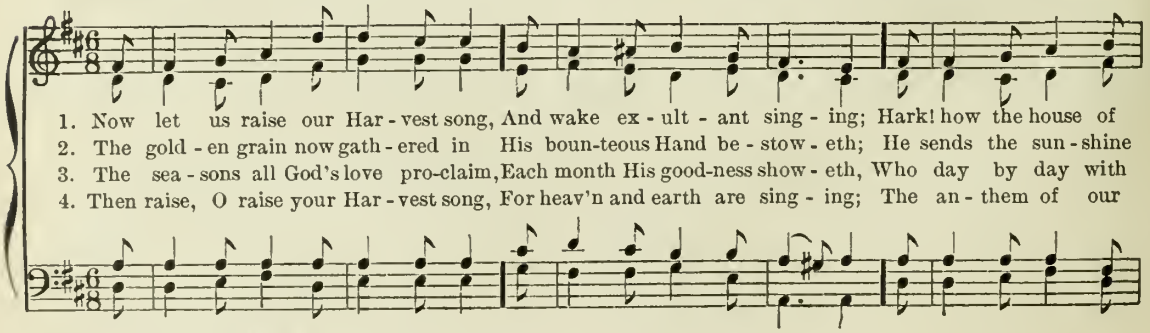
6

We offer Thee, Lord, in these früits and flowers,
No fabric of män's, no fashion of ours;
But Thy need in Thy needy ones hëre we see
And now of Thine own have we gïven Thee.

* When two dots are placed over a syllable, two notes are intended to be sung.

Now let us raise our Harvest song.

Carol 424. *C. Simper.*


1. Now let us raise our Har-vest song, And wake ex-ult-ant sing-ing; Hark! how the house of
2. The gold-en grain now gath-ered in His boun-teous Hand be-stow-eth; He sends the sun-shine
3. The sea-sons all God's love pro-claim, Each month His good-ness show-eth, Who day by day with
4. Then raise, O raise your Har-vest song, For heav'n and earth are sing-ing; The an-them of our

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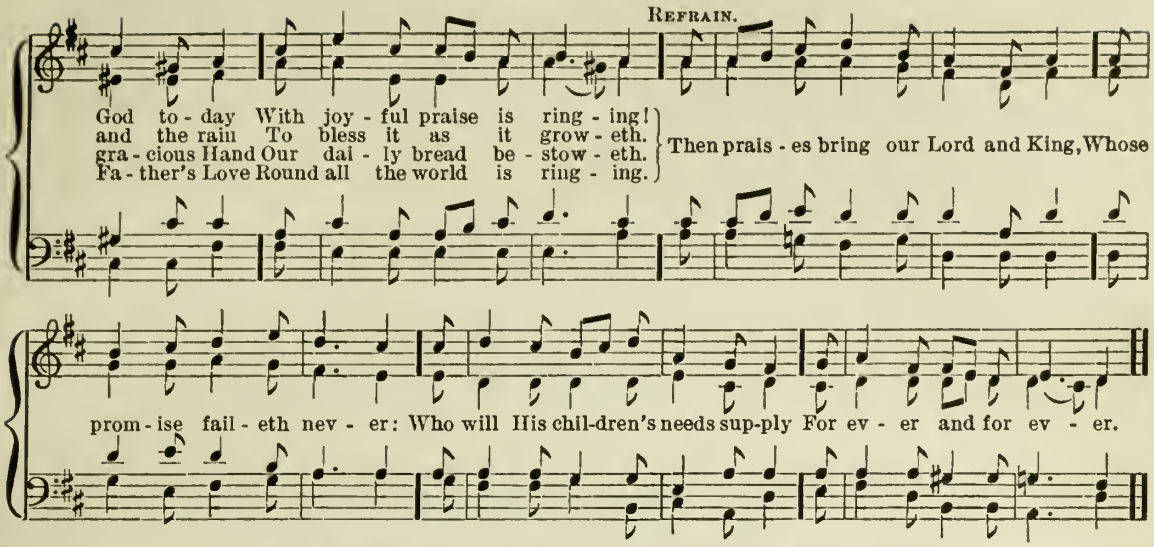
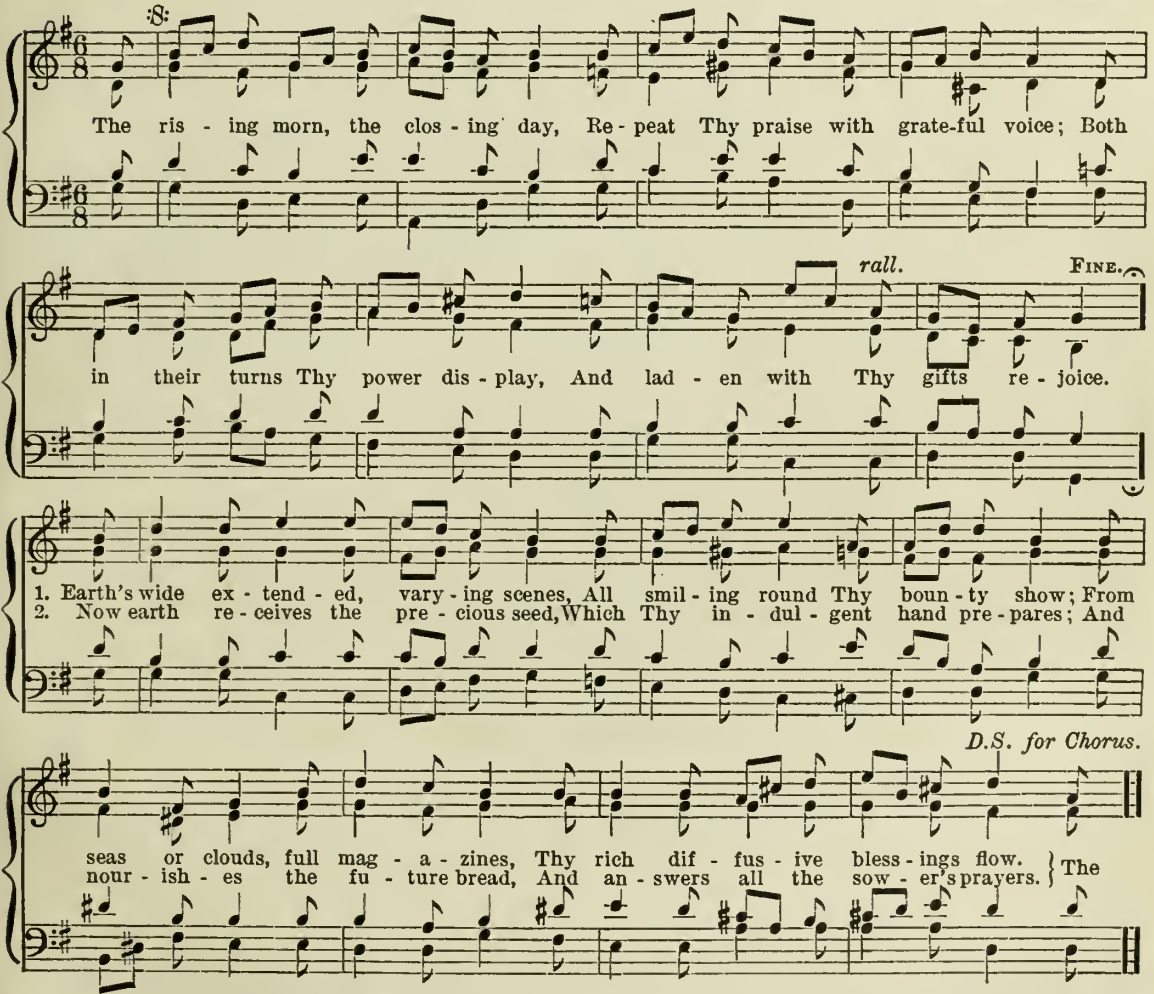

God to-day With joy-ful praise is ring-ing!
and the rain To bless it as it grow-eth.
gra-cious Hand Our dai-ly bread be-stow-eth.
Fa-ther's Love Round all the world is ring-ing.
Then prais-es bring our Lord and King, Whose
prom-ise fail-eth nev-er: Who will His chil-dren's needs sup-ply For ev-er and for ev-er.

The rising morn, the closing day.

Carol 425.

HARVEST.

Herbert Townsend.

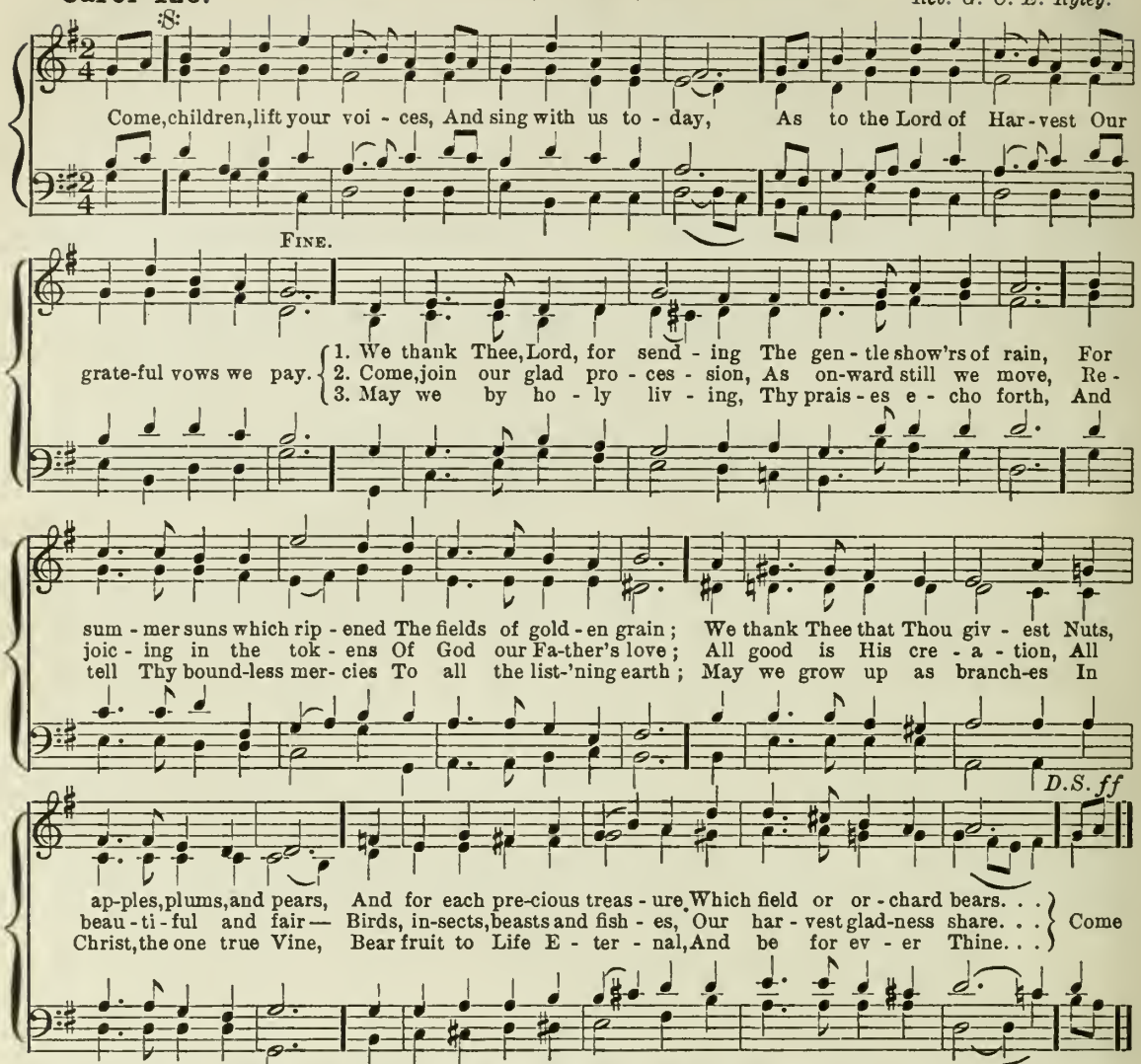

:8:
The ris-ing morn, the clos-ing day, Re-peat Thy praise with grate-ful voice; Both
rall.
FINE.
in their turns Thy power dis-play, And lad-en with Thy gifts re-joice.
1. Earth's wide ex-tend-ed, vary-ing scenes, All smil-ing round Thy boun-ty show; From
2. Now earth re-ceives the pre-cious seed, Which Thy in-dul-gent hand pre-pares; And
D.S. for Chorus.
seas or clouds, full mag-a-zines, Thy rich dif-fus-ive bless-ings flow.
nour-ish-es the fu-ture bread, And an-swers all the sow-er's prayers.
The

3 Thy sweet refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow;
Soft on the springing corn descend,
And Thy kind blessing makes it grow.
CHO.—The rising morn, etc.

4 Thy goodness crowns the circling year;
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
E'en barren wilds Thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.
CHO.—The rising morn, etc.

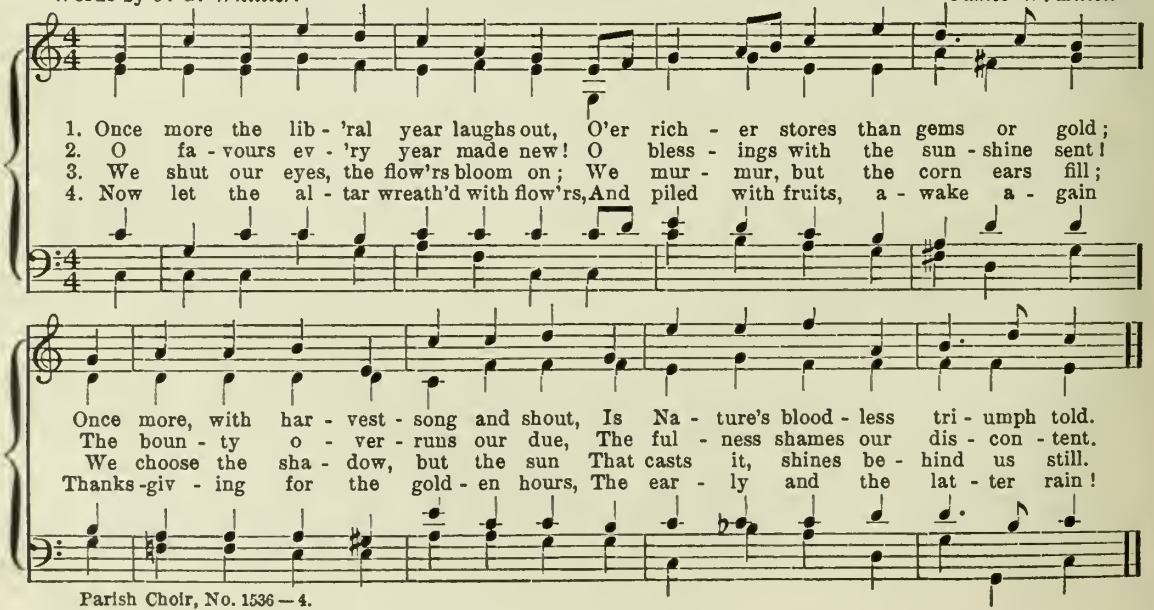
Come, children, lift your voices.

Carol 426. (HARVEST) *Rev. G. C. E. Ryley.*


Come, children, lift your voi - ces, And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord of Har - vest Our
FINE.
grate-ful vows we pay.
1. We thank Thee, Lord, for send - ing The gen - tle show'rs of rain, For
2. Come, join our glad pro - ces - sion, As on-ward still we move, Re -
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing, Thy prais - es e - cho forth, And
sum - mer suns which rip - ened The fields of gold - en grain; We thank Thee that Thou giv - est Nuts,
joic - ing in the tok - ens Of God our Fa-ther's love; All good is His cre - a - tion, All
tell Thy bound-less mer - cies To all the list-'ning earth; May we grow up as branch-es In
D.S. ff
ap-ples, plums, and pears, And for each pre-cious treas - ure, Which field or or - chard bears. . .
beau - ti - ful and fair— Birds, in-sects, beasts and fish - es, Our har - vest glad-ness share. . .
Christ, the one true Vine, Bear fruit to Life E - ter - nal, And be for ev - er Thine. . .
Come

Carol 427. Once more the liberal year laughs out.

Words by *J. G. Whittier.* (HARVEST.) *James W. Elliott.*


1. Once more the lib - 'ral year laughs out, O'er rich - er stores than gems or gold;
2. O fa - vours ev - 'ry year made new! O bless - ings with the sun - shine sent!
3. We shut our eyes, the flow'rs bloom on; We mur - mur, but the corn ears fill;
4. Now let the al - tar wreath'd with flow'rs, And piled with fruits, a - wake a - gain
Once more, with har - vest - song and shout, Is Na - ture's blood - less tri - umph told.
The boun - ty o - ver - runs our due, The ful - ness shames our dis - con - tent.
We choose the sha - dow, but the sun That casts it, shines be - hind us still.
Thanks-giv - ing for the gold - en hours, The ear - ly and the lat - ter rain!

Hark! a burst of heavenly music.

Carol 428. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Mrs. M. N. Meigs.* *F. Schilling.*

1. Hark! a burst of heav'n-ly mu - sic From a band of ser - aphs bright; Sud - den - ly to earth de-scend - ing, In the calm and si - lent night: To the shep-herds of Ju - de - a,
2. Slum-b'ring in a low - ly man - ger Lies the migh-ty Lord of all, And be - fore the ho - ly Stran - ger See the trem-bling shep-herds fall. He has come, the great ex - pect - ed,
3. And the joy - ful Christ-mas morn - ing Break - ing o'er the world be - low, Tells a - gain the won - drous sto - ry, Shepherds heard so long a - go. Who shall still our tune - ful voi - ces,

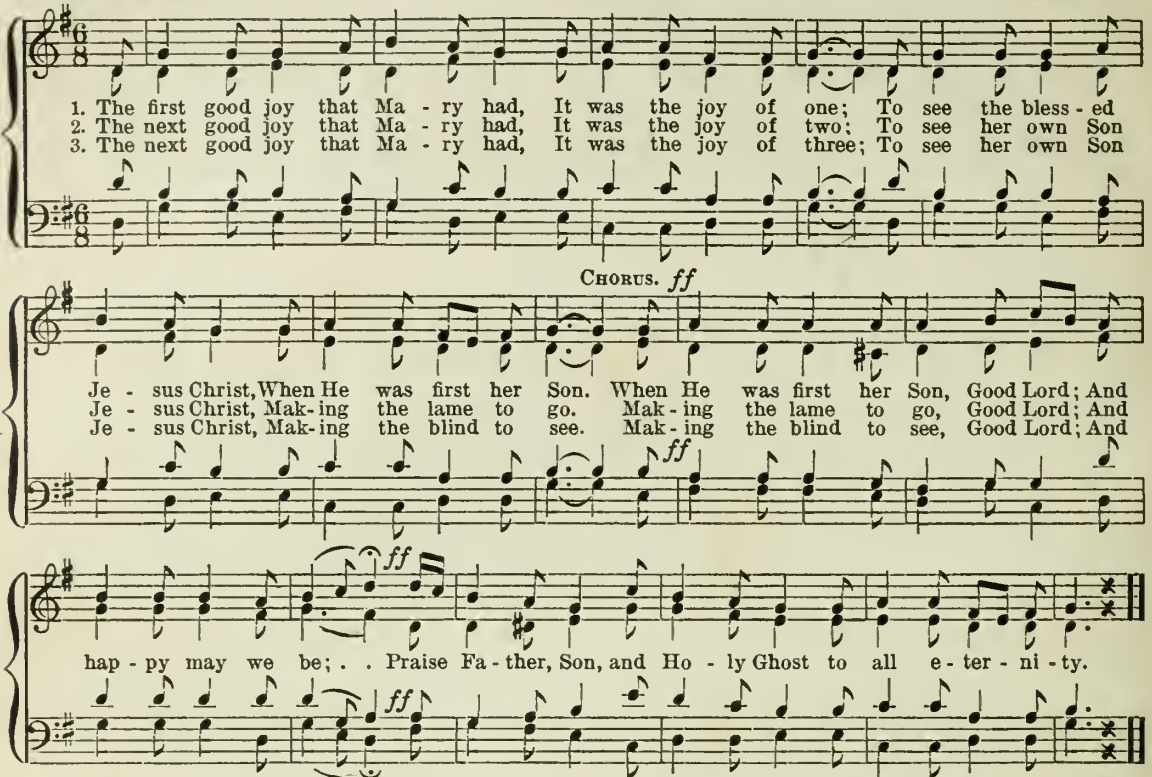
Watch - ing in the ear - liest dawn, So they bear the joy - ful tid - ings, "Je - sus, Prince of Peace is born." Sweet and clear those an - gel voi - ces, Ech - oing thro' the win - ter's sky,
Full of wis - dom, love and grace, To re-deem His ru - ined crea-tures, To re - store our fall - en race. So let an - gels wake the cho - rus, So let ran - som'd men re - ply,
Who the tide of praise shall stem Which the bless - ed an- gels taught us In the fields of Beth - le - hem. Hark! we hear a - gain the cho - rus, Ring - ing thro' the star - ry sky,

CHORUS.

As they chant the heav'n - ly mu - sic, "Glo - ry be to God on high."
Chant - ing the ce - les - tial an - them, "Glo - ry be to God on high."
And we join the heav'n - ly an - them, "Glo - ry be to God on high."

Parish Choir, No. 1543—4.

The seven joys of Mary.

Carol 429. CHRISTMAS. *Traditional.*

1. The first good joy that Ma - ry had, It was the joy of one; To see the bless - ed
2. The next good joy that Ma - ry had, It was the joy of two; To see her own Son
3. The next good joy that Ma - ry had, It was the joy of three; To see her own Son
Chorus. ff
Je - sus Christ, When He was first her Son. When He was first her Son, Good Lord; And
Je - sus Christ, Mak - ing the lame to go. Mak - ing the lame to go, Good Lord; And
Je - sus Christ, Mak - ing the blind to see. Mak - ing the blind to see, Good Lord; And
ff
hap - py may we be; . . Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost to all e - ter - ni - ty.
ff

4 The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Reading the Bible o'er.
Reading the Bible o'er, Good Lord;
And happy etc.

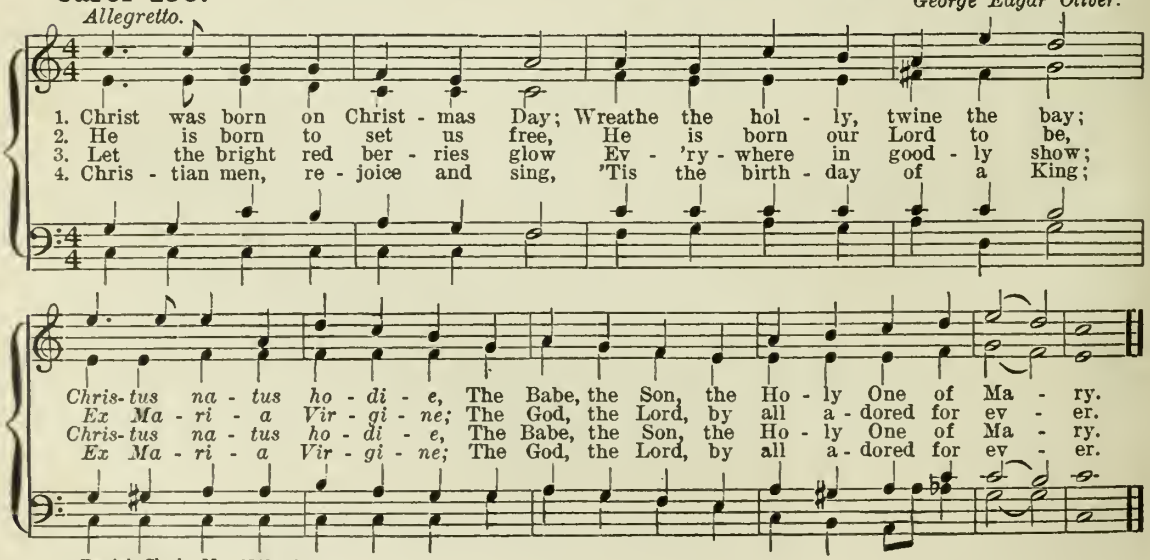
5 The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Raising the dead to life.
Raising the dead to life, Good Lord;
And happy etc.

6 The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Upon the Crucifix.
Upon the Crucifix, Good Lord;
And happy etc.

7 The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ
Ascending into Heaven.
Ascending into Heaven, Good Lord;
And happy etc.

Christ was born on Christmas Day.

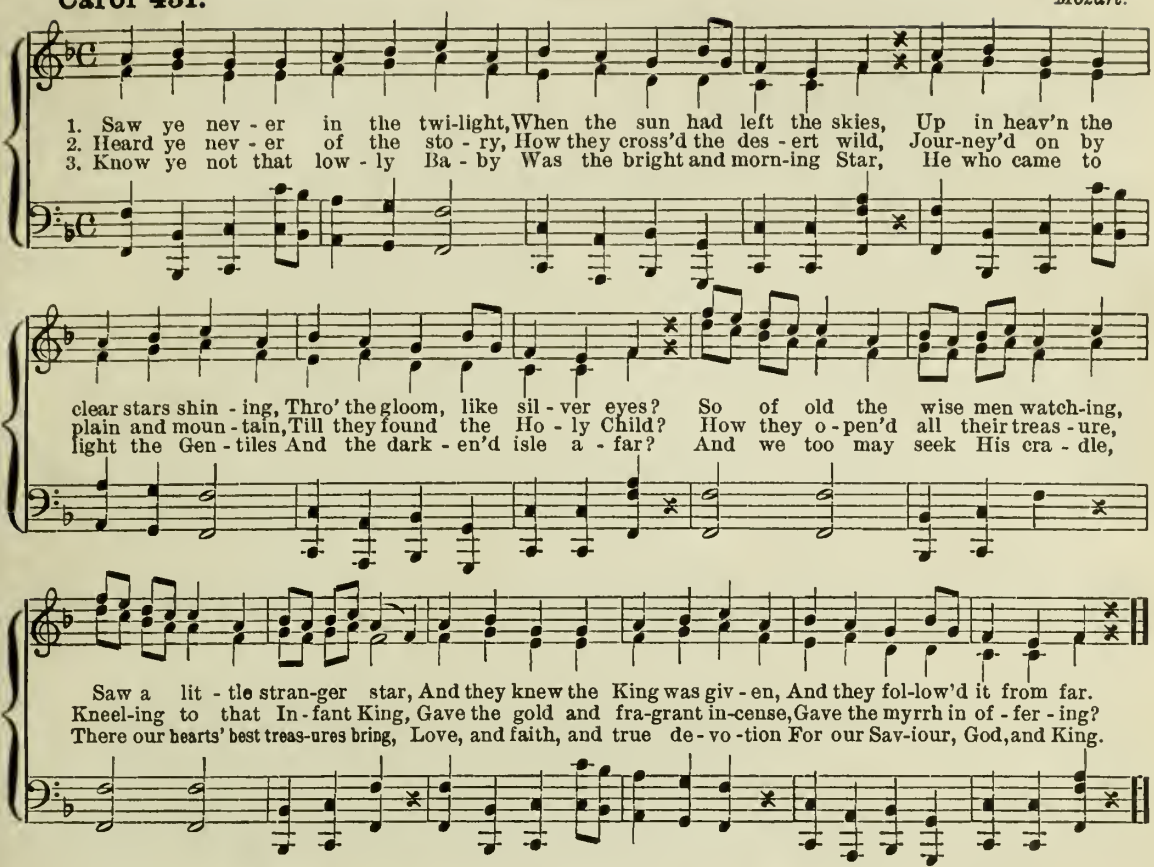
Carol 430. *George Edgar Oliver.*

Allegretto.

1. Christ was born on Christ - mas Day; Wreathe the hol - ly, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be,
3. Let the bright red ber - ries glow Ev - 'ry - where in good - ly show;
4. Chris - tian men, re - joice and sing, 'Tis the birth - day of a King;
Chris - tus na - tus ho - di - e, The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
Ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne; The God, the Lord, by all a - dored for ev - er.
Chris - tus na - tus ho - di - e, The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
Ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne; The God, the Lord, by all a - dored for ev - er.

Saw ye never in the twilight.

CHRISTMAS.

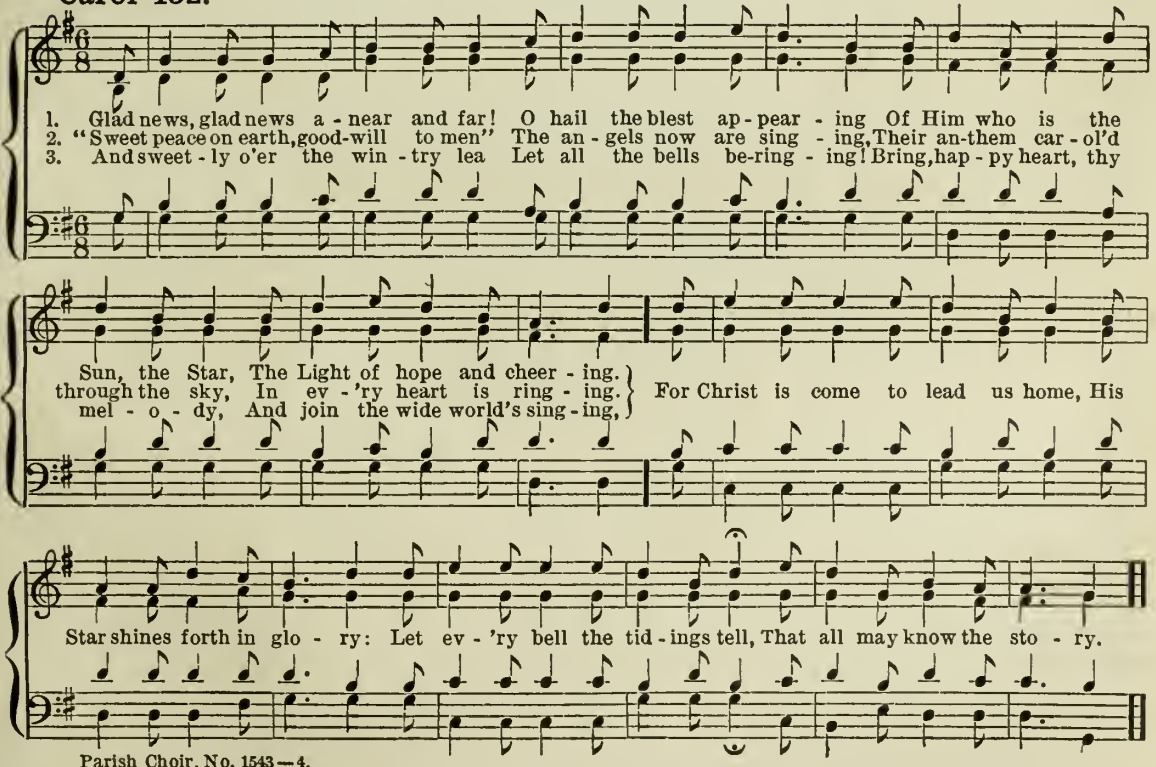
Carol 431. *Mozart.*


1. Saw ye nev - er in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies, Up in heav'n the
2. Heard ye nev - er of the sto - ry, How they cross'd the des - ert wild, Jour-ney'd on by
3. Know ye not that low - ly Ba - by Was the bright and morn-ing Star, He who came to
clear stars shin - ing, Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes? So of old the wise men watch-ing,
plain and moun - tain, Till they found the Ho - ly Child? How they o - pen'd all their treas - ure,
light the Gen - tiles And the dark - en'd isle a - far? And we too may seek His cra - dle,
Saw a lit - tle stran-ger star, And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol-low'd it from far.
Kneel-ing to that In-fant King, Gave the gold and fra-grant in-cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing?
There our hearts' best treas-ures bring, Love, and faith, and true de - vo - tion For our Sav-iour, God, and King.

Glad news, glad news, a=near and far.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 432.


1. Glad news, glad news a - near and far! O hail the blest ap - pear - ing Of Him who is the
2. "Sweet peace on earth, good-will to men" The an - gels now are sing - ing, Their an-them car - ol'd
3. And sweet - ly o'er the win - try lea Let all the bells be-ring - ing! Bring, hap - py heart, thy
Sun, the Star, The Light of hope and cheer - ing.
through the sky, In ev - 'ry heart is ring - ing.
mel - o - dy, And join the wide world's sing - ing,
For Christ is come to lead us home, His
Star shines forth in glo - ry: Let ev - 'ry bell the tid - ings tell, That all may know the sto - ry.

Parish Choir, No. 1543—4.

The Shepherds' song.

Carol 433.

Words by *Bishop Stubbs.* *T. T. Noble.*

mf molto tranquillo.

1. Shep - herds five in a ring, A - ve Je - su! we sing . . . Of a
2. Oh the moon it shone bright And the stars were a - light, . . And a
3. And in - deed there He lay In a crib full of hay, . . With the

cres. *f*

mar - vel - lous thing, Of a Babe crown-ed King. For a - loft in the height Of this
cho - rus of sound Made the wel - kin re - sound, And our sheep stood a - gaze, For the
ox and the ass, Sor - ry cour - tiers, a - las! But the King had for throne Moth-er's

same en - der night Choir-ing an - gels a - brayde Sing - ing "Be not a - fraid, For to
hills were a - blaze With a glo - ry of light Like the sun at mid - night, And we
dear lap a - lone, And for roy - al ar - ray The blue robe of Maid May. So let's

you be it known That He comes to His own, Bring-ing peace up - on earth And good
said, "Let us go Un - to Beth - le - hem now For to see if 'tis so As the
fall on our knees, If it so be you please, For to wor - ship our King And His

senza Ped.

cres. *f*

will by His birth,
an - gels did vow,
prais - es to sing,
} On Christ-mas Day, on Christ - mas Day, On Christ-mas Day in the morn - ing."

cres. *f*

Ped.

Once in Bethlehem of Judah.

Carol 434. CHRISTMAS.

UNISON. *J. H. Maunder.*

Slowly, and with feeling.

1. Once in Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, Far a - way a - cross the sea, There was laid a lit - tle
2. It was not a stately pal - ace, Where that lit - tle Ba - by lay, With His ser-vants to at -
3. But the ox - en stood a-round Him, In a sta - ble low and dim, In the world He had cre -
4. For He left His Fa-ther's glo -ry, And the gold - en halls a - bove, And He took our hu - man
5. Of His in - fin - ite com-pas-sion He can feel our want and woe, For He suf-fer'd, He was
6. Still He stands, and pleads in Hea-ven For us weak and sin - de- filed, God who is a man for

CHORUS *for first five verses. 3rd verse pp.*

Ba - by On a Vir - gin Moth - er's knee. O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear Thy
tend Him, And with guards to keep the way.
a - ted, There was not a room for Him.
na - ture, In the great - ness of His love.
bur - ied, When He lived our life be - low.
ev - er, Je - sus who was once a child.

The

joy - ful chil - dren sing, The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King.

CHORUS *for sixth verse.* FULL. UNISON.

mf O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear Thy joy - ful chil - dren sing, *f* The

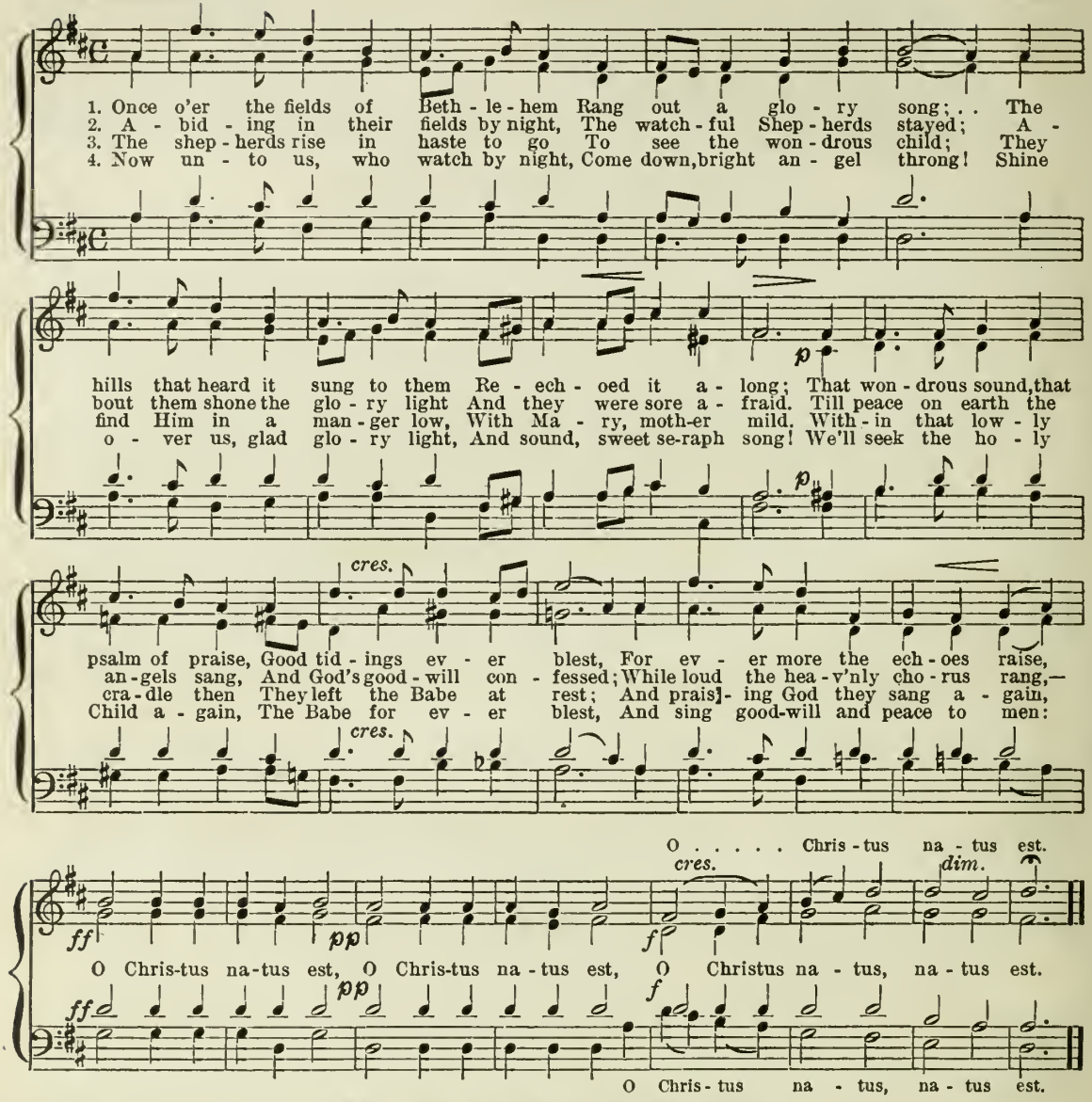
mf *f*

rall. *ff*

God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our . . King.

rall.

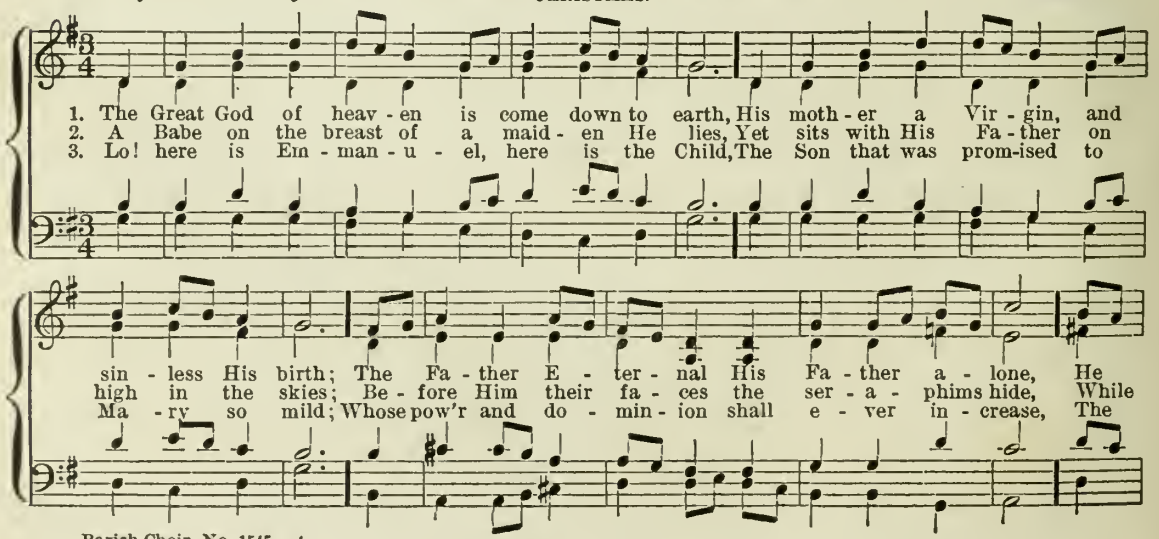
Once o'er the fields of Bethlehem.

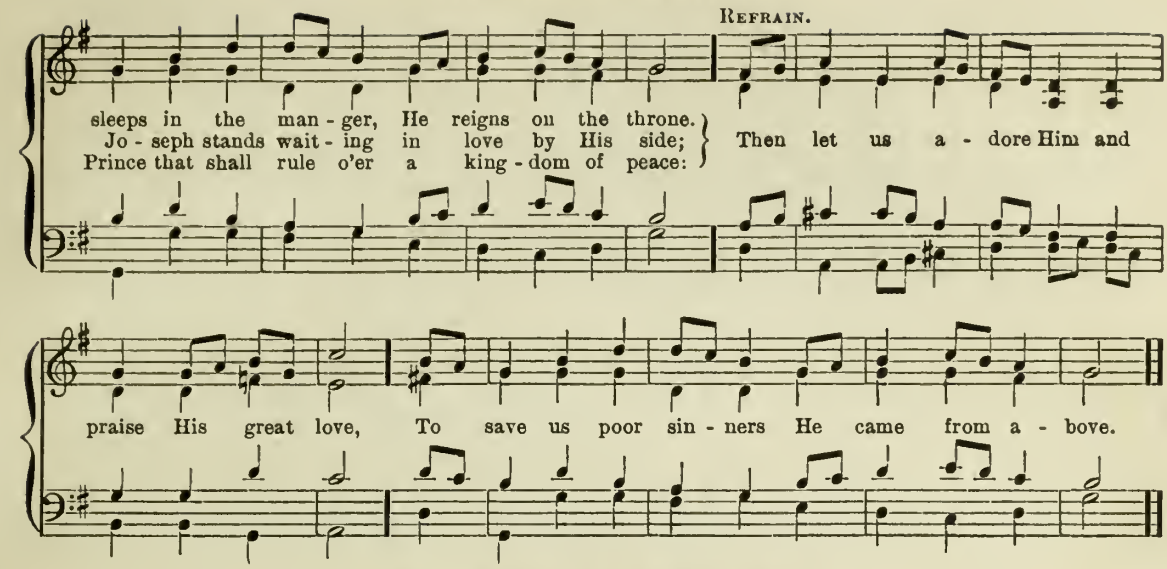
Carol 435. CHRISTMAS. *J. Booth.*

1. Once o'er the fields of Beth - le - hem Rang out a glo - ry song; . . The
2. A - bid - ing in their fields by night, The watch - ful Shep - herds stayed; A -
3. The shep - herds rise in haste to go To see the won - drous child; They
4. Now un - to us, who watch by night, Come down, bright an - gel throng! Shine
hills that heard it sung to them Re - ech - oed it a - long; That won - drous sound, that
bout them shone the glo - ry light And they were sore a - fraid. Till peace on earth the
find Him in a man - ger low, With Ma - ry, moth - er mild. With - in that low - ly
o - ver us, glad glo - ry light, And sound, sweet se - raph song! We'll seek the ho - ly
cres.
psalm of praise, Good tid - ings ev - er blest, For ev - er more the ech - oes raise,
an - gels sang, And God's good - will con - fessed; While loud the hea - v'nly cho - rus rang,—
cra - dle then They left the Babe at rest; And prais]- ing God they sang a - gain,
Child a - gain, The Babe for ev - er blest, And sing good - will and peace to men:
cres.
O . . . . . Chris - tus na - tus est.
cres.
dim.
ff
pp
f
O Chris-tus na-tus est, O Chris-tus na - tus est, O Christus na - tus, na - tus est.
ff
pp
f
O Chris - tus na - tus, na - tus est.

Carol 436. Words by *H. R. Bramley.*

The great God of heaven.

CHRISTMAS. *Traditional.*

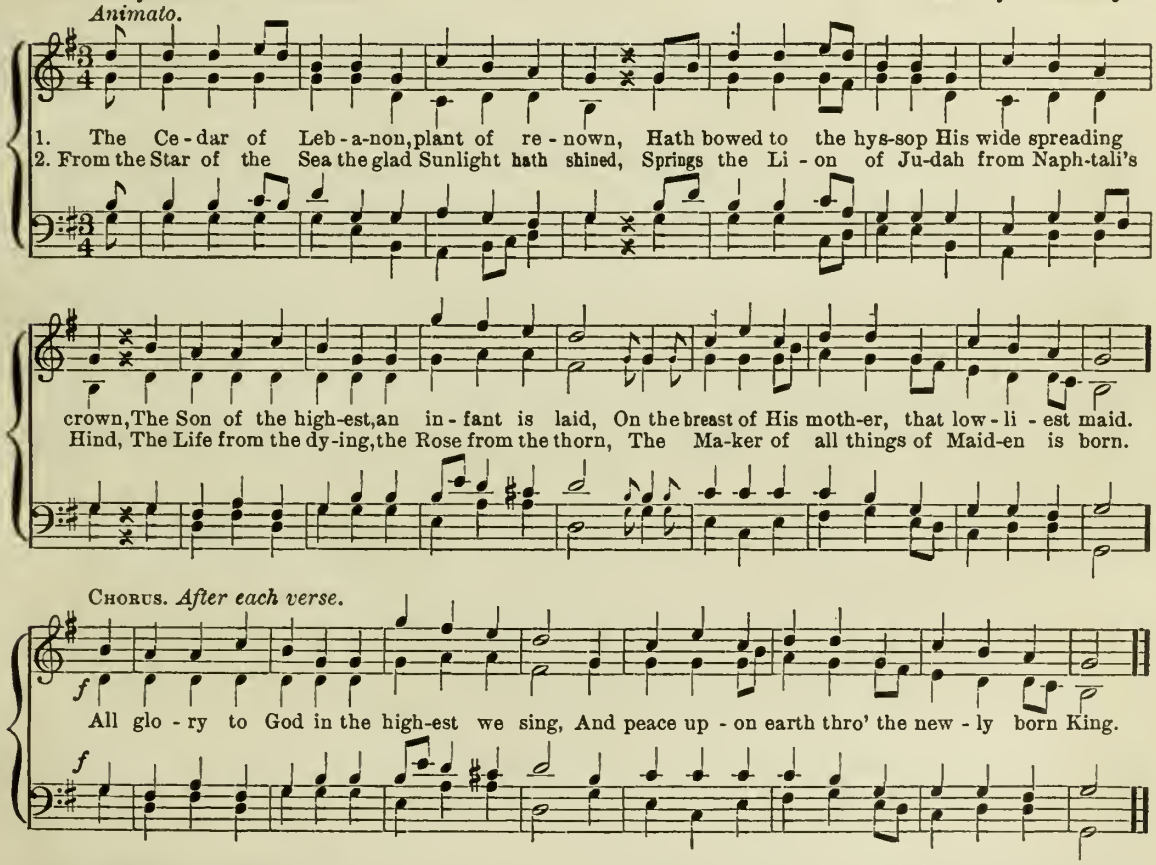

1. The Great God of heav - en is come down to earth, His moth - er a Vir - gin, and
2. A Babe on the breast of a maid - en He lies, Yet sits with His Fa - ther on
3. Lo! here is Em - man - u - el, here is the Child, The Son that was prom - ised to
sin - less His birth; The Fa - ther E - ter - nal His Fa - ther a - lone, He
high in the skies; Be - fore Him their fa - ces the ser - a - phims hide, While
Ma - ry so mild; Whose pow'r and do - min - ion shall e - ver in - crease, The


Refrain.
sleeps in the man - ger, He reigns on the throne.
Jo - seph stands wait - ing in love by His side;
Prince that shall rule o'er a king - dom of peace:
Then let us a - dore Him and
praise His great love, To save us poor sin - ners He came from a - bove.

The Cedar of Lebanon.

Carol 437. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. R. F. Littledale.* *Old Melody.*
Arr. by *E. Sedding.*


Animato.
1. The Ce - dar of Leb - a-non, plant of re - nown, Hath bowed to the hys-sop His wide spreading
2. From the Star of the Sea the glad Sunlight hath shined, Springs the Li - on of Ju-dah from Naph-tali's
crown, The Son of the high-est, an in - fant is laid, On the breast of His moth-er, that low - li - est maid.
Hind, The Life from the dy-ing, the Rose from the thorn, The Ma-ker of all things of Maid-en is born.

3 The manger of Bethlehem opens once more
The gates of that Eden where man dwelt of yore,
And He who is lying, a Child, in the Cave,
Hath conquered the foeman, hath ransomed the slave.

4 In the midst of the Garden the Tree of Life stands,
And offers His twelve fruits to lips and to hands,
For the Lord of Salvation, the Gentiles' Desire,
Hath ta'en from the Cherubs their sword-blade of fire.

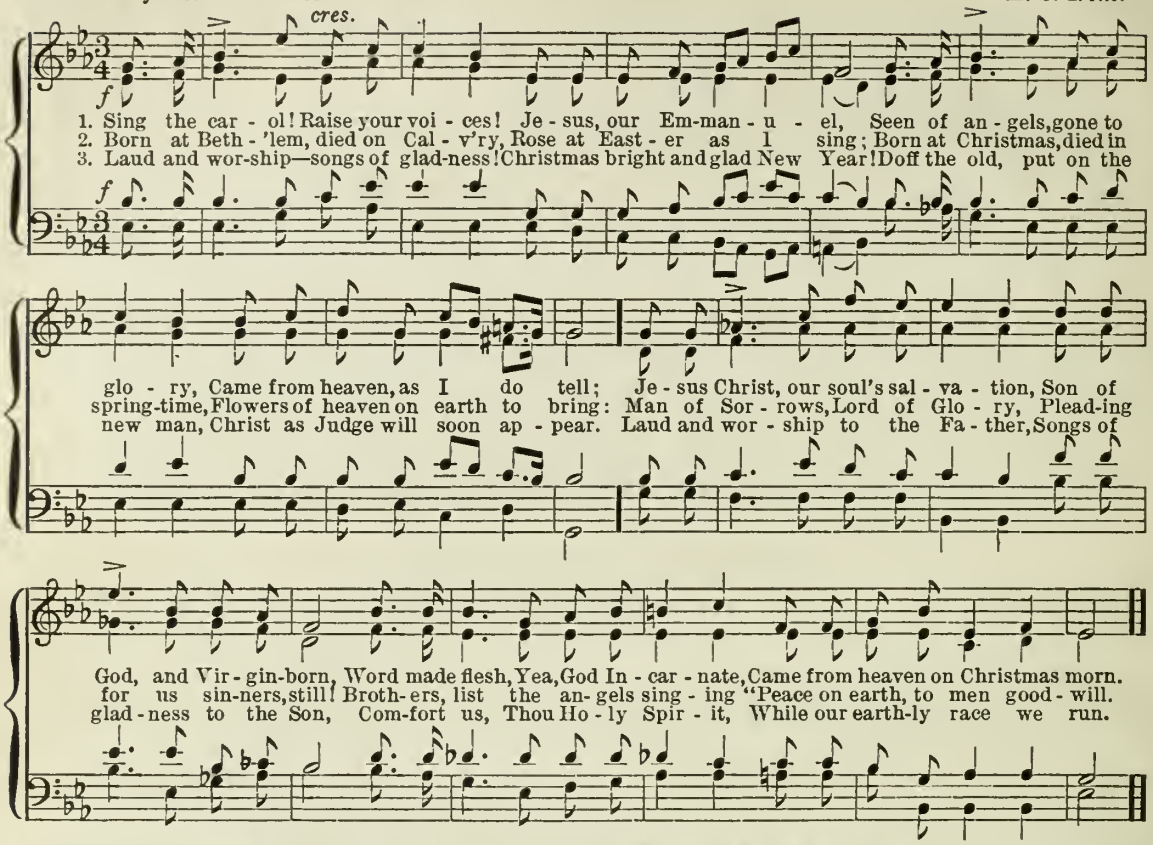
5 On the hole of the aspic the sucking Child plays,
And His hand on the den of the cockatrice lays,
And the Dragon, which over a fallen world reigned,
By the Seed of the Woman is vanquished and chained.

6 To Him who hath loved us and sent us His Son,
To Him who the Victory for us hath won,
To Him who sheds on us His seven-fold rays,
Be honour and glory, salvation and praise.

Sing the carol! Raise your voices.

Carol 438.

NEW YEAR'S.

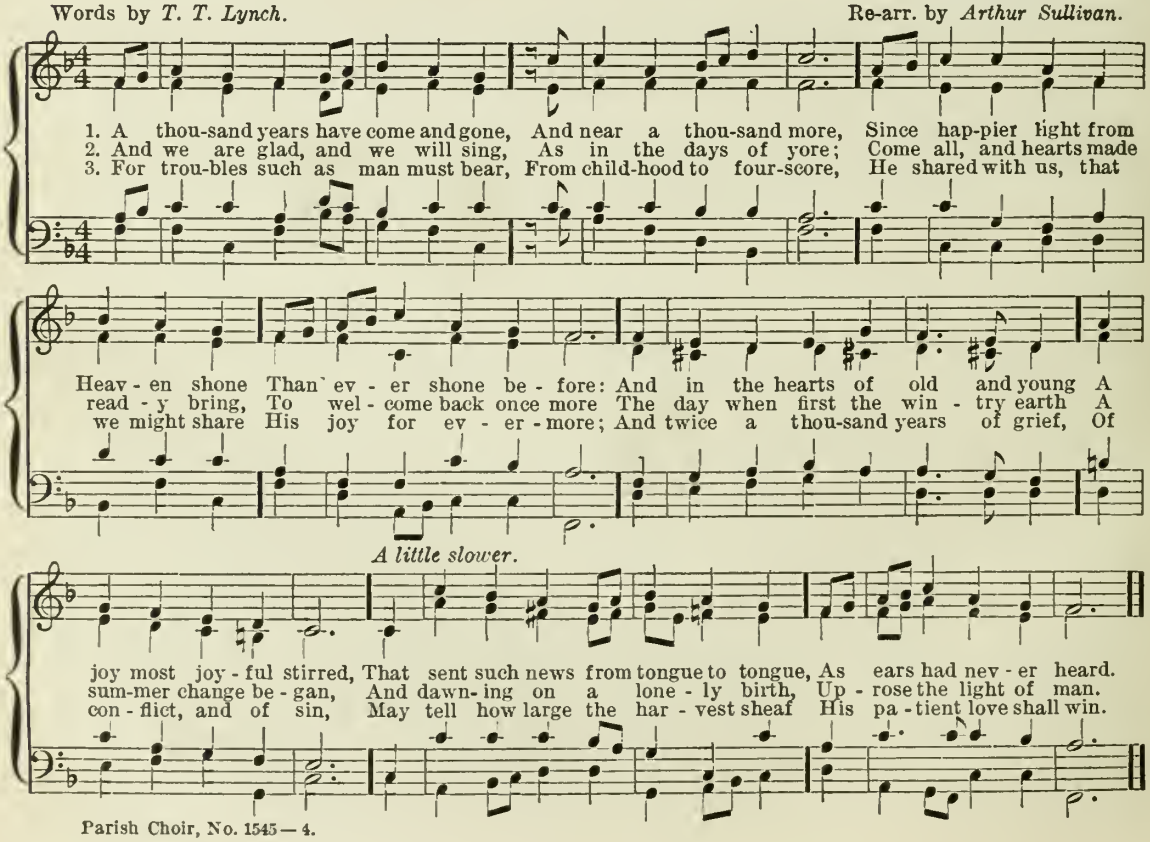
Words by *Rev. C. H. Wood.* *H. S. Irons.*

cres.
1. Sing the car - ol! Raise your voi - ces! Je - sus, our Em-man - u - el, Seen of an - gels, gone to
2. Born at Beth - 'lem, died on Cal - v'ry, Rose at East - er as I sing; Born at Christmas, died in
3. Laud and wor-ship—songs of glad-ness! Christmas bright and glad New Year! Doff the old, put on the
glo - ry, Came from heaven, as I do tell; Je - sus Christ, our soul's sal - va - tion, Son of
spring-time, Flowers of heaven on earth to bring: Man of Sor - rows, Lord of Glo - ry, Plead-ing
new man, Christ as Judge will soon ap - pear. Laud and wor - ship to the Fa - ther, Songs of
God, and Vir - gin-born, Word made flesh, Yea, God In - car - nate, Came from heaven on Christmas morn.
for us sin-ners, still! Broth-ers, list the an-gels sing - ing "Peace on earth, to men good - will.
glad - ness to the Son, Com-fort us, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, While our earth-ly race we run.

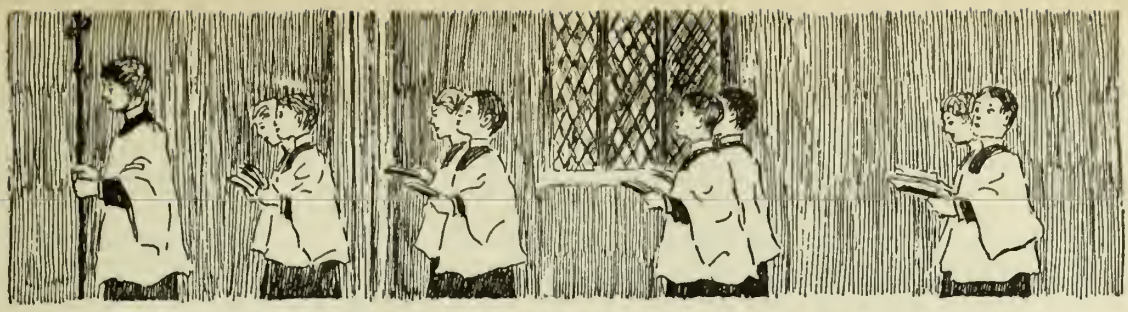
A thousand years have come and gone.

Carol 439.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *T. T. Lynch.* *Traditional.* Re-arr. by *Arthur Sullivan.*


1. A thou-sand years have come and gone, And near a thou-sand more, Since hap-pier light from
2. And we are glad, and we will sing, As in the days of yore; Come all, and hearts made
3. For trou-bles such as man must bear, From child-hood to four-score, He shared with us, that
Heav - en shone Than ev - er shone be - fore: And in the hearts of old and young A
read - y bring, To wel - come back once more The day when first the win - try earth A
we might share His joy for ev - er - more; And twice a thou-sand years of grief, Of
A little slower.
joy most joy - ful stirred, That sent such news from tongue to tongue, As ears had nev - er heard.
sum-mer change be - gan, And dawn-ing on a lone - ly birth, Up - rose the light of man.
con - flict, and of sin, May tell how large the har - vest sheaf His pa - tient love shall win.



Carol 440. Sing sweet carols, night is past.

Words by *C. L. Jackson.* EASTER. *S. B. Whiteley.*

Moderato.

mf *ff*

1. Sing sweet car - ols, night is past,
2. Sing they now as once of old,
3. In the spring - time's ear - ly bloom,
4. Je - sus, by Thy ho - ly arm,

Glo - ry, Al - le - lu - ia!

mf

Eas - ter sun - light breaks at last,
Strik - ing on their harps of gold,
Christ has ris - en from the tomb,
Keep Thy chil - dren safe from harm,

Glo - ry, Al - le - lu - ia!

mf *ff*

Hear the An - gels' song a - far, As it floats from star to star,
Chil - dren, join your Eas - ter hymn With the chant - ing se - re - phim.
With the fair - est flowers of spring Let us wel - come Christ our King.
Till our Eas - ter songs we sing In the ci - ty of our King.

Glo - ry, glo - ry,

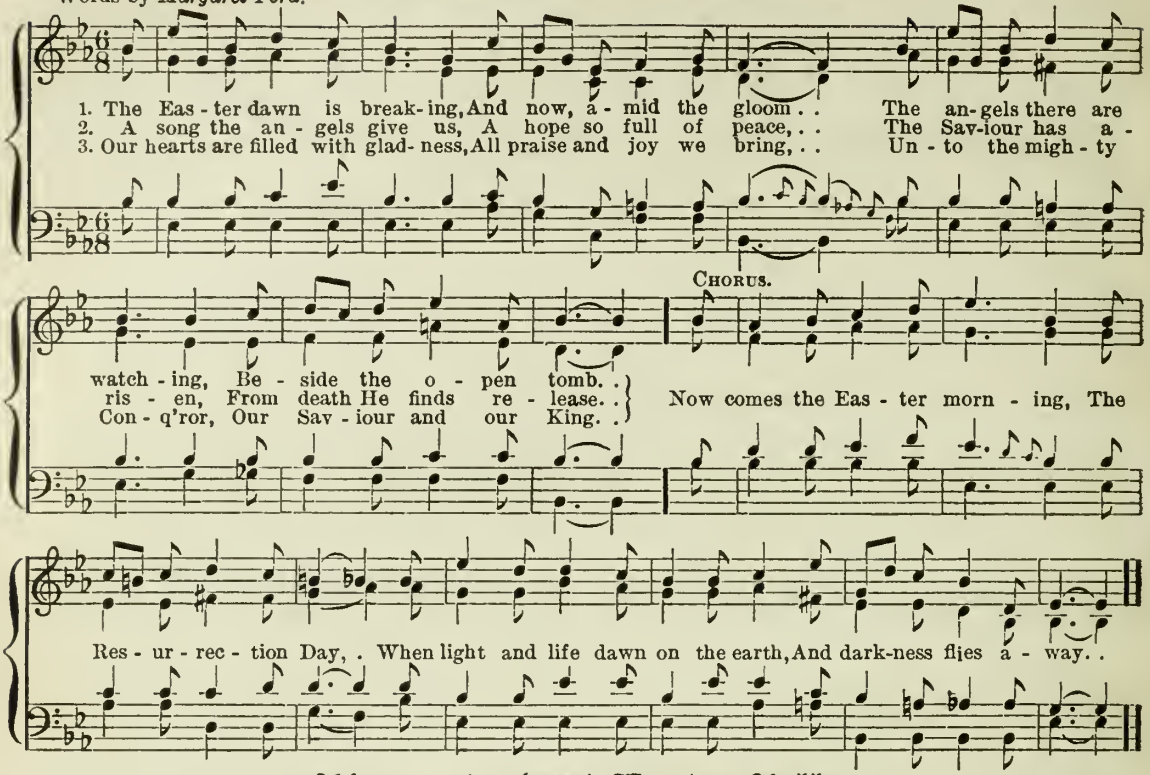
f *ff*

glo - ry, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

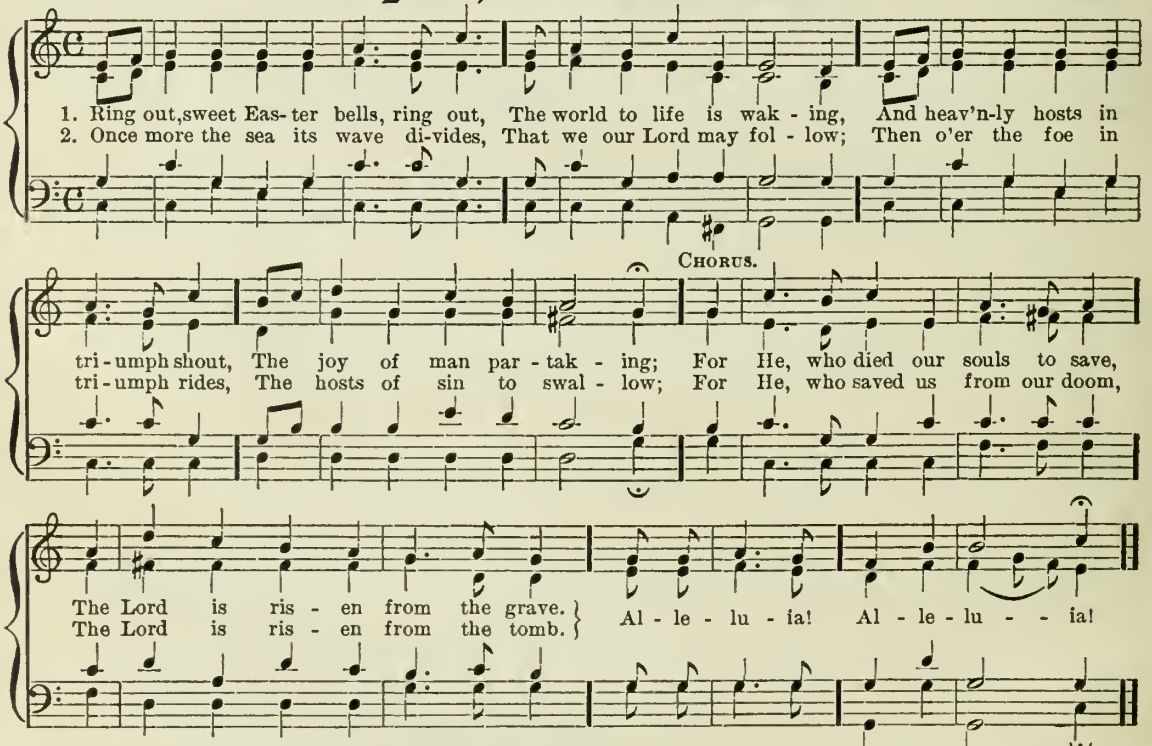
Parish Choir, No. 1556 — 4.

Carol 441. The Easter dawn is breaking.

Words by *Margaret Ford.* *H. A. Farnsworth.*


1. The Eas - ter dawn is break - ing, And now, a - mid the gloom . . The an - gels there are
2. A song the an - gels give us, A hope so full of peace, . . The Sav-iour has a -
3. Our hearts are filled with glad - ness, All praise and joy we bring, . . Un - to the migh - ty
Chorus.
watch - ing, Be - side the o - pen tomb. .
ris - en, From death He finds re - lease. .
Con - q'ror, Our Sav - iour and our King. .
Now comes the Eas - ter morn - ing, The
Res - ur - rec - tion Day, . When light and life dawn on the earth, And dark-ness flies a - way. .

Carol 442. Ring out, sweet Easter Bells.

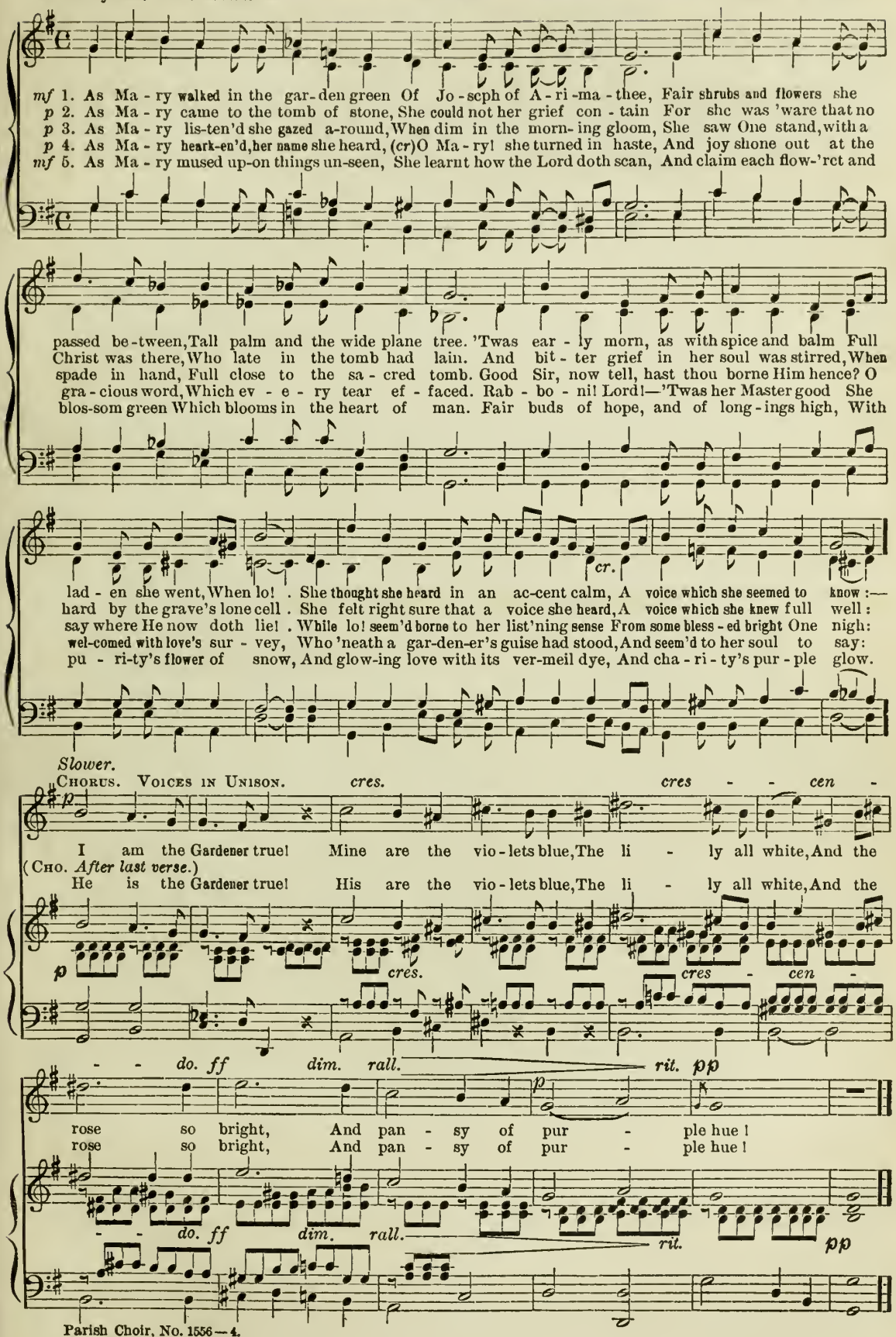
J. Anketell.

1. Ring out, sweet Eas - ter bells, ring out, The world to life is wak - ing, And heav'n-ly hosts in
2. Once more the sea its wave di-vides, That we our Lord may fol - low; Then o'er the foe in
Chorus.
tri - umph shout, The joy of man par - tak - ing; For He, who died our souls to save,
tri - umph rides, The hosts of sin to swal - low; For He, who saved us from our doom,
The Lord is ris - en from the grave.
The Lord is ris - en from the tomb.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia!

3 The Roman guard in vain shall keep
His dark and silent prison;
No more sad Magdalene shall weep,
For Christ the Lord is risen:
Cho.—The Saviour, who for sinners bled,
The Lord is risen from the dead.
Alleluia!

4 Then ring, sweet bells, the joy of earth
In Easter hymns to heaven,
And tell the new, immortal Birth
To man by Jesus given;
Cho.—For our dear Lord is ris'n indeed,
And lives on high to intercede.
Alleluia!

Carol 443. As Mary walked in the garden green.

Words by *Rev. G. P. Grantham.* EASTER. *Rev. R. F. Smith.*

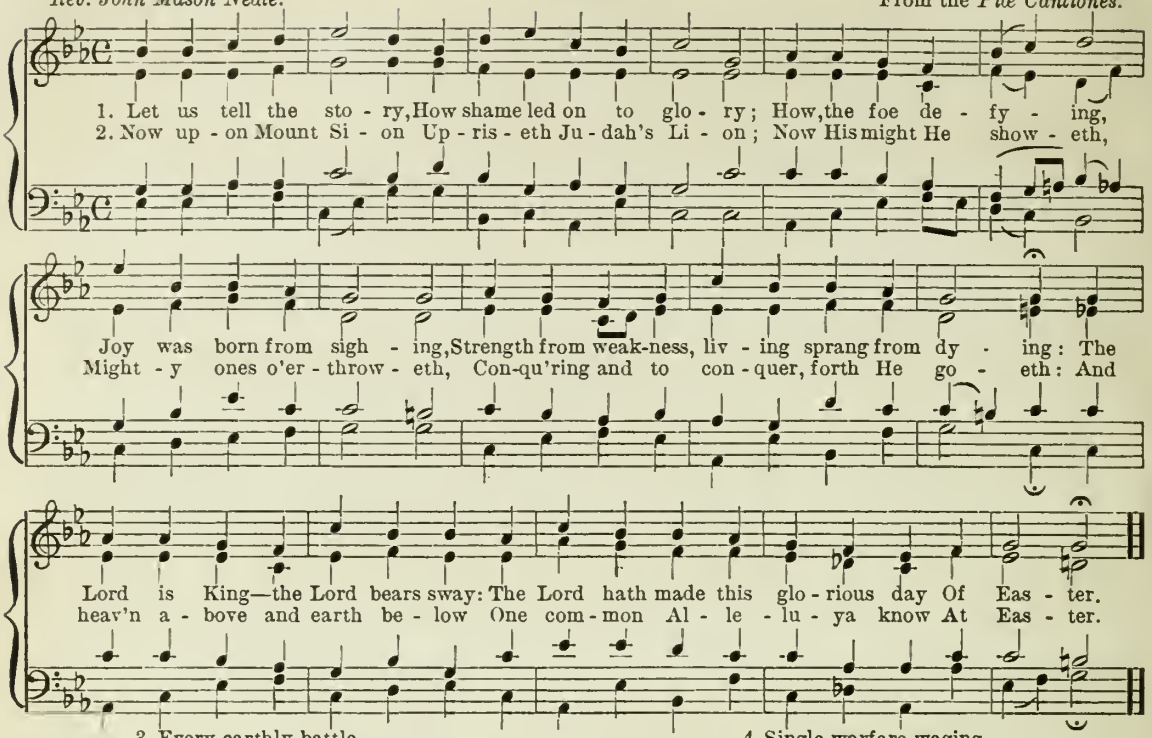

mf 1. As Ma - ry walked in the gar-den green Of Jo - seph of A - ri - ma - thee, Fair shrubs and flowers she
p 2. As Ma - ry came to the tomb of stone, She could not her grief con - tain For she was 'ware that no
p 3. As Ma - ry lis-ten'd she gazed a-round, When dim in the morn- ing gloom, She saw One stand, with a
p 4. As Ma - ry heark-en'd, her name she heard, (cr) O Ma - ry! she turned in haste, And joy shone out at the
mf 5. As Ma - ry mused up-on things un-seen, She learnt how the Lord doth scan, And claim each flow-'ret and
passed be-tween, Tall palm and the wide plane tree. 'Twas ear - ly morn, as with spice and balm Full
Christ was there, Who late in the tomb had lain. And bit - ter grief in her soul was stirred, When
spade in hand, Full close to the sa - cred tomb. Good Sir, now tell, hast thou borne Him hence? O
gra - cious word, Which ev - e - ry tear ef - faced. Rab - bo - ni! Lord!—'Twas her Master good She
blos-som green Which blooms in the heart of man. Fair buds of hope, and of long - ings high, With
lad - en she went, When lo! . She thought she heard in an ac-cent calm, A voice which she seemed to know:—
hard by the grave's lone cell . She felt right sure that a voice she heard, A voice which she knew full well:
say where He now doth lie! . While lo! seem'd borne to her list'ning sense From some bless - ed bright One nigh:
wel-comed with love's sur - vey, Who 'neath a gar-den-er's guise had stood, And seem'd to her soul to say:
pu - ri-ty's flower of snow, And glow-ing love with its ver-meil dye, And cha - ri - ty's pur - ple glow.
cr.
Slower.
Chorus. Voices in Unison.
cres.
cres - - cen -
I am the Gardener true! Mine are the vio - lets blue, The li - ly all white, And the
(Cho. After last verse.)
He is the Gardener true! His are the vio - lets blue, The li - ly all white, And the
p
cres.
cres - cen -
- - do. ff dim. rall. rit. pp
rose so bright, And pan - sy of pur - ple hue!
rose so bright, And pan - sy of pur - ple hue!
- - do. ff dim. rall. rit. pp

Carol 444. Let us tell the story.

Words by the *Rev. John Mason Neale.*

EASTER.

Phrygian-mode Melody; From the *Piæ Cantiones.*


1. Let us tell the sto - ry, How shame led on to glo - ry; How, the foe de - fy - ing,
2. Now up - on Mount Si - on Up - ris - eth Ju - dah's Li - on; Now His might He show - eth,
Joy was born from sigh - ing, Strength from weak-ness, liv - ing sprang from dy - ing: The
Might - y ones o'er - throw - eth, Con-qu'ring and to con - quer, forth He go - eth: And
Lord is King—the Lord bears sway: The Lord hath made this glo - rious day Of Eas - ter.
heav'n a - bove and earth be - low One com - mon Al - le - lu - ya know At Eas - ter.

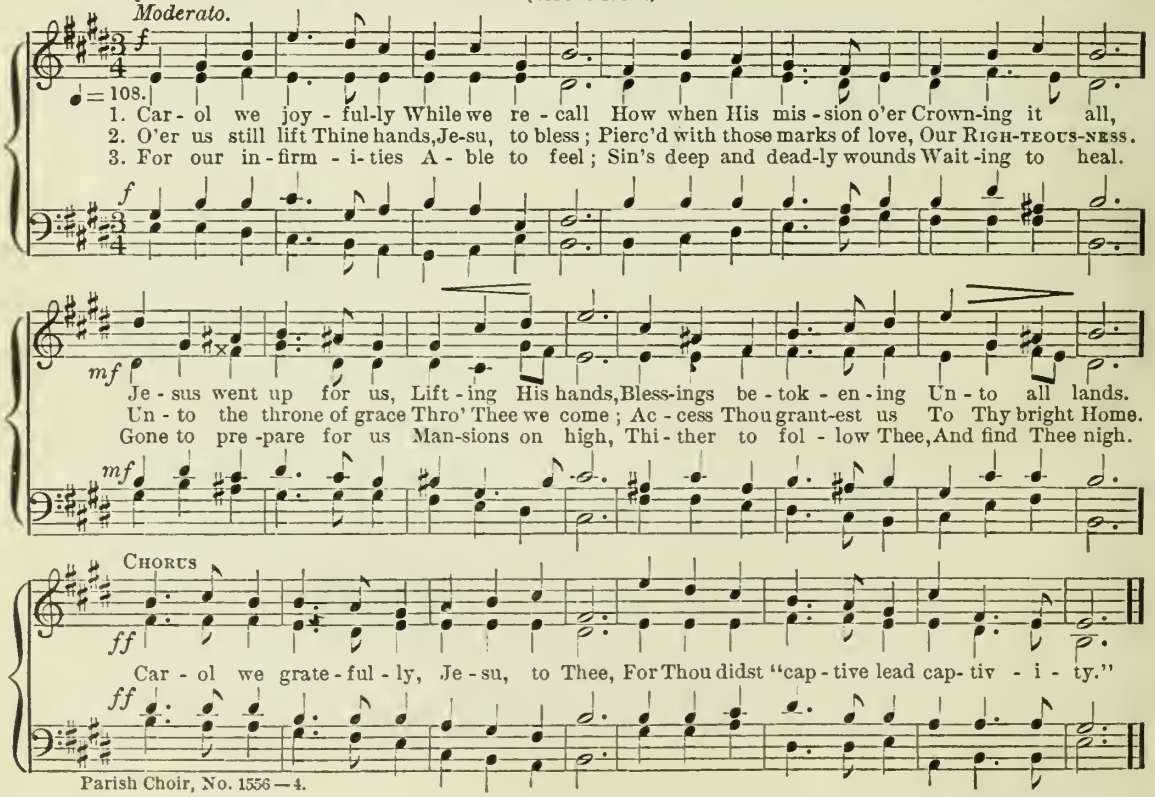
3 Every earthly battle
Is fought with armour's rattle,
And with war-steeds prancing,
And with helmets glancing,
And with pennons in the breezes dancing:
Another foe, another fight,
Was fought before the morning light
At Easter.

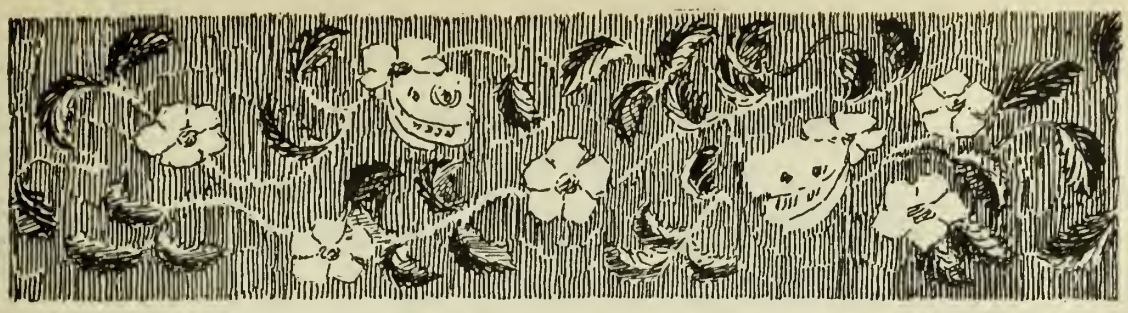
4 Single warfare waging,
Embattled hosts engaging,
He, by none assisted,
He, by all resisted,
Met and conquered hell, for conflict listed:
On Friday last His sword He drew;
The vanquish'd foe He overthrew
At Easter.

Carol 445. Carol we joyfully.

Words by *Rev. S. Childs Clarke.*

(ASCENSION.)

Arthur H. Brown.

Moderato.
f
♩ = 108.
1. Car - ol we joy - ful-ly While we re - call How when His mis - sion o'er Crown-ing it all,
2. O'er us still lift Thine hands, Je-su, to bless; Pierc'd with those marks of love, Our RIGH-TEOUS-NESS.
3. For our in - firm - i - ties A - ble to feel; Sin's deep and dead-ly wounds Wait - ing to heal.
mf
Je - sus went up for us, Lift - ing His hands, Bless-ings be - tok - en - ing Un - to all lands.
Un - to the throne of grace Thro' Thee we come; Ac - cess Thou grant-est us To Thy bright Home.
Gone to pre - pare for us Man-sions on high, Thi - ther to fol - low Thee, And find Thee nigh.
CHORUS
ff
Car - ol we grate - ful - ly, Je - su, to Thee, For Thou didst "cap - tive lead cap - tiv - i - ty."



Bring them to the Master.

Carol 446.

(FLOWER SERVICE OR CHILDREN'S DAY.)

Rev. G. C. E. Ryley.

1. Bring them to the Mas - ter, Lay them at His feet, All we have to of - fer,
2. An - gels stand a - round Thee, In Thy heav'n a - bove, They are of - fering prais - es,
3. What have we, dear Sav - iour, Thou could'st care to take? Is there a - ny of - f'ring

Flow - ers fair and sweet. Bring them to the Al - tar, Where He loves to rest,
Hymns of joy - ful love. We will wor - ship al - so, Hearts and voi - ces raise,
We may dare to make? Lord, be - side these flow - ers, See, our hearts we lay,

rall.

REFRAIN. *after each verse.*
a tempo.

Bring what-e'er is fair - est To a place so blest.
Je - sus, with the flow - ers, See, we bring Thee praise.
May we love Thee tru - ly, From Thee nev - er stray.
} Lord, we long to give Thee

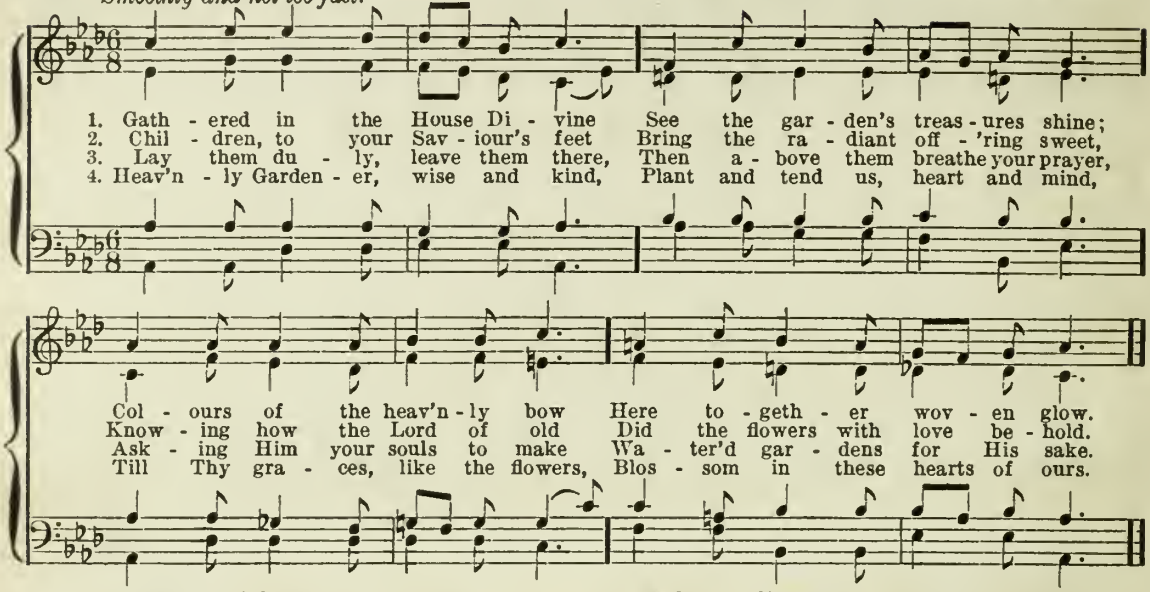
Bet - ter gifts than these, Teach us what to of - fer, Teach us how to please.

Carol 447. Gathered in the House Divine.

(FLOWER SERVICE.)

Words by *Bishop Moule.* *M. S. Skeffington.*

Smoothly and not too fast.


1. Gath - ered in the House Di - vine See the gar - den's treas - ures shine;
2. Chil - dren, to your Sav - iour's feet Bring the ra - diant off - 'ring sweet,
3. Lay them du - ly, leave them there, Then a - bove them breathe your prayer,
4. Heav'n - ly Garden - er, wise and kind, Plant and tend us, heart and mind,
Col - ours of the heav'n - ly bow Here to - geth - er wov - en glow.
Know - ing how the Lord of old Did the flowers with love be - hold.
Ask - ing Him your souls to make Wa - ter'd gar - dens for His sake.
Till Thy gra - ces, like the flowers, Blos - som in these hearts of ours.

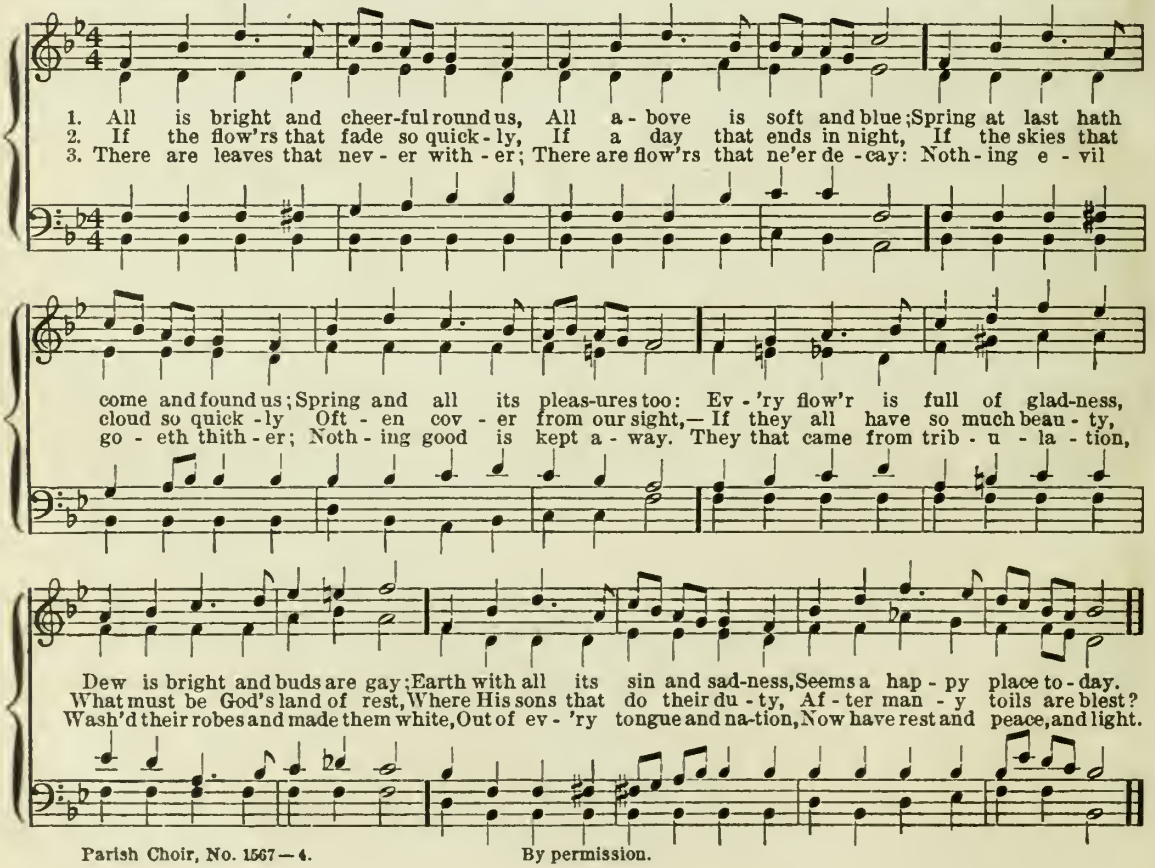
5 Hope the violet, Love the rose,
Faith, the heartsease of repose,
And the lily of the dell,
Meekness, loved by angels well.

6 Make our lives, through all their days,
Beautiful, to win Thee praise;
Then, transplanted to the skies,
Bid them deck Thy Paradise.

Carol 448. All is bright and cheerful round us.

(FLOWER SERVICE OR CHILDREN'S DAY.)

Words by *Rev. J. M. Neale.* *W. H. Walter.*

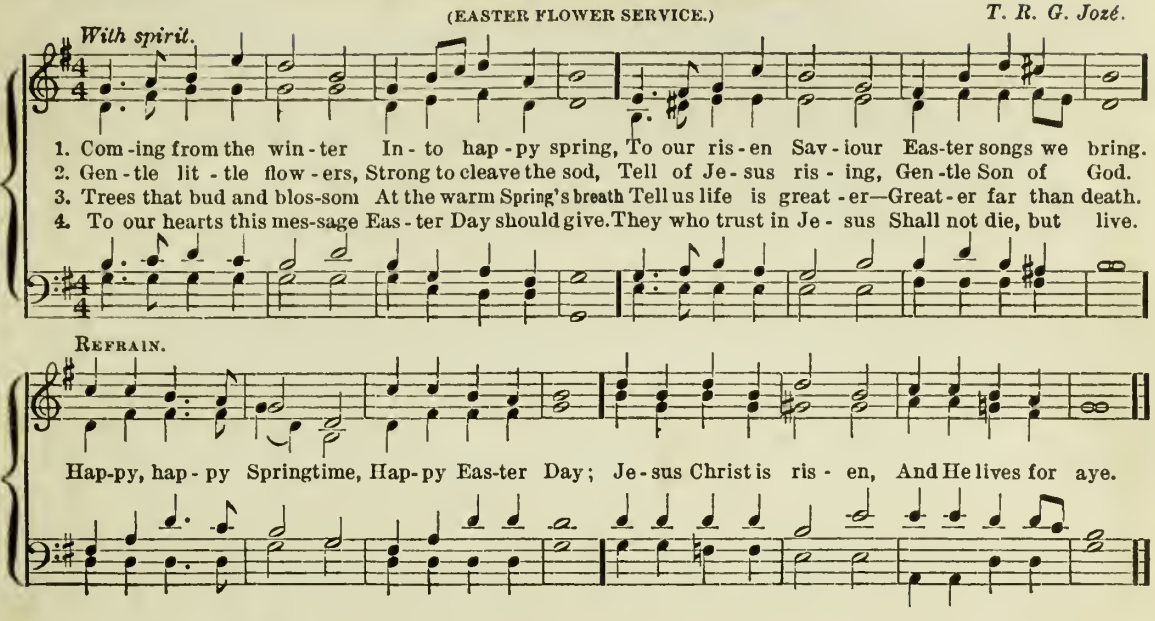

1. All is bright and cheer-ful round us, All a - bove is soft and blue; Spring at last hath
2. If the flow'rs that fade so quick - ly, If a day that ends in night, If the skies that
3. There are leaves that nev - er with - er; There are flow'rs that ne'er de - cay: Noth - ing e - vil
come and found us; Spring and all its pleas-ures too: Ev - 'ry flow'r is full of glad-ness,
cloud so quick - ly Oft - en cov - er from our sight,— If they all have so much beau - ty,
go - eth thith - er; Noth - ing good is kept a - way. They that came from trib - u - la - tion,
Dew is bright and buds are gay; Earth with all its sin and sad-ness, Seems a hap - py place to - day.
What must be God's land of rest, Where His sons that do their du - ty, Af - ter man - y toils are blest?
Wash'd their robes and made them white, Out of ev - 'ry tongue and na-tion, Now have rest and peace, and light.

By permission.

Carol 449. Coming from the winter.

(EASTER FLOWER SERVICE.)

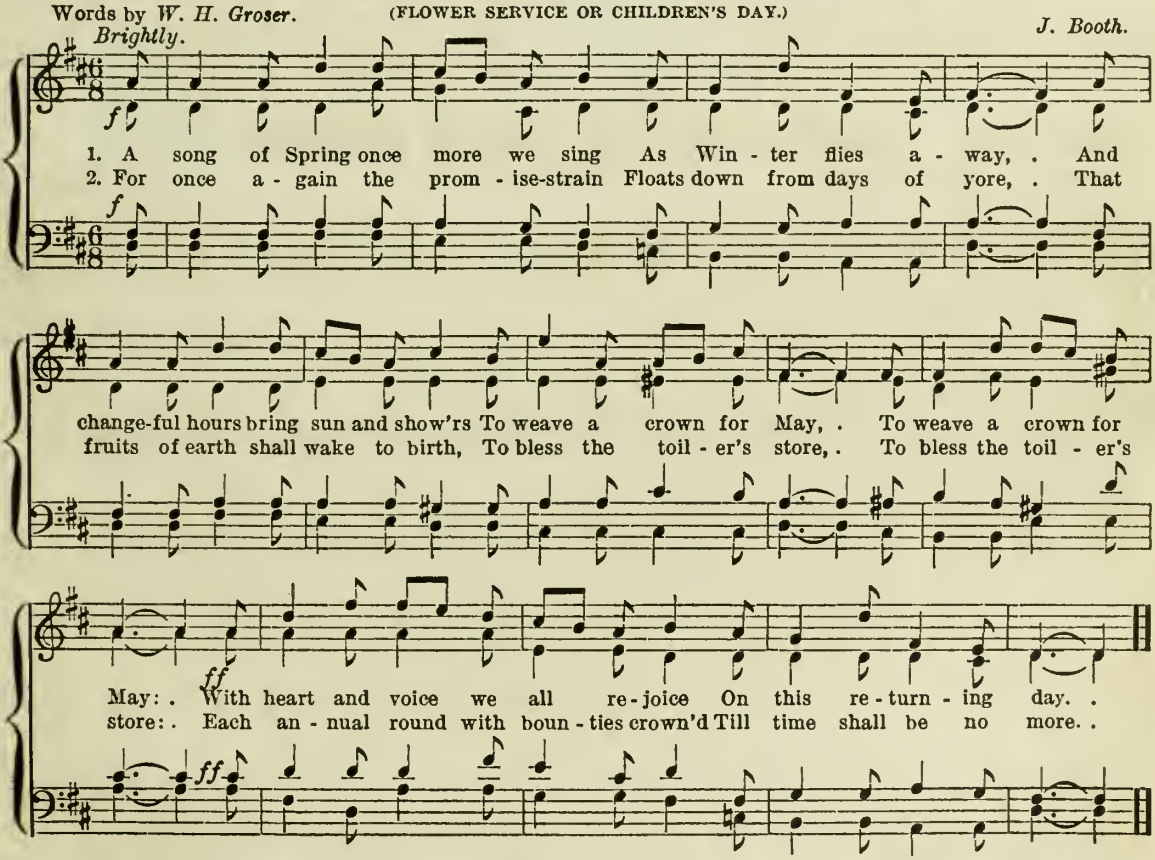
T. R. G. Jozé.


With spirit.
1. Com-ing from the win-ter In-to hap-py spring, To our ris-en Sav-iour Eas-ter songs we bring.
2. Gen-tle lit-tle flow-ers, Strong to cleave the sod, Tell of Je-sus ris-ing, Gen-tle Son of God.
3. Trees that bud and blos-som At the warm Spring's breath Tell us life is great-er—Great-er far than death.
4. To our hearts this mes-sage Eas-ter Day should give. They who trust in Je-sus Shall not die, but live.
Refrain.
Hap-py, hap-py Springtime, Hap-py Eas-ter Day; Je-sus Christ is ris-en, And He lives for aye.

Carol 450. A song of Spring once more we sing.

Words by *W. H. Groser.* (FLOWER SERVICE OR CHILDREN'S DAY.)

J. Booth.

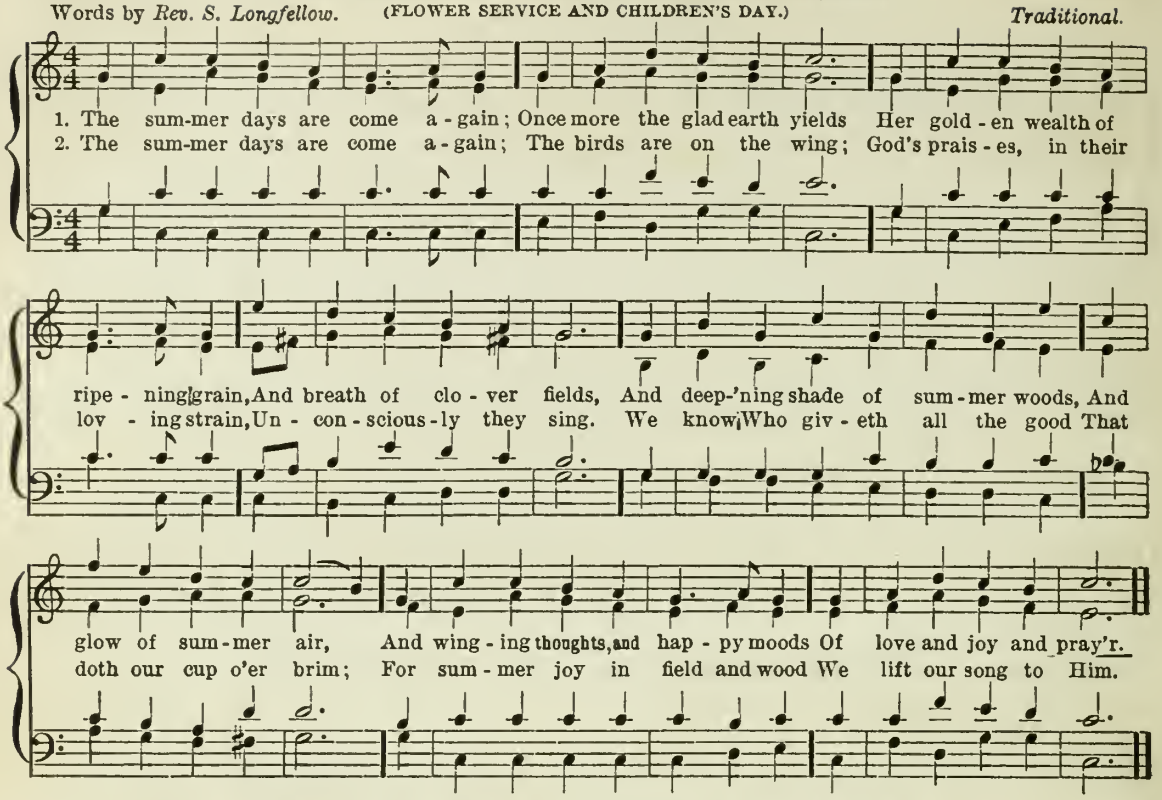

Brightly.
f
1. A song of Spring once more we sing As Win-ter flies a-way, . And
2. For once a-gain the prom-ise-strain Floats down from days of yore, . That
change-ful hours bring sun and show'rs To weave a crown for May, . To weave a crown for
fruits of earth shall wake to birth, To bless the toil-er's store, . To bless the toil-er's
ff
May: . With heart and voice we all re-joice On this re-turn-ing day. .
store: . Each an-nual round with boun-ties crown'd Till time shall be no more. .

3 Thee, Lord, we praise for Springtide days,
And life's yet fairer Spring;
These golden hours, these opening pow'rs,
‖:To Thy glad service bring:‖
Thine own to be, from sin set free —
Our Father, Saviour, King!

4 Though foes may throng, Lord, make us strong —
A firm, unfaltering band—
The good to seek, the truth to speak,
‖:And for the right to stand;‖
Till, duty done, and victory won,
We gain the better land.

Carol 451. The summer days are come again.

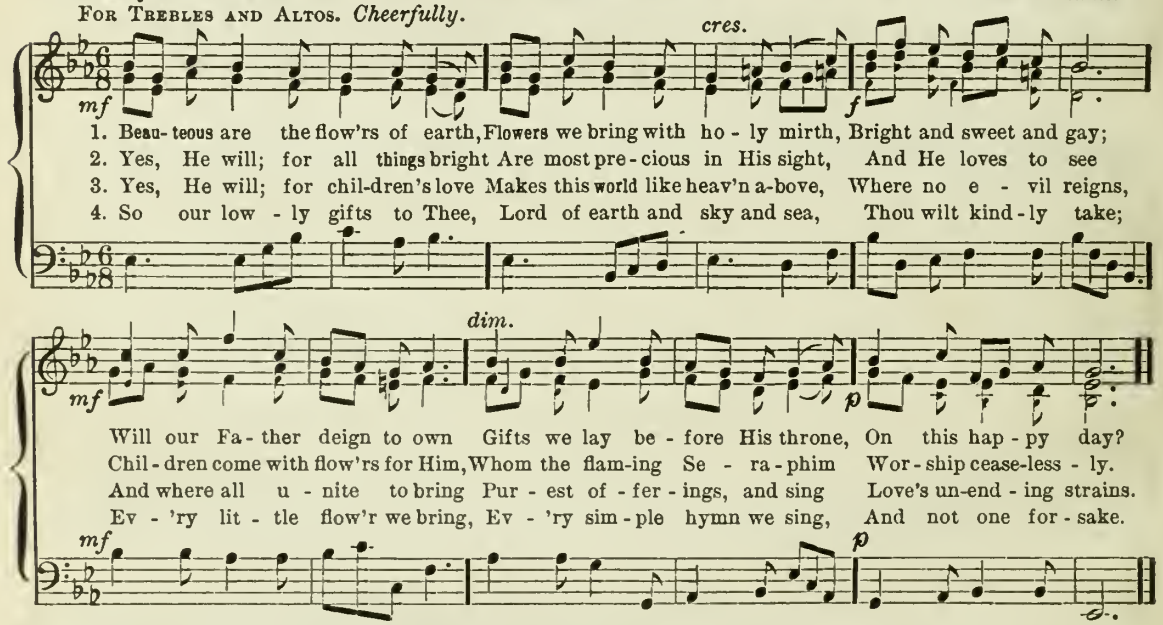
Words by *Rev. S. Longfellow.* (FLOWER SERVICE AND CHILDREN'S DAY.) *Traditional.*


1. The sum-mer days are come a-gain; Once more the glad earth yields Her gold-en wealth of
2. The sum-mer days are come a-gain; The birds are on the wing; God's prais-es, in their
ripe-ning grain, And breath of clo-ver fields, And deep-'ning shade of sum-mer woods, And
lov-ing strain, Un-con-scious-ly they sing. We know Who giv-eth all the good That
glow of sum-mer air, And wing-ing thoughts, and hap-py moods Of love and joy and pray'r.
doth our cup o'er brim; For sum-mer joy in field and wood We lift our song to Him.

Carol 452. Beauteous are the flowers of earth.

Words by *W. Chatterton Dix.* (FLOWER SERVICE.) *Sir J. Stainer.*

FOR TREBLES AND ALTOS. *Cheerfully.*


cres.
mf
f
1. Beau-teous are the flow'rs of earth, Flowers we bring with ho-ly mirth, Bright and sweet and gay;
2. Yes, He will; for all things bright Are most pre-cious in His sight, And He loves to see
3. Yes, He will; for chil-dren's love Makes this world like heav'n a-bove, Where no e-vil reigns,
4. So our low-ly gifts to Thee, Lord of earth and sky and sea, Thou wilt kind-ly take;
dim.
mf
p
Will our Fa-ther deign to own Gifts we lay be-fore His throne, On this hap-py day?
Chil-dren come with flow'rs for Him, Whom the flam-ing Se-ra-phim Wor-ship cease-less-ly.
And where all u-nite to bring Pur-est of-fer-ings, and sing Love's un-end-ing strains.
Ev-'ry lit-tle flow'r we bring, Ev-'ry sim-ple hymn we sing, And not one for-sake.
mf
p

5 And where'er these flowers shall go,
Sickness, sorrow, tears, and woe,
Lighten, heal, and cheer:
With Thy loving touch restore,
All Thy plenteous grace outpour,
Soften pain and fear.

6 Beauteous are the flowers of earth,
Flowers we bring with holy mirth,
Bright and sweet and gay;
Father, Son, and Spirit, own
Gifts we lay before Thy throne,
On this happy day.

Now sing we a song for the harvest.

Carol 453.

Words by *John W. Chadwick.* *S. Reay*

1. Now sing we a song for the har - vest, Thanks-giv - ing and hon - our and praise,
2. And thanks for the har - vest of beau - ty, For that which the hands can - not hold,
3. But now we sing deep - er and high - er, Of har - vest that eye can - not see;

For all] that the boun - ti - ful Giv - er Hath giv - en to glad - den our days;
The har - vest eyes on - ly can gath - er, And on - ly our hearts can en - fold:
They ri - pen on moun - tains of du - ty, Are reaped by the brave and the free.

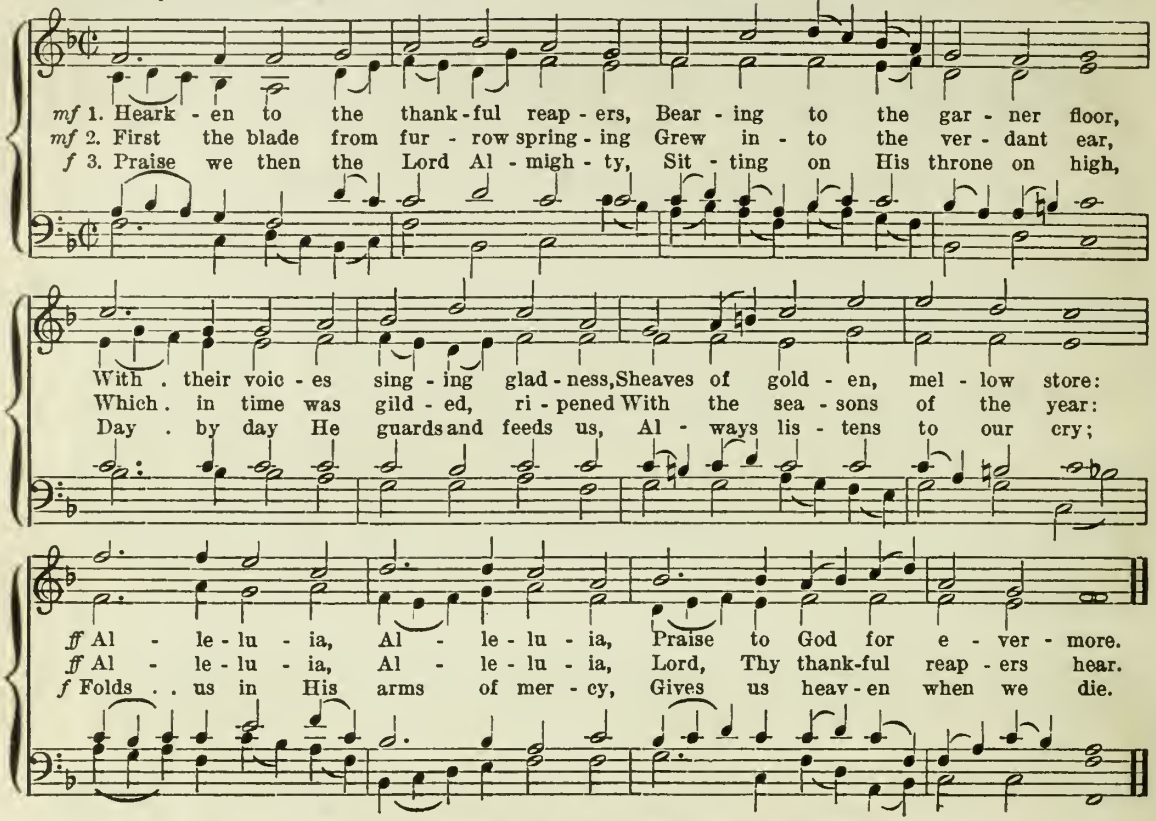
For grass - es of up - land and low - land, For fruits of the gar - den and field,
We reap it on moun - tain and moor - land, We glean it from mead - ow and lea,
O Thou who art Lord of the har - vest, The Giv - er who glad - dens our days,

For gold which the mine and the prai - rie To del - ver and hus - band - man yield.
We gar - ner it in from the cloud - land, We bind it in sheaves from the sea.
Our hearts are for ev - er re - peat - ing Thanks-giv - ing and hon - our and praise!

Parish Choir, No. 1581 — 4.

Carol 454. Hearken to the thankful reapers.

HARVEST.

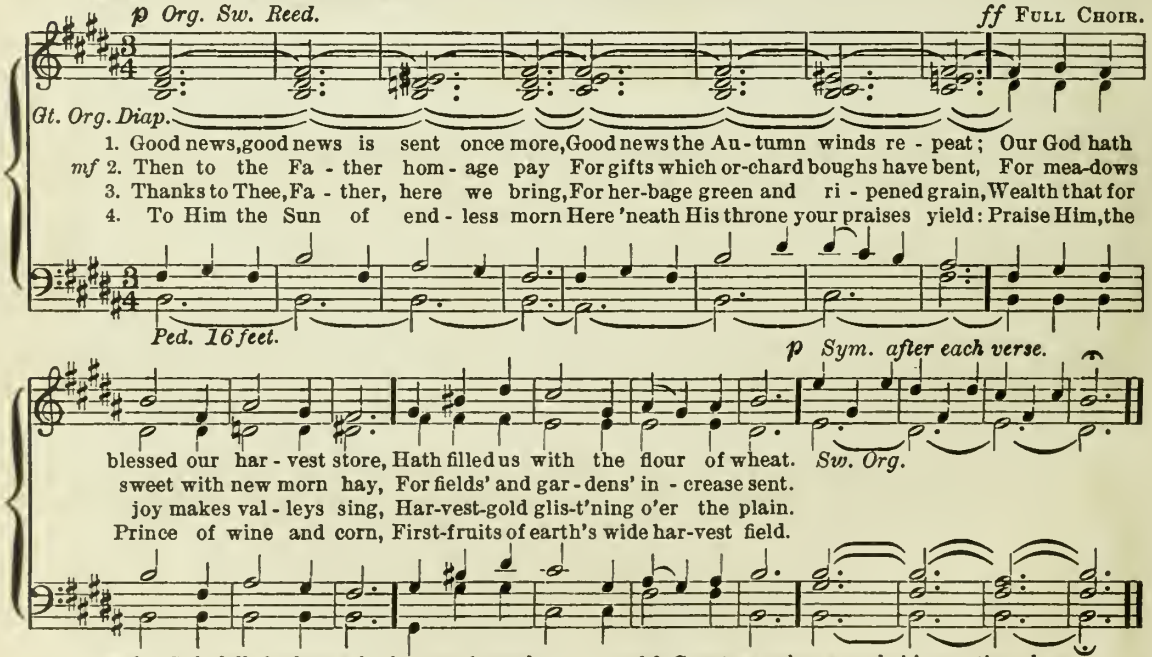
Words by *Rev. J. Bownes.* *Rev. R. F. Smith.*

mf 1. Heark - en to the thank - ful reap - ers, Bear - ing to the gar - ner floor,
mf 2. First the blade from fur - row spring - ing Grew in - to the ver - dant ear,
f 3. Praise we then the Lord Al - migh - ty, Sit - ting on His throne on high,
With . their voic - es sing - ing glad - ness, Sheaves of gold - en, mel - low store:
Which . in time was gild - ed, ri - pened With the sea - sons of the year:
Day . by day He guards and feeds us, Al - ways lis - tens to our cry;
ff Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Praise to God for e - ver - more.
ff Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, Thy thank - ful reap - ers hear.
f Folds . . us in His arms of mer - cy, Gives us heav - en when we die.

Carol 455. Good news, good news is sent.

HARVEST.

Words by *W. H. Jewitt.* *Rev. R. F. Smith.*

TENORS ONLY. *Andante moderato.*


p Org. Sw. Reed.
ff FULL CHOIR.
Gt. Org. Diap.
1. Good news, good news is sent once more, Good news the Au - tumn winds re - peat; Our God hath
mf 2. Then to the Fa - ther hom - age pay For gifts which or-chard boughs have bent, For mea-dows
3. Thanks to Thee, Fa - ther, here we bring, For her-bage green and ri - pened grain, Wealth that for
4. To Him the Sun of end - less morn Here 'neath His throne your praises yield: Praise Him, the
Ped. 16 feet.
p Sym. after each verse.
blessed our har - vest store, Hath filled us with the flour of wheat. *Sw. Org.*
sweet with new morn hay, For fields' and gar - dens' in - crease sent.
joy makes val - leys sing, Har-vest-gold glis-t'ning o'er the plain.
Prince of wine and corn, First-fruits of earth's wide har-vest field.

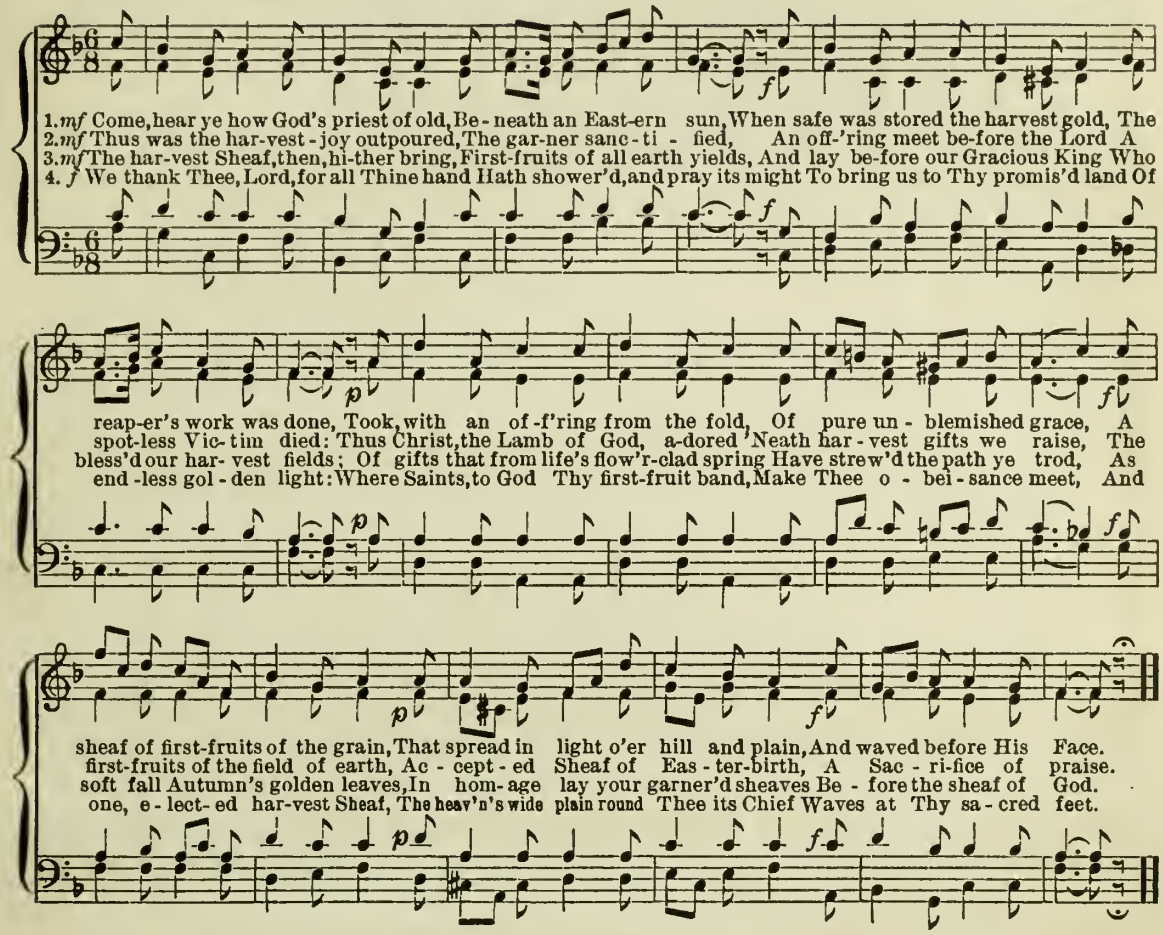
mf 5 Soft fall the leaves by breezes fanned,
Soon shall the harvest task be o'er;
f Soon shall Thine Angel-reaper's hand
Be stayed beside the threshing-floor.

mf 6 Grant us, when sounds his greeting clear,
Here in Thine Altar's light to be;
ff Fearless and blest to know Thee near,
Lord of the harvest! Thanks to Thee!

Come, hear ye how God's priest of old.

Carol 456. HARVEST.

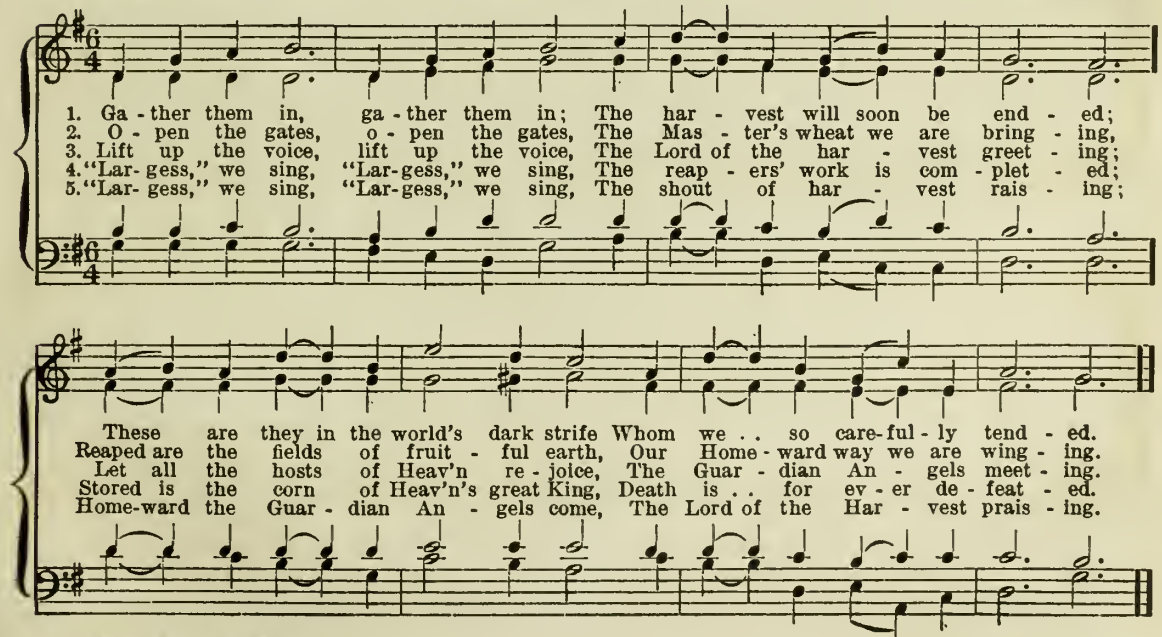
Words by *W. H. Jewitt.* *G. B. Lissant.*


1. mf Come, hear ye how God's priest of old, Be - neath an East-ern sun, When safe was stored the harvest gold, The reap-er's work was done, Took, with an of-f'ring from the fold, Of pure un - blemished grace, A
2. mf Thus was the har-vest - joy outpoured, The gar-ner sanc - ti - fied, An off-'ring meet be-fore the Lord A spot-less Vic-tim died: Thus Christ, the Lamb of God, a-dored 'Neath har - vest gifts we raise, The
3. mf The har-vest Sheaf, then, hi-ther bring, First-fruits of all earth yields, And lay be-fore our Gracious King Who bless'd our har- vest fields; Of gifts that from life's flow'r-clad spring Have strew'd the path ye trod, As
4. f We thank Thee, Lord, for all Thine hand Hath shower'd, and pray its might To bring us to Thy promis'd land Of end-less gol - den light: Where Saints, to God Thy first-fruit band, Make Thee o - bei - sance meet, And
sheaf of first-fruits of the grain, That spread in light o'er hill and plain, And waved before His Face.
first-fruits of the field of earth, Ac - cept - ed Sheaf of Eas - ter-birth, A Sac - ri-fice of praise.
soft fall Autumn's golden leaves, In hom- age lay your garner'd sheaves Be - fore the sheaf of God.
one, e - lect- ed har-vest Sheaf, The heav'n's wide plain round Thee its Chief Waves at Thy sa - cred feet.

Gather them in.

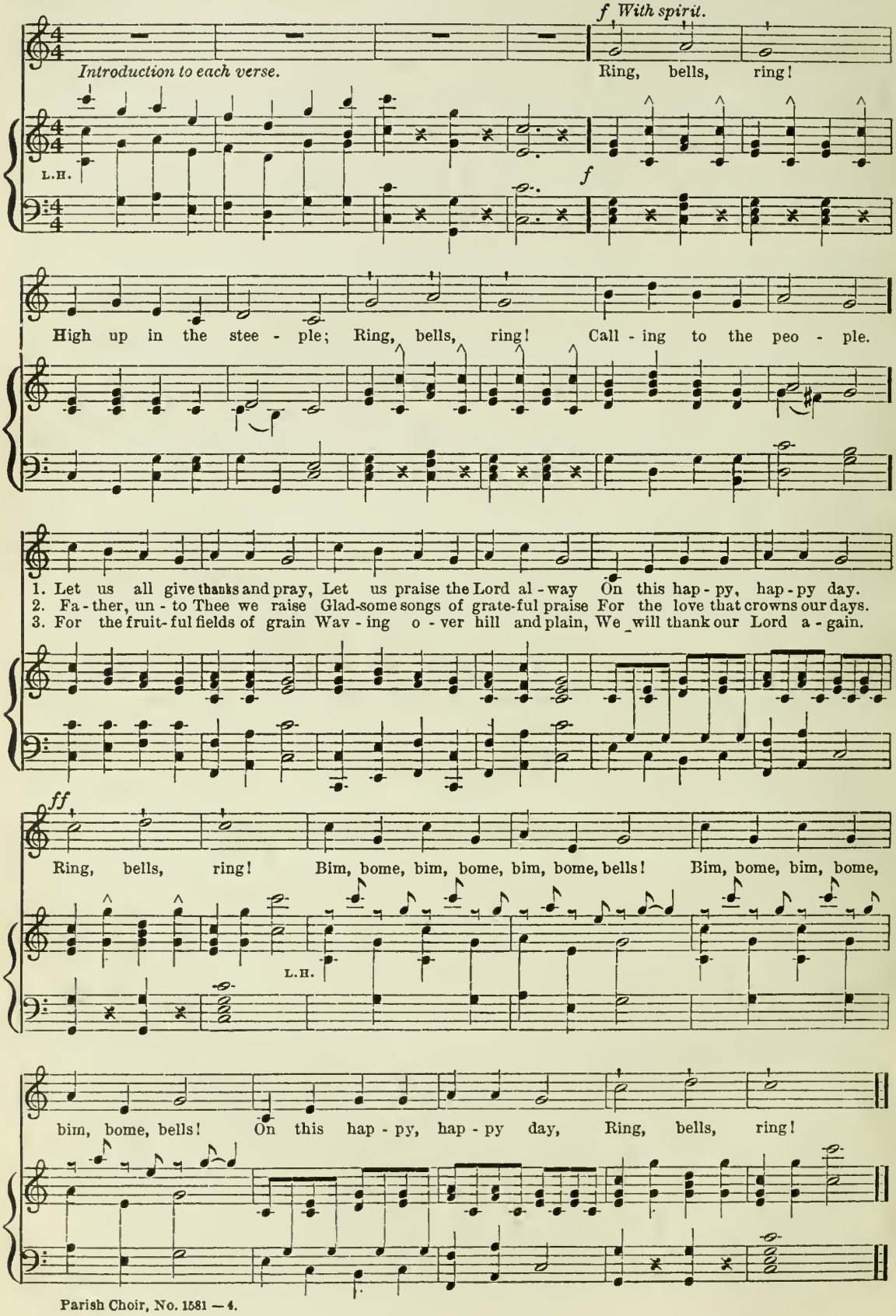
Carol 457. HARVEST.

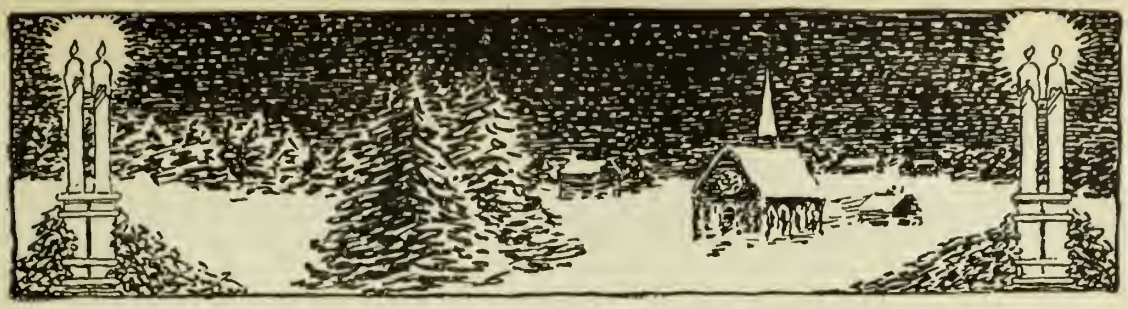
Henry Smith.


1. Ga - ther them in, ga - ther them in; The har - vest will soon be end - ed;
2. O - pen the gates, o - pen the gates, The Mas - ter's wheat we are bring - ing,
3. Lift up the voice, lift up the voice, The Lord of the har - vest greet - ing;
4. "Lar- gess," we sing, "Lar-gess," we sing, The reap - ers' work is com - plet - ed;
5. "Lar- gess," we sing, "Lar-gess," we sing, The shout of har - vest rais - ing;
These are they in the world's dark strife Whom we . . so care-ful - ly tend - ed.
Reaped are the fields of fruit - ful earth, Our Home - ward way we are wing - ing.
Let all the hosts of Heav'n re - joice, The Guar - dian An - gels meet - ing.
Stored is the corn of Heav'n's great King, Death is . . for ev - er de - feat - ed.
Home-ward the Guar - dian An - gels come, The Lord of the Har - vest prais - ing.

Ring, bells, ring.

Carol 458. HARVEST FESTIVAL. Words and music by *M. O. Brown.*


f With spirit.
Introduction to each verse.
Ring, bells, ring!
L.H.
f
High up in the stee - ple; Ring, bells, ring! Call - ing to the peo - ple.
1. Let us all give thanks and pray, Let us praise the Lord al - way On this hap - py, hap - py day.
2. Fa - ther, un - to Thee we raise Glad-some songs of grate-ful praise For the love that crowns our days.
3. For the fruit-ful fields of grain Wav - ing o - ver hill and plain, We will thank our Lord a - gain.
ff
Ring, bells, ring! Bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bells! Bim, bome, bim, bome,
L.H.
bim, bome, bells! On this hap - py, hap - py day, Ring, bells, ring!



Carol 459. The stars are brightly shining.

Words by *Margaret Ford.* CHRISTMAS. *H. A. Farnsworth.*

1. The stars are bright-ly shin - ing, A - bove a peace - ful plain, While shepherds watch and
2. The wise men, too, are watch - ing The star that shall a - rise! In glo - rious beau - ty
3. Thro' the whole world the sum - mons Comes from the sky to earth, "A - wake, and give your

CHORUS. *After each verse.*

lis - ten, To hear a glad re - frain.
light - ing The mid - night dark-ened skies.
hom - age, Pro - claim the Sav-iour's birth."

The an - gels sing the mes - sage, "Good-will on earth we bring, . . The Prince of Peace we her-ald now, Your Sav - iour and your King."

Carol 460. Whence comes this rush of wings?

"Carol of the Birds."

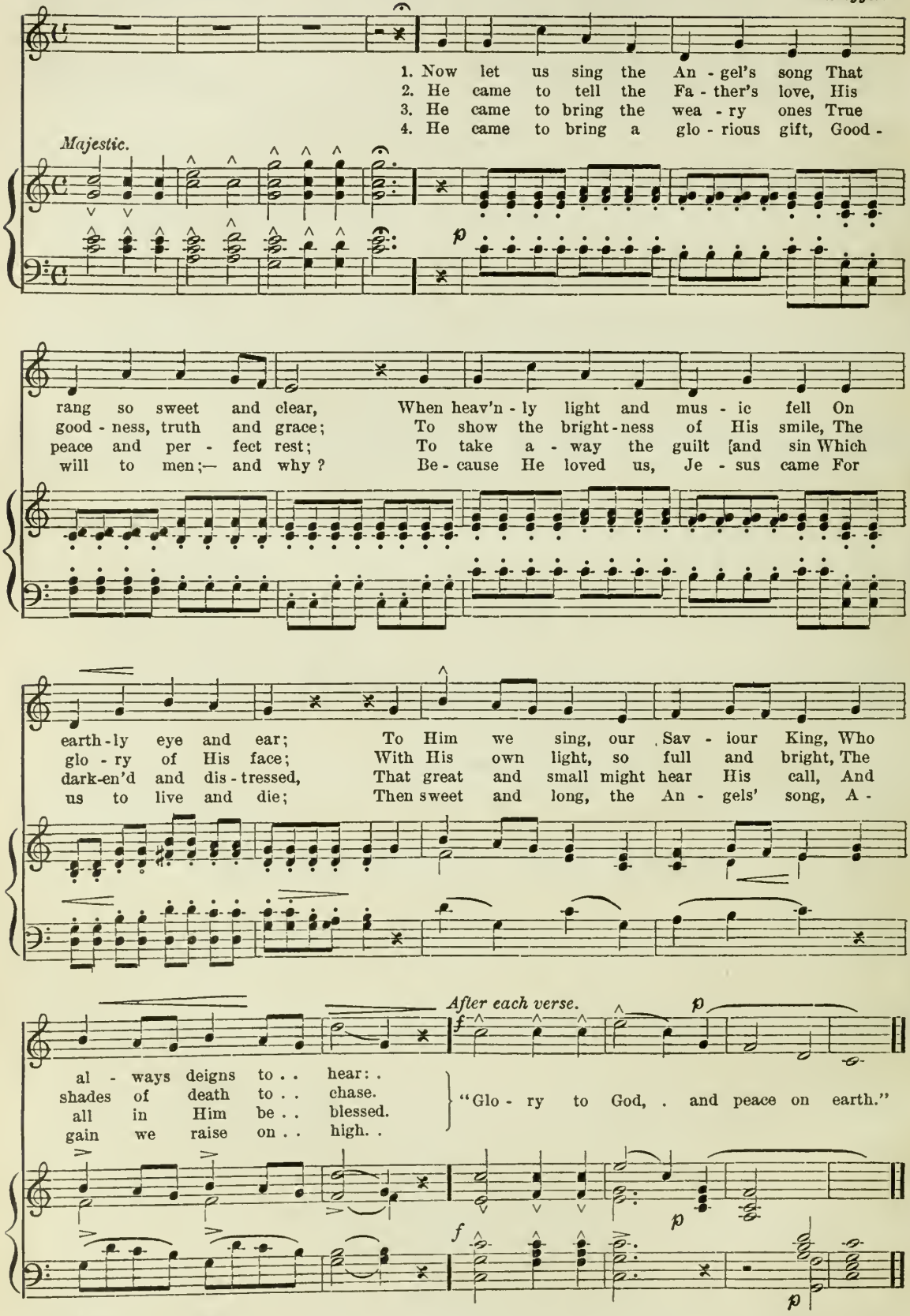
Not slow. CHRISTMAS. *Bas-Quercey.*

1. Whence comes this rush of wings a - far, Fol - low - ing straight the No - ël star?
2. "Tell us, ye birds, why come ye here, In - to this sta - ble, poor and drear?"
3. Hark how the Green-finch bears his part, Phi - lo - mel, too, with ten - der heart,
4. An - gels and shep - herds, birds of the sky, Come where the Son of God doth lie;

Birds from the woods in won - drous flight, Beth - le - hem seek this Ho - ly Night.
"Hast - 'ning we seek the new - born King, And all our sweet - est mu - sic bring."
Chants from her leaf - y dark re - treat *Re, mi, fa, sol,* in ac - cents sweet.
Christ on the earth with man doth dwell, Join in the shout, No - ël, No - ël.

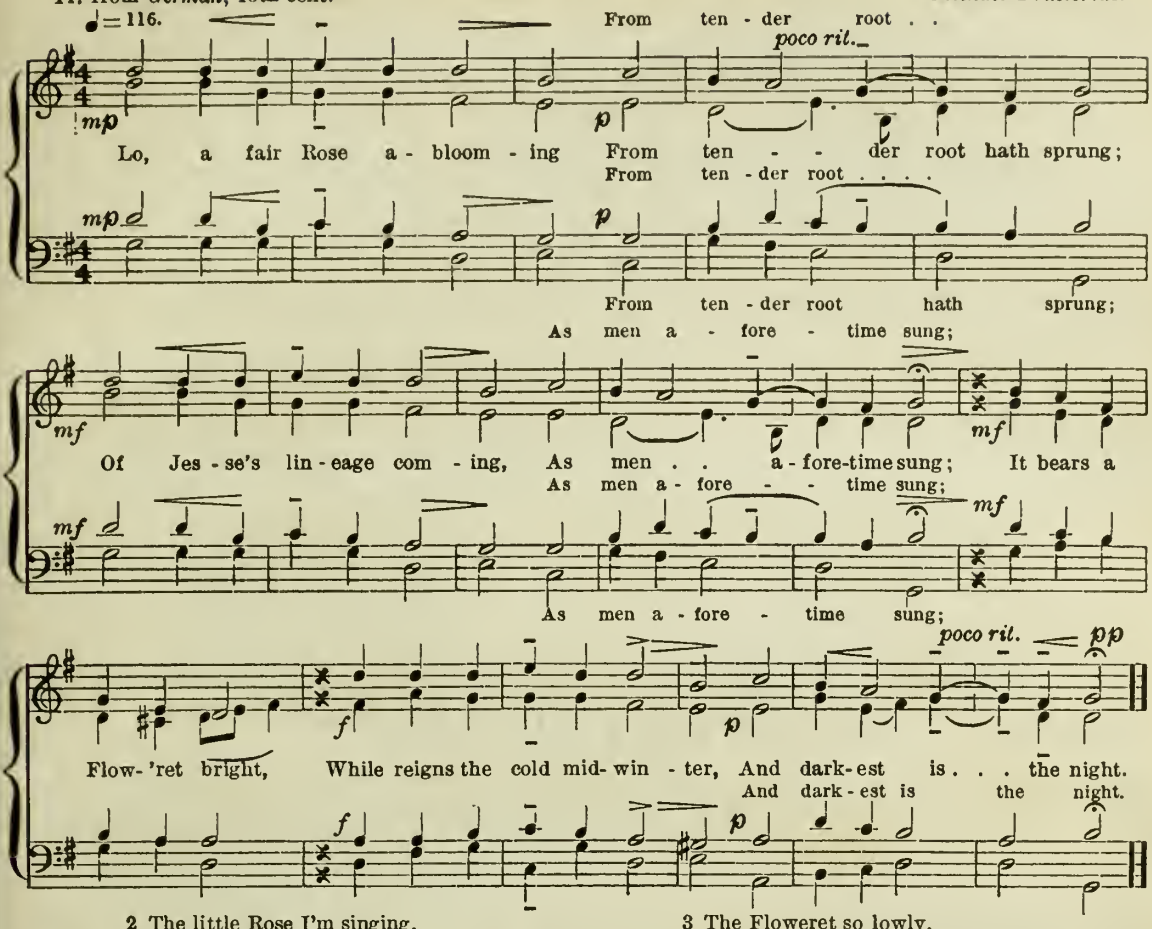
Now let us sing the Angels' song.

Carol 461. CHRISTMAS.

A. Randegger.

1. Now let us sing the An - gel's song That
2. He came to tell the Fa - ther's love, His
3. He came to bring the wea - ry ones True
4. He came to bring a glo - rious gift, Good -
Majestic.
rang so sweet and clear, When heav'n - ly light and mus - ic fell On
good - ness, truth and grace; To show the bright - ness of His smile, The
peace and per - fect rest; To take a - way the guilt and sin Which
will to men;— and why? Be - cause He loved us, Je - sus came For
earth - ly eye and ear; To Him we sing, our Sav - iour King, Who
glo - ry of His face; With His own light, so full and bright, The
dark-en'd and dis - tressed, That great and small might hear His call, And
us to live and die; Then sweet and long, the An - gels' song, A -
After each verse.
al - ways deigns to . . hear: .
shades of death to . . chase.
all in Him be . . blessed.
gain we raise on . . high. .
"Glo - ry to God, . and peace on earth."

Carol 462. Lo! a fair Rose is blooming.

CHRISTMAS.

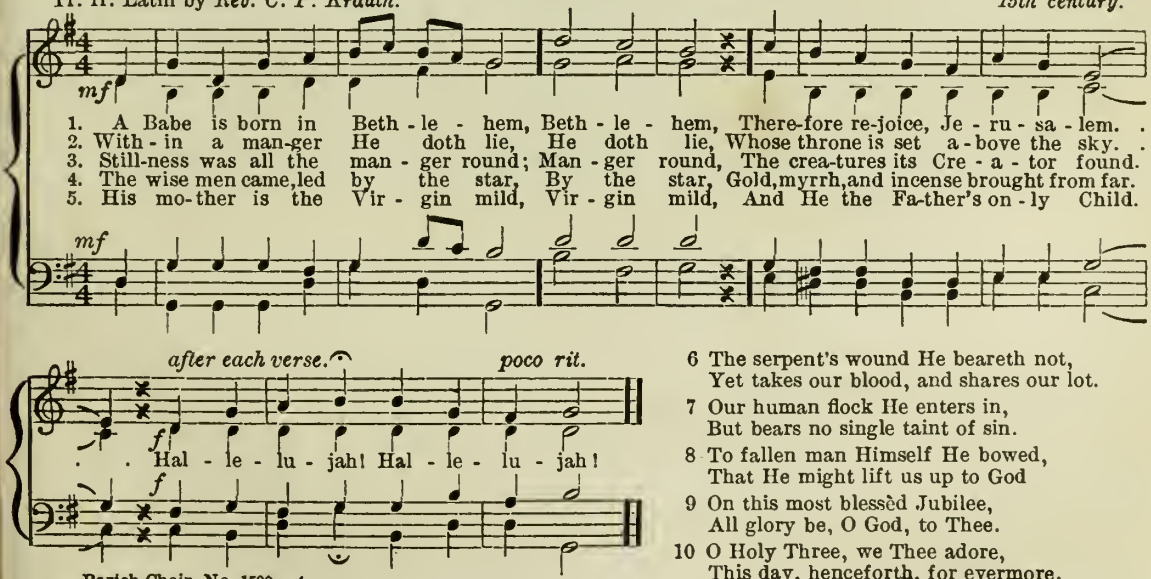
Tr. from *German*, 15th cent. *Michael Praetorius.*

♩= 116.
From ten - der root . .
poco rit.
mp
p
Lo, a fair Rose a - bloom - ing From ten - - der root hath sprung;
From ten - der root . . . .
From ten - der root hath sprung;
As men a - fore - time sung;
mf
Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing, As men . . a - fore-time sung; It bears a
As men a - fore - - time sung;
As men a - fore - time sung;
poco ril.
pp
f
Flow- 'ret bright, While reigns the cold mid- win - ter, And dark- est is . . . the night.
And dark - est is the night.

2 The little Rose I'm singing,
Whereof Isaiah spoke,
Mary to us is bringing,
A maid of humble folk;
By God's eternal might
For us a Child she beareth,
While darkest is the night.

3 The Floweret so lowly,
Whose fragrance none can tell,
With brightness strange and holy
Doth all our dark dispel:
True Man, true God is He;
From every ill he saveth;
God grant we saved may be!

Carol 463. A Babe is born in Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS.

Tr. fr. Latin by *Rev. C. P. Krauth.* *15th century.*

mf
1. A Babe is born in Beth - le - hem, Beth - le - hem, There-fore re-joice, Je - ru - sa - lem.
2. With - in a man-ger He doth lie, He doth lie, Whose throne is set a - bove the sky.
3. Still-ness was all the man - ger round; Man - ger round, The crea-tures its Cre - a - tor found.
4. The wise men came, led by the star, By the star, Gold, myrrh, and incense brought from far.
5. His mo-ther is the Vir - gin mild, Vir - gin mild, And He the Fa-ther's on - ly Child.
after each verse.
poco rit.
f
. . Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

6 The serpent's wound He beareth not,
Yet takes our blood, and shares our lot.

7 Our human flock He enters in,
But bears no single taint of sin.

8 To fallen man Himself He bowed,
That He might lift us up to God

9 On this most blessèd Jubilee,
All glory be, O God, to Thee.

10 O Holy Three, we Thee adore,
This day, henceforth, for evermore.

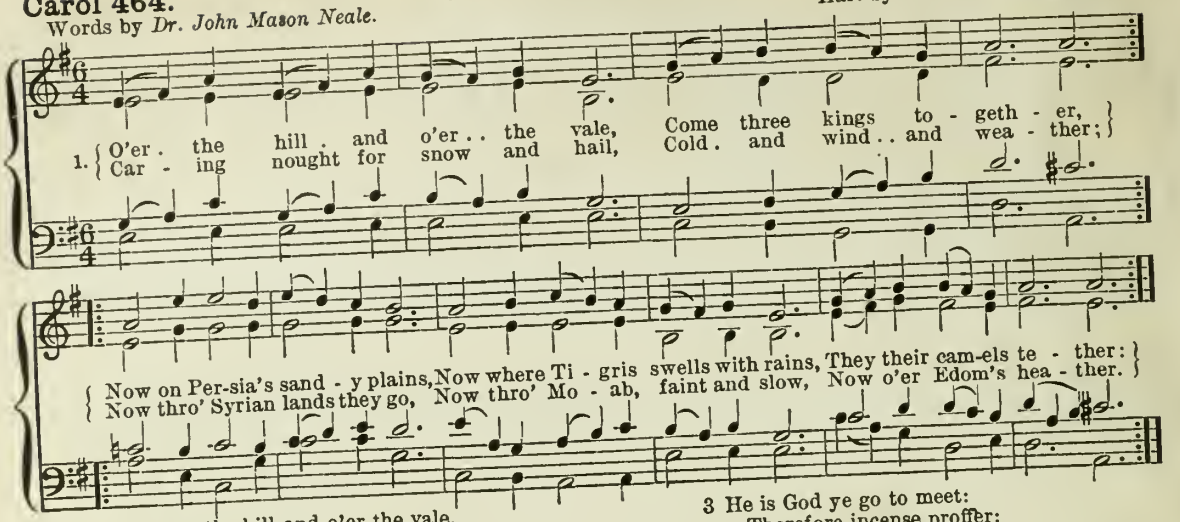
O'er the hill and o'er the vale.

CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY.

Carol 464.

Words by *Dr. John Mason Neale.*

Tune "*In vernali tempore.*"
Har. by *Rev. G. R. Woodward.*


1. O'er the hill and o'er the vale, Come three kings to - geth - er,
Car - ing nought for snow and hail, Cold and wind and wea - ther;
Now on Per-sia's sand - y plains, Now where Ti - gris swells with rains, They their cam-els te - ther:
Now thro' Syrian lands they go, Now thro' Mo - ab, faint and slow, Now o'er Edom's hea - ther.

2 O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present:
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a Peasant:
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant:
Therefore onward, onward still!
Ford the stream and climb the hill:
Love makes all things pleasant.

3 He is God ye go to meet:
Therefore incense proffer:
He is King ye go to greet;
Gold is in your coffer:
Also Man, He comes to share
Ev'ry woe that man can bear—
Tempter, Railer, Scoffer:
Therefore now, against the day,
In the grave when Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.

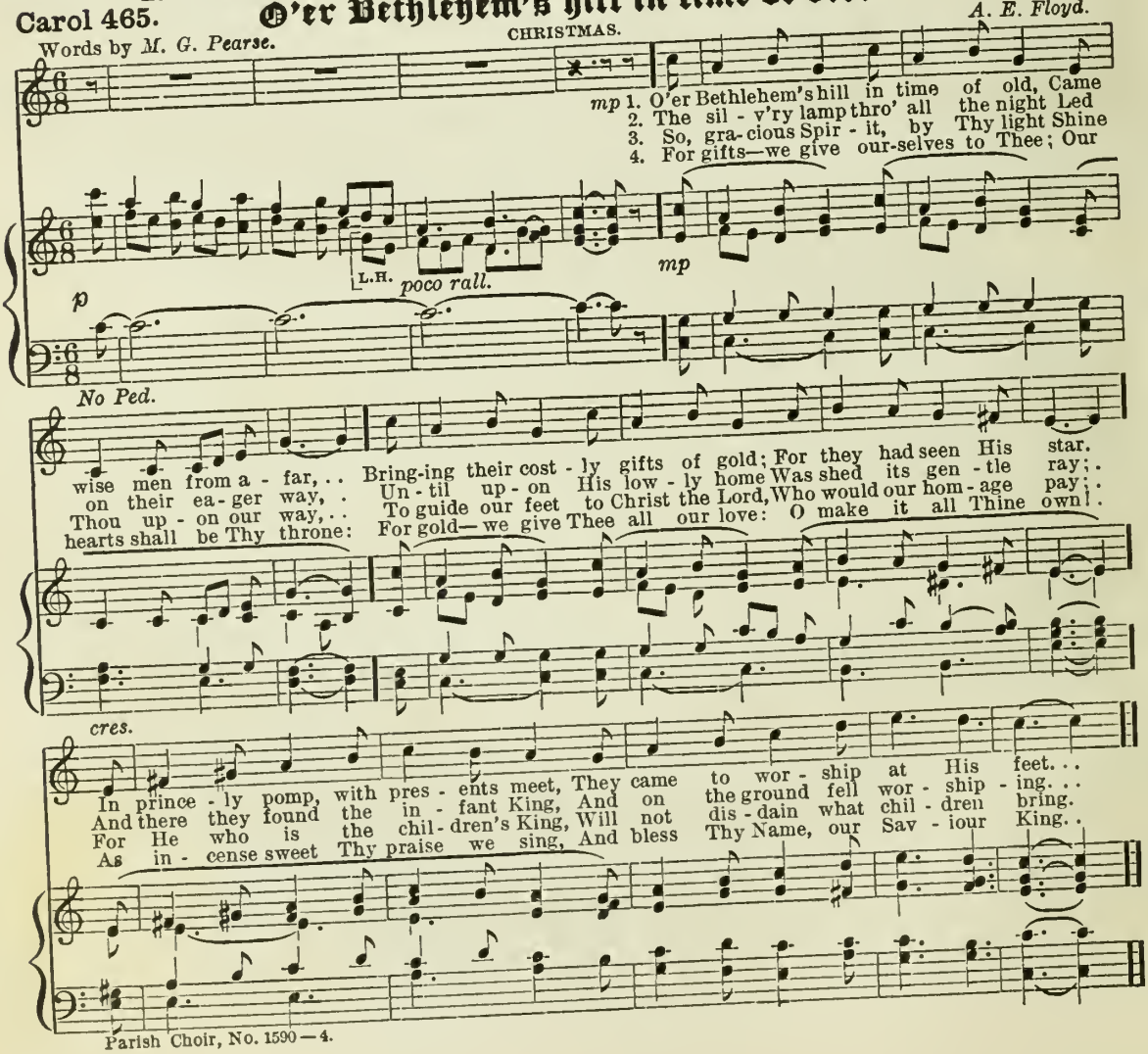
O'er Bethlehem's hill in time of old.

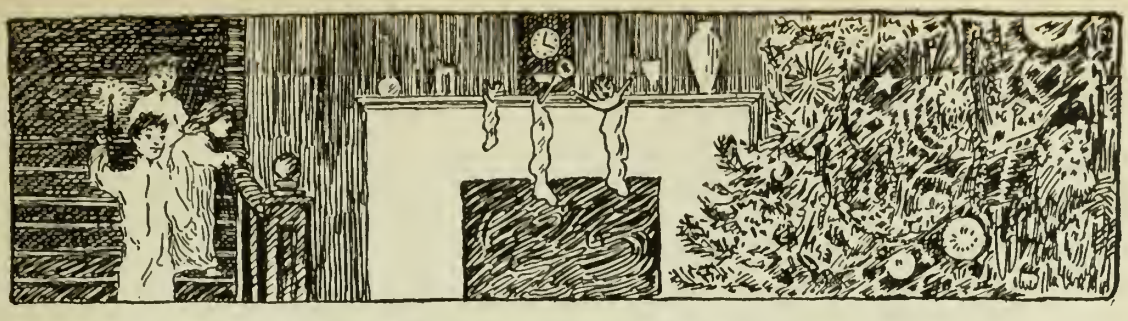
CHRISTMAS.

Carol 465.

Words by *M. G. Pearse.*

A. E. Floyd.


mp 1. O'er Bethlehem's hill in time of old, Came
2. The sil - v'ry lamp thro' all the night Led
3. So, gra-cious Spir - it, by Thy light Shine
4. For gifts—we give our-selves to Thee; Our
L.H.
poco rall.
mp
p
No Ped.
wise men from a - far, Bring-ing their cost - ly gifts of gold; For they had seen His star.
on their ea-ger way, Un - til up - on His low - ly home Was shed its gen - tle ray;
Thou up - on our way, To guide our feet to Christ the Lord, Who would our hom - age pay;
hearts shall be Thy throne: For gold—we give Thee all our love: O make it all Thine own!
cres.
In prince - ly pomp, with pres - ents meet, They came to wor - ship at His feet.
And there they found the in - fant King, And on the ground fell wor - ship - ing.
For He who is the chil - dren's King, Will not dis - dain what chil - dren bring.
As in - cense sweet Thy praise we sing, And bless Thy Name, our Sav - iour King.



Once again the olden story.

Carol 466. CHRISTMAS.

UNISON. *Moderato e marcato.* *George Edgar Oliver.*

1. Once a - gain the old - en sto - ry It is sweet for all to sing; How, from realms of won-drous glo - ry, Comes our Sav - iour and our King! Ev - 'ry heart this day re - joi - ces,
2. Scat-tered o'er the dis - tant na-tions Ma - ny are, we love to - day, Yet the shepherds' re - ve - la - tions Rest with them so far a - way! One with us, to Je - sus cling-ing,

Beat - ing 'midst the Christian throng; Countless thousands raise their voices, And repeat the joy-ous song:
They will thankful praise prolong, Send their voices upward ring-ing, As they join the gladsome song:

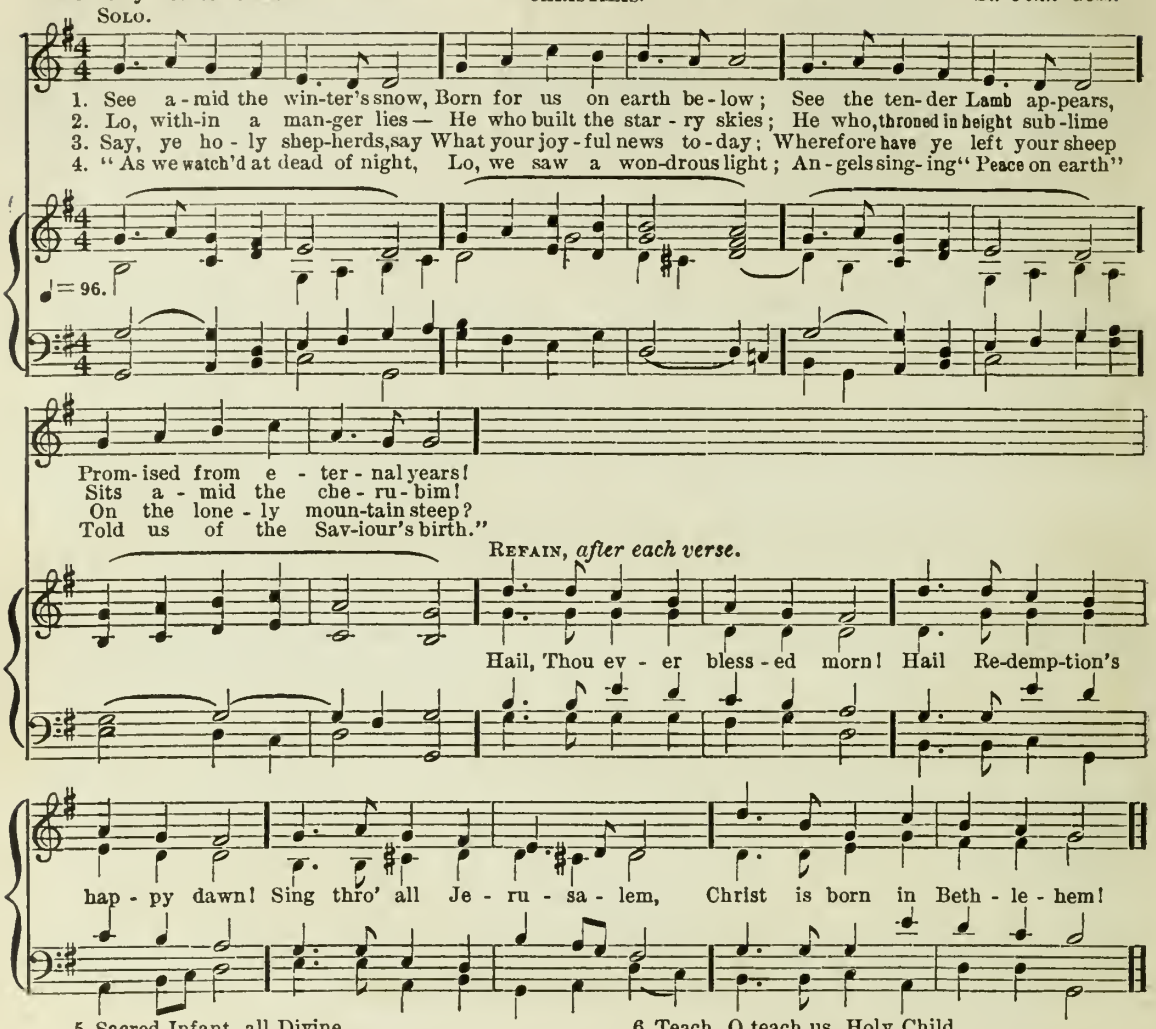
REFRAIN, *after each verse.*

"Bright and joy - ful is the morn, For to us a Child is born;
From the high - est realms of heav - en Un - to . us a Son is given!"

Parish Choir, No, 1591 — 4.

Carol 467. See amid the winter's snow.

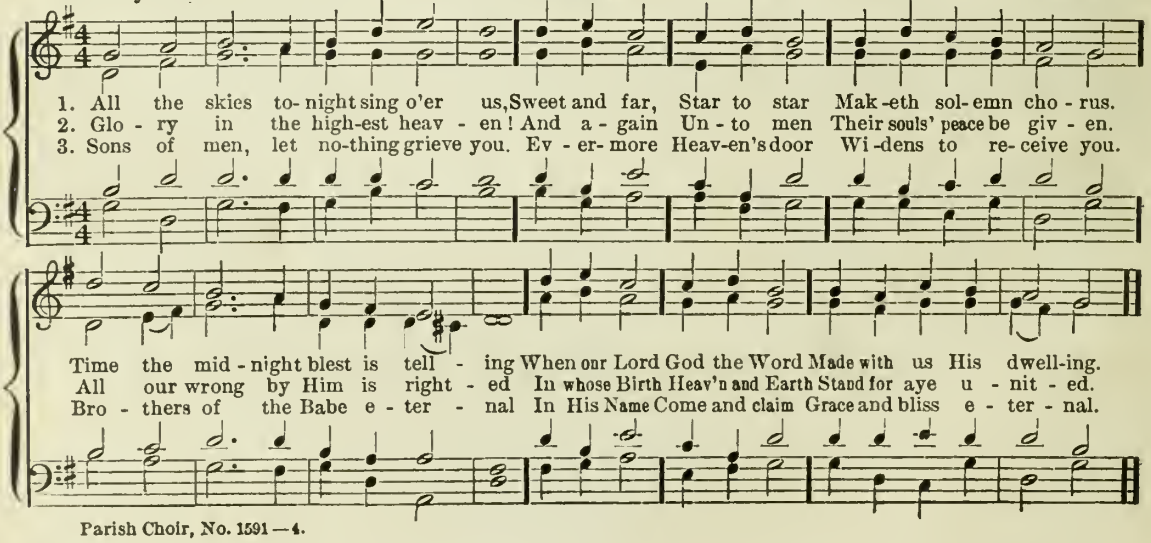
Words by *Rev. E. Caswall.* CHRISTMAS. *Sir John Goss.*


Solo.
1. See a - mid the win-ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low; See the ten-der Lamb ap-pears,
2. Lo, with-in a man-ger lies— He who built the star - ry skies; He who, throned in height sub-lime
3. Say, ye ho - ly shep-herds, say What your joy-ful news to-day; Wherefore have ye left your sheep
4. "As we watch'd at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won-drous light; An-gels sing-ing "Peace on earth"
♩= 96.
Prom-ised from e - ter - nal years!
Sits a - mid the che - ru - bim!
On the lone - ly moun-tain steep?
Told us of the Sav-iour's birth."
Refain, after each verse.
Hail, Thou ev - er bless - ed morn! Hail Re-demp-tion's
hap - py dawn! Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

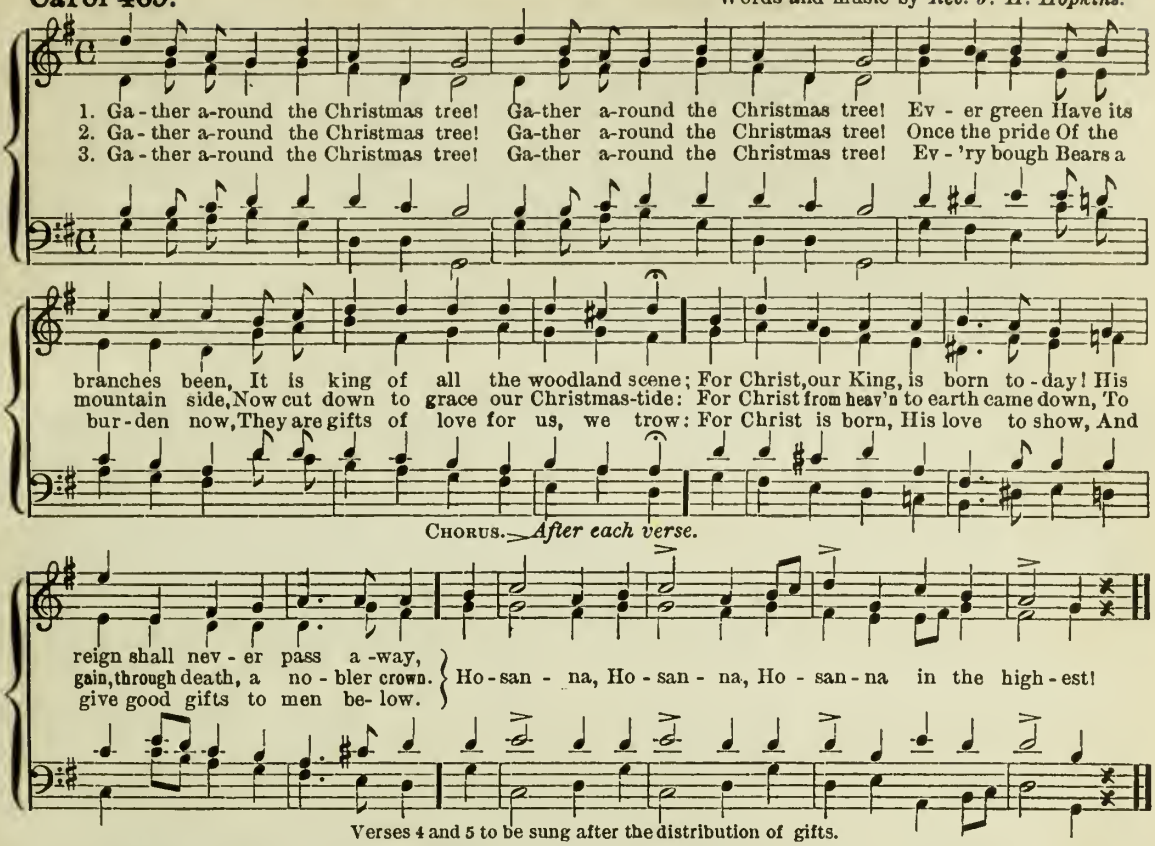
5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail! Thou ever blessed, etc.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail! Thou ever blessed, etc.

Carol 468. All the skies to-night sing o'er us.

Words by *Rev. J. O'Connor.* CHRISTMAS. *German.*

1. All the skies to-night sing o'er us, Sweet and far, Star to star Mak-eth sol-emn cho - rus.
2. Glo - ry in the high-est heav - en! And a - gain Un - to men Their souls' peace be giv - en.
3. Sons of men, let no-thing grieve you. Ev - er-more Heav-en's door Wi-dens to re-ceive you.
Time the mid - night blest is tell - ing When our Lord God the Word Made with us His dwell-ing.
All our wrong by Him is right - ed In whose Birth Heav'n and Earth Stand for aye u - nit - ed.
Bro - thers of the Babe e - ter - nal In His Name Come and claim Grace and bliss e - ter - nal.

Gather around the Christmas tree!

Carol 469. Words and music by *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*

1. Ga - ther a-round the Christmas tree! Ga-ther a-round the Christmas tree! Ev - er green Have its
2. Ga - ther a-round the Christmas tree! Ga-ther a-round the Christmas tree! Once the pride Of the
3. Ga - ther a-round the Christmas tree! Ga-ther a-round the Christmas tree! Ev - 'ry bough Bears a
branches been, It is king of all the woodland scene; For Christ, our King, is born to - day! His
mountain side, Now cut down to grace our Christmas-tide: For Christ from heav'n to earth came down, To
bur - den now, They are gifts of love for us, we trow: For Christ is born, His love to show, And
Chorus.—After each verse.
reign shall nev - er pass a - way,
gain, through death, a no - bler crown.
give good gifts to men be- low.
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!

Verses 4 and 5 to be sung after the distribution of gifts.

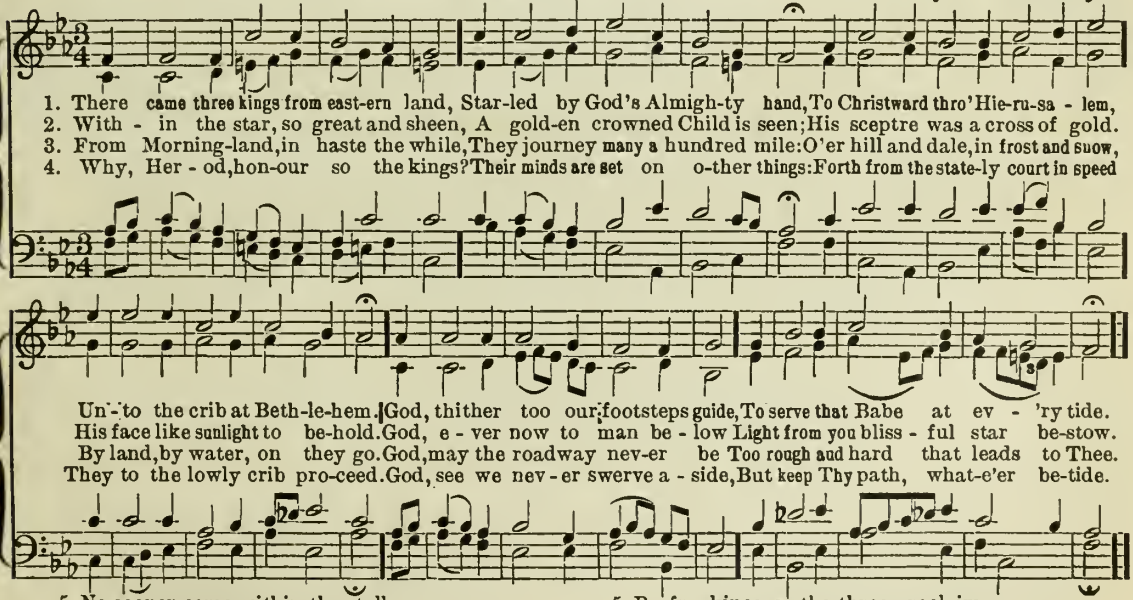
4 ‖:Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!:‖
Thy part is done,
And thy gifts are gone,
And thy lights are dying one by one:
For earthly pleasures die to-day,
But heavenly joys shall last alway.
Hosanna, &c.

5 ‖:Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!:‖
Twelve months o'er,
We shall meet once more,
Merry welcome singing, as of yore:
For Christ now reigns, our Saviour dear,
And gives us Christmas every year!
Hosanna, &c.

There came three kings.

Carol 470. CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY.

Köln Gesangbuch, 1623,
Har. by *B. Luard Selby.*


1. There came three kings from east-ern land, Star-led by God's Almigh-ty hand, To Christward thro' Hie-ru-sa - lem,
2. With - in the star, so great and sheen, A gold-en crowned Child is seen; His sceptre was a cross of gold.
3. From Morning-land, in haste the while, They journey many a hundred mile: O'er hill and dale, in frost and snow,
4. Why, Her - od, hon-our so the kings? Their minds are set on o-ther things: Forth from the state-ly court in speed
Un - to the crib at Beth-le-hem. God, thither too our footsteps guide, To serve that Babe at ev - 'ry tide.
His face like sunlight to be-hold. God, e - ver now to man be - low Light from you bliss - ful star be-stow.
By land, by water, on they go. God, may the roadway nev-er be Too rough and hard that leads to Thee.
They to the lowly crib pro-ceed. God, see we nev - er swerve a - side, But keep Thy path, what-e'er be-tide.

5 No sooner come within the stall
Then down upon the knee they fall,
And offer Him, in order meet,
Gold, myrrh, and incense passing sweet.
God, take our gifts, or great or small,
Heart, soul, life, limb, name, substance—all.

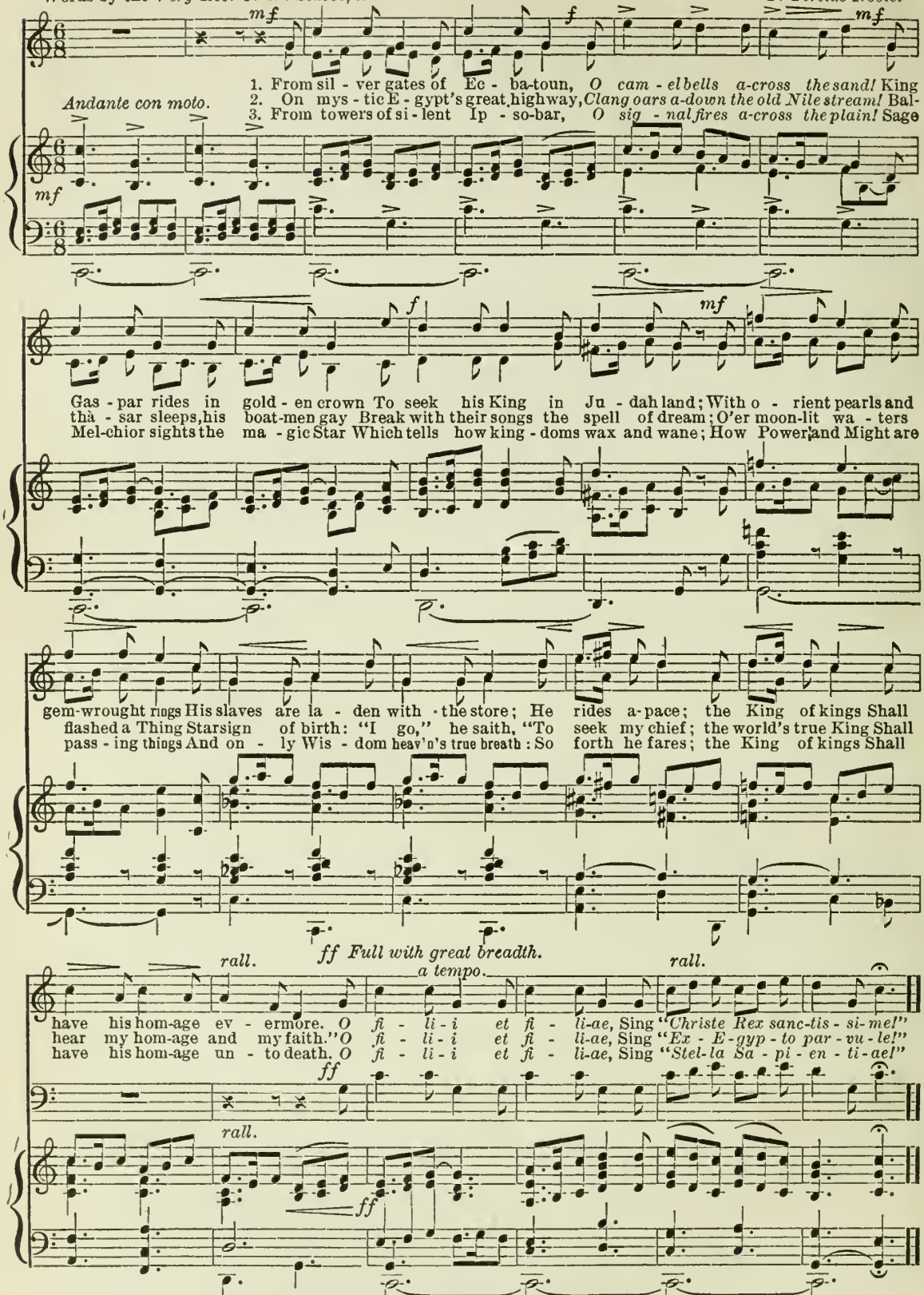
5 By frankincense the three proclaim
That God Almighty is His Name:
Myrrh to the Son of Man they bring,
But gold in token of the King.
God, keep us steadfast in this creed,
From heresy and schism freed.

Carol 471.

The Quest of the Three Kings.

CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY.

Words by the *Very Rev. C. W. Stubbs, D.D.* *T. Tertius Noble.*


mf
f
mf
Andante con moto.
1. From sil - ver gates of Ec - ba-toun, O cam - el bells a-cross the sand! King
2. On mys - tic E - gypt's great highway, Clang oars a-down the old Nile stream! Bal-
3. From towers of si - lent Ip - so-bar, O sig - nal fires a-cross the plain! Sage
mf
f
mf
Gas - par rides in gold - en crown To seek his King in Ju - dah land; With o - rient pearls and
thà - sar sleeps, his boat-men gay Break with their songs the spell of dream; O'er moon-lit wa - ters
Mel-chior sights the ma - gic Star Which tells how king - doms wax and wane; How Power and Might are
gem-wrought rings His slaves are la - den with - the store; He rides a-pace; the King of kings Shall
flashed a Thing Starsign of birth: "I go," he saith, "To seek my chief; the world's true King Shall
pass - ing things And on - ly Wis - dom heav'n's true breath: So forth he fares; the King of kings Shall
rall.
ff Full with great breadth.
a tempo.
rall.
have his hom-age ev - ermore. O fi - li - i et fi - li-ae, Sing "Christe Rex sanc-tis - si - me!"
hear my hom-age and my faith." O fi - li - i et fi - li-ae, Sing "Ex - E - gyp - to par - vu - le!"
have his hom-age un - to death. O fi - li - i et fi - li-ae, Sing "Stel-la Sa - pi - en - ti - ae!"
ff
rall.
ff

4 Three kings they came star-led of yore,
O angel-song across the snow!
Balthàsar, Gaspar, Melchior,
To seek the King of kings, and lo!
O'er Bethlehem fields by God's good grace
The Pilgrim-star is stayed, and there
In childhood's guise they see the Face
Of Him the altogether Fair.
O filii et filiae,
Sing "*Jesu dilectissime!*"

5 The Quest is found, they kneel them down,
O Christmas bells across the sea!
A little child their King they own,
O lofty, lowly mystery!
And gold for kingship, myrrh for pain,
And frankincense for prayer they give:
O by those mystic emblems deign,
Jesu, that we by Thee may live!
O filii et filiae,
Sing "*Gloria tibi Domine!*"

Carol 472. He is risen from the dead.

EASTER.

Words by *C. F. Hernaman.* *A. H. Brown.*

Moderato. ♩ = 112.

𝄋: Chorus.

f 1. He is ris - en from the dead, Hence de - part all sad - ness! Christ is ris - en! this we sing . .

Treble Voices Only.

Più moderato. ♩. = 66.

In our Eas-ter glad - ness! 1. He is ris - en! we who watch'd Thro' the night of sor - row,
2. He is ris - en! in His might, King of kings ex - cel - ling;

dim. *cres.* *mf*

Wait - ing for our Lord's re - turn On the glo-rious mor - row! List - en now with great de-light
All cre - a - tion lifts her voice, These glad tid - ings tell - ing: He who lay with - in the grave,

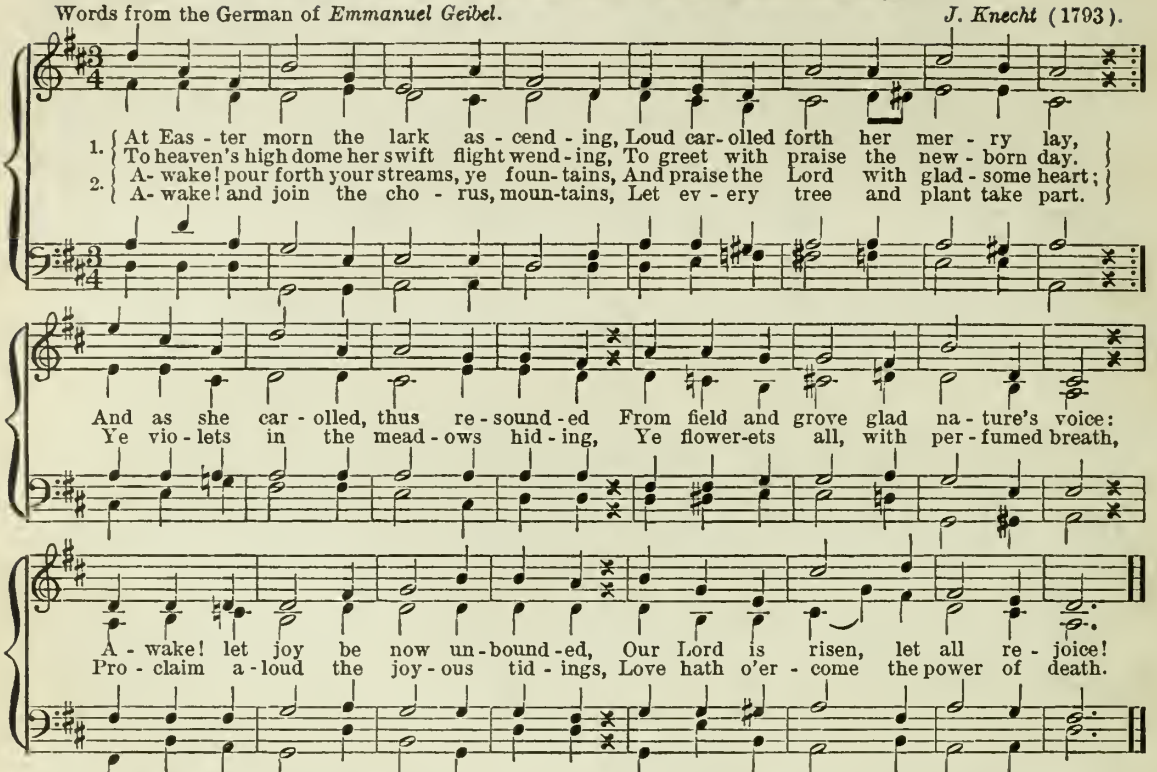
cres.

To the won-drous sto - ry; Welcome with ex - ceed - ing joy Christ, the Lord of glo - ry!
And to hell de - scend - ed, Conquers death, and hath to - day Hell's do - min-ion end - ed.

3 In our midst our Master stands,
Lifts His hands in blessing;
Here by faith His feet we clasp,
Him as God confessing:
Then the prints of love behold,
Hands and feet once wounded,
Head once crowned with thorns, with Light
Evermore surrounded.
Cho.—He is risen! etc.

4 Fear not, ye who seek the Lord!
Jesus in His beauty
Waits to welcome all who tread
Paths of loving duty.
Jesu, ever keep us safe
Under Thy protection,
Till we see Thee face to face
In the Resurrection.
Cho.—He is risen! etc.

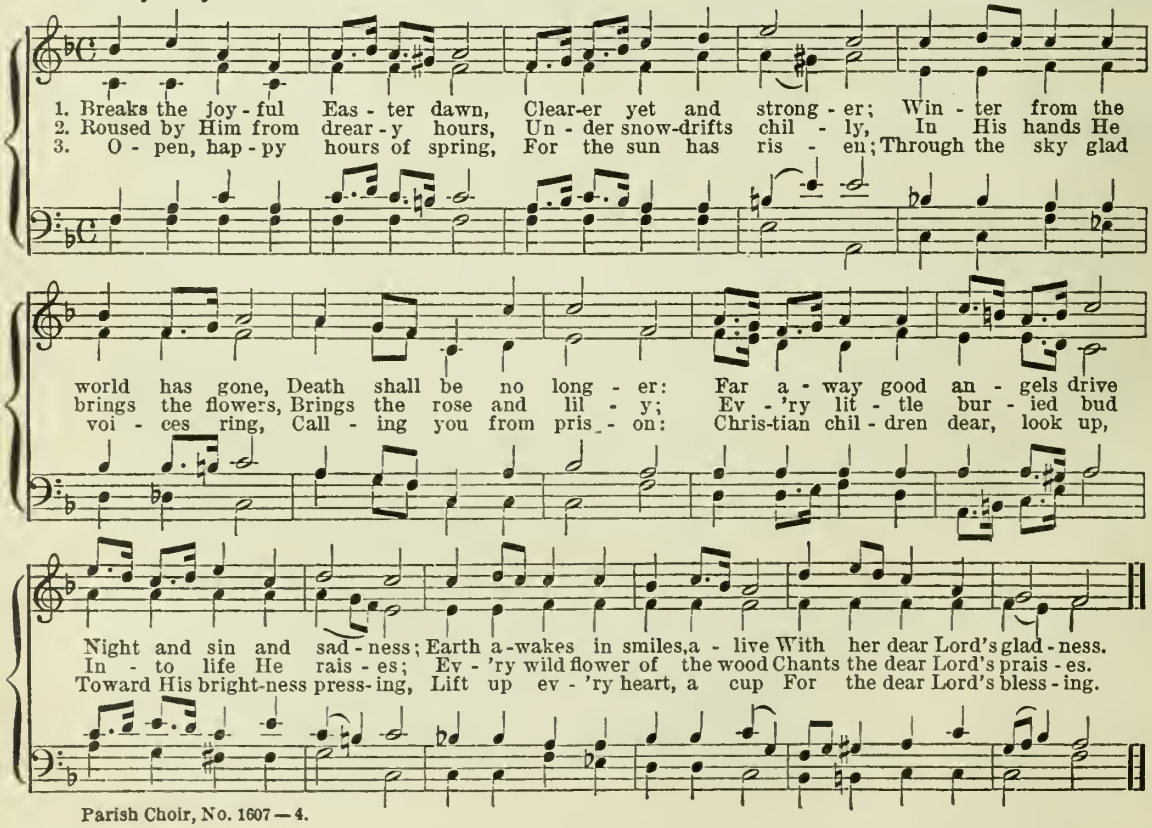
Carol 473. At Easter morn the lark ascending.

Words from the German of *Emmanuel Geibel.* *J. Knecht* (1793).

1. At Eas - ter morn the lark as - cend - ing, Loud car - olled forth her mer - ry lay,
To heaven's high dome her swift flight wend - ing, To greet with praise the new - born day.
2. A - wake! pour forth your streams, ye foun - tains, And praise the Lord with glad - some heart;
A - wake! and join the cho - rus, moun - tains, Let ev - ery tree and plant take part.
And as she car - olled, thus re - sound - ed From field and grove glad na - ture's voice:
Ye vio - lets in the mead - ows hid - ing, Ye flower-ets all, with per - fumed breath,
A - wake! let joy be now un - bound - ed, Our Lord is risen, let all re - joice!
Pro - claim a - loud the joy - ous tid - ings, Love hath o'er - come the power of death.

3 Then welcome all with acclamation,
This saving health the Lord doth bring,
Free pardon and a full salvation
Is uttered to us by the Spring.

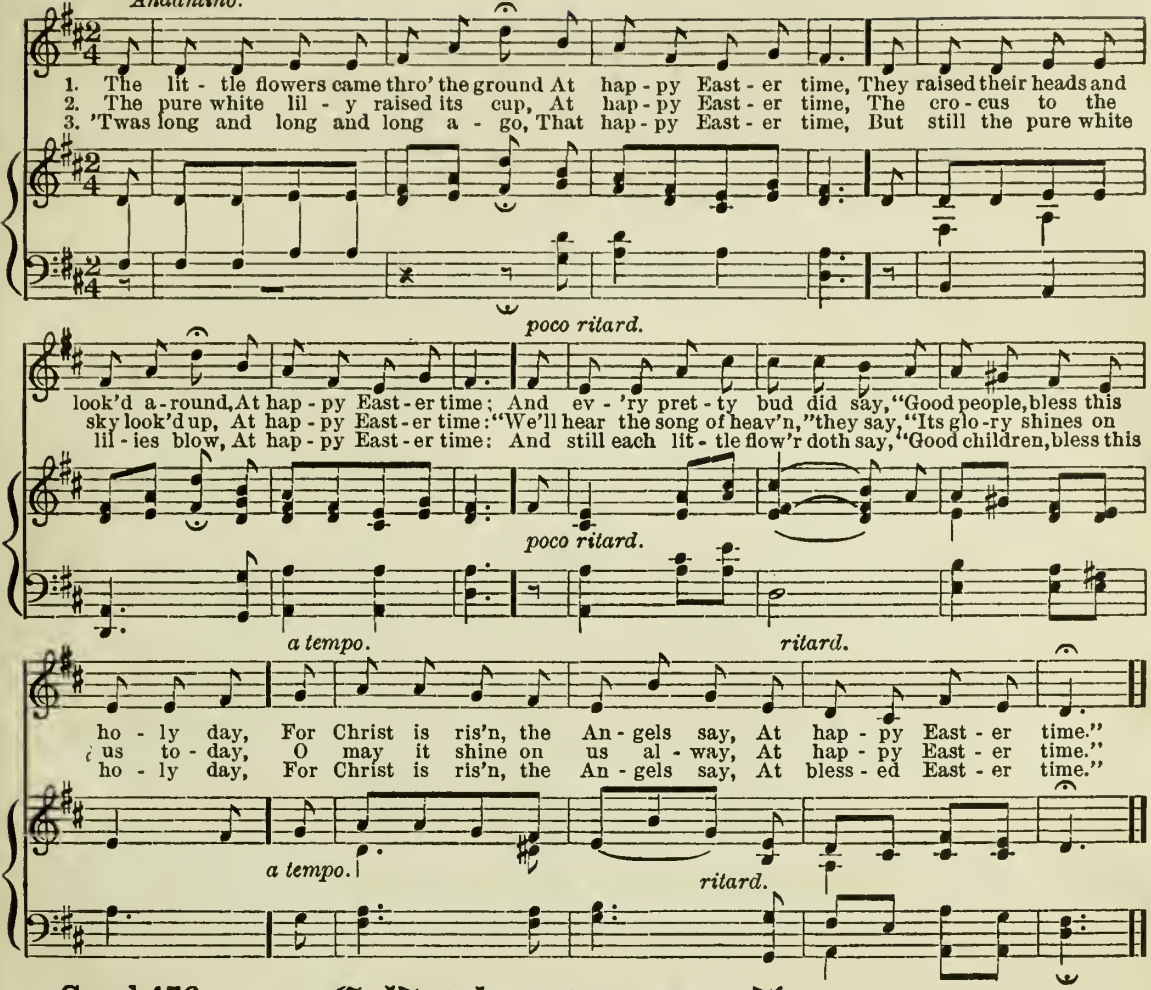
Almighty power new life hath given,
Each twig, once dead, doth know the dawn;
Almighty power the tomb hath riven —
Awake! it is the Easter morn!

Carol 474. Breaks the joyful Easter dawn.

Words by *Lucy Larcom.* *H. G. Gilmore.*

1. Breaks the joy - ful Eas - ter dawn, Clear-er yet and strong - er; Win - ter from the
2. Roused by Him from drear - y hours, Un - der snow-drifts chil - ly, In His hands He
3. O - pen, hap - py hours of spring, For the sun has ris - en; Through the sky glad
world has gone, Death shall be no long - er: Far a - way good an - gels drive
brings the flowers, Brings the rose and lil - y; Ev - 'ry lit - tle bur - ied bud
voi - ces ring, Call - ing you from pris - on: Chris-tian chil - dren dear, look up,
Night and sin and sad - ness; Earth a - wakes in smiles, a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.
In - to life He rais - es; Ev - 'ry wild flower of the wood Chants the dear Lord's prais - es.
Toward His bright-ness press - ing, Lift up ev - 'ry heart, a cup For the dear Lord's bless - ing.

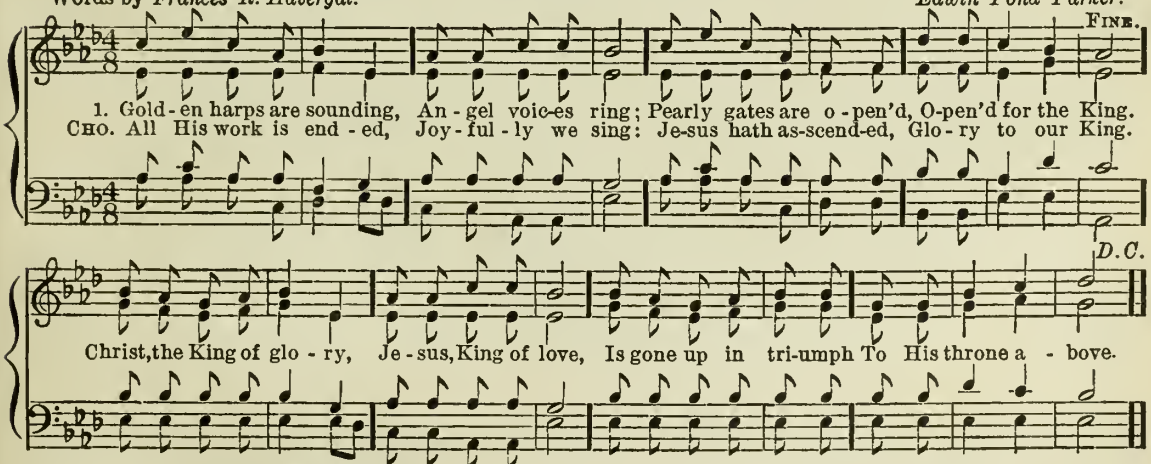
Carol 475. At happy Easter time.

Words by *Laura E. Richards.* *Reinecke.*

Andantino.

1. The lit - tle flowers came thro' the ground At hap - py East - er time, They raised their heads and look'd a - round, At hap - py East - er time; And ev - 'ry pret - ty bud did say, "Good people, bless this
2. The pure white lil - y raised its cup, At hap - py East - er time, The cro - cus to the sky look'd up, At hap - py East - er time: "We'll hear the song of heav'n," they say, "Its glo - ry shines on
3. 'Twas long and long and long a - go, That hap - py East - er time, But still the pure white lil - ies blow, At hap - py East - er time: And still each lit - tle flow'r doth say, "Good children, bless this
poco ritard.
poco ritard.
a tempo.
ritard.
ho - ly day, For Christ is ris'n, the An - gels say, At hap - py East - er time."
us to - day, O may it shine on us al - way, At hap - py East - er time."
ho - ly day, For Christ is ris'n, the An - gels say, At bless - ed East - er time."
a tempo.
ritard.

Carol 476. Golden harps are sounding.

ASCENSION.

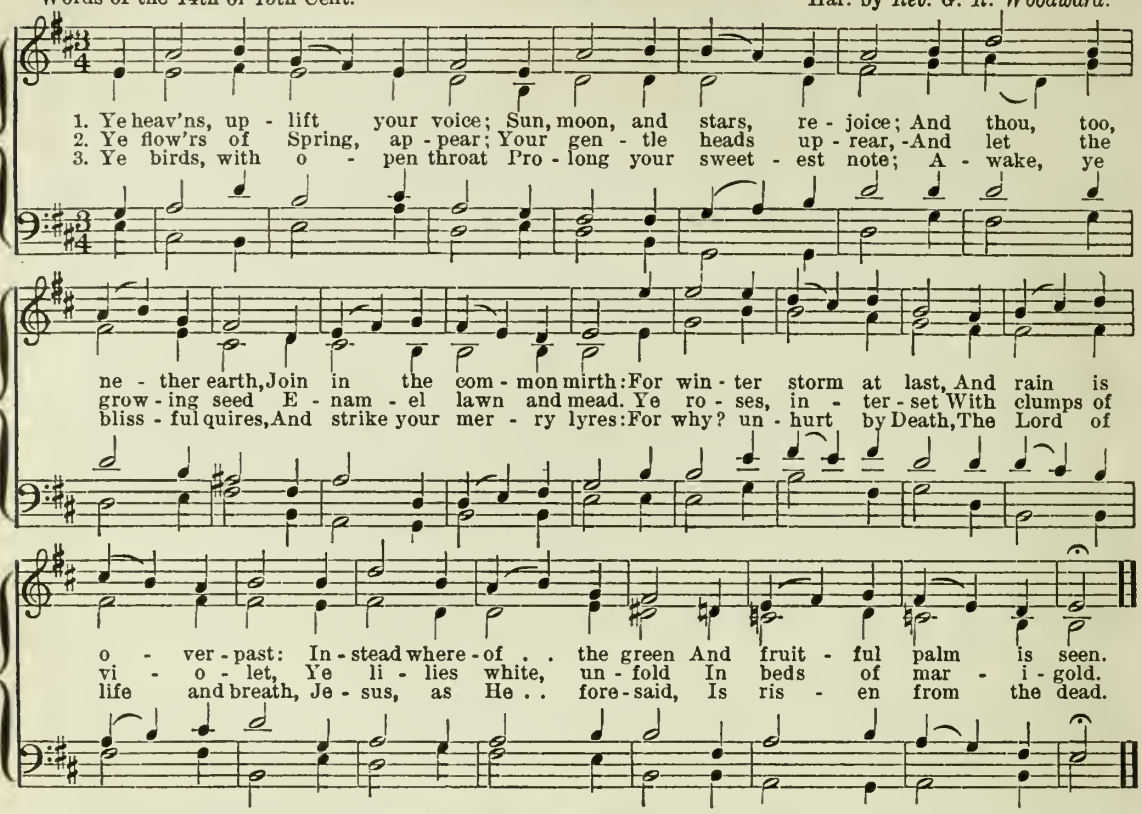
Words by *Frances R. Havergal.* *Edwin Pond Parker.*

FINE.
1. Gold - en harps are sounding, An - gel voic-es ring; Pearly gates are o - pen'd, O-pen'd for the King.
CHO. All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing: Je-sus hath as-scend-ed, Glo - ry to our King.
D.C.
Christ, the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a - bove.

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high! — CHO.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth, too. — CHO.

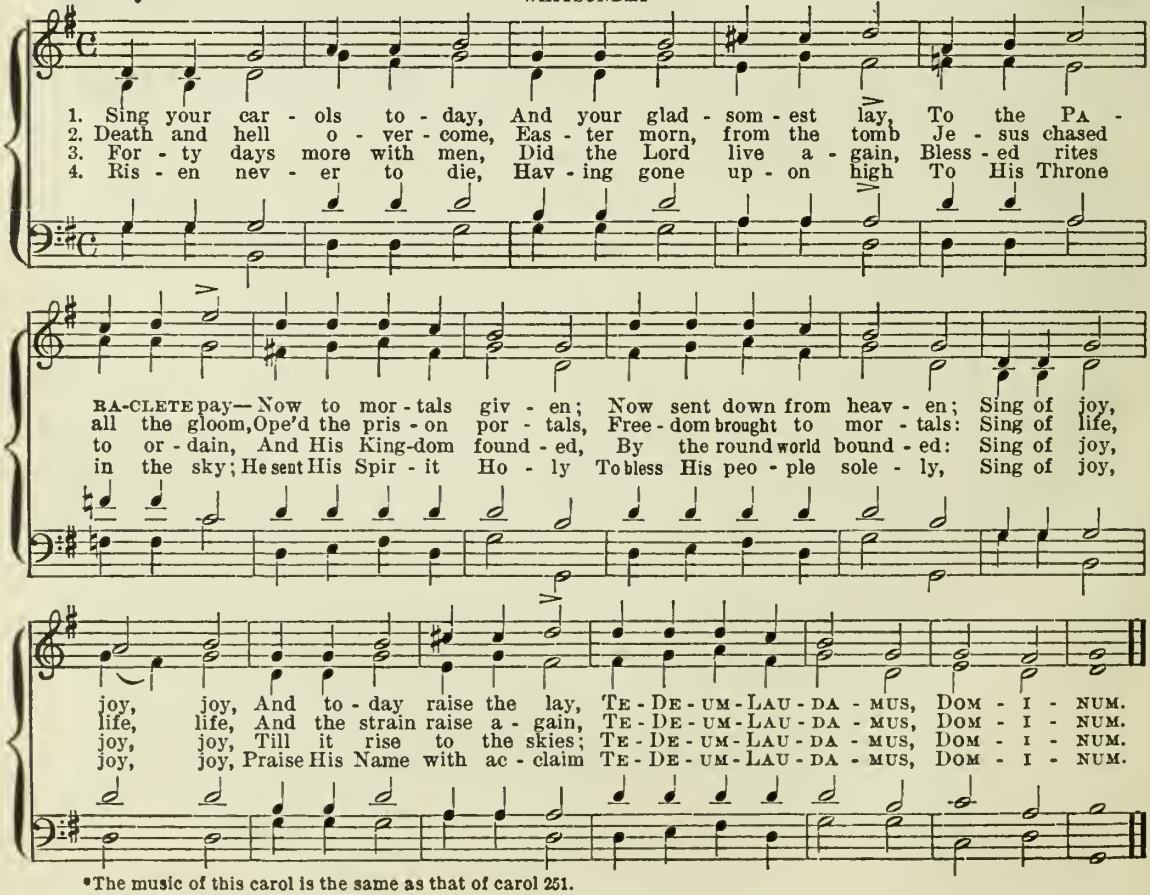
Carol. 477. Ye heav'ns, uplift your voice.

EASTER.

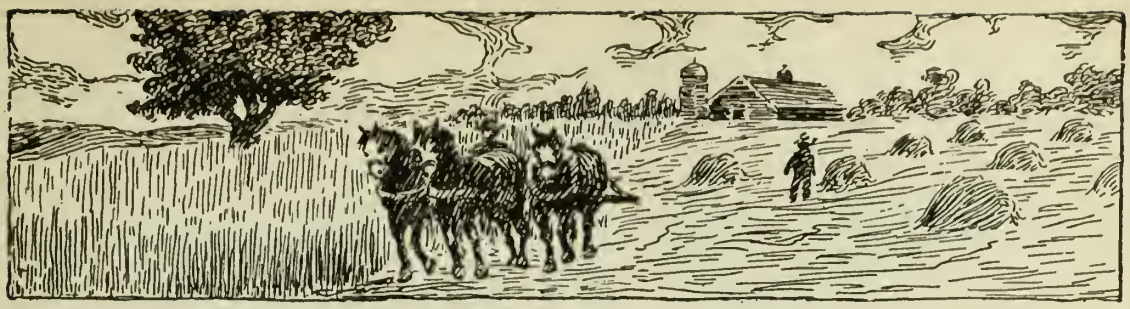
Words of the 14th or 15th Cent. Melody from *Piae Cantiones.* Har. by *Rev. G. R. Woodward.*

1. Ye heav'ns, up - lift your voice; Sun, moon, and stars, re - joice; And thou, too,
2. Ye flow'rs of Spring, ap - pear; Your gen - tle heads up - rear, -And let the
3. Ye birds, with o - pen throat Pro - long your sweet - est note; A - wake, ye
ne - ther earth, Join in the com - mon mirth: For win - ter storm at last, And rain is
grow - ing seed E - nam - el lawn and mead. Ye ro - ses, in - ter - set With clumps of
bliss - ful quires, And strike your mer - ry lyres: For why? un - hurt by Death, The Lord of
o - ver - past: In - stead where - of . . the green And fruit - ful palm is seen.
vi - o - let, Ye li - lies white, un - fold In beds of mar - i - gold.
life and breath, Je - sus, as He . . fore - said, Is ris - en from the dead.

Carol 478. Sing your Carols to-day.

Words by *Rev. J. C. Middleton.* WHITSUNDAY. *Geo. W. Warren.*


1. Sing your car - ols to - day, And your glad - som - est lay, To the PA -
2. Death and hell o - ver - come, Eas - ter morn, from the tomb Je - sus chased
3. For - ty days more with men, Did the Lord live a - gain, Bless - ed rites
4. Ris - en nev - er to die, Hav - ing gone up - on high To His Throne
RA-CLETE pay—Now to mor - tals giv - en; Now sent down from heav - en; Sing of joy,
all the gloom, Ope'd the pris - on por - tals, Free - dom brought to mor - tals: Sing of life,
to or - dain, And His King-dom found - ed, By the round world bound - ed: Sing of joy,
in the sky; He sent His Spir - it Ho - ly To bless His peo - ple sole - ly, Sing of joy,
joy, joy, And to - day raise the lay, TE - DE - UM - LAU - DA - MUS, DOM - I - NUM.
life, life, And the strain raise a - gain, TE - DE - UM - LAU - DA - MUS, DOM - I - NUM.
joy, joy, Till it rise to the skies; TE - DE - UM - LAU - DA - MUS, DOM - I - NUM.
joy, joy, Praise His Name with ac - claim TE - DE - UM - LAU - DA - MUS, DOM - I - NUM.

*The music of this carol is the same as that of carol 251.



Carol 479. The sower went forth sowing.

Words by *Rev. W. St. H. Bourne.* (HARVEST.) *Sir J. F. Bridge.*

♩ = 100.

mf 1. The sow - er went forth sow - ing, The seed in se - cret slept Thro' days of faith and pa - tience,
2. Be-hold! the heav'nly Sow - er Goes forth with bet - ter seed, The word of sure sal - va - tion,
mf 3. One day the heav'nly Sow - er Shall reap where He hath sown, And come a - gain re - joic - ing,

Till out the green blade crept; And warm'd by gold- en sun - shine, And fed by sil - ver rain, .
With feet and hands that bleed; Here in His Church 'tis scat - tered, Our spi - rits are the soil; .
And with Him bring His own; (*p*) And then the fan of judg-ment Shall win-now from His floor .

At last the fields were whi - tened To har-vest once a - gain. (*f*) O praise the heav'nly Sow - er,
Then let an am - ple fruit - age Re - pay His pain and toil. (*f*) O fair to Him the har - vest
The chaff in - to the fur - nace That fla-meth ev - er - more. (*mp*) O ho - ly, aw - ful Reap - er,

Who gave the fruit-ful seed, And watch'd and wa - ter'd du - ly, And ri - pen'd for our need.
Where - in all good-ness thrives, And this the true thanks-giv-ing, The first-fruits of our lives.
Have mer - cy in the day Thou put - test in Thy sick - le, And cast us not a - way.

Carol 479.(2) Little birds are singing.

Words by *M. E. J. Appleby.* (CHILDREN'S DAY.) *C. L. Naylor.*

Not too slow.

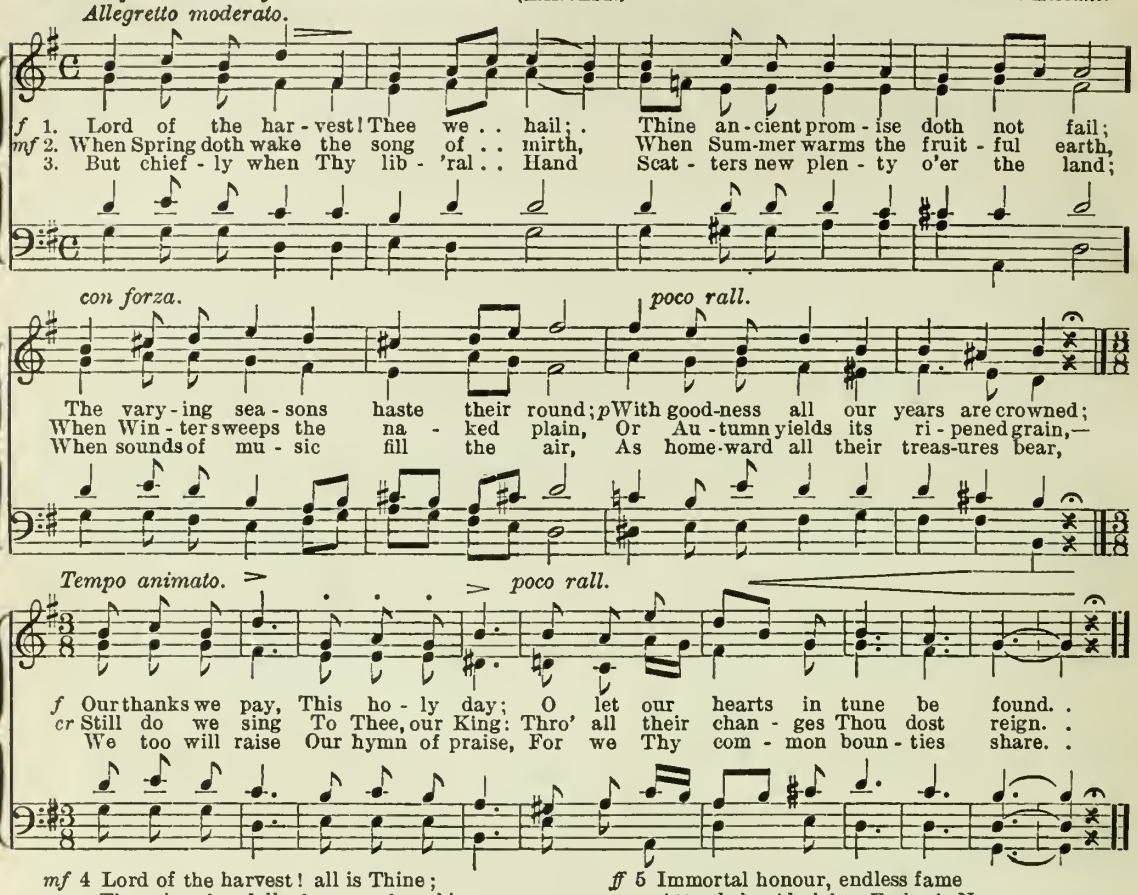
mf

1. Lit - tle birds are singing In the leaf - y trees; Lit - tle flow'rs are waving In the gen-tle breeze.
2. In the sun - ny meadows There are lambs at play; And the bees are working Glad-ly all the day.
3. Lord, Thy lit - tle chil-dren Sweet as flowers would be, Pour-ing forth the fragrance Of their lives to Thee.
4. Teach us, well and gladly All our tasks to do; Let us always please Thee In our playtime too.
5. Like the birds so hap-py, We Thy prais-es sing, While to Thee, O Sav-iour, Loving hearts we bring.

Parish Choir, No. 1633—4.

Carol 480. Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail.

Words by *J. H. Gurney.* (HARVEST.) *G. B. Lissant.*

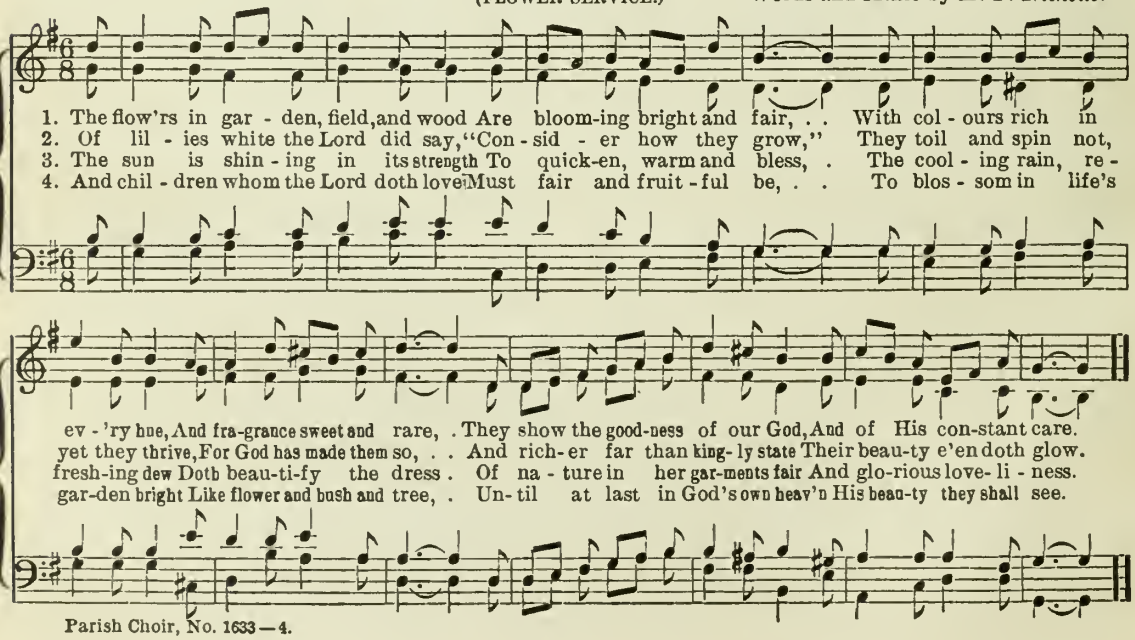
Allegretto moderato.

f 1. Lord of the har - vest! Thee we . . hail; . Thine an - cient prom - ise doth not fail;
mf 2. When Spring doth wake the song of . . mirth, When Sum-mer warms the fruit - ful earth,
3. But chief - ly when Thy lib - 'ral . . Hand Scat - ters new plen - ty o'er the land;
con forza.
poco rall.
The vary - ing sea - sons haste their round; p With good-ness all our years are crowned;
When Win - ters sweeps the na - ked plain, Or Au - tumn yields its ri - pened grain,—
When sounds of mu - sic fill the air, As home-ward all their treas-ures bear,
Tempo animato.
poco rall.
f Our thanks we pay, This ho - ly day; O let our hearts in tune be found. .
cr Still do we sing To Thee, our King: Thro' all their chan - ges Thou dost reign. .
We too will raise Our hymn of praise, For we Thy com - mon boun - ties share. .

mf 4 Lord of the harvest! all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
cr New every year
Thy gifts appear;
f New praises from our lips shall sound.

ff 5 Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
All glory to the Incarnate Son,
Who for lost man redemption won;
And equal praise
To Thee we raise,
Eternal Spirit, Three in One.

Carol 481. The flowers in garden, field and wood.

(FLOWER SERVICE.) Words and Music by *H. F. Nicholls.*


1. The flow'rs in gar - den, field, and wood Are bloom-ing bright and fair, . . With col - ours rich in
2. Of lil - ies white the Lord did say, "Con - sid - er how they grow," They toil and spin not,
3. The sun is shin - ing in its strength To quick-en, warm and bless, . The cool - ing rain, re -
4. And chil - dren whom the Lord doth love Must fair and fruit - ful be, . . To blos - som in life's
ev - 'ry hue, And fra-grance sweet and rare, . They show the good-ness of our God, And of His con-stant care.
yet they thrive, For God has made them so, . . And rich-er far than king-ly state Their beau-ty e'en doth glow.
fresh-ing dew Doth beau-ti-fy the dress. Of na - ture in her gar-ments fair And glo-rious love- li - ness.
gar-den bright Like flower and bush and tree, . Un-til at last in God's own heav'n His beau-ty they shall see.

Carol 482. Heavenly Father, God alone.

Words by *Rev. G. Moultrie.* (HARVEST.) *G. B. Lissant.*

With expression. *cres.*

1. *p* Heav'nly Fa - ther, God a - lone, Lo! be - fore Thy mer-cy - seat *f* We pre-sent Thee with Thine own,
2. Sum-mer days are past and gone, Au-tumn sunshine will not last, And bright moments, one by one,
3. *mf* Thanks we give; (*p*) and yet we pray In our Har-vest Fes - ti - val, Teach us all to live to - day,
4. *pp* When the Mas - ter on that Morn With His Har-vest-ers shall come, And shall ga-ther in His corn,
5. *mf* And the An - gels reap the wheat, And bind up the ears of gold, Yield - ing fruit a-bout His feet

dim. CHORUS. *rall.*

Lay - ing it be - fore Thy feet:
Drop a - way in - to the past:
pp For the Day which comes to all:
For the last great Harvest-Home:
} Lord of mer- cy and of grace, Hear from Heav'n Thy Dwell-ing-Place.
(CHO. *after last verse.*)
Fif - ty and a hun-dred-fold: *f* Bear these sheaves, O Lord of grace, In - to Heav'n Thy Dwell-ing-Place.

rall.

Carol 483. It is a day of gladness.

Words by *Mrs. C. F. Hernaman.* (FLOWER SERVICE OR CHILDREN'S DAY.) *C. A. Barry.*

Cheerfully. TREBLES AND ALTOS.

mf

1. It is a day of glad - ness, When all our friendly band, Christ's mem-bers, thus to - ge - ther,
2. In low-li - ness and meek-ness May we from day to day Still in our Mas-ter's foot - steps
3. O joy with-in the vine - yard To la - bour for the Lord, Joy on this hap-py feast - day

In Him u - ni - ted stand; To - ge - ther lift our voi - ces To praise Him for His love,
Pass on our heav'n-ward way; O make us, bless - ed Mas-ter, Pure, e'en as Thou art pure,
To praise with one ac - cord: Joy of all joys the great-est To hear Him say "Well done;

CHORUS.

f

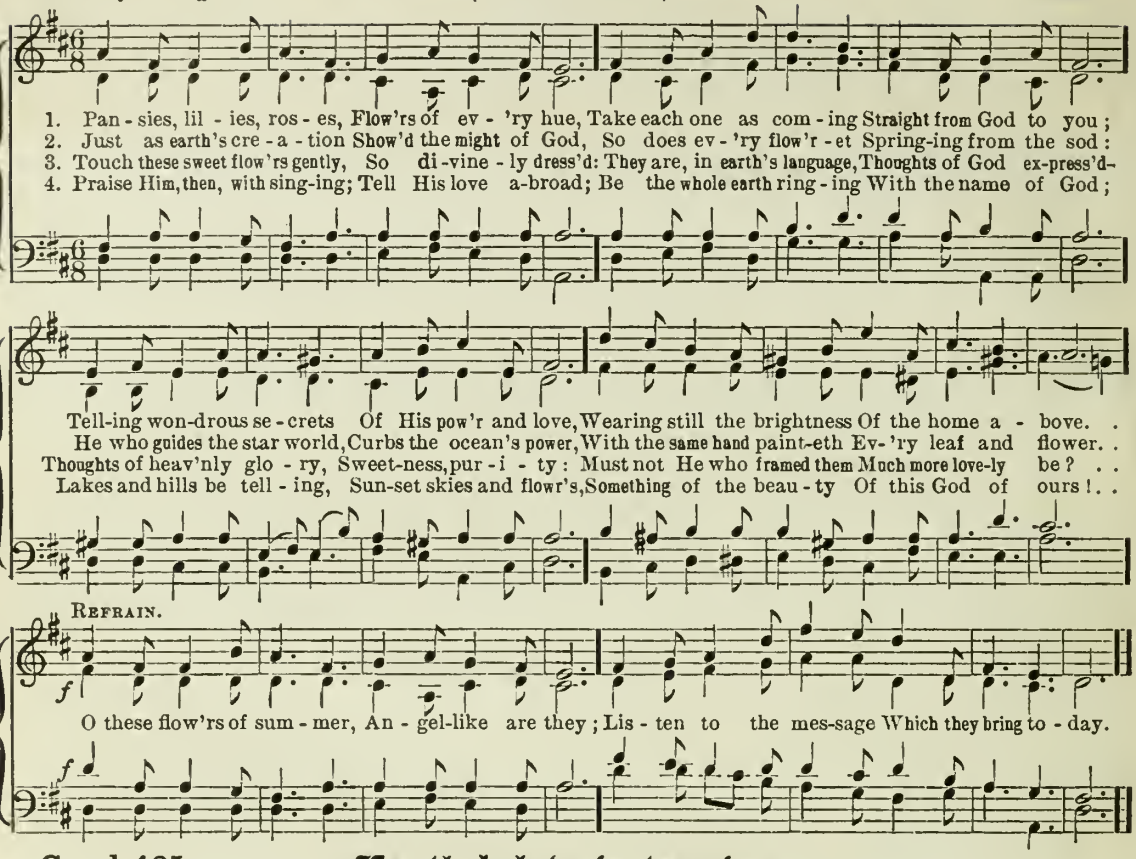
And pray that we may wor - thy Of all His mer-cies prove.
And grant as faith-ful ser - vants We to the end en - dure.
Rest, good and faith-ful ser - vant, Thy heav'nly crown is won."
} Haste forward, then, dear children,

f

Reach to the glo-rious prize, The mark of our high call - ing. The Crown a - bove the skies.

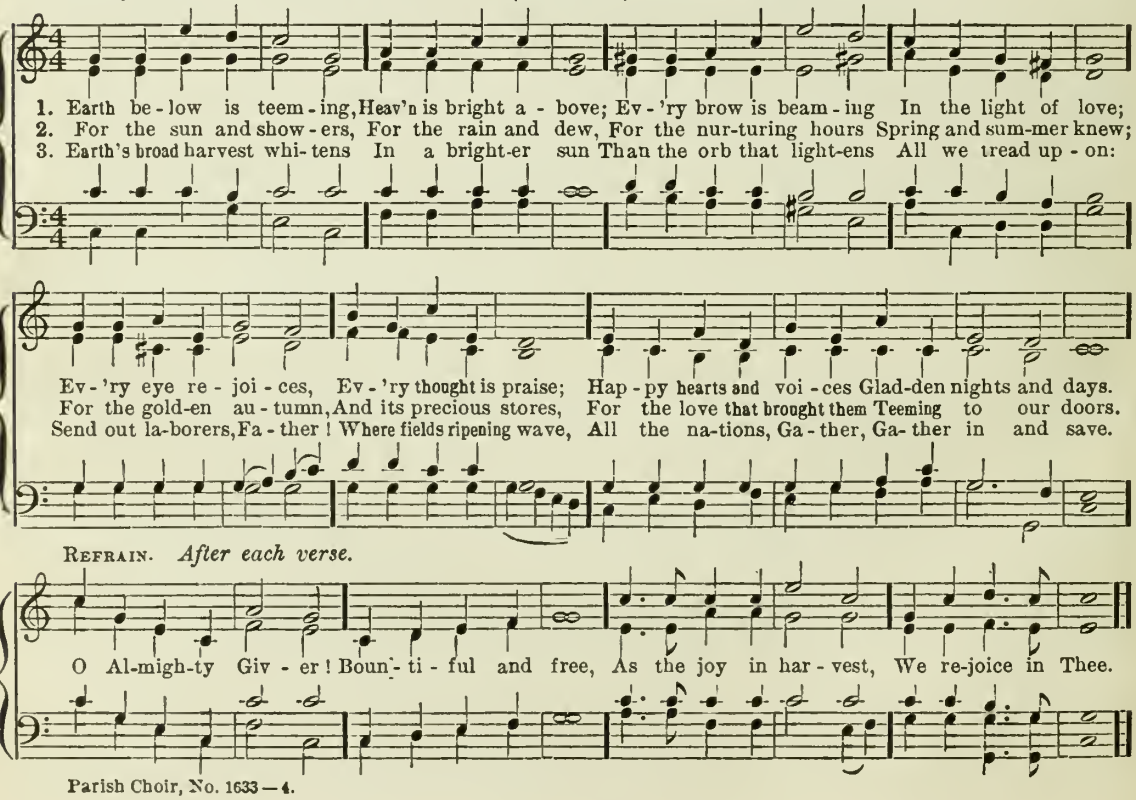
Carol 484. Pansies, lilies, roses.

Words by *C. Griffiths.* (FLOWER SERVICE.) *J. Booth.*


1. Pan - sies, lil - ies, ros - es, Flow'rs of ev - 'ry hue, Take each one as com - ing Straight from God to you;
2. Just as earth's cre - a - tion Show'd the might of God, So does ev - 'ry flow'r - et Spring-ing from the sod:
3. Touch these sweet flow'rs gently, So di-vine - ly dress'd: They are, in earth's language, Thoughts of God ex-press'd-
4. Praise Him, then, with sing-ing; Tell His love a-broad; Be the whole earth ring - ing With the name of God;
Tell-ing won-drous se - crets Of His pow'r and love, Wearing still the brightness Of the home a - bove.
He who guides the star world, Curbs the ocean's power, With the same hand paint-eth Ev-'ry leaf and flower.
Thoughts of heav'nly glo - ry, Sweet-ness, pur - i - ty: Must not He who framed them Much more love-ly be?
Lakes and hills be tell - ing, Sun-set skies and flowr's, Something of the beau - ty Of this God of ours!
Refrain.
O these flow'rs of sum - mer, An - gel-like are they; Lis - ten to the mes-sage Which they bring to - day.

Carol 485. Earth below is teeming.

Words by *Rev. J. S. B. Monsell.* (HARVEST.)


1. Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove; Ev - 'ry brow is beam - ing In the light of love;
2. For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew, For the nur-turing hours Spring and sum-mer knew;
3. Earth's broad harvest whi - tens In a bright-er sun Than the orb that light-ens All we tread up - on:
Ev - 'ry eye re - joi - ces, Ev - 'ry thought is praise; Hap - py hearts and voi - ces Glad-den nights and days.
For the gold-en au - tumn, And its precious stores, For the love that brought them Teeming to our doors.
Send out la-borers, Fa - ther! Where fields ripening wave, All the na-tions, Ga - ther, Ga - ther in and save.
Refrain. *After each verse.*
O Al-migh-ty Giv - er! Boun - ti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest, We re-joice in Thee.

There's a song in the air.

Carol 486. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *J. G. Holland.* *Rev. George E. Martin.*

1. There's a song in the air! There's a Star in the sky! There's a moth-er's deep prayer and a
2. There's a tu-mult of joy o'er the won-der-ful birth, For the Vir-gin's sweet Boy is the
3. In the light of that Star lie the a-ges im-pearled; And that song from a-far has swept
4. We re-joice in the light, and we ech-o the song That comes down through the night from the

ba-by's low cry! And the Star rains its fire while the beau-ti-ful sing, For the
Lord of the earth! Ay! the Star rains its fire, and the beau-ti-ful sing, For the
o-ver the world. Ev-ery hearth is a-flame, and the beau-ti-ful sing In the
heav-en-ly throng. Ay! we shout to the love-ly e-van-gel they bring, And we

man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King.
man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King.
homes of the na-tions that Je-sus is King, In the homes of the na-tions that Je-sus is King.
greet in His cra-dle our Sa-viour and King, And we greet in His cra-dle our Sa-viour and King.

REFRAIN, *after each verse.*

ff *rit.*

And the Star rains its fire while the beauti-ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King.

ff

a tempo. *rit.* *a tempo.*

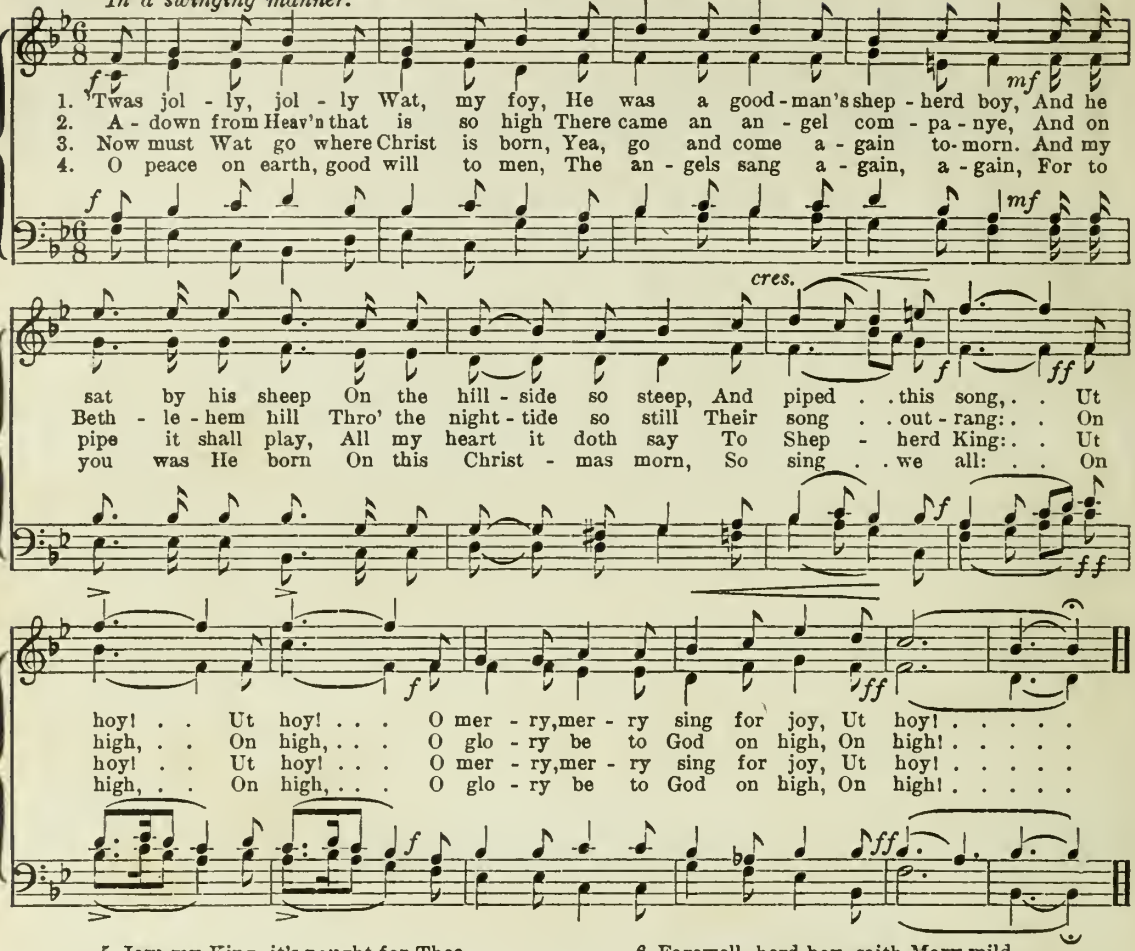
Ay! the Star rains its fire, and the beau-ti-ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King.

From "The School Hymnal," by permission.
Parish Choir, No. 1643—4.

Carol 487. 'Twas jolly, jolly Wat.

CHRISTMAS.

Rt. Rev. *C. W. Stubbs.* (Suggested by an episode in a 15th Century miracle play.) *T. T. Noble.*

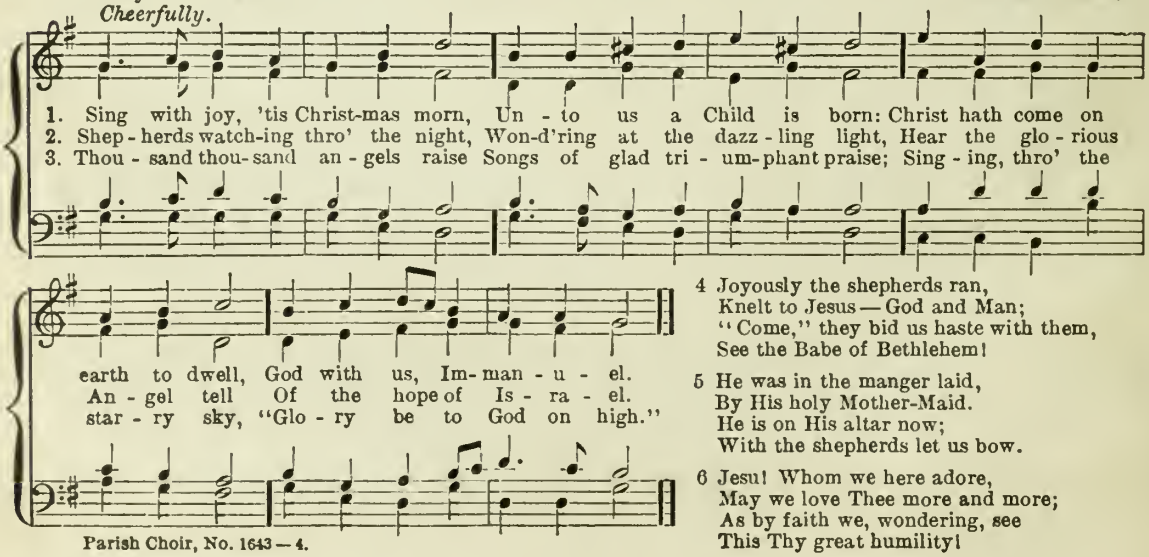
In a swinging manner.

1. 'Twas jol - ly, jol - ly Wat, my foy, He was a good-man's shep - herd boy, And he
2. A - down from Heav'n that is so high There came an an - gel com - pa - nye, And on
3. Now must Wat go where Christ is born, Yea, go and come a - gain to-morn. And my
4. O peace on earth, good will to men, The an - gels sang a - gain, a - gain, For to
sat by his sheep On the hill - side so steep, And piped . . this song, . . Ut
Beth - le - hem hill Thro' the night - tide so still Their song . . out - rang: . . On
pipe it shall play, All my heart it doth say To Shep - herd King: . . Ut
you was He born On this Christ - mas morn, So sing . . we all: . . On
hoy! . . Ut hoy! . . . O mer - ry, mer - ry sing for joy, Ut hoy! . . . . .
high, . . On high, . . . O glo - ry be to God on high, On high! . . . . .
hoy! . . Ut hoy! . . . O mer - ry, mer - ry sing for joy, Ut hoy! . . . . .
high, . . On high, . . . O glo - ry be to God on high, On high! . . . . .

5 Jesu my King, it's naught for Thee,
A bob of cherries, one, two, three,
But my tar-box and ball,
And my pipe, I give all
To Thee, my King.
Ut hoy! Ut hoy!
O merry, merry sing for joy,
Ut hoy!

6 Farewell, herd-boy, saith Mary mild.
Thanks, jolly Wat, smiled Mary's Child,
For fit gift for a king
Is your heart in the thing.
So pipe you well,
For joy, for joy!
O merry, merry sing for joy,
Ut hoy!

Carol 488. Sing with joy, 'tis Christmas morn.

Words by *C. F. Hernaman.* *Sir John Stainer.*

Cheerfully.

1. Sing with joy, 'tis Christ-mas morn, Un - to us a Child is born: Christ hath come on
2. Shep - herds watch-ing thro' the night, Won-d'ring at the dazz - ling light, Hear the glo - rious
3. Thou - sand thou-sand an - gels raise Songs of glad tri - um-phant praise; Sing - ing, thro' the
earth to dwell, God with us, Im-man - u - el.
An - gel tell Of the hope of Is - ra - el.
star - ry sky, "Glo - ry be to God on high."

4 Joyously the shepherds ran,
Knelt to Jesus — God and Man;
"Come," they bid us haste with them,
See the Babe of Bethlehem!

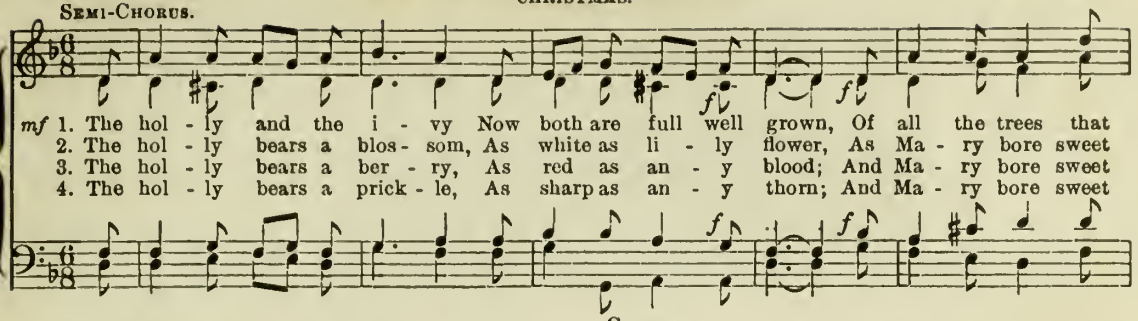
5 He was in the manger laid,
By His holy Mother-Maid.
He is on His altar now;
With the shepherds let us bow.

6 Jesu! Whom we here adore,
May we love Thee more and more;
As by faith we, wondering, see
This Thy great humility!

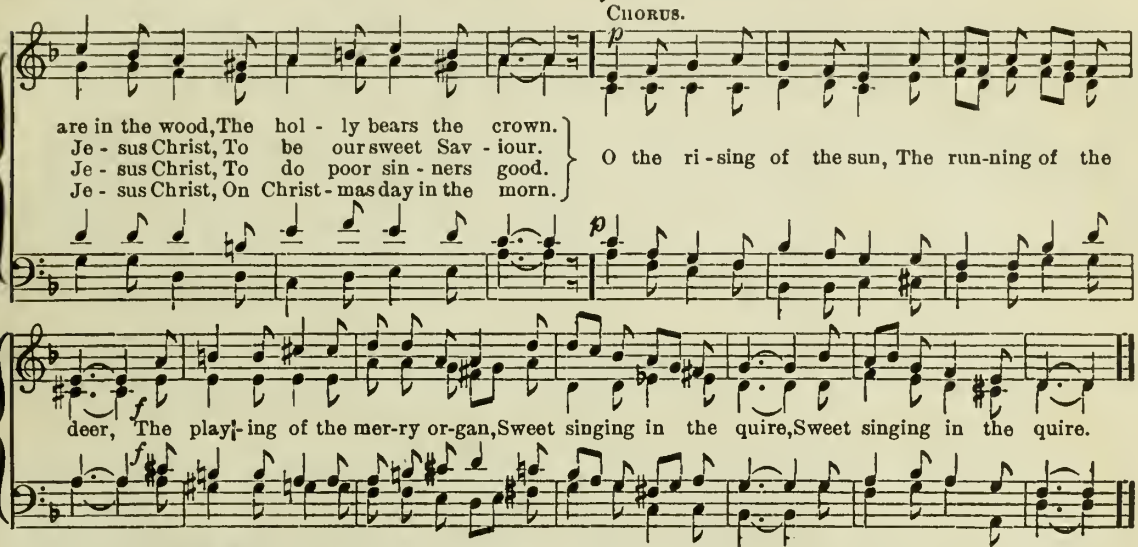
The holly and the ivy.

Carol 489. CHRISTMAS. *Old French.*

SEMI-CHORUS.


mf 1. The hol - ly and the i - vy Now both are full well grown, Of all the trees that
2. The hol - ly bears a blos - som, As white as li - ly flower, As Ma - ry bore sweet
3. The hol - ly bears a ber - ry, As red as an - y blood; And Ma - ry bore sweet
4. The hol - ly bears a prick - le, As sharp as an - y thorn; And Ma - ry bore sweet

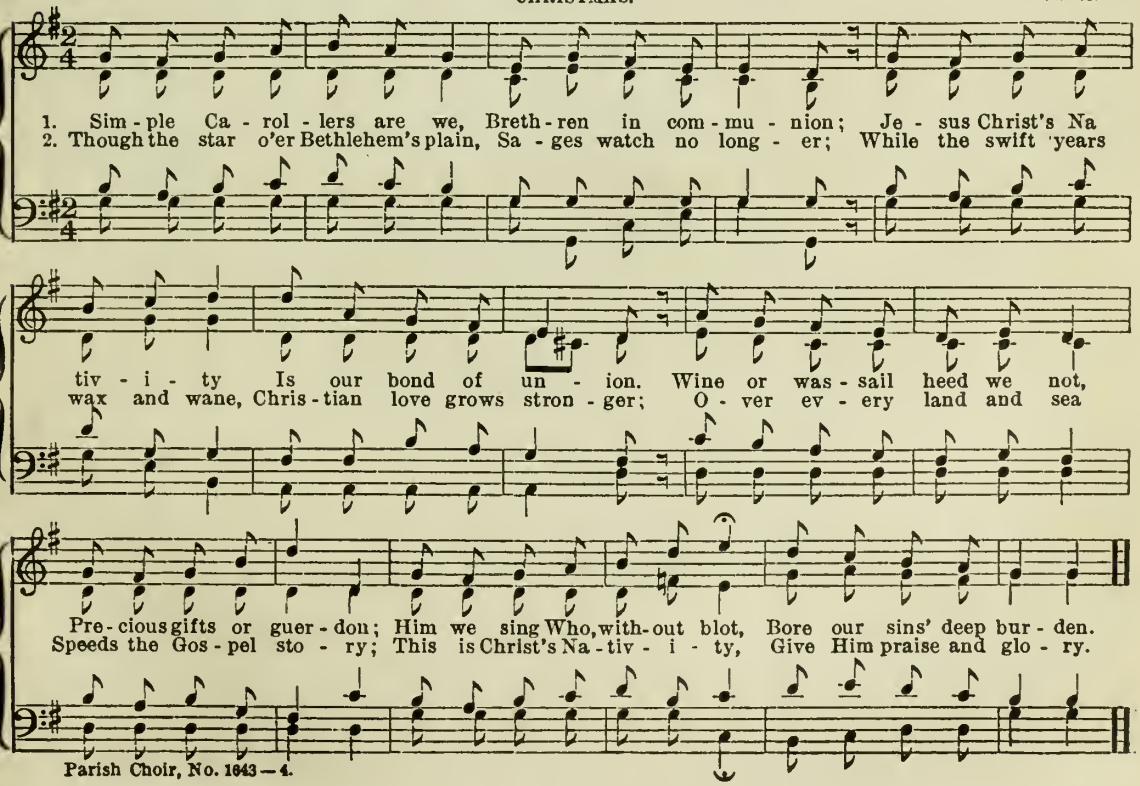
CHORUS.


are in the wood, The hol - ly bears the crown.
Je - sus Christ, To be our sweet Sav - iour.
Je - sus Christ, To do poor sin - ners good.
Je - sus Christ, On Christ - mas day in the morn.
O the ri - sing of the sun, The run-ning of the
deer, The play - ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet singing in the quire, Sweet singing in the quire.

5 The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as dry gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
CHO. O the rising of the sun, etc.

6 The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
CHO. O the rising of the sun, etc.

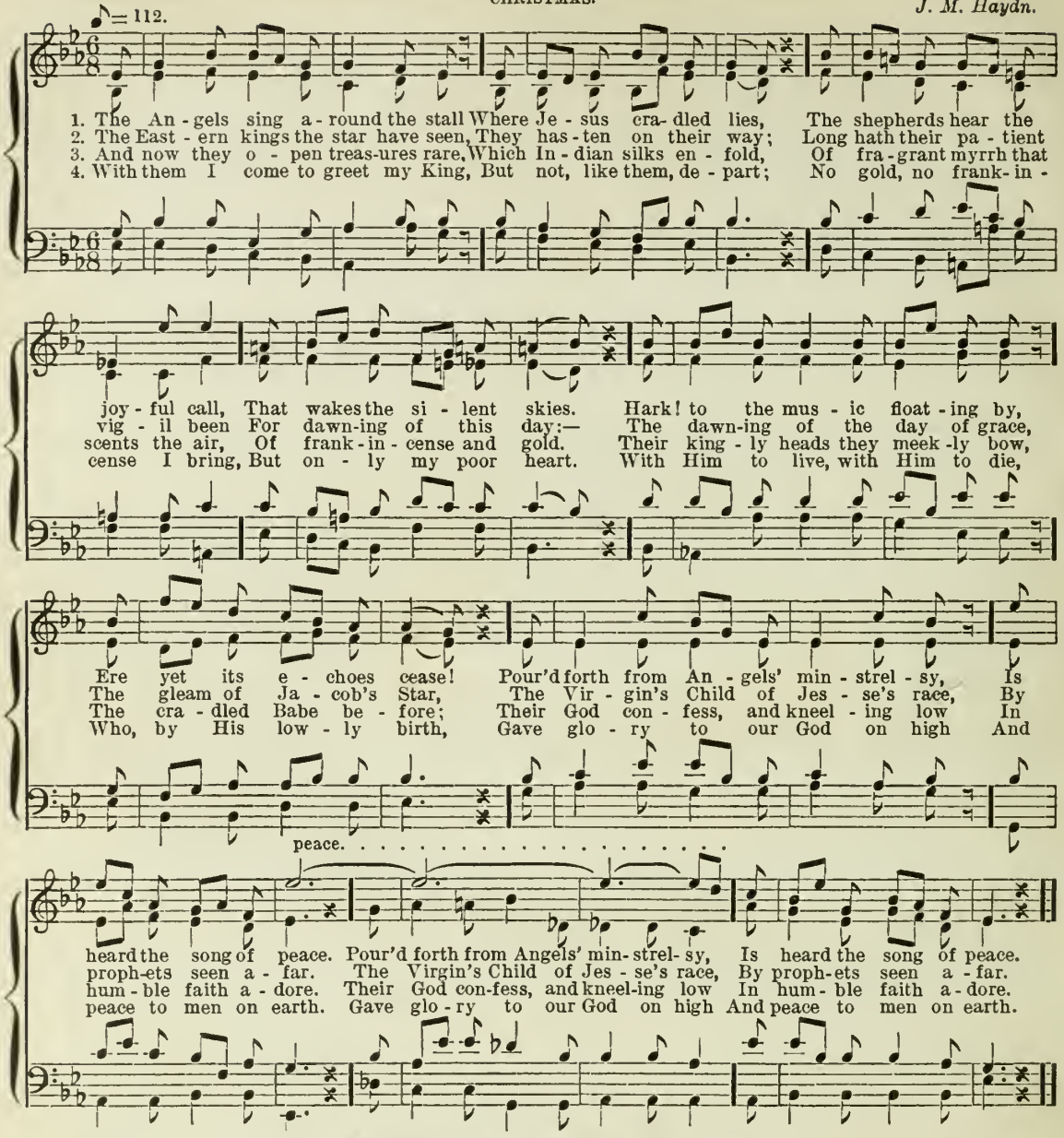
Simple Carollers are we.

Carol 490. CHRISTMAS. *J. B. Boucher.*

1. Sim - ple Ca - rol - lers are we, Breth - ren in com - mu - nion; Je - sus Christ's Na
2. Though the star o'er Bethlehem's plain, Sa - ges watch no long - er; While the swift years
tiv - i - ty Is our bond of un - ion. Wine or was - sail heed we not,
wax and wane, Chris - tian love grows stron - ger; O - ver ev - ery land and sea
Pre - cious gifts or guer - don; Him we sing Who, with - out blot, Bore our sins' deep bur - den.
Speeds the Gos - pel sto - ry; This is Christ's Na - tiv - i - ty, Give Him praise and glo - ry.

Carol 491. The Angels sing around the stall.

CHRISTMAS.

J. M. Haydn.

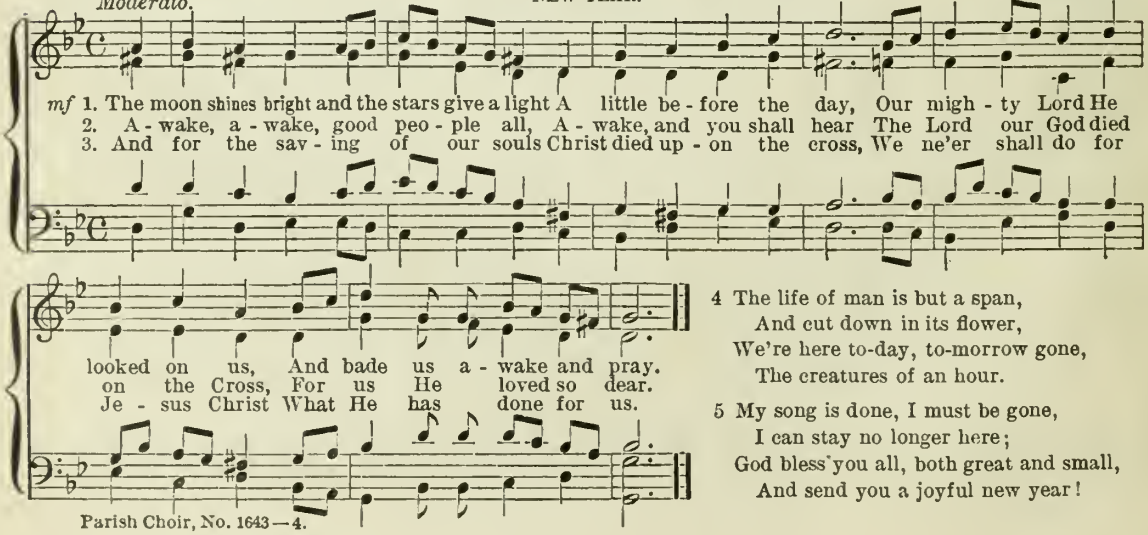

♪ = 112.
1. The An - gels sing a - round the stall Where Je - sus cra - dled lies, The shepherds hear the
2. The East - ern kings the star have seen, They has - ten on their way; Long hath their pa - tient
3. And now they o - pen treas-ures rare, Which In - dian silks en - fold, Of fra - grant myrrh that
4. With them I come to greet my King, But not, like them, de - part; No gold, no frank - in -
joy - ful call, That wakes the si - lent skies. Hark! to the mus - ic float - ing by,
vig - il been For dawn-ing of this day:— The dawn-ing of the day of grace,
scents the air, Of frank - in - cense and gold. Their king - ly heads they meek - ly bow,
cense I bring, But on - ly my poor heart. With Him to live, with Him to die,
Ere yet its e - choes cease! Pour'd forth from An - gels' min - strel - sy, Is
The gleam of Ja - cob's Star, The Vir - gin's Child of Jes - se's race, By
The cra - dled Babe be - fore; Their God con - fess, and kneel - ing low In
Who, by His low - ly birth, Gave glo - ry to our God on high And
peace.
heard the song of peace. Pour'd forth from Angels' min - strel - sy, Is heard the song of peace.
proph-ets seen a - far. The Virgin's Child of Jes - se's race, By proph-ets seen a - far.
hum - ble faith a - dore. Their God con-fess, and kneel-ing low In hum - ble faith a - dore.
peace to men on earth. Gave glo - ry to our God on high And peace to men on earth.

Carol 492. The moon shines bright.

NEW YEAR.

Traditional.

Moderato.


mf 1. The moon shines bright and the stars give a light A little be - fore the day, Our migh - ty Lord He
2. A - wake, a - wake, good peo - ple all, A - wake, and you shall hear The Lord our God died
3. And for the sav - ing of our souls Christ died up - on the cross, We ne'er shall do for
looked on us, And bade us a - wake and pray.
on the Cross, For us He loved so dear.
Je - sus Christ What He has done for us.

4 The life of man is but a span,
And cut down in its flower,
We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,
The creatures of an hour.

5 My song is done, I must be gone,
I can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful new year!

This day is born Emmanuel.

Carol 493. CHRISTMAS. *M. Praetorius.*

Moderato. Preferably unaccompanied. TUTTI.

SOLO.

1. This day is born Em-man -u - el, God with us. Fore-told to us by Ga - bri - el, God with us.
2. He lies with-in the man-ger low, God with us. Let all the world now see Him so, God with us.

God with us. Who dare the truth de - ny? VERSE 3. TUTTI. 3. A glo - ry shines a - round His head, God with

us! May all the world to Him be led, God with us. God with us. Who dare the truth de - ny?

A Child this day is born.

Carol 494. CHRISTMAS. *Traditional.*

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high re -
2. These ti - dings shep - herds heard While watch - ing o'er their
3. Then was there with the Angel An host in - con - ti -

CHORUS *after each verse.*
Glad ti - dings to all men, Glad ti - dings sing we

nown; Most wor - thy of a scep - tre, A scep - tre and a crown.
fold; 'Twas by an An - gel un - to them That night re - vealed and told.
nent* Of hea - ven - ly bright sol - diers, All from the high - est sent.
may, Be - cause the King of kings . . Was born on Christ - mas - Day.

4 They praised the Lord our God,
And our celestial King:
All glory be in Paradise,
This heavenly host do sing.
Glad tidings, etc.

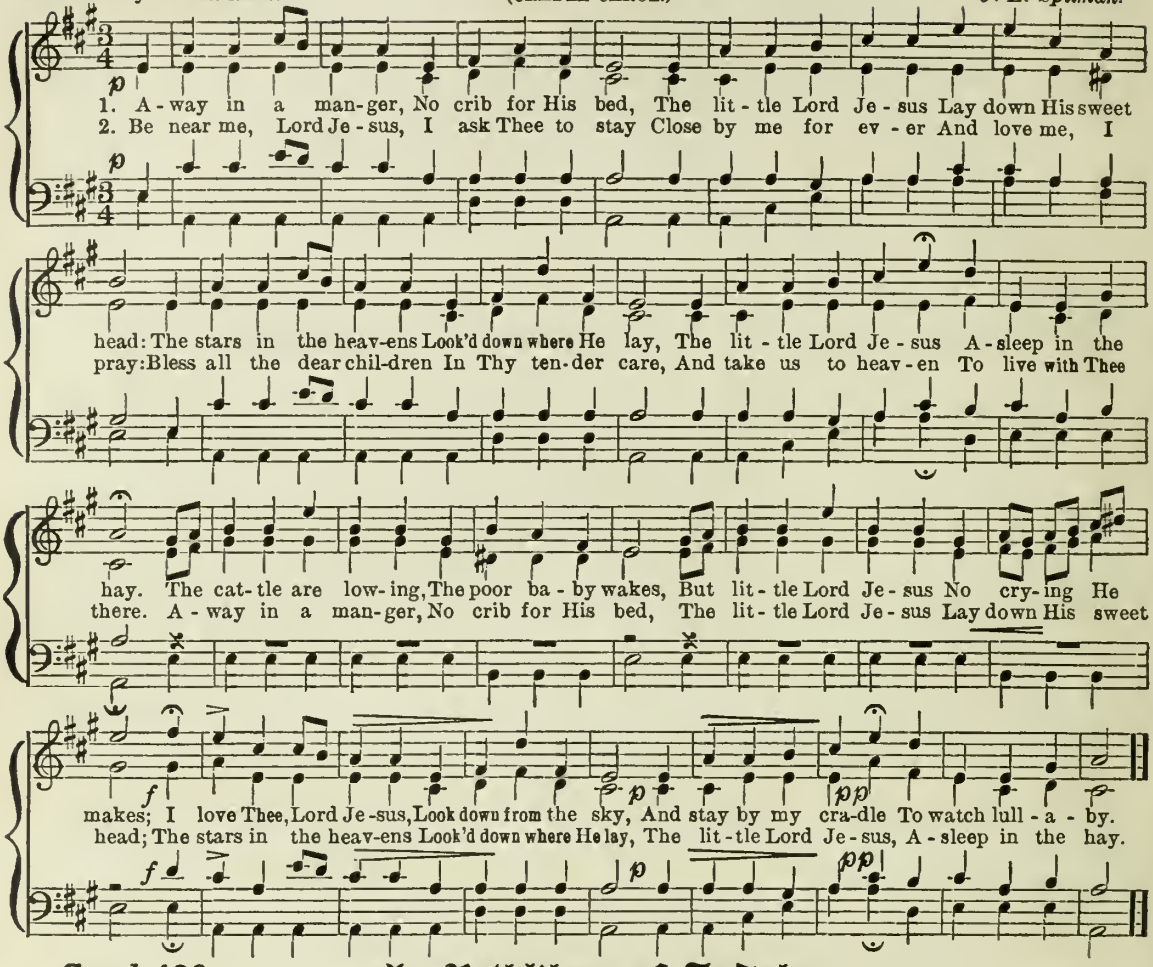
5 All glory be to God,
That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
And joyful melody.
Glad tidings, etc.

*Instantly, immediately.

Parish Choir, No. 1641—4.

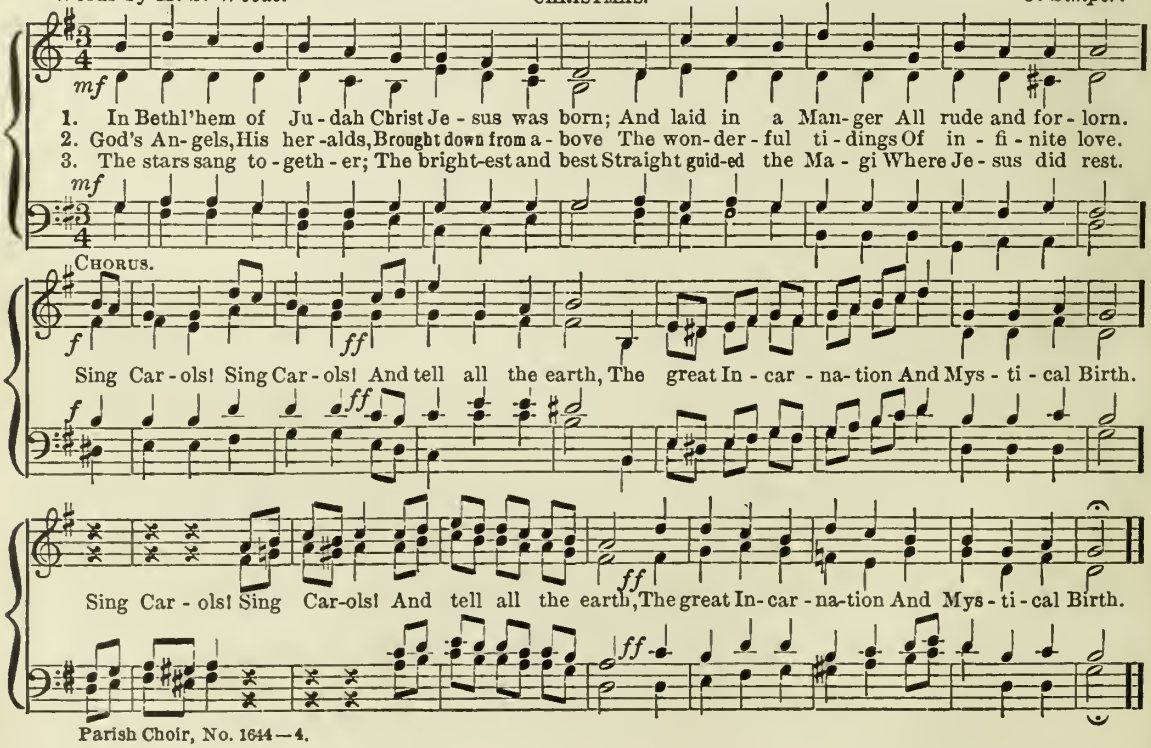
Carol 495. Away in a manger.

Words by *Martin Luther.* (CRADLE CAROL.) *J. E. Spilman.*


1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down His sweet
2. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for ev - er And love me, I
head: The stars in the heav-ens Look'd down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep in the
pray: Bless all the dear chil-dren In Thy ten-der care, And take us to heav - en To live with Thee
hay. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord Je - sus No cry - ing He
there. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down His sweet
makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle To watch lull - a - by.
head; The stars in the heav-ens Look'd down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep in the hay.

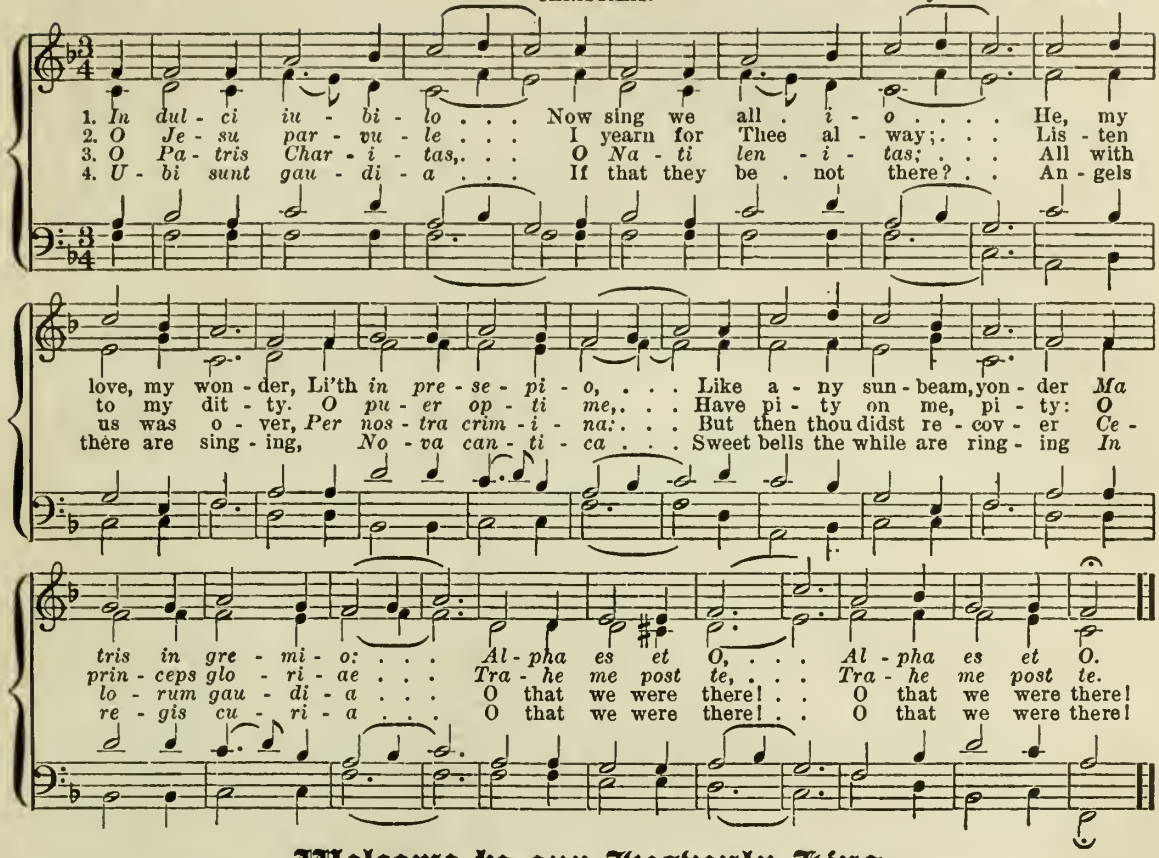
Carol 496. In Bethl'hem of Judah.

Words by *A. S. Woods.* CHRISTMAS. *C. Simper.*


1. In Bethl'hem of Ju - dah Christ Je - sus was born; And laid in a Man - ger All rude and for - lorn.
2. God's An - gels, His her - alds, Brought down from a - bove The won - der - ful ti - dings Of in - fi - nite love.
3. The stars sang to - geth - er; The bright-est and best Straight guid-ed the Ma - gi Where Je - sus did rest.
Chorus.
Sing Car - ols! Sing Car - ols! And tell all the earth, The great In - car - na - tion And Mys - ti - cal Birth.
Sing Car - ols! Sing Car-ols! And tell all the earth, The great In-car - na-tion And Mys - ti - cal Birth.

Carol 497. In dulci jubilo.

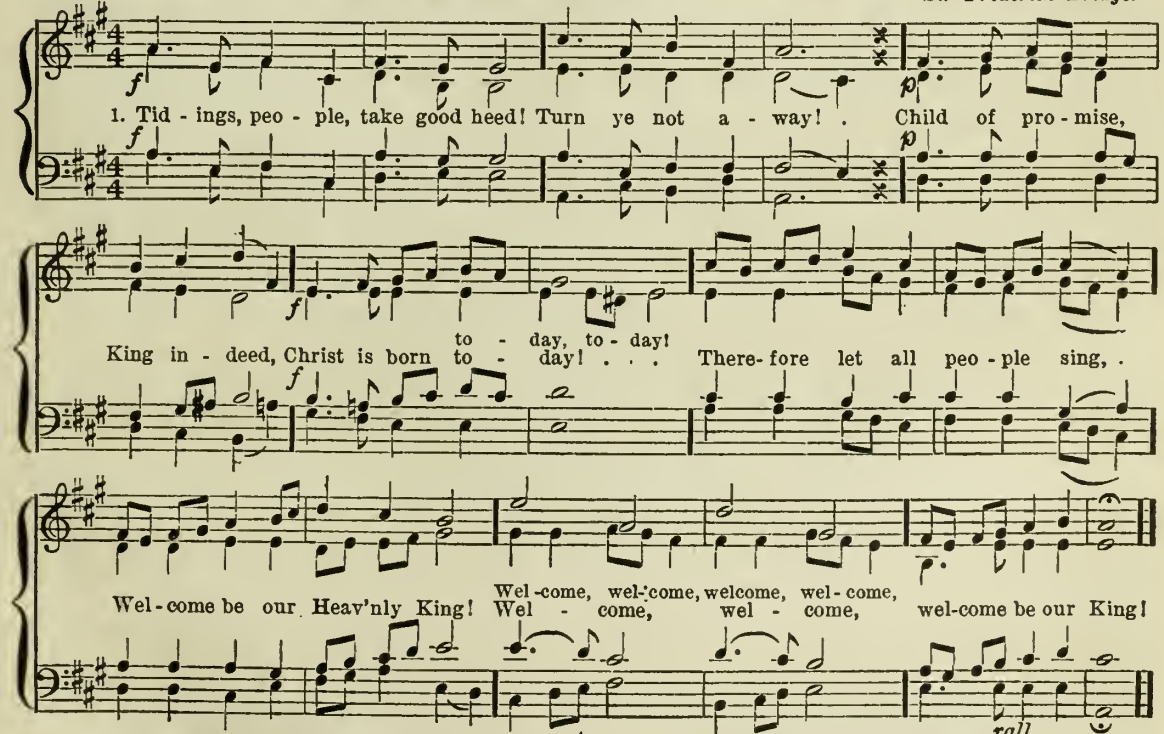
CHRISTMAS.

14th cent. Melody.
Har. by *R. L. de Pearsall.*

1. In dul - ci iu - bi - lo . . . Now sing we all . i - o . . . . He, my
2. O Je - su par - vu - le . . . I yearn for Thee al - way; . . . Lis - ten
3. O Pa - tris Char - i - tas, . . . O Na - ti len - i - tas; . . . All with
4. U - bi sunt gau - di - a . . . If that they be . not there? . . An - gels
love, my won - der, Li'th in pre - se - pi - o, . . . Like a - ny sun - beam, yon - der Ma
to my dit - ty. O pu - er op - ti me, . . . Have pi - ty on me, pi - ty: O
us was o - ver, Per nos - tra crim - i - na: . . . But then thou didst re - cov - er Ce -
there are sing - ing, No - va can - ti - ca . . . Sweet bells the while are ring - ing In
tris in gre - mi - o: . . . Al - pha es et O, . . . Al - pha es et O.
prin - ceps glo - ri - ae . . . Tra - he me post te, . . . Tra - he me post te.
lo - rum gau - di - a . . . O that we were there! . . O that we were there!
re - gis cu - ri - a . . . O that we were there! . . O that we were there!

Carol 498. Welcome be our Heavenly King.

CHRISTMAS.

Sir Frederick Bridge.


1. Tid - ings, peo - ple, take good heed! Turn ye not a - way! . Child of pro - mise,
King in - deed, Christ is born to - day, to - day! to - day! . . . There - fore let all peo - ple sing, .
Wel - come be our Heav'nly King! Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come be our King!
rall.

2 This is true: be not afraid!
Wonderful to tell;
In a manger He is laid—
Angels sing Nowell! REFRAIN.

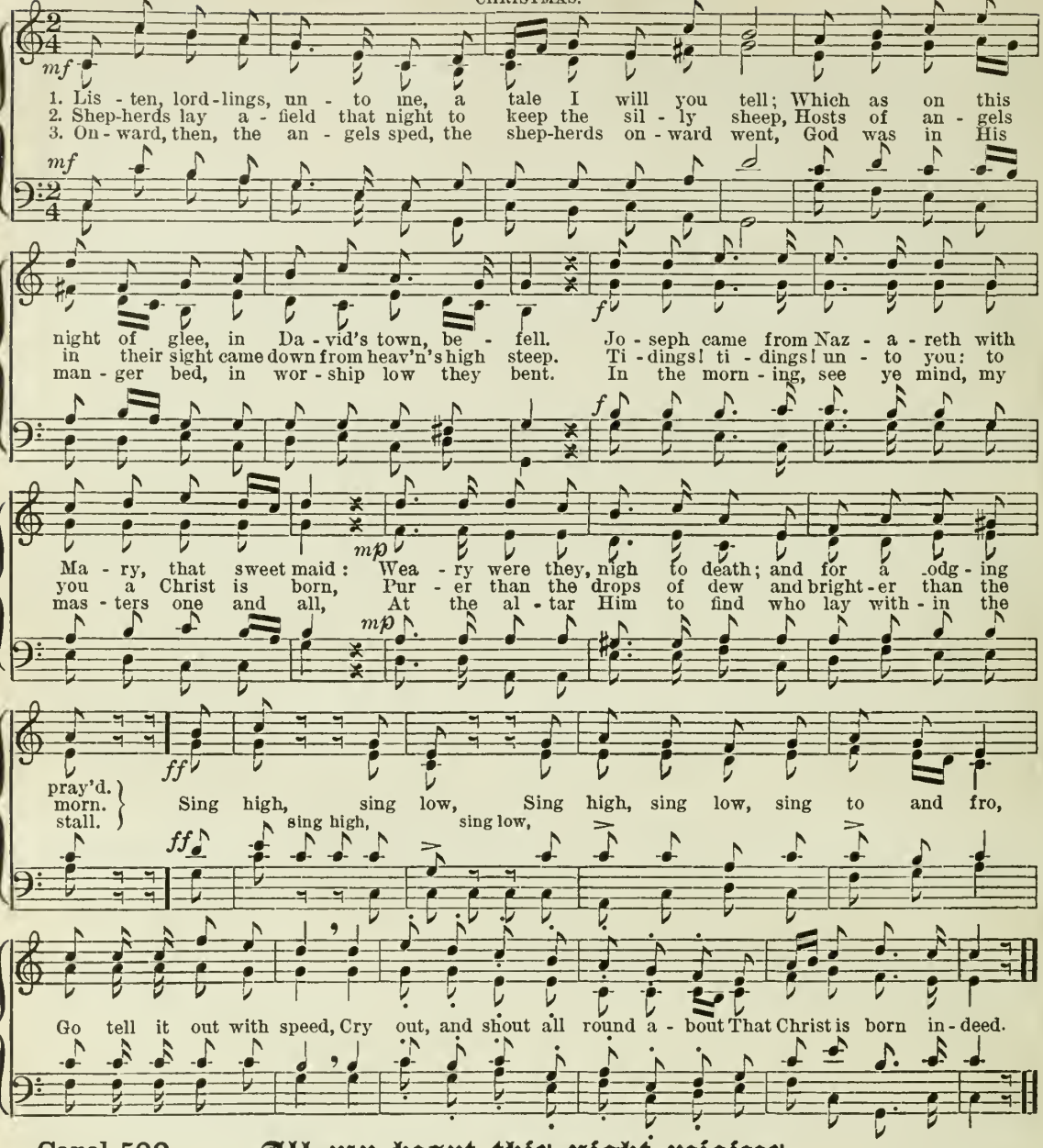
3 This has been the hope of man,
This the faith of old;
Since the very world began,
This has been foretold: REFRAIN.

Parish Choir, No. 1644—4.

Carol 499. Listen, lordlings, unto me.

Gascon, 16th Century.

CHRISTMAS.

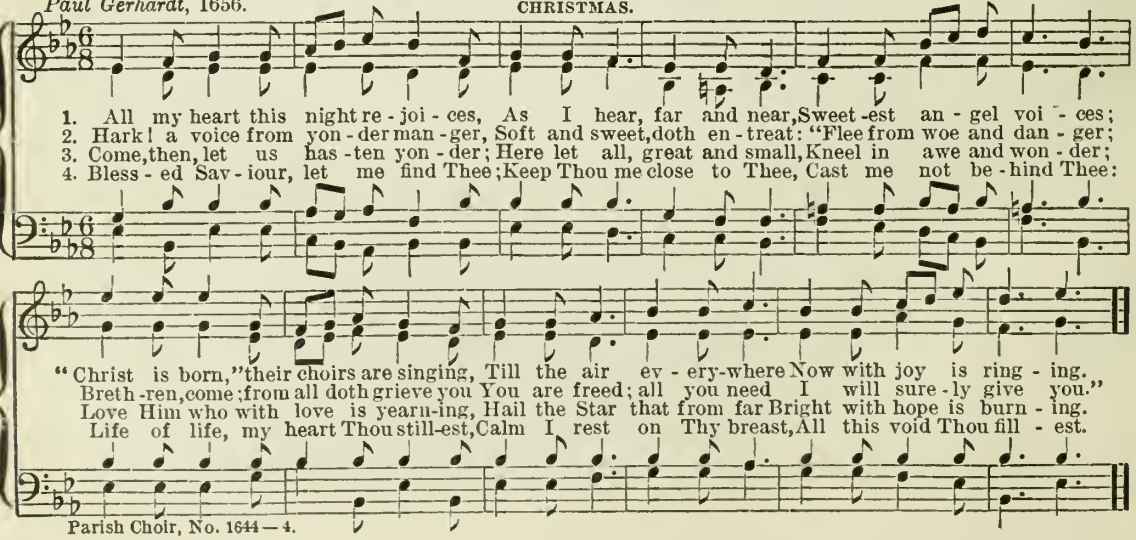

1. Lis - ten, lord - lings, un - to me, a tale I will you tell; Which as on this
2. Shep-herds lay a - field that night to keep the sil - ly sheep, Hosts of an - gels
3. On - ward, then, the an - gels sped, the shep-herds on - ward went, God was in His
night of glee, in Da - vid's town, be - fell. Jo - seph came from Naz - a - reth with
in their sight came down from heav'n's high steep. Ti - dings! ti - dings! un - to you: to
man - ger bed, in wor - ship low they bent. In the morn - ing, see ye mind, my
Ma - ry, that sweet maid: Wea - ry were they, nigh to death; and for a lodg - ing
you a Christ is born, Pur - er than the drops of dew and bright - er than the
mas - ters one and all, At the al - tar Him to find who lay with - in the
pray'd.
morn.
stall.
Sing high, sing low, Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
sing high, sing low,
Go tell it out with speed, Cry out, and shout all round a - bout That Christ is born in - deed.

Carol 500. All my heart this night rejoices.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

F. C. Maker.

CHRISTMAS.


1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near, Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces;
2. Hark! a voice from yon - der man - ger, Soft and sweet, doth en - treat: "Flee from woe and dan - ger;
3. Come, then, let us has - ten yon - der; Here let all, great and small, Kneel in awe and won - der;
4. Bless - ed Sav - iour, let me find Thee; Keep Thou me close to Thee, Cast me not be - hind Thee:
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air ev - ery - where Now with joy is ring - ing.
Breth - ren, come; from all doth grieve you You are freed; all you need I will sure - ly give you."
Love Him who with love is yearn - ing, Hail the Star that from far Bright with hope is burn - ing.
Life of life, my heart Thou still - est, Calm I rest on Thy breast, All this void Thou fill - est.

Gems and flowers of rich perfume.

Carol 501. EASTER. *C. S. Baker.*

Vivace.

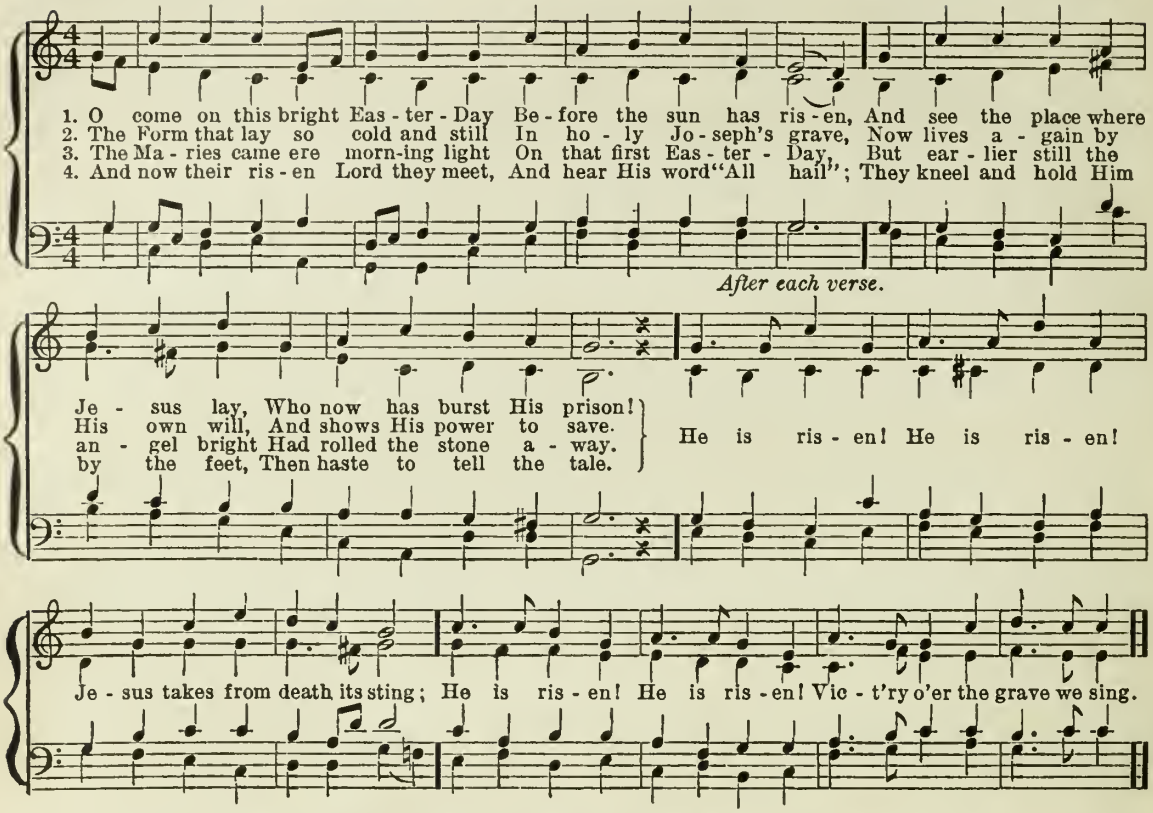
1. Gems and flowers of sweet per-fume, On the al - tar lay; Je - sus ris - ing from the tomb,
Sanc - ti - fies this day: Ring the bells out joy - ful - ly, Swell the glad - some lay;
Cru - ci - fied on Cal - va - ry Christ is ris - en to - day.
REFRAIN.
Eas - ter bells, chime the lay,
"Christ is ris - en to - day"; Eas - ter bells, chime the lay, "Christ is ris - en to - day."

2 Darkly the sepulchral gloom
Wrapped His mortal clay,
Till the angel, from the tomb
Rolled the stone away.
Then His life-imparting breath
Bade the dead arise;
And the pallid hosts of death
Followed to the skies.
REF.—Easter bells, chime the lay, etc.

3 Still the length'ning ages tell
His undying love;
How He, conqu'ring death and hell,
Ever reigns above.
Oh! that all might share the grace
Purchased by His pain;
Prince and Saviour! Thine the praise,
Ours the boundless gain.
REF.—Easter bells, chime the lay, etc.

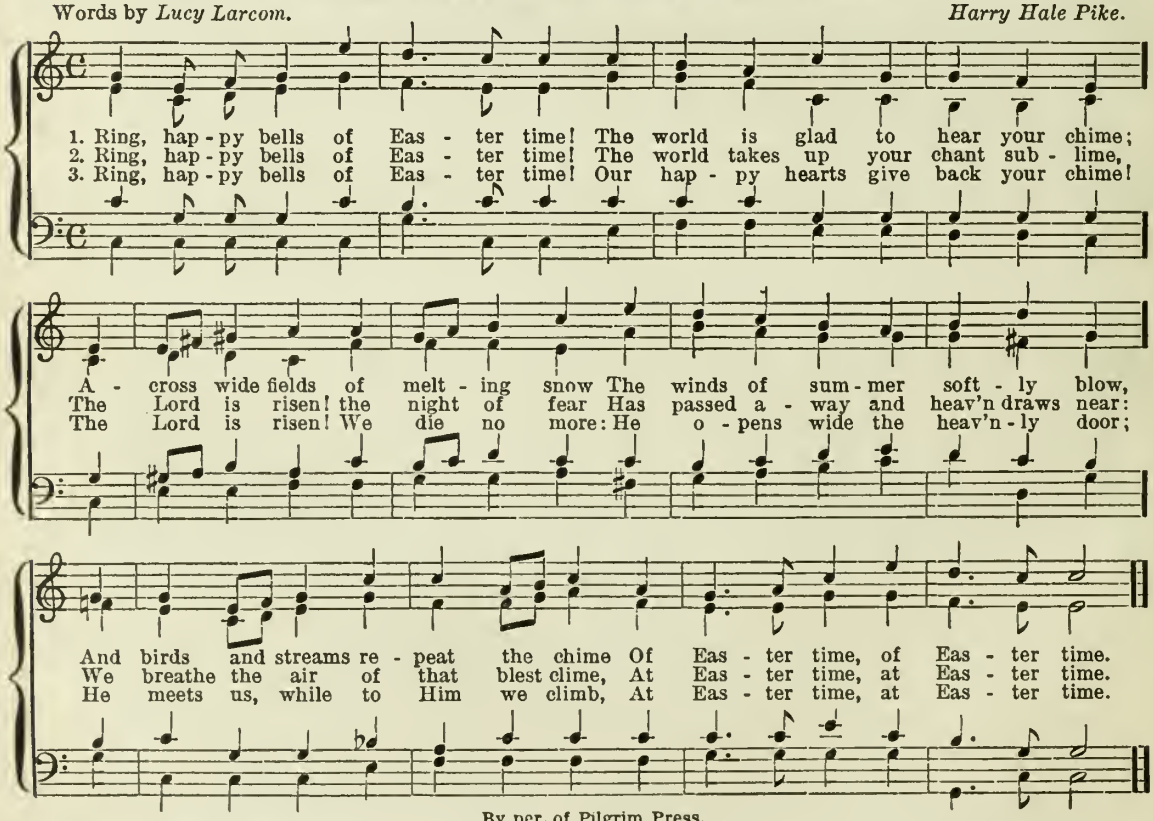
Parish Choir, No. 1657—4.

Carol 502. O come on this bright Easter-Day.

Henry Smith.

1. O come on this bright Eas - ter - Day Be - fore the sun has ris - en, And see the place where
2. The Form that lay so cold and still In ho - ly Jo - seph's grave, Now lives a - gain by
3. The Ma - ries came ere morn-ing light On that first Eas - ter - Day, But ear - lier still the
4. And now their ris - en Lord they meet, And hear His word "All hail"; They kneel and hold Him
After each verse.
Je - sus lay, Who now has burst His prison!
His own will, And shows His power to save.
an - gel bright Had rolled the stone a - way.
by the feet, Then haste to tell the tale.
He is ris - en! He is ris - en!
Je - sus takes from death its sting; He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Vic - t'ry o'er the grave we sing.

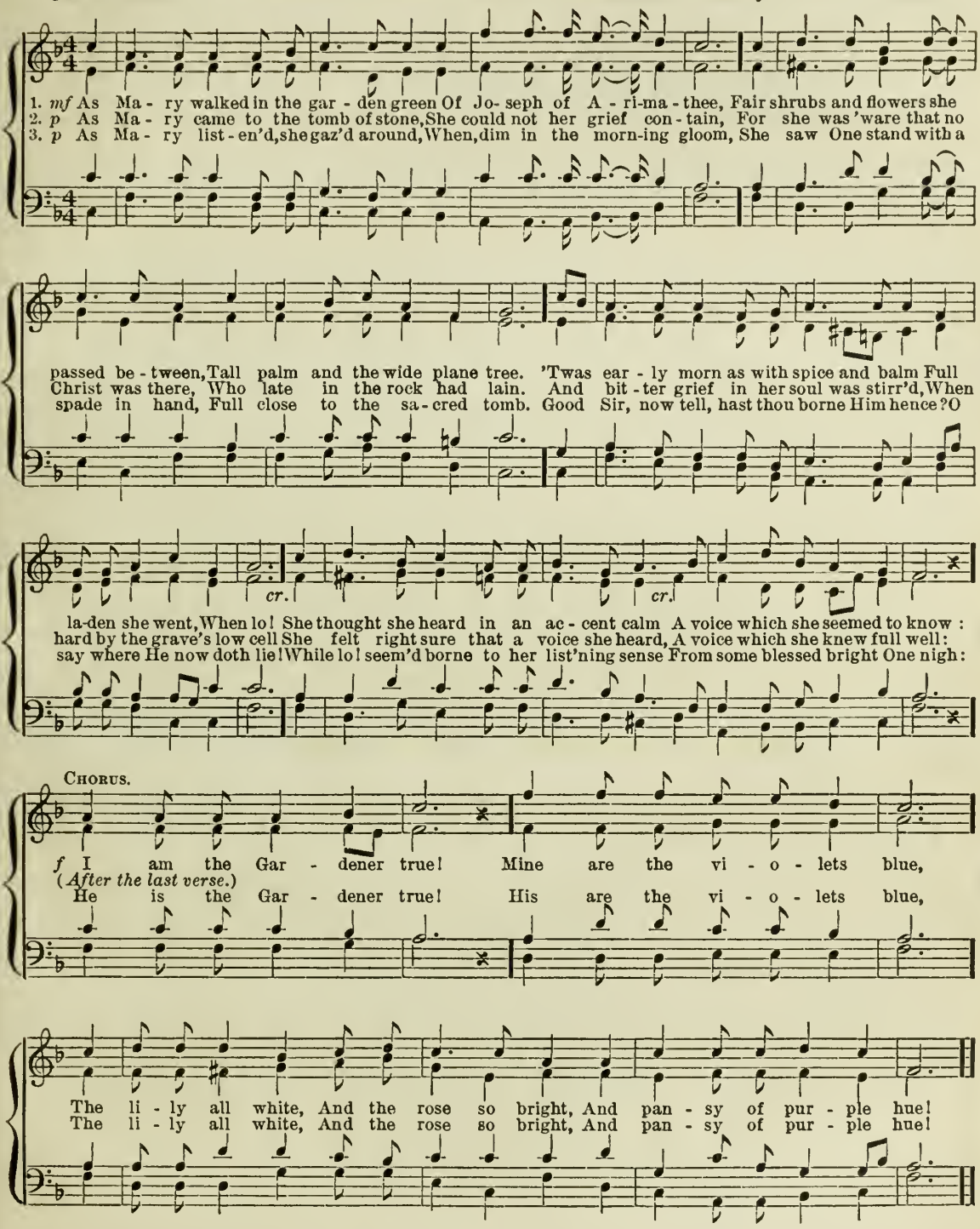
Carol 503. Ring, happy bells of Easter time!

Words by *Lucy Larcom.*

Harry Hale Pike.

1. Ring, hap - py bells of Eas - ter time! The world is glad to hear your chime;
2. Ring, hap - py bells of Eas - ter time! The world takes up your chant sub - lime,
3. Ring, hap - py bells of Eas - ter time! Our hap - py hearts give back your chime!
A - cross wide fields of melt - ing snow The winds of sum - mer soft - ly blow,
The Lord is risen! the night of fear Has passed a - way and heav'n draws near:
The Lord is risen! We die no more: He o - pens wide the heav'n - ly door;
And birds and streams re - peat the chime Of Eas - ter time, of Eas - ter time.
We breathe the air of that blest clime, At Eas - ter time, at Eas - ter time.
He meets us, while to Him we climb, At Eas - ter time, at Eas - ter time.

By per. of Pilgrim Press.

As Mary walked in the garden green.

Carol 504. EASTER. Words and music by *Rev. G. P. Grantham.*

1. mf As Ma - ry walked in the gar - den green Of Jo- seph of A - ri-ma - thee, Fair shrubs and flowers she
2. p As Ma - ry came to the tomb of stone, She could not her grief con - tain, For she was 'ware that no
3. p As Ma - ry list - en'd, she gaz'd around, When, dim in the morn-ing gloom, She saw One stand with a
passed be - tween, Tall palm and the wide plane tree. 'Twas ear - ly morn as with spice and balm Full
Christ was there, Who late in the rock had lain. And bit - ter grief in her soul was stirr'd, When
spade in hand, Full close to the sa - cred tomb. Good Sir, now tell, hast thou borne Him hence? O
cr.
cr.
la-den she went, When lo! She thought she heard in an ac - cent calm A voice which she seemed to know :
hard by the grave's low cell She felt right sure that a voice she heard, A voice which she knew full well:
say where He now doth lie! While lo! seem'd borne to her list'ning sense From some blessed bright One nigh:
Chorus.
f I am the Gar - dener true! Mine are the vi - o - lets blue,
(After the last verse.)
He is the Gar - dener true! His are the vi - o - lets blue,
The li - ly all white, And the rose so bright, And pan - sy of pur - ple hue!
The li - ly all white, And the rose so bright, And pan - sy of pur - ple hue!

4

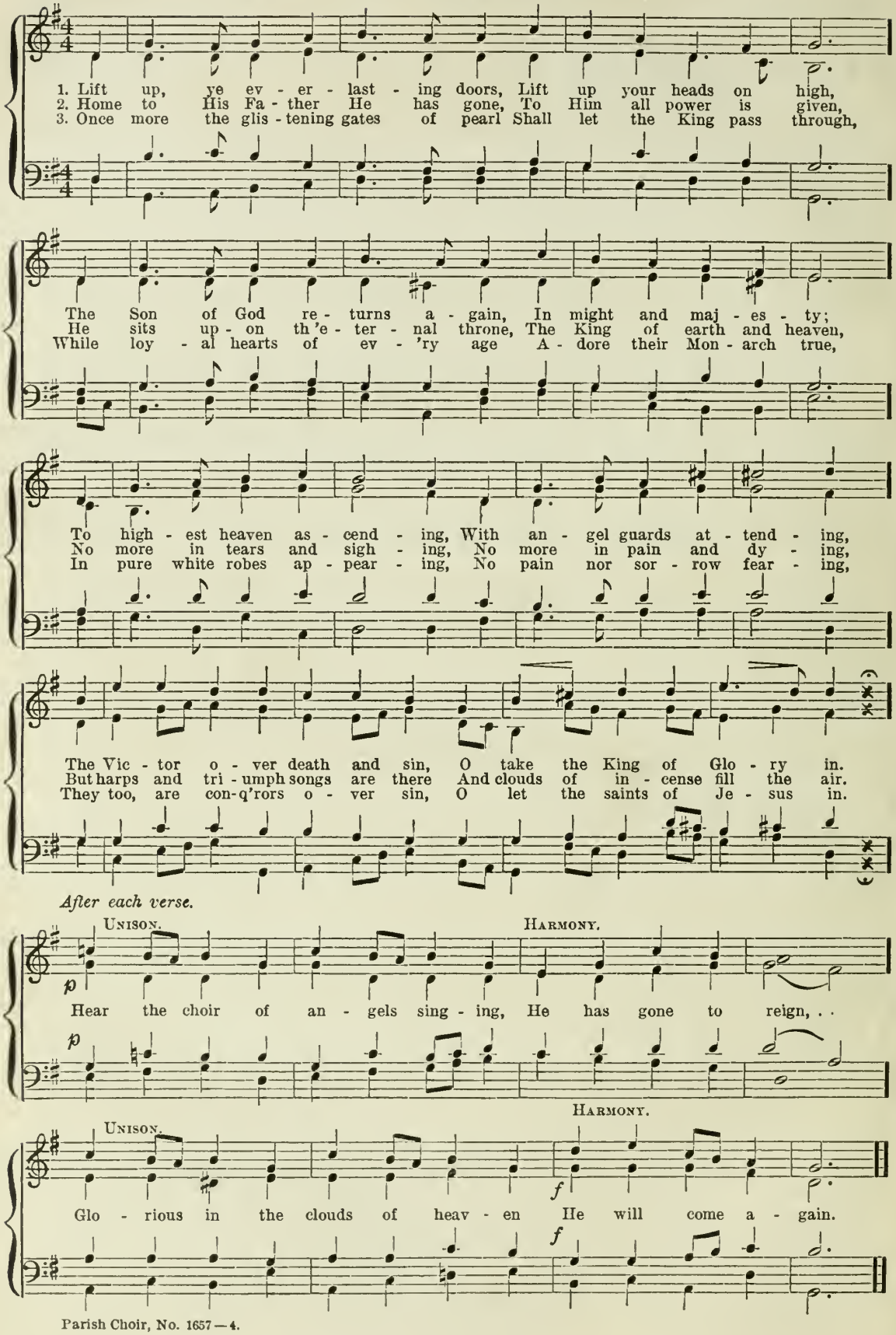
p As Mary hearkened, her name she heard :
cr O Mary! — She turned in haste,
And joy shone out at the gracious word,
Which every tear effaced.
f Rabboni! Lord! — 'Twas her Master good
She welcomed with love's survey,
Who 'neath a gardener's guise had stood,
And seemed to her soul to say : Chorus.

5

mf As Mary mused upon things unseen,
She learnt how the Lord doth scan,
And claim each floweret and blossom green
Which blooms in the heart of man.
Fair buds of hope, and of longings high,
With purity's flower of snow,
cr And glowing love with its vermeil dye,
And charity's purple glow. Chorus.

Lift up, ye everlasting doors.

Carol 505. ASCENSION. *Rev. Edward L. Hopkins.*


1. Lift up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors, Lift up your heads on high,
2. Home to His Fa - ther He has gone, To Him all power is given,
3. Once more the glis - tening gates of pearl Shall let the King pass through,
The Son of God re - turns a - gain, In might and maj - es - ty;
He sits up - on th'e - ter - nal throne, The King of earth and heaven,
While loy - al hearts of ev - 'ry age A - dore their Mon - arch true,
To high - est heaven as - cend - ing, With an - gel guards at - tend - ing,
No more in tears and sigh - ing, No more in pain and dy - ing,
In pure white robes ap - pear - ing, No pain nor sor - row fear - ing,
The Vic - tor o - ver death and sin, O take the King of Glo - ry in.
But harps and tri - umph songs are there And clouds of in - cense fill the air.
They too, are con-q'rors o - ver sin, O let the saints of Je - sus in.
After each verse.
Unison.
Harmony.
p
Hear the choir of an - gels sing - ing, He has gone to reign, . .
Harmony.
Unison.
f
Glo - rious in the clouds of heav - en He will come a - gain.

The Lord at first did Adam make.

Carol 506.

Words traditional. CHRISTMAS. *Traditional.*
West of England.

VERSE.

1. *mf* The LORD at first did A-dam make, Out of the dust and clay; And in his nos - trils breath-ed life, As
2. And thus with-in the gar-den he Command-ed was to stay! And we to him for stat - ute good These
3. "For in the day that thou dost touch, Or un - to it come nigh, Or if that thou shouldst eat there-of, (*p*) Then

Ho - ly Scrip-tures say: . (*cr*) And then in E- den's Pa - ra-dise He placed him there to dwell,
words the Lord did say, . . "The fruit that in the gar - den grows To thee shalt be for meat,
thou shalt sure - ly die.". .*mf* But A - dam he did take no heed To that same on - ly thing,

CHORUS.

That he with - in it should re - main, To dress and keep it well.
Ex - cept the tree in midst there - of, Of which thou shalt not eat." } *mf* Now let good Christians
mp But did trans-gress God's ho - ly laws, And soon was wrapp'd in sin. . }

all be-gin A ho - ly life to live, (*cr*) And to re-joice and mer - ry be, For this is Christ-mas Eve.

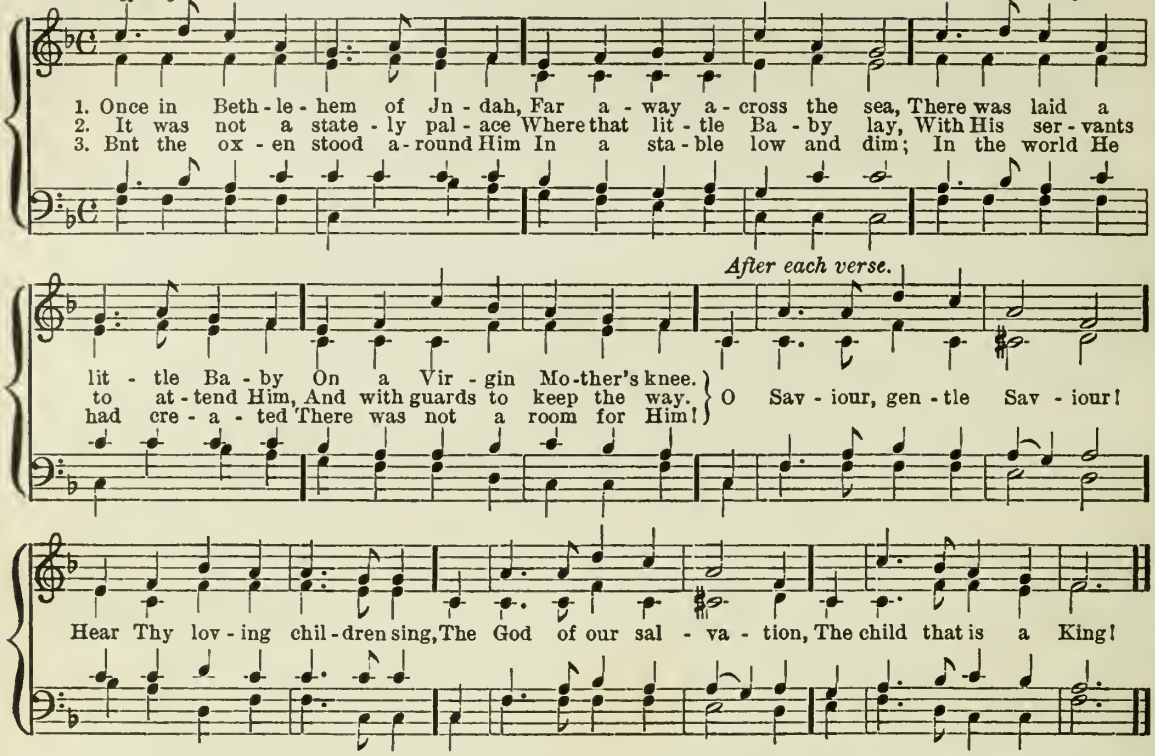
4 *mf* Now mark the Goodness of the LORD,
Which He to mankind bore;
His Mercy soon He did extend,
Lost man for to restore;
cr And then, for to redeem our souls
From death, and hell, and thrall,
dim He said His Own dear SON should come,
The SAVIOUR of us all.
mf Now let good Christians, &c.

5 And now the Tide is nigh at hand,
In which our SAVIOUR came;
cr Let us rejoice and merry be,
In keeping of the same.
f Let's feed the poor and clothe the bare,
And love both great and small,
dim That when we die, to Heaven at last
Our LORD may bring us all.
mf Now let good Christians, &c.

Carol 507. Once in Bethlehem of Judah.

CHRISTMAS.

Joyfully. *F. J. Dugard.*


1. Once in Beth-le-hem of Jn-dah, Far a-way a-cross the sea, There was laid a
2. It was not a state-ly pal-ace Where that lit-tle Ba-by lay, With His ser-vants
3. Bnt the ox-en stood a-round Him In a sta-ble low and dim; In the world He
After each verse.
lit-tle Ba-by On a Vir-gin Mo-ther's knee.
to at-tend Him, And with guards to keep the way.
had cre-a-ted There was not a room for Him!
O Sav-iour, gen-tle Sav-iour!
Hear Thy lov-ing chil-dren sing, The God of our sal-va-tion, The child that is a King!

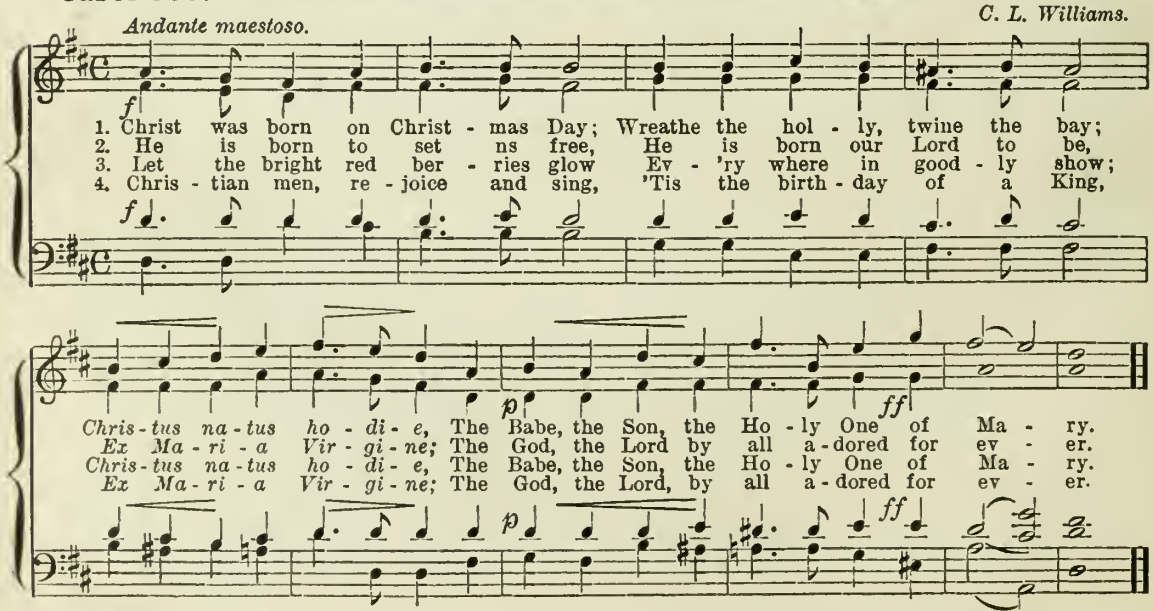
4 For He left His Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature
In the greatness of His love.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, etc.

5 Of His infinite compassion,
He can feel our want and woe,
For He suffered, He was tempted,
When He lived our life below.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour ! etc.

6 Still His childhood's bright example
Gives a light to our poor homes;
From the blood of His atoning
Still our hope of pardon comes.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, etc.

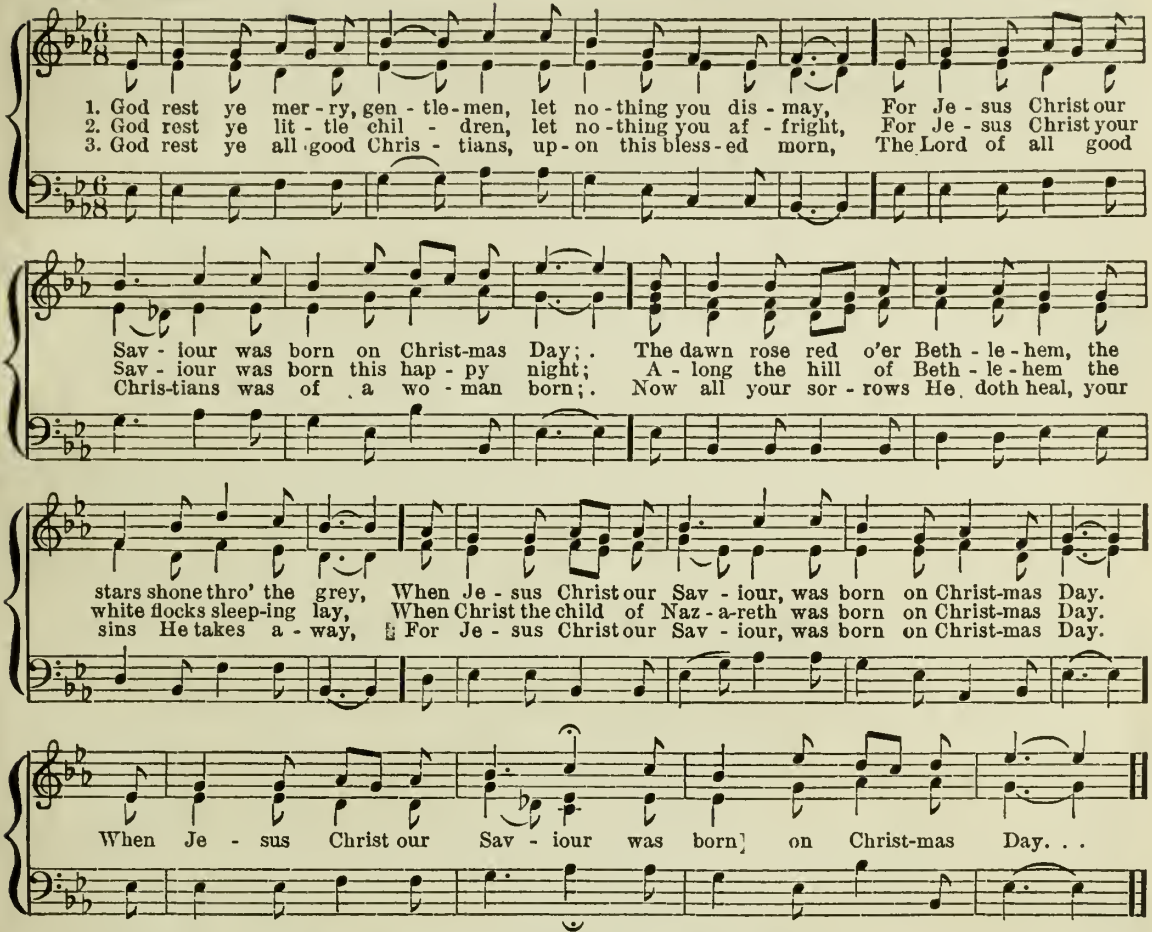
7 Still He stands and pleads in heaven
For us, weak and sin-defiled;
God, who is a Man for ever,
Jesus, who was once a child.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour ! etc.

Carol 508. Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Andante maestoso. *C. L. Williams.*

f
1. Christ was born on Christ-mas Day; Wreathe the hol-ly, twine the bay;
2. He is born to set ns free, He is born our Lord to be,
3. Let the bright red ber-ries glow Ev-'ry where in good-ly show;
4. Chris-tian men, re-joice and sing, 'Tis the birth-day of a King,
f
p
ff
Chris-tus na-tus ho-di-e, The Babe, the Son, the Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.
Ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gi-ne; The God, the Lord by all a-dored for ev-er.
Chris-tus na-tus ho-di-e, The Babe, the Son, the Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.
Ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gi-ne; The God, the Lord, by all a-dored for ev-er.
p
ff

God rest ye merry, gentlemen.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 509. *L. H. Redner.*

1. God rest ye mer - ry, gen - tle - men, let no - thing you dis - may, For Je - sus Christ our
2. God rest ye lit - tle chil - dren, let no - thing you af - fright, For Je - sus Christ your
3. God rest ye all good Chris - tians, up - on this bless - ed morn, The Lord of all good
Sav - iour was born on Christ-mas Day; . The dawn rose red o'er Beth - le - hem, the
Sav - iour was born this hap - py night; A - long the hill of Beth - le - hem the
Chris-tians was of a wo - man born; . Now all your sor - rows He doth heal, your
stars shone thro' the grey, When Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, was born on Christ-mas Day.
white flocks sleep-ing lay, When Christ the child of Naz - a-reth was born on Christ-mas Day.
sins He takes a - way, For Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, was born on Christ-mas Day.
When Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour was born on Christ-mas Day. . .

The Shepherds had an angel.

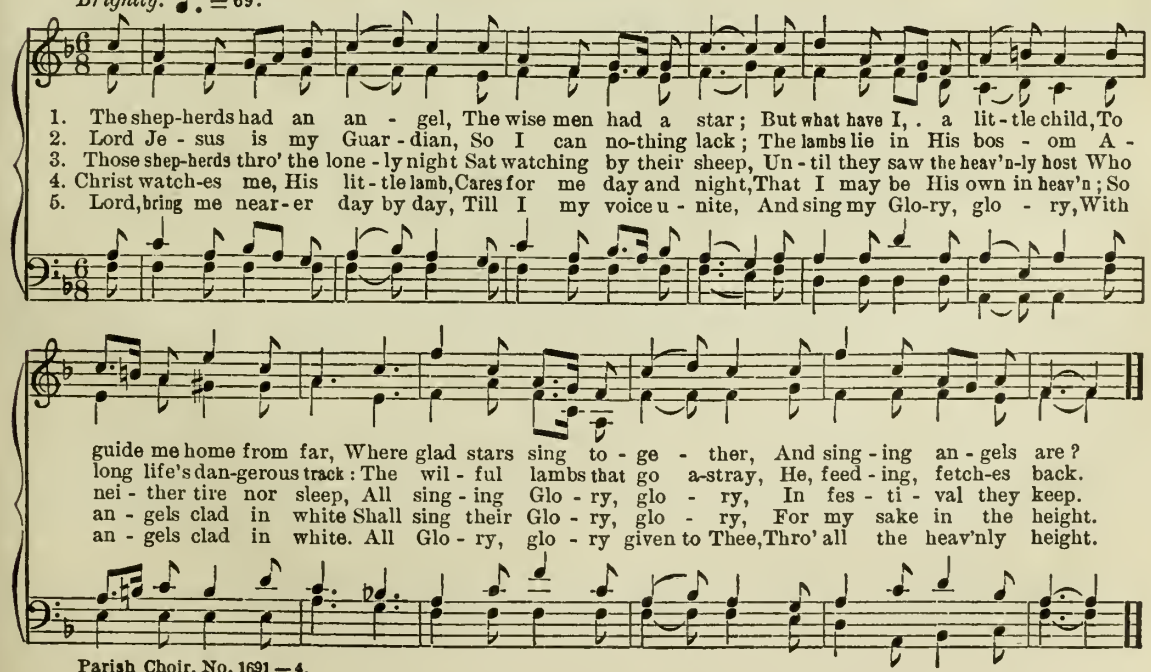
Carol 510.

Words by *C. G. Rossetti.*

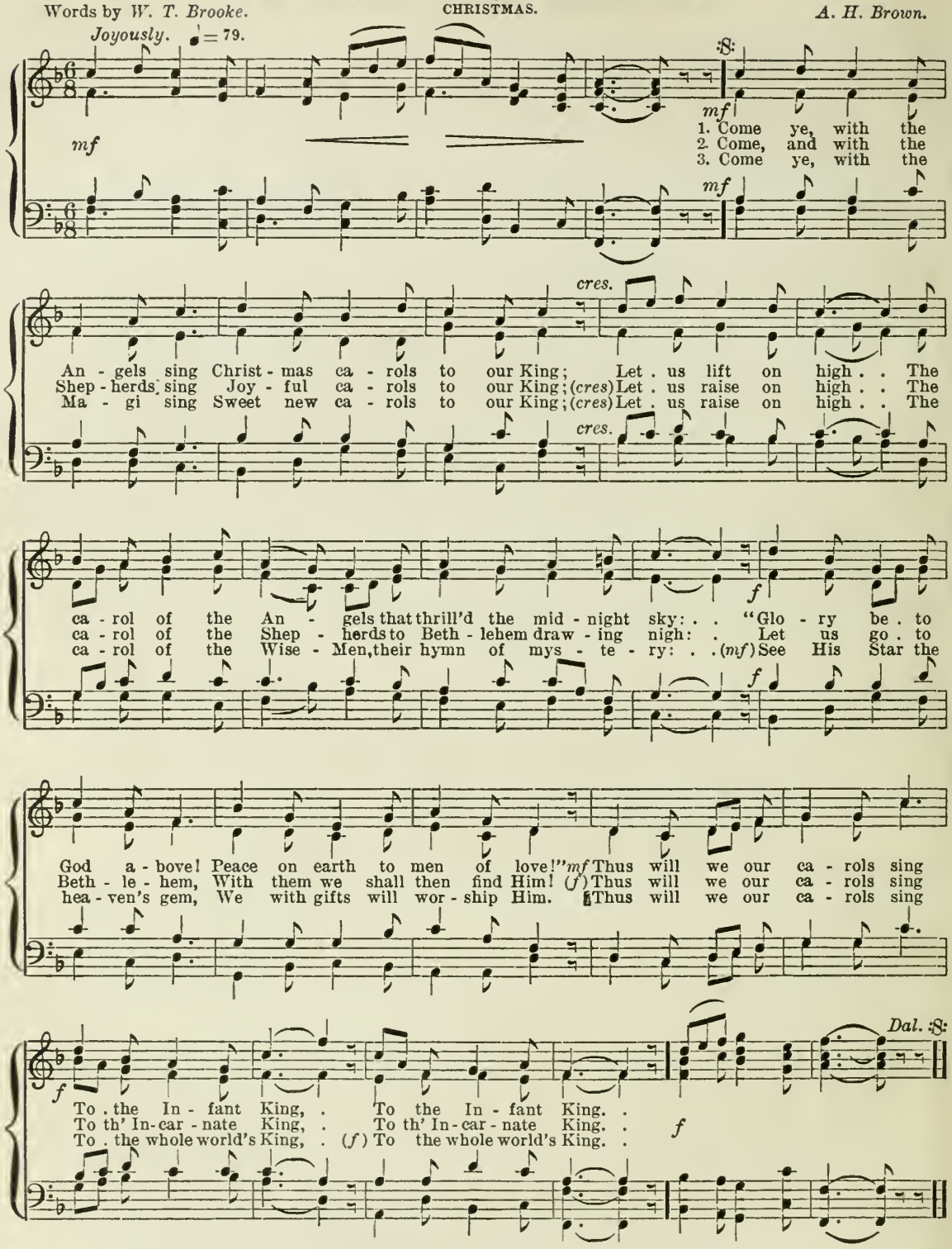
CHRISTMAS.

F. L. Wiseman.

Brightly. ♩. = 69.

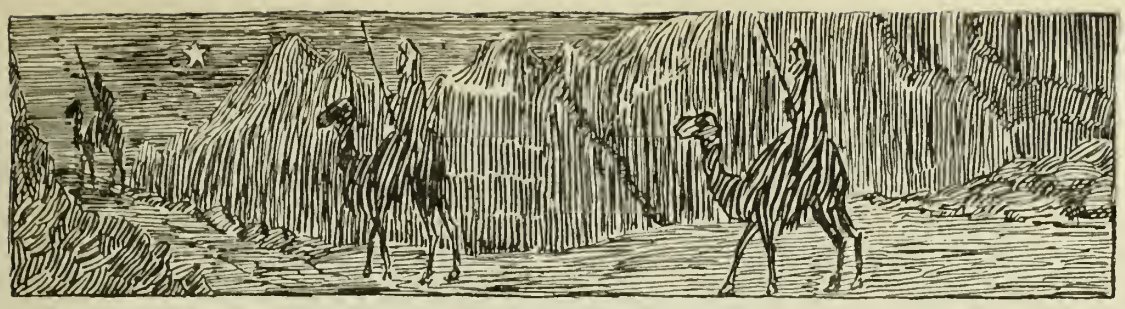

1. The shep-herds had an an - gel, The wise men had a star; But what have I, . a lit - tle child, To
2. Lord Je - sus is my Guar - dian, So I can no-thing lack; The lambs lie in His bos - om A -
3. Those shep-herds thro' the lone - ly night Sat watching by their sheep, Un - til they saw the heav'n-ly host Who
4. Christ watch-es me, His lit - tle lamb, Cares for me day and night, That I may be His own in heav'n; So
5. Lord, bring me near - er day by day, Till I my voice u - nite, And sing my Glo-ry, glo - ry, With
guide me home from far, Where glad stars sing to - ge - ther, And sing - ing an - gels are?
long life's dan-gerous track: The wil - ful lambs that go a-stray, He, feed - ing, fetch-es back.
nei - ther tire nor sleep, All sing - ing Glo - ry, glo - ry, In fes - ti - val they keep.
an - gels clad in white Shall sing their Glo - ry, glo - ry, For my sake in the height.
an - gels clad in white. All Glo - ry, glo - ry given to Thee, Thro' all the heav'nly height.

Carol 511. Come ye, with the angels sing.

Words by *W. T. Brooke.* CHRISTMAS. *A. H. Brown.*

Joyously. ♩ = 79.
mf
1. Come ye, with the
2. Come, and with the
3. Come ye, with the
cres.
An - gels sing Christ - mas ca - rols to our King; Let . us lift on high . . The
Shep - herds sing Joy - ful ca - rols to our King; (cres) Let . us raise on high . . The
Ma - gi sing Sweet new ca - rols to our King; (cres) Let . us raise on high . . The
f
ca - rol of the An - gels that thrill'd the mid - night sky: . . "Glo - ry be . to
ca - rol of the Shep - herds to Beth - lehem draw - ing nigh: . Let us go . to
ca - rol of the Wise - Men, their hymn of mys - te - ry: . . (mf) See His Star the
God a - bove! Peace on earth to men of love!" mf Thus will we our ca - rols sing
Beth - le - hem, With them we shall then find Him! (f) Thus will we our ca - rols sing
hea - ven's gem, We with gifts will wor - ship Him. Thus will we our ca - rols sing
Dal. S.
To . the In - fant King, . To the In - fant King. .
To th' In - car - nate King, . To th' In - car - nate King. .
To . the whole world's King, . (f) To the whole world's King. .

mf 4 Come, with blessed Mary sing
Holy carols to our King;
cres. Let us raise on high
The carol of the Virgin, her song of victory;
mf And our souls with one accord
"Magnify," with her, "the Lord"
f Thus we holy carols sing
To our Virgin King.

f 5 Come ye, with all nations bring
Worship, glory to our King;
Let us raise on high
The carol of all times, all worlds, GOD's hymn of victory;
ff Glory be to Christ, the cry
From the earth, the sea, the sky.
Thus shall we for ever sing
Earth and Heaven's King.



In the wintry heaven.

Carol 512. CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY. *R. F. Smith.*

TREBLES IN UNISON.

1. *mf* In the win-try hea-ven, Shines a wondrous Star; In the East the
2. O'er the dus-ty high-way, O'er the des-erts drear, From the East the
3. *p* In a low-ly man-ger Lies an In-fant weak; It is He whom
4. *mf* In our hearts we chil-dren See this Star once more; Not as wise men

Flowing. Melody in right hand distinct.

wise men Watched it from a-far; Ask-ing, What this lus-tre So in-tense-ly
wise men Watched it shin-ing clear; (*cr*) Ask-ing, Shall we fol-low In this star-lit
wise men Come so far to seek; (*cr*) Ask-ing, Where the mon-arch? Where Ju-de-a's
saw it In the days of yore; (*cr*) Ask-ing, May we bring Him Child-hood's love to-

rall.

bright! Answer-ing, Christ from glo-ry Comes to earth to-night!
way? Answer-ing, Yes, 'twill lead us To the per-fect day.
King? Say-ing, Gifts and wor-ship To His throne we bring!
day? Answer-ing, Come, dear chil-dren, Je-sus says we may.

rall.

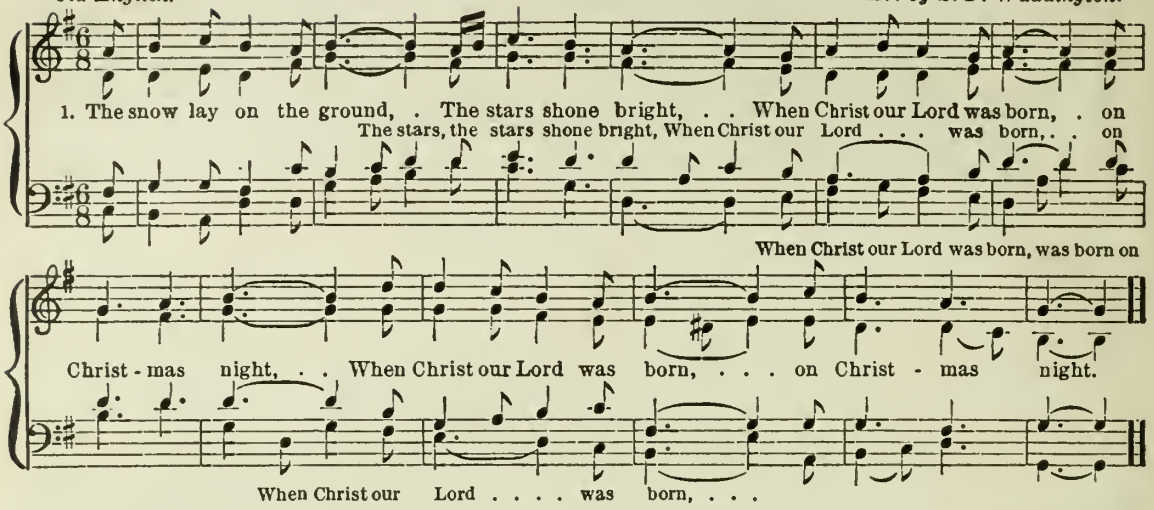
CHORUS. *cres.* *sf*

f *p* *f*

Hail the starlight shin-ing, Gen-tiles, hail its ray! On-ward it is lead-ing To the per-fect day.

Parish Choir, No. 1692—4.

The snow lay on the ground.

Carol 513. CHRISTMAS. *Italian Melody.*
Old English. *Hr. by S. P. Waddington.*

1. The snow lay on the ground, . The stars shone bright, . . When Christ our Lord was born, . on
The stars, the stars shone bright, When Christ our Lord . . . was born, . . on
When Christ our Lord was born, was born on
Christ - mas night, . . When Christ our Lord was born, . . . on Christ - mas night.
When Christ our Lord . . . . was born, . . .

2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Anne,
That brought into this world our God made Man.

3 She laid Him in a stall, at Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.

4 Saint Joseph, too, was by to tend the Child,
So guard Him, and protect His mother mild.

5 The Angels hovered round, and sang this song:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

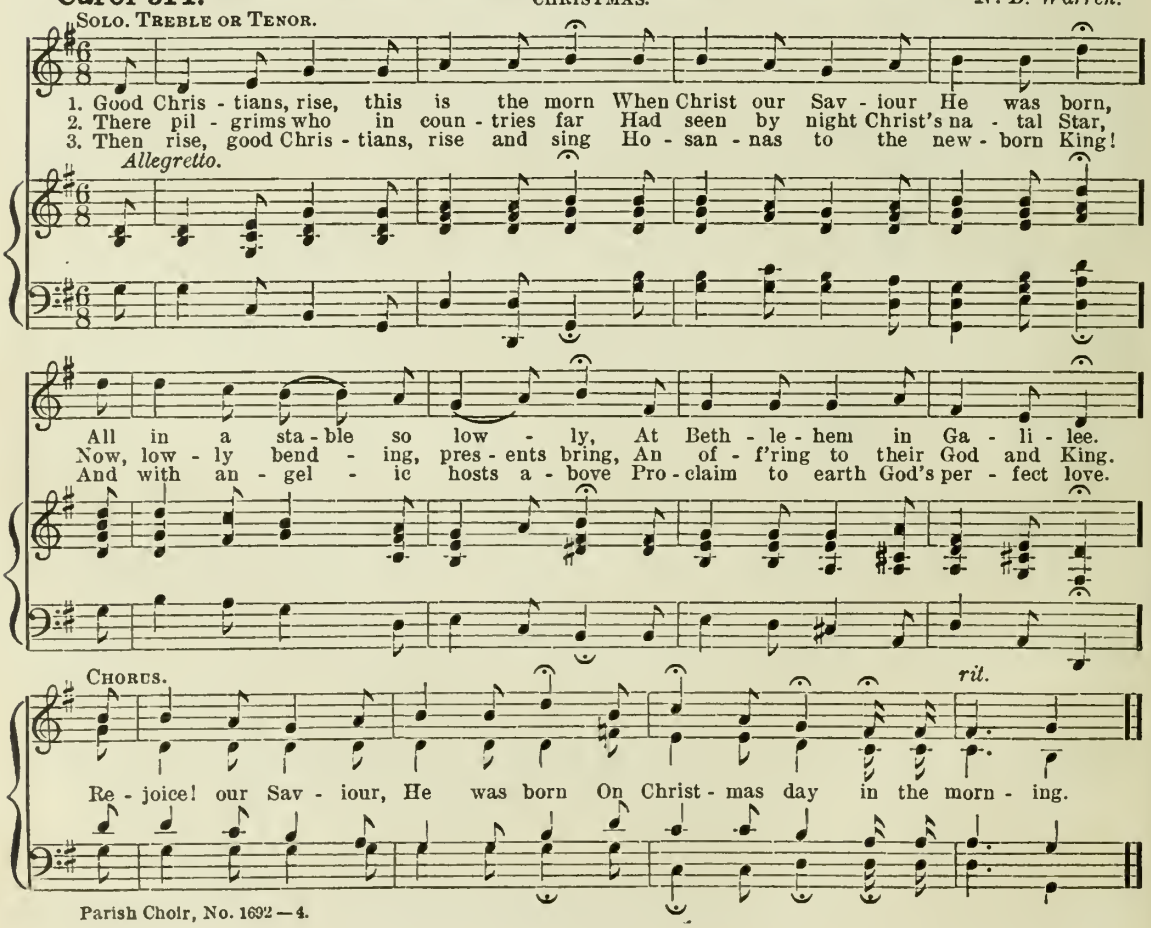
6 And, thus, that manger poor became a throne;
For He whom Mary bore was God the Son.

7 O come then, let us join the heavenly host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8 Venite adoremus Dominum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

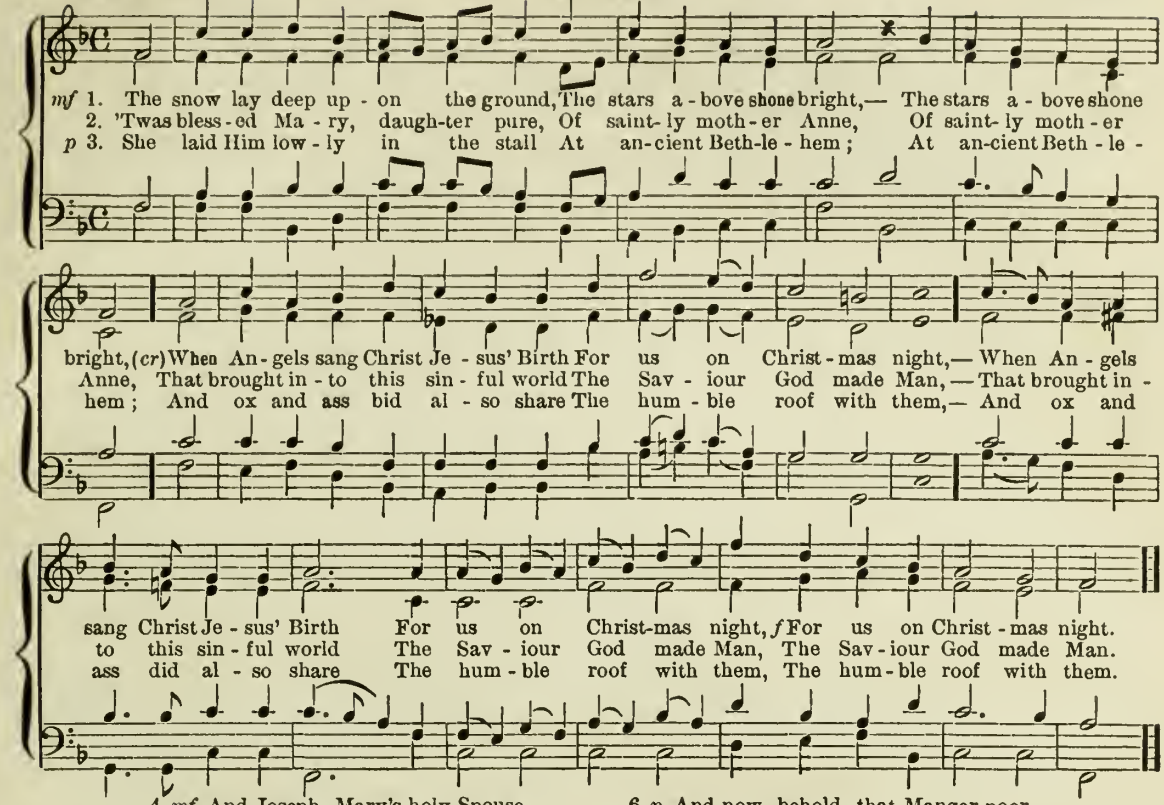
Good Christians, rise, this is the morn.

Carol 514. CHRISTMAS. *N. B. Warren.*


Solo. Treble or Tenor.
1. Good Chris - tians, rise, this is the morn When Christ our Sav - iour He was born,
2. There pil - grims who in coun - tries far Had seen by night Christ's na - tal Star,
3. Then rise, good Chris - tians, rise and sing Ho - san - nas to the new - born King!
Allegretto.
All in a sta - ble so low - ly, At Beth - le - hem in Ga - li - lee.
Now, low - ly bend - ing, pres - ents bring, An of - f'ring to their God and King.
And with an - gel - ic hosts a - bove Pro - claim to earth God's per - fect love.
Chorus.
rit.
Re - joice! our Sav - iour, He was born On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

The snow lay deep upon the ground.

Carol 515. CHRISTMAS. *Traditional.*


mf 1. The snow lay deep up - on the ground, The stars a - bove shone bright,— The stars a - bove shone
2. 'Twas bless - ed Ma - ry, daugh - ter pure, Of saint - ly moth - er Anne, Of saint - ly moth - er
p 3. She laid Him low - ly in the stall At an - cient Beth - le - hem; At an - cient Beth - le -
bright, (cr) When An - gels sang Christ Je - sus' Birth For us on Christ - mas night,— When An - gels
Anne, That brought in - to this sin - ful world The Sav - iour God made Man,— That brought in -
hem; And ox and ass bid al - so share The hum - ble roof with them,— And ox and
sang Christ Je - sus' Birth For us on Christ-mas night, f For us on Christ - mas night.
to this sin - ful world The Sav - iour God made Man, The Sav - iour God made Man.
ass did al - so share The hum - ble roof with them, The hum - ble roof with them.

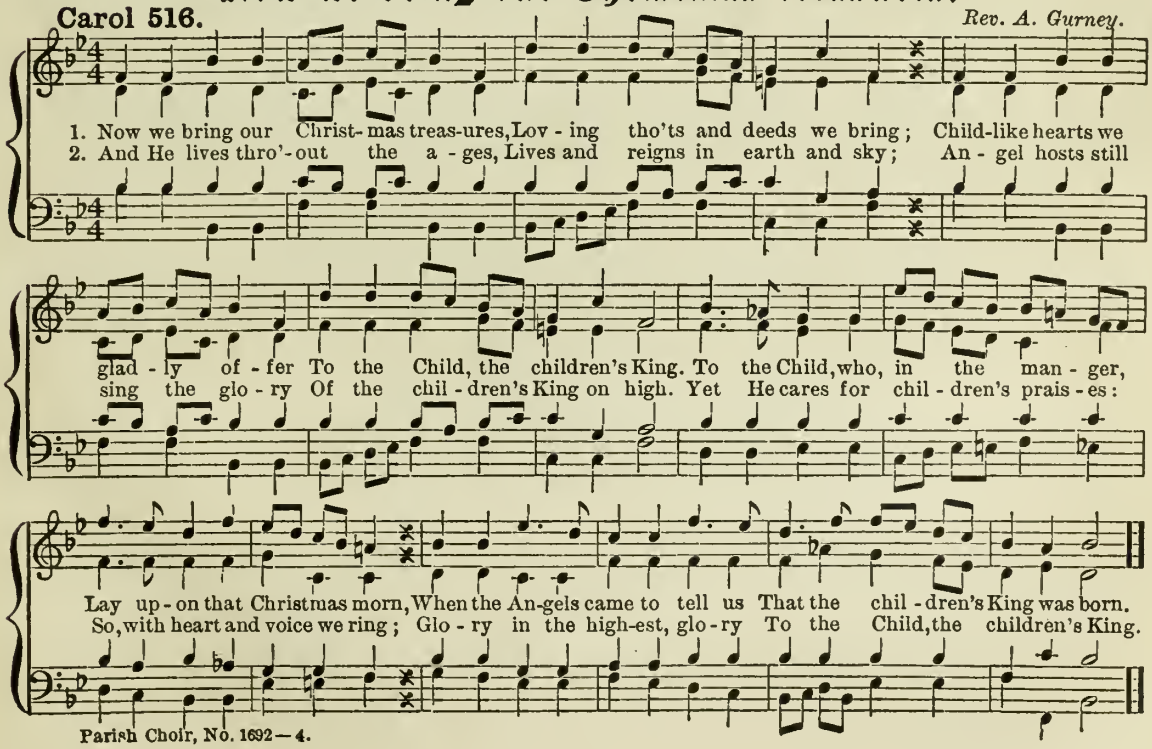
4 *mf* And Joseph, Mary's holy Spouse,
Was near to tend the Child,—
And duteously protect from harm
The Virgin Mother mild.

5 *mf* The Angels hovered round the place,
And sang the heavenly song, —
O come ye, come ye, and adore
The Saviour promised long.

6 *p* And now, behold, that Manger poor
cr Henceforth became a Throne;
For He whom Blessed Mary bore
f Was Jesus, God's Own Son!

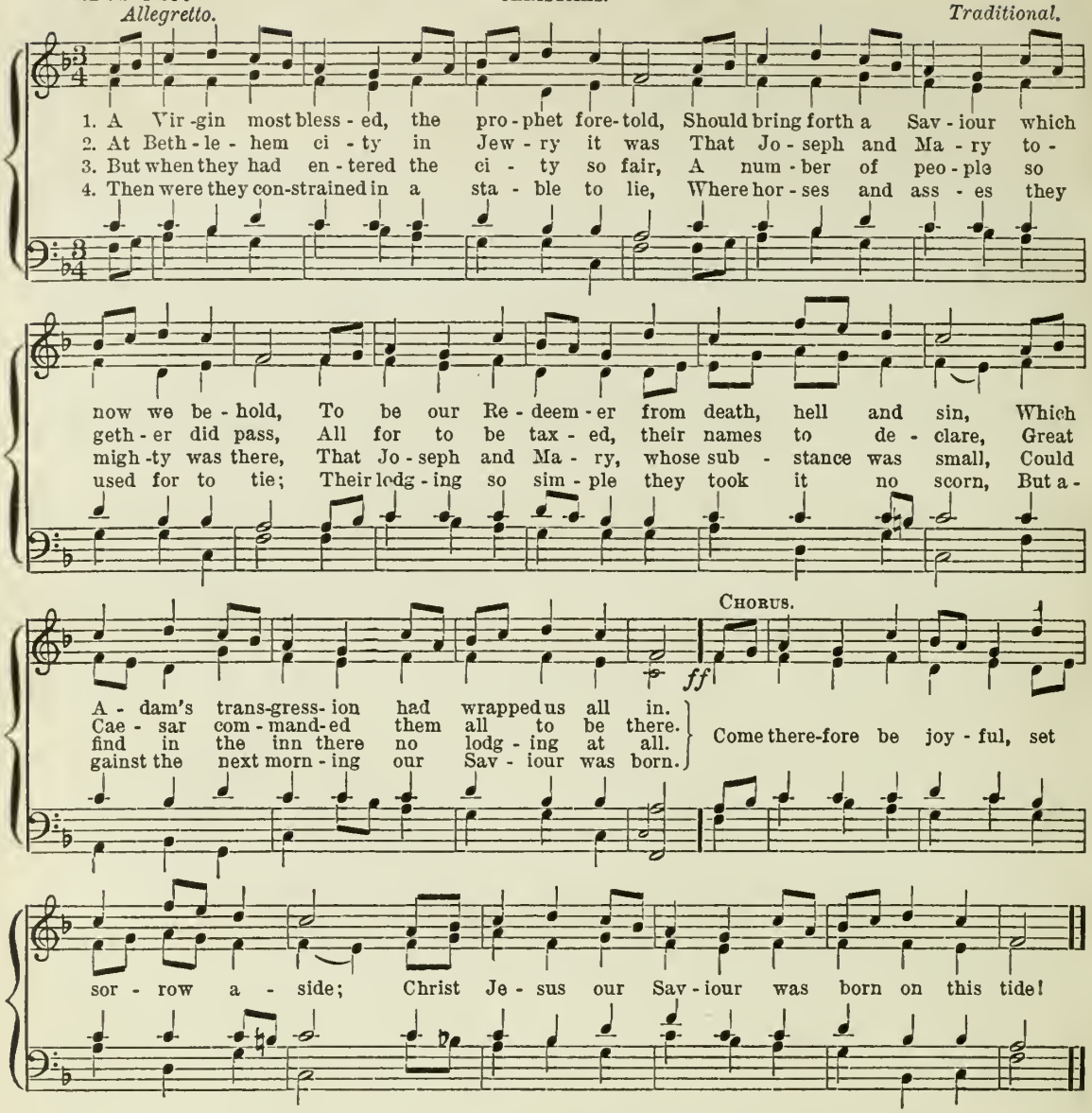
7 *f* O come, then, Christians, let us join
The bright and Heavenly Host,
cr And sing the praise of Father, Son,
And of the Holy Ghost.

Now we bring our Christmas treasures.

Carol 516. *Rev. A. Gurney.*

1. Now we bring our Christ - mas treas - ures, Lov - ing tho'ts and deeds we bring; Child-like hearts we
2. And He lives thro' - out the a - ges, Lives and reigns in earth and sky; An - gel hosts still
glad - ly of - fer To the Child, the children's King. To the Child, who, in the man - ger,
sing the glo - ry Of the chil - dren's King on high. Yet He cares for chil - dren's prais - es:
Lay up - on that Christmas morn, When the An-gels came to tell us That the chil - dren's King was born.
So, with heart and voice we ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry To the Child, the children's King.

A Virgin most blessed.

Carol 517. CHRISTMAS.

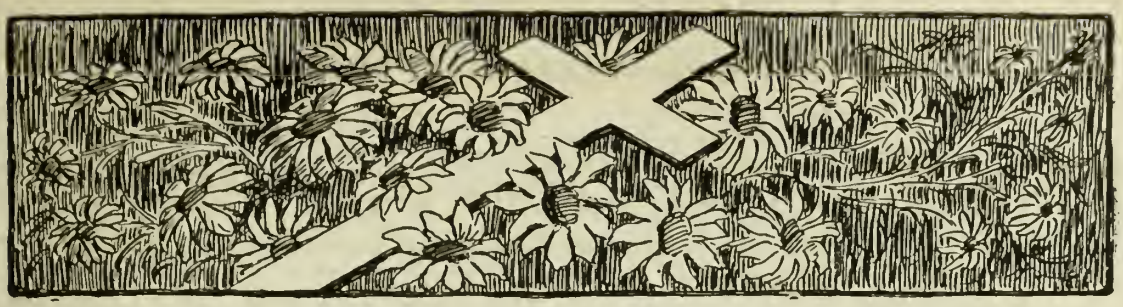
Allegretto. *Traditional.*

1. A Vir-gin most bless-ed, the pro-phet fore-told, Should bring forth a Sav-iour which
2. At Beth-le-hem ci-ty in Jew-ry it was That Jo-seph and Ma-ry to-
3. But when they had en-tered the ci-ty so fair, A num-ber of peo-ple so
4. Then were they con-strained in a sta-ble to lie, Where hor-ses and ass-es they
now we be-hold, To be our Re-deem-er from death, hell and sin, Which
geth-er did pass, All for to be tax-ed, their names to de-clare, Great
migh-ty was there, That Jo-seph and Ma-ry, whose sub-stance was small, Could
used for to tie; Their lodg-ing so sim-ple they took it no scorn, But a-
Chorus.
ff
A-dam's trans-gress-ion had wrapped us all in.
Cae-sar com-mand-ed them all to be there.
find in the inn there no lodg-ing at all.
gainst the next morn-ing our Sav-iour was born.
Come there-fore be joy-ful, set
sor-row a-side; Christ Je-sus our Sav-iour was born on this tide!

5 The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought;
But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.

6 Then God sent an angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.

7 Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky;
They joyfully talkèd, and sweetly did sing,
"To God be all glory, our heavenly King."

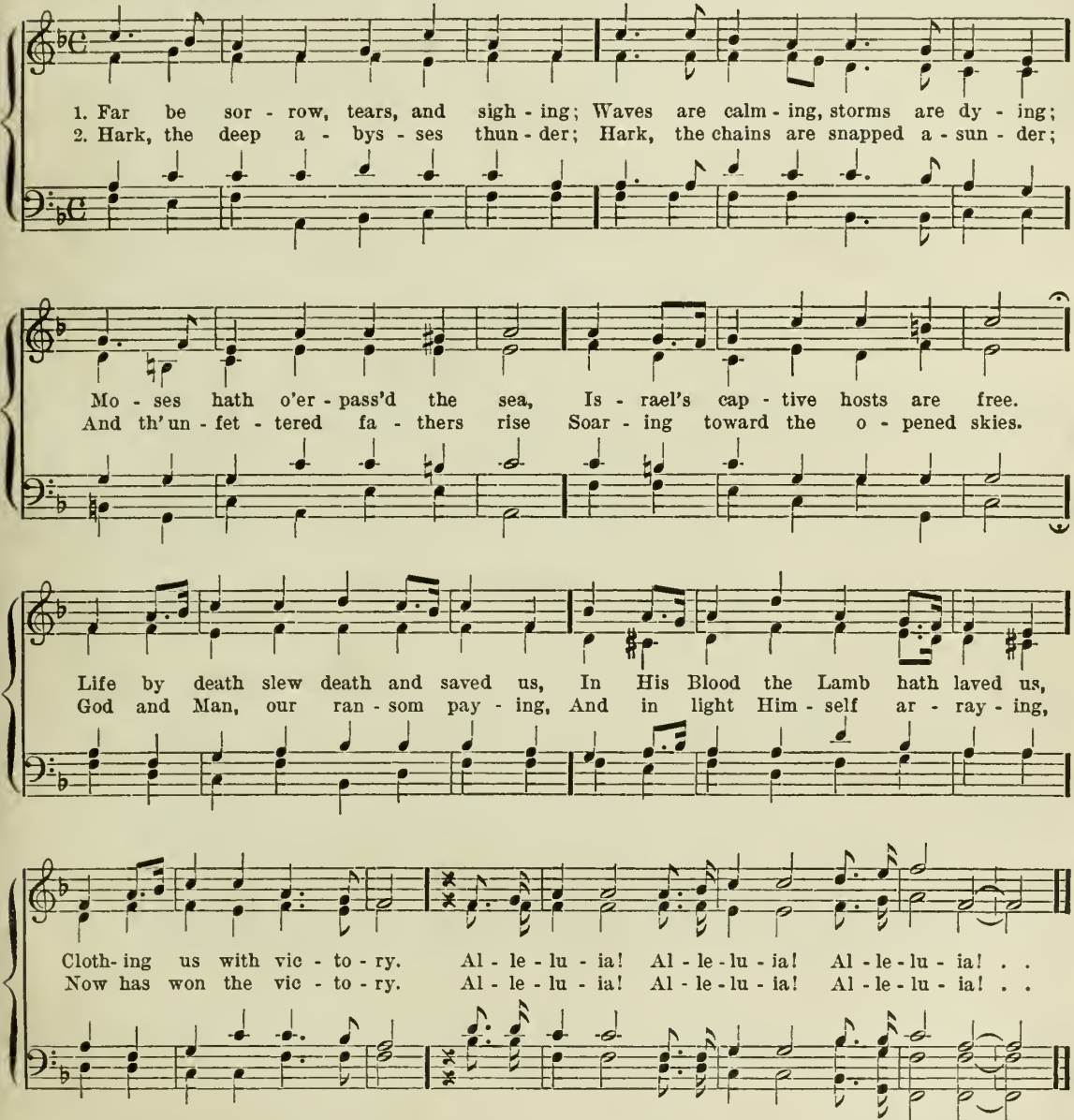
8 To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun;
A manger His cradle Who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.



Far be sorrow, tears, and sighing.

EASTER.

Carol 518.

Trans. by *John Mason Neale.* *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.*

1. Far be sor - row, tears, and sigh - ing; Waves are calm - ing, storms are dy - ing;
2. Hark, the deep a - bys - ses thun - der; Hark, the chains are snapped a - sun - der;
Mo - ses hath o'er - pass'd the sea, Is - rael's cap - tive hosts are free.
And th'un - fet - tered fa - thers rise Soar - ing toward the o - pened skies.
Life by death slew death and saved us, In His Blood the Lamb hath laved us,
God and Man, our ran - som pay - ing, And in light Him - self ar - ray - ing,
Cloth- ing us with vic - to - ry. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! . .
Now has won the vic - to - ry. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! . .

3 Jesus Christ from death is risen;
'Tis His Godhead bursts His prison,
While His manhood rises free
O'er our mortal misery,
And to sinners bring salvation,
Thus in God's humiliation
Man has won the victory.
Alleluia!

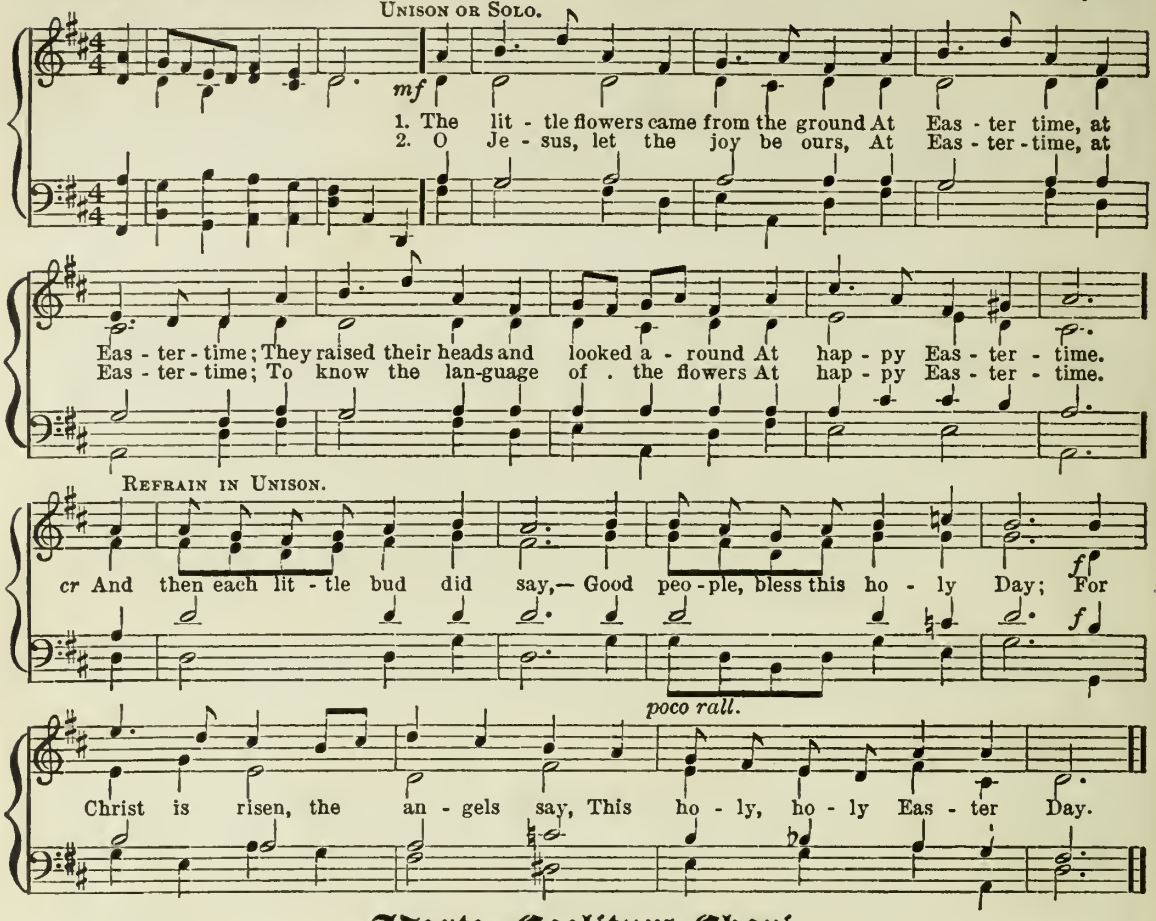
4 This the law our Saviour teaches,
This the call His triumph preaches:
Sinner, from the grave of sin
Rise, eternal joy to win.
From the death our sin decreed us
Sinless He by death has freed us,
Sing we then His victory.
Alleluia!

Parish Choir, No. 1706—4.

Carol 519. The little flowers came from the ground.

EASTER.

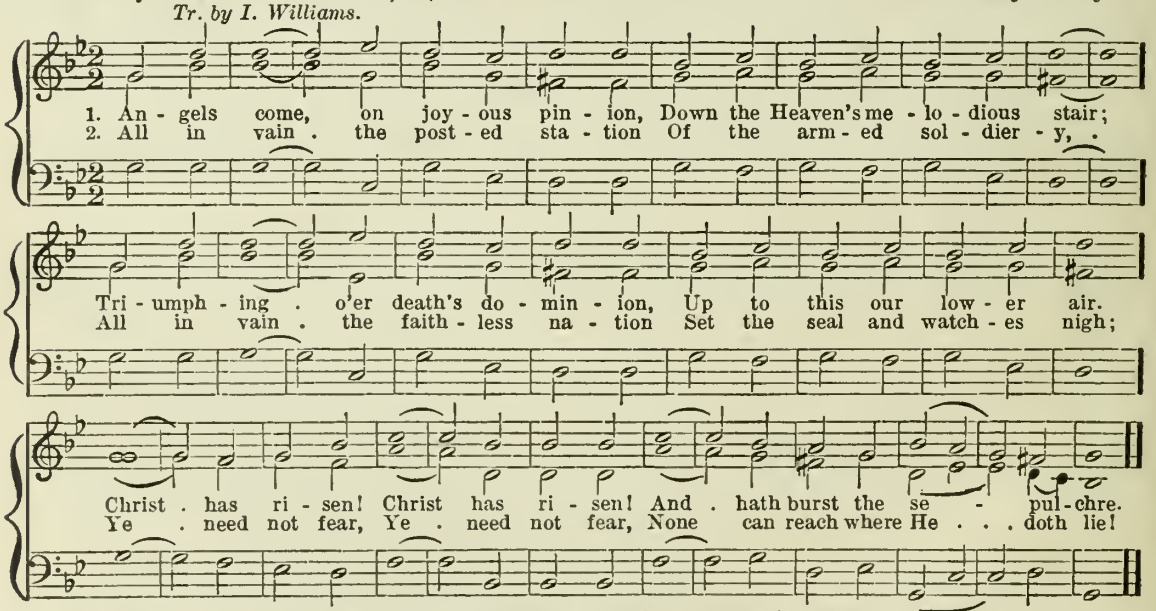
Words by *L. E. Richards* and *W. Hawkins.* *C. L. Naylor.*


Unison or Solo.
mf
1. The lit - tle flowers came from the ground At Eas - ter time, at
2. O Je - sus, let the joy be ours, At Eas - ter - time, at
Eas - ter - time; They raised their heads and looked a - round At hap - py Eas - ter - time.
Eas - ter - time; To know the lan-guage of . the flowers At hap - py Eas - ter - time.
Refrain in Unison.
cr And then each lit - tle bud did say,— Good peo - ple, bless this ho - ly Day; For
f
poco rall.
Christ is risen, the an - gels say, This ho - ly, ho - ly Eas - ter Day.

Carol 520. Adeste, Coelitum Chori.

EASTER.

Words by *Nicholas Le Tourneaux, 1640–1686.* *13th Century Melody.**
Tr. by I. Williams.


1. An - gels come, on joy - ous pin - ion, Down the Heaven's me - lo - dious stair;
2. All in vain . the post - ed sta - tion Of the arm - ed sol - dier - y, .
Tri - umph - ing . o'er death's do - min - ion, Up to this our low - er air.
All in vain . the faith - less na - tion Set the seal and watch - es nigh;
Christ . has ri - sen! Christ has ri - sen! And . hath burst the se - pul - chre.
Ye . need not fear, Ye . need not fear, None can reach where He . . . doth lie!

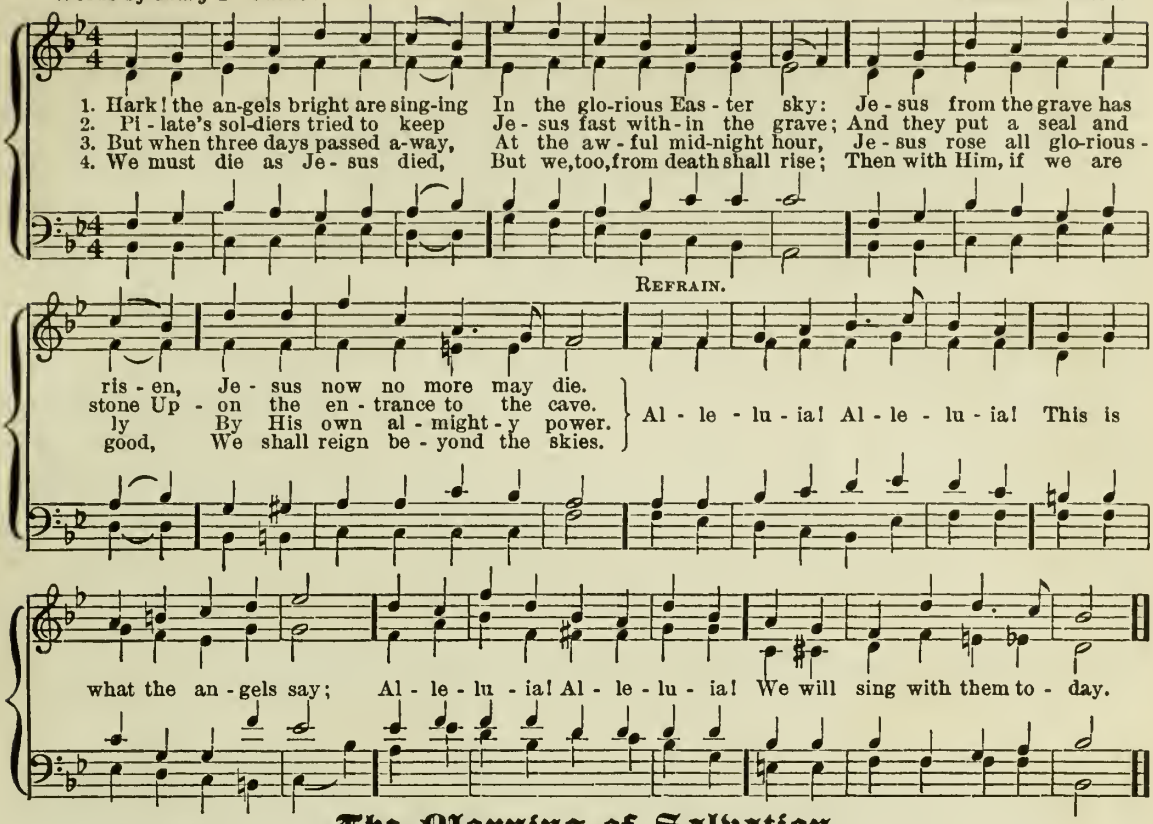
*Arranged to be sung by Tenors and Trebles in Octaves, by Altos and Barytones in Octaves, and Basses.

3 He Himself, from sleep awaking,
Who spontaneous bore the gloom,
Through the seals, and without breaking,
Hath come forth and left the tomb;
Death could not hold
Him born of a Virgin's womb.

4 Lord, with Thee in daily dying
May we die, and with Thee rise;
And on earth, ourselves denying,
Lift our hearts unto the skies,
To sing our God,
Three in One, sole Good and Wise.

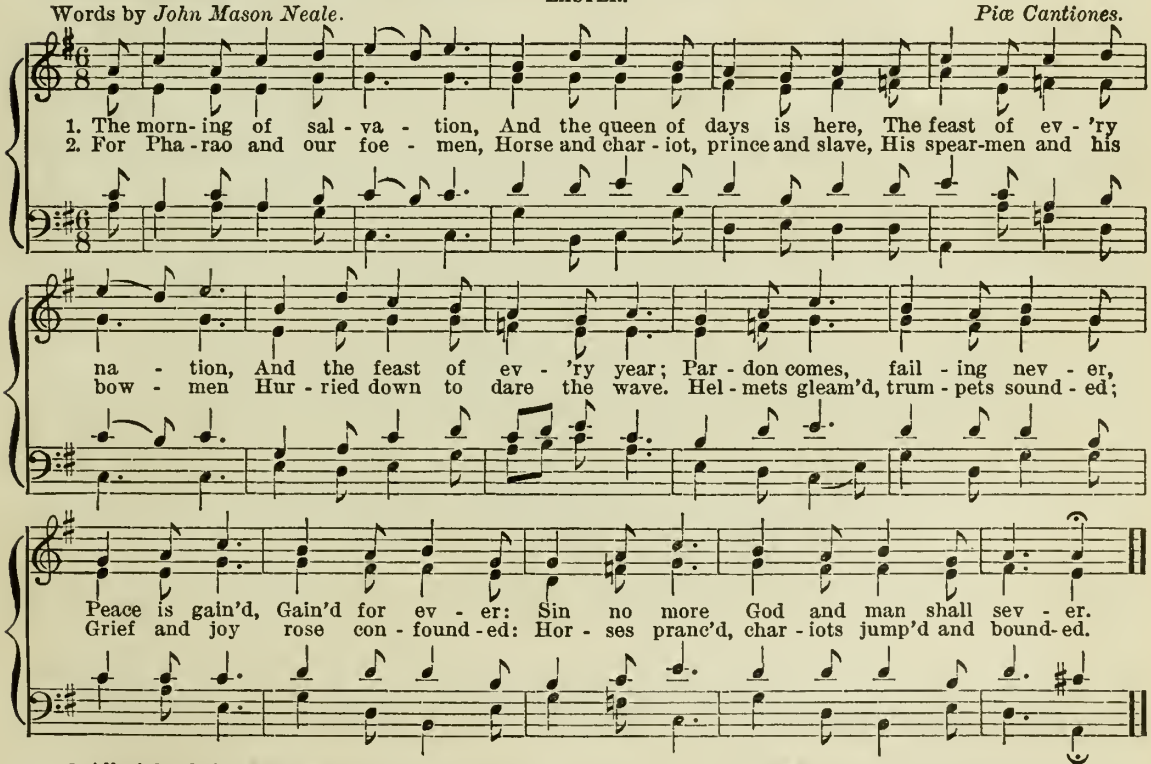
Carol 521. Hark! the Angels bright are singing.

EASTER.

Words by *Mary F. Cusack.* *H. Elliot Button.*

1. Hark! the an-gels bright are sing-ing In the glo-rious Eas-ter sky: Je-sus from the grave has
2. Pi-late's sol-diers tried to keep Je-sus fast with-in the grave; And they put a seal and
3. But when three days passed a-way, At the aw-ful mid-night hour, Je-sus rose all glo-rious-
4. We must die as Je-sus died, But we, too, from death shall rise; Then with Him, if we are
REFRAIN.
ris-en, Je-sus now no more may die.
stone Up-on the en-trance to the cave.
ly By His own al-might-y power.
good, We shall reign be-yond the skies.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! This is
what the an-gels say; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! We will sing with them to-day.

Carol 522. The Morning of Salvation.

EASTER.

Words by *John Mason Neale.* *Piæ Cantiones.*

1. The morn-ing of sal-va-tion, And the queen of days is here, The feast of ev-'ry
2. For Pha-rao and our foe-men, Horse and char-iot, prince and slave, His spear-men and his
na-tion, And the feast of ev-'ry year; Par-don comes, fail-ing nev-er,
bow-men Hur-ried down to dare the wave. Hel-mets gleam'd, trum-pets sound-ed;
Peace is gain'd, Gain'd for ev-er: Sin no more God and man shall sev-er.
Grief and joy rose con-found-ed: Hor-ses pranc'd, char-iots jump'd and bound-ed.

3 All night their efforts doubled:
On they came with scoff and boast:
Till God look'd forth, and troubled
All the bravest of their host.
Then the strong met the Stronger;
Vengeance then slept no longer;
Then the Wrong'd triumph'd o'er the wronger.

4 True Moses of Thy people;
Thy renown and hard-won fame
They ring from every steeple,
And in every church proclaim:
Victor o'er bands infernal,
King amidst pow'rs supernal,
Lead us on, up to joys eternal.

Carol 523.

Easter Bells.

Words by *H. G. Farmer.*

R. H. Clouston, Jr.

Semi-Chorus.

1. Hear the lov-ing Eas-ter bells, High within the church tower swinging, Peace and comfort seeming wells
2. Hear the joy-ful Eas-ter bells, High within the church tower swinging, Hark the sto-ry glad they tell,
3. Hear the mer-ry Eas-ter bells, High within the church tower swinging, Far and wide their mus-ic swells,

From the sing-ing and the ring-ing Of the hap-py Eas-ter bells. Children's voi-ces sweet are blend-ing
Hear the glo-ry in the sing-ing Of the hap-py Eas-ter bells. From the tomb our Christ is ris-en,
Hear the glo-ry in the ring-ing Of the mer-ry Eas-ter bells. Past is all the gloom and sad-ness,

Solo.

In the strains the an-gels sing, High from earth to heav-en sending Love to Christ the ris-en King.
Lives He now for ev-ermore, Bursts the bonds of death's dark prison, Risen to op-en heav-en's door.
Eas-ter joys a-round us shine, Turned is sor-row in-to glad-ness, Death is changed to life divine.

meno mosso. *rall.*

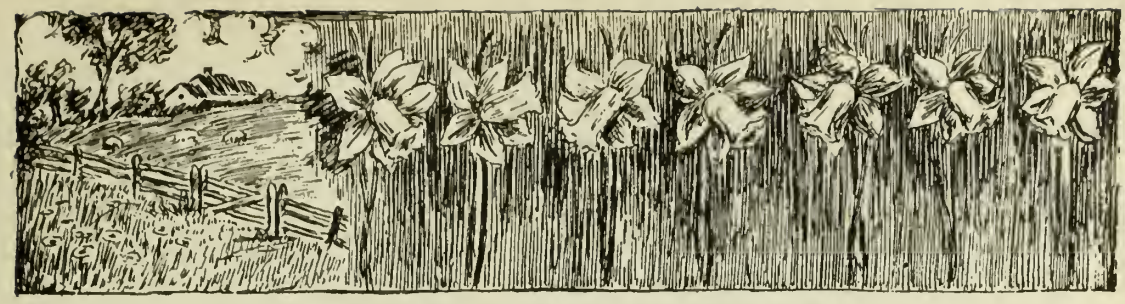
Chorus.

ff

Al-le-lu-ia! . Al-le-lu-ia! Hail we

Allegro. *ff*

Christ, . Al-le-lu-ia! . Al-le-lu-ia! Hail we Christ the ris-en . King.



Come with us, sweet flowers.

("Carol of the Flowers.")

Carol 524. FLOWER SERVICE. *Bas-Quercy.*

Lento.

Come with us, sweet . flowers, and wor - ship Christ the .

poco rit. FINE.

Lord: Let your per - fumes hov - er round the Child a - dored.

DUET. *Piu mosso.* *cres.* *D.C.*

1. Mod - est vio - let, hid - ing in the grass - y shade, Thou canst say how hum - ble He for us was made.
2. Lil - y fair, low bend-ing in the sun's warm light, Thou dost tell that He is pure as Thou art white.
3. As thou, pan - sy, shin - est forth in bright ar - ray, So doth He His maj - es - ty to man dis - play.
4. As thou, rose, wide op-'ning, dost thy scent im - part, So His love ex - pand-ing, draws each sin - ful heart.

(*This carol ("Gascon") to be sung after the last verse of the "Carol of the Flowers," without pause.*)

p *pp*

Je - sus so gen - tle, so pure and so sweet, Love, from Thy gen - tle eyes, sin - ners doth

p *pp*

cres. *poco rall.*

greet. Ten-d'rest words fail all Thy beau- ty to show; We must a - dore Thee, if Thee we would know.

p *cres.* *pp*

Voices of children.

Carol 525. CHILDREN'S DAY. *H. E. Nichol.*

Allegretto. ♩. = 66.

SOPRANO AND CONTRALTO.

p

1. Voi - ces of chil-dren in
2. Voi - ces of chil-dren, so
3. Voi - ces of chil-dren in

glad - ness greet The time of the ear - ly spring; . . The
fresh and gay, Thro' mea - dows of sum - mer ring; . . . With
win - ter snows, They fill all the air with glee; . . . Wher -

earth is so fair a - bout their feet, The sky is so blue, the flow'rs so sweet, And
laugh-ter of life and joy of play, They scat - ter the clouds of gloom a - way, And
ev - er their glad - some mu - sic goes, The joy of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther flows In

life is a glo - rious thing. . .
make ev - 'ry heart to sing. . .
mea - sure so full and free. . .

p

CHORUS.

mf

rall.

Ca - rol the songs of the morn - ing, Chil-dren so hap - py and

mf

rall.

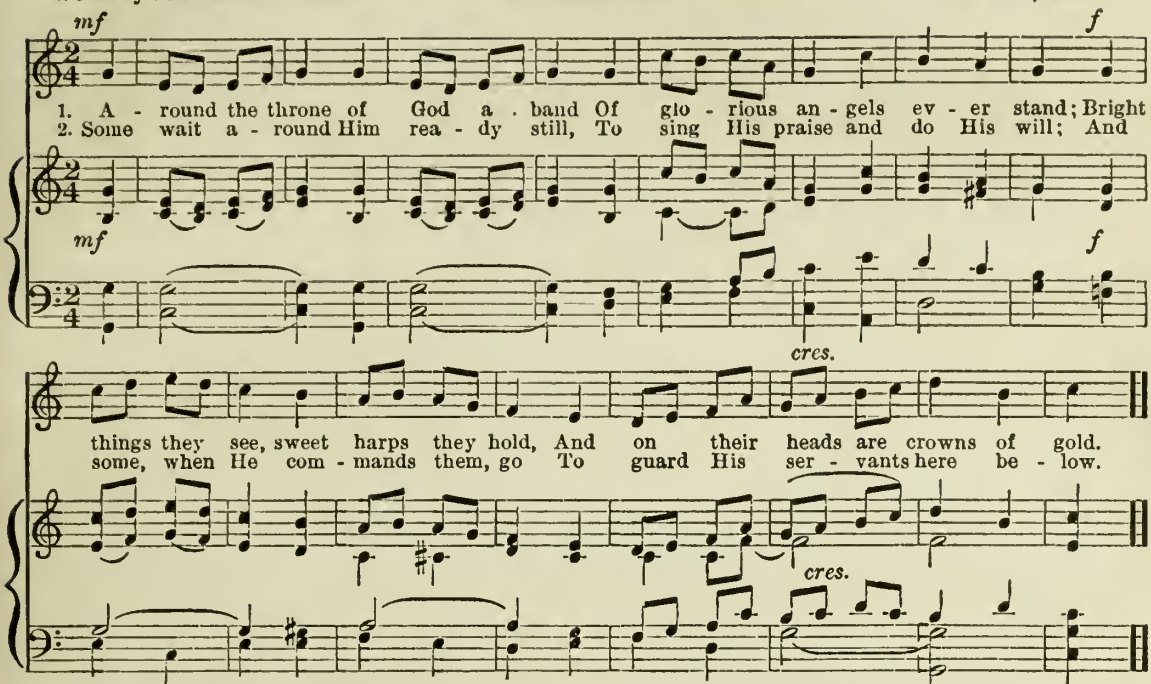
bright! . God is the fount of your glad - ness, Lift up your hearts in de - light. .
and bright!

rall.

bright! .

Parish Choir, No. 1718 — 4.

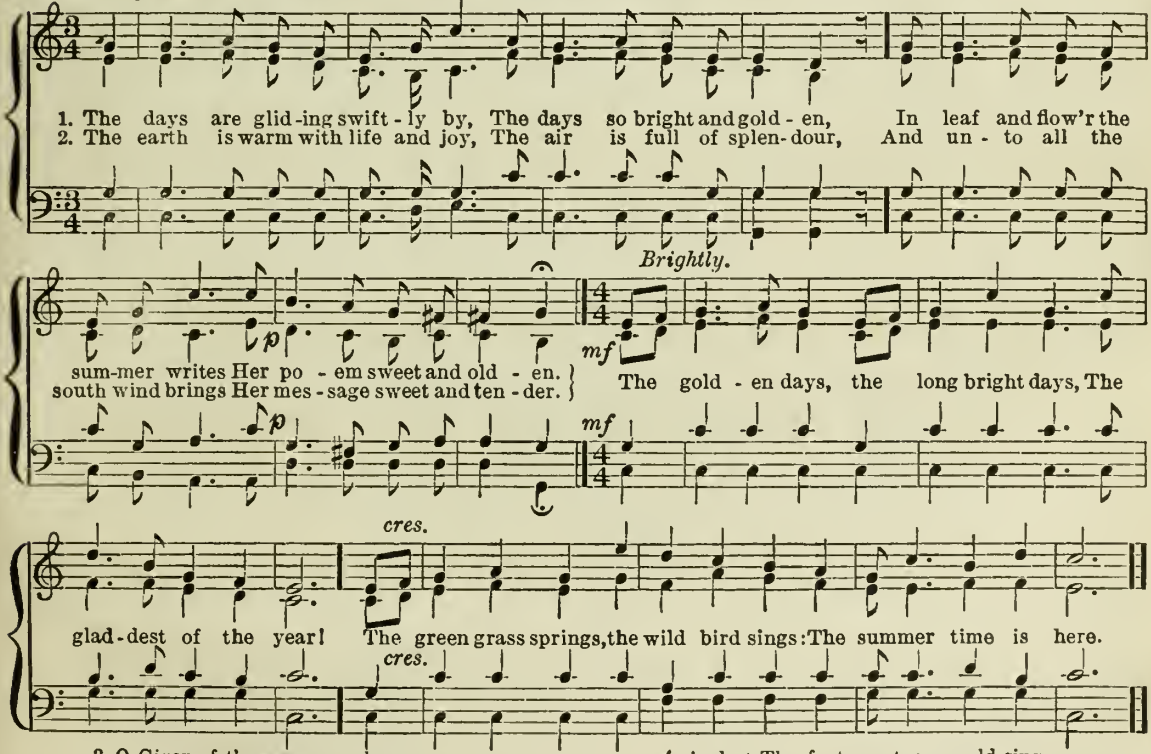
Carol 526. Around the throne of God.

Words by *John Mason Neale.* CHILDREN'S DAY. *F. Peel, Mus. B.*

mf
f
1. A - round the throne of God a . band Of glo - rious an - gels ev - er stand; Bright
2. Some wait a - round Him rea - dy still, To sing His praise and do His will; And
mf
f
cres.
things they see, sweet harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.
some, when He com - mands them, go To guard His ser - vants here be - low.
cres.

3 Lord, give Thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

Carol 527. The days are gliding swiftly by.

Words by *Mrs. E. H. Leland.* FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL. *J. Westwood Tosh.*

1. The days are glid - ing swift - ly by, The days so bright and gold - en, In leaf and flow'r the
2. The earth is warm with life and joy, The air is full of splen - dour, And un - to all the
Brightly.
p
mf
sum - mer writes Her po - em sweet and old - en.
south wind brings Her mes - sage sweet and ten - der.
The gold - en days, the long bright days, The
p
mf
cres.
glad - dest of the year! The green grass springs, the wild bird sings: The summer time is here.
cres.

3 O Giver of these summer hours,
All nature gives Thee praises,
From mountain peak to where the flow'r
Its lowly bloom upraises.
The golden days, etc.

4 And at Thy feet we, too, would sing,
With all Thy creatures living,
A song of mirth, a song of joy,
A song of glad thanksgiving.
The golden days, etc.

The flowers of earth are blooming.

Carol 528.

FLOWER SERVICE.

DUET, TREBLES AND ALTOS.

Cheerfully. ♩. = 69. *H. E. Nichol.*

p 1. The flow'rs of earth are bloom - ing In gar - den, lane and field, . The wan-d'ring airs per -
f 2. Some brave the sun - lit splen - dour, With bold and o - pen looks; (*p*) Some nes - tle meek and
p 3. Some ro - sy red are glow - ing, Like hearts that thrill with love; . Some tints of blue are
p 4. And if our Fa - ther dress them In beau - ti - ful ar - ray . . (Tho' a - ny foot may

fum - ing (*cr*) With sweetness that they yield. . (*mf*) These blossoms fair we gath - er, (*p*) Our
ten - der, In cool and sha - dy nooks; (*mf*) Some love the hap - py mea - dows, A -
show - ing, (*cr*) Like God's great sky a - bove; (*mf*) Some gleam with gold - en bright - ness, (*p*) Like
press them, And tho' they fade a - way,) (*mf*) Shall not our hearts from sor - row (*p*) And

rall.

love for Thee to tell, (*cres*) O great and gra-cious Fa - ther, Who mak-est all things well! . .
mid the rush-ing breeze; (*cres*) And some the woodland sha-dows, Be - neath the rust - ling trees. . .
stars a - cross the sea; . And some have all the white - ness Of per - fect pu - ri - ty . . . .
anx-ious care be freed, (*cres*) And leave the com - ing mor - row To Him who knows our need? . . .

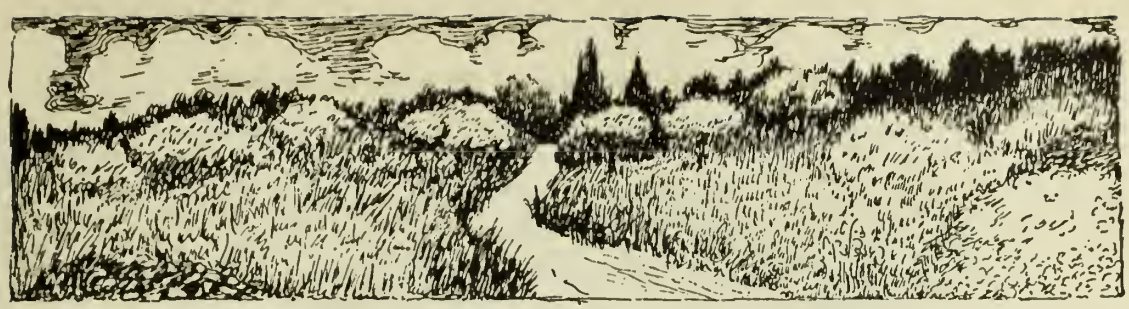
CHORUS. *a tempo.*

mf Flow - ers of beau - ty here we twine, Fa - ther, who dwell - est a - bove! .

poco rall.

Grant that our souls like them may shine, Full of Thy light and love, ...

f Grant that our souls like them may shine, Full of Thy light and love. .

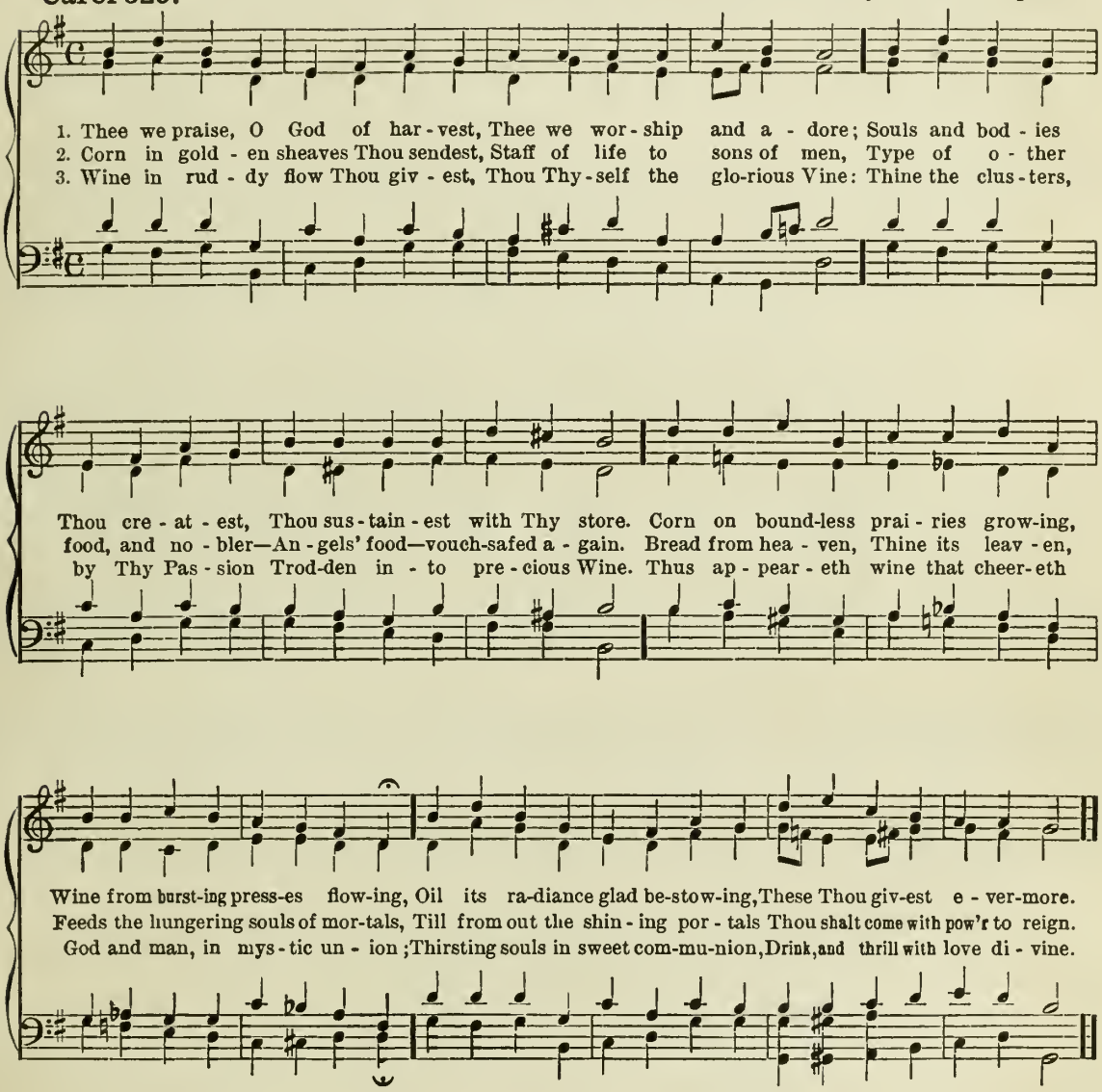


Thee we praise, O God of harvest.

HARVEST.

Carol 529.

Words and music by *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*


1. Thee we praise, O God of har - vest, Thee we wor - ship and a - dore; Souls and bod - ies
2. Corn in gold - en sheaves Thou sendest, Staff of life to sons of men, Type of o - ther
3. Wine in rud - dy flow Thou giv - est, Thou Thy - self the glo-rious Vine: Thine the clus - ters,
Thou cre - at - est, Thou sus - tain - est with Thy store. Corn on bound-less prai - ries grow-ing,
food, and no - bler—An - gels' food—vouch-safed a - gain. Bread from hea - ven, Thine its leav - en,
by Thy Pas - sion Trod-den in - to pre - cious Wine. Thus ap - pear - eth wine that cheer - eth
Wine from burst-ing press-es flow-ing, Oil its ra-diance glad be-stow-ing, These Thou giv-est e - ver-more.
Feeds the hungering souls of mor-tals, Till from out the shin - ing por - tals Thou shalt come with pow'r to reign.
God and man, in mys - tic un - ion; Thirsting souls in sweet com-mu-nion, Drink, and thrill with love di - vine.

4

Oil in balmy streams Thou pourest
On man's wounds with healing wine;
In the Rock, by anguish cloven,
Joy hath found its holiest shrine.
Oil of gladness, conquering sadness,
Laden all with sweetest spices
Every where its fragrance rises,
Through all gloom its lights do shine.

5

Glory to the God of harvest,
Henceforth and for ever be;
Threefold gift from threefold Giver,
One to all eternity:
Truth of God the Father Holy,
Love of God the Saviour lowly,
Joy of God the Spirit, wholly
Three in One and One in Three.

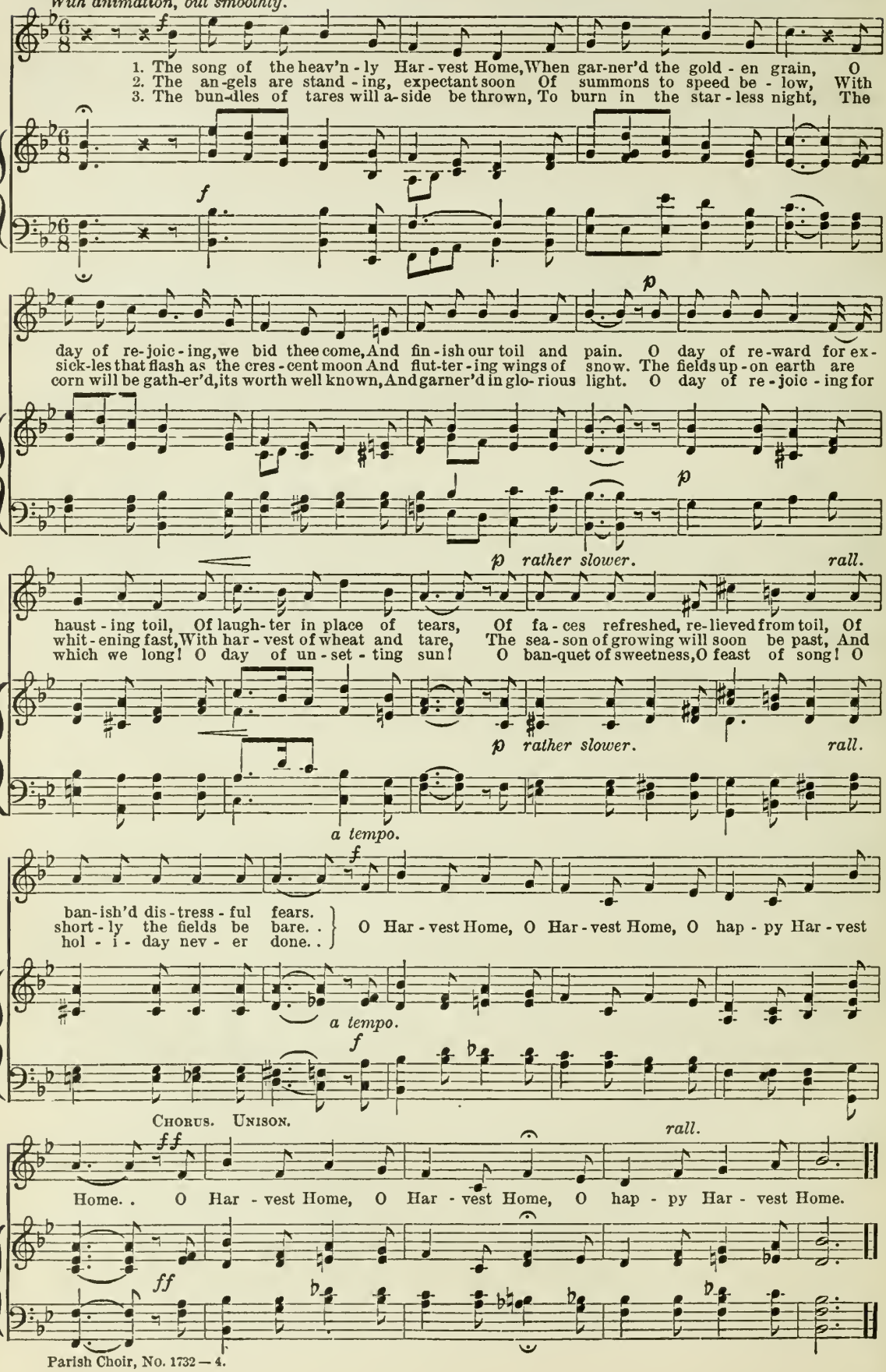
Parish Choir, No. 1732—4.

The song of the heavenly Harvest Home.

Carol 530.

Words by *Rev. S. Baring-Gould.*

M. S. Skeffington.

With animation, but smoothly.

1. The song of the heav'n - ly Har - vest Home, When gar-ner'd the gold - en grain, O
2. The an-gels are stand - ing, expectant soon Of summons to speed be - low, With
3. The bun-dles of tares will a-side be thrown, To burn in the star - less night, The
day of re-joic - ing, we bid thee come, And fin - ish our toil and pain. O day of re-ward for ex-
sick-les that flash as the cres - cent moon And flut-ter - ing wings of snow. The fields up - on earth are
corn will be gath-er'd, its worth well known, And garner'd in glo- rious light. O day of re - joic - ing for
haust - ing toil, Of laugh-ter in place of tears, Of fa - ces refreshed, re-lieved from toil, Of
whit - ening fast, With har - vest of wheat and tare, The sea - son of growing will soon be past, And
which we long! O day of un - set - ting sun! O ban-quet of sweetness, O feast of song! O
ban - ish'd dis - tress - ful fears.
short - ly the fields be bare.
hol - i - day nev - er done.
O Har - vest Home, O Har - vest Home, O hap - py Har - vest
Home. O Har - vest Home, O Har - vest Home, O hap - py Har - vest Home.

rather slower. *rall.*

a tempo.

a tempo.

CHORUS. UNISON.

rall.

He saw the wheat-fields waiting.

Carol 531. HARVEST. *H. E. Nichol.*

Allegretto. SOPRANOS IN UNISON.

1. He saw the wheat-fields wait - ing, All gold - en in . the sun, . And strong and stal - wart reap - ers Went by . him one by one. . . "Oh, could I reap in har - vest," His heart made bit - ter cry; "I can do noth - ing, noth - ing, So weak, a - las! am I." . .
2. At eve a faint-ing trav - eller Sank down be - side the door; A cup of crys - tal wa - ter To quench his thirst he bore, . And when re-freshed and strength-ened, The trav - eller went his way, Up - on the poor man's thres - hold A gold - en wheat-sheaf lay." .
3. When came the Lord of har - vest, He cried, "O Mas-ter kind, One sheaf I have to of - fer, But that I did not bind; . I gave a cup of wa - ter To one a-thirst, and he Left at my door, in go - ing, This sheaf I of - fer Thee"
4. Then said the Mas-ter, gent - ly, "Well pleased with this am I; . One of My an - gels left it . With thee as he pass'd by. . . Thou mayst not join the reap - ers Up - on the har - vest plain, But he who helps a broth - er Binds sheaves of rich - est grain."

Allegretto.

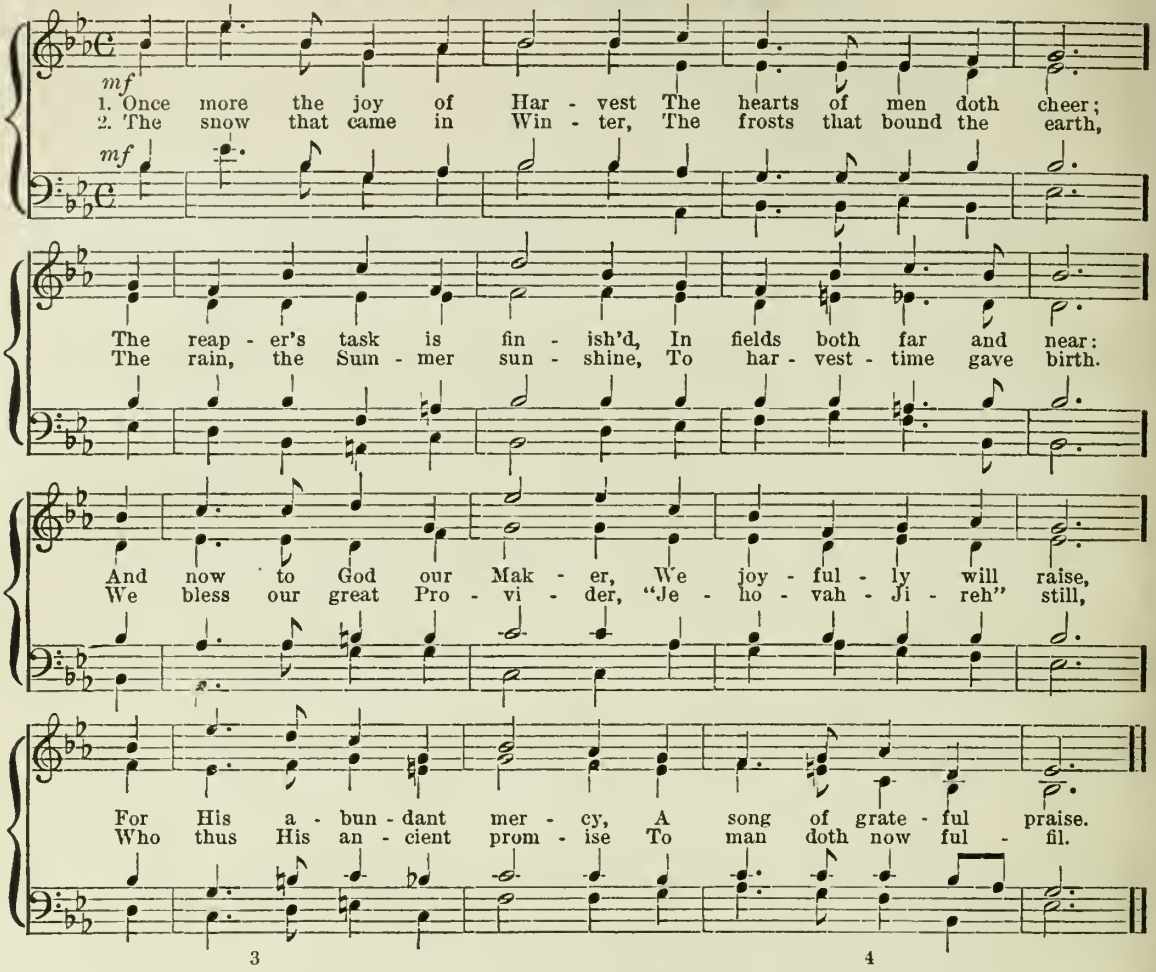
rall.

rall.

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

p Thou mayst not join . the reap - ers Up - on the har - vest plain, . But he who helps a broth - er Binds sheaves of rich - est grain. .

rall.

Carol 532. Once more the joy of harvest.

mf
1. Once more the joy of Har - vest The hearts of men doth cheer;
2. The snow that came in Win - ter, The frosts that bound the earth,
The reap - er's task is fin - ish'd, In fields both far and near:
The rain, the Sum - mer sun - shine, To har - vest - time gave birth.
And now to God our Mak - er, We joy - ful - ly will raise,
We bless our great Pro - vi - der, "Je - ho - vah - Ji - reh" still,
For His a - bun - dant mer - cy, A song of grate - ful praise.
Who thus His an - cient prom - ise To man doth now ful - fil.

3

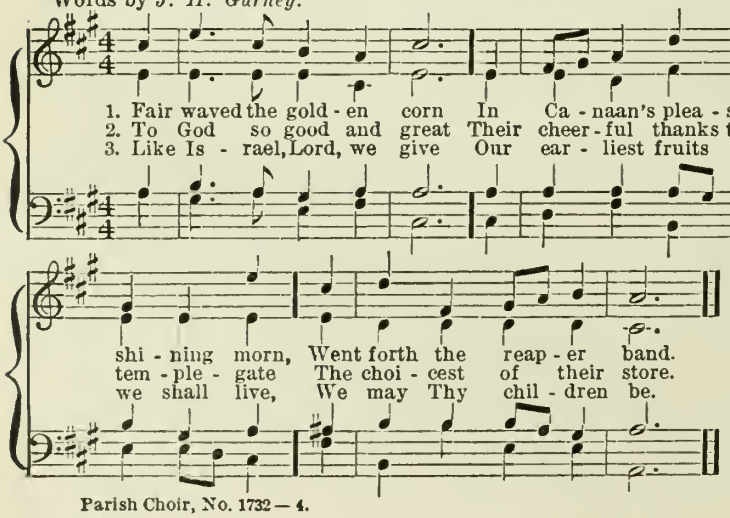
Dear Saviour, make us fruitful,
And by Thy power divine,
Help us in youth and manhood
By holy deeds to shine.
Let all around take knowledge
That we have been with Thee,
And by Thy grace are growing
In love and purity.

4

Then when the angel-reapers
Shall come to gather in
The great and glorious Harvest
Of souls redeemed from sin,
Within the heavenly garner
Safe gathered we shall be,
With Father, Son, and Spirit,
To reign eternally.

Carol 533. Fair waved the golden corn.

CHILDREN'S HARVEST.

Words by *J. H. Gurney.* *T. Herbert Spinney.*

1. Fair waved the gold - en corn In Ca - naan's plea - sant land, When full of joy, some
2. To God so good and great Their cheer - ful thanks they pour; Then car - ry to His
3. Like Is - rael, Lord, we give Our ear - liest fruits to Thee, And pray that, long as
shi - ning morn, Went forth the reap - er band.
tem - ple - gate The choi - cest of their store.
we shall live, We may Thy chil - dren be.

4

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

5

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy Saints in heaven.

I sing the Birth was born to-night.

Carol 534.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Ben Jonson.*

Sir George C. Martin.

Cheerfully, but not too fast.

1. I sing the Birth was born to-night, The Au - thor both of
2. The Son of God, th'e - ter - nal King, That did us all sal -
3. What com-fort do we by Him win, Who made Him - self the

Cheerfully, but not too fast.

mf *cres.* *f*

cres.

life and light, The An - gels so did sound it, The An - gels so did sound it, so did
va - tion bring, And freed the soul from dan - ger, And freed the soul from dan - ger, freed from
price of sin, To make us heirs of glo - ry, To make us heirs of glo - ry, heirs of

cres.

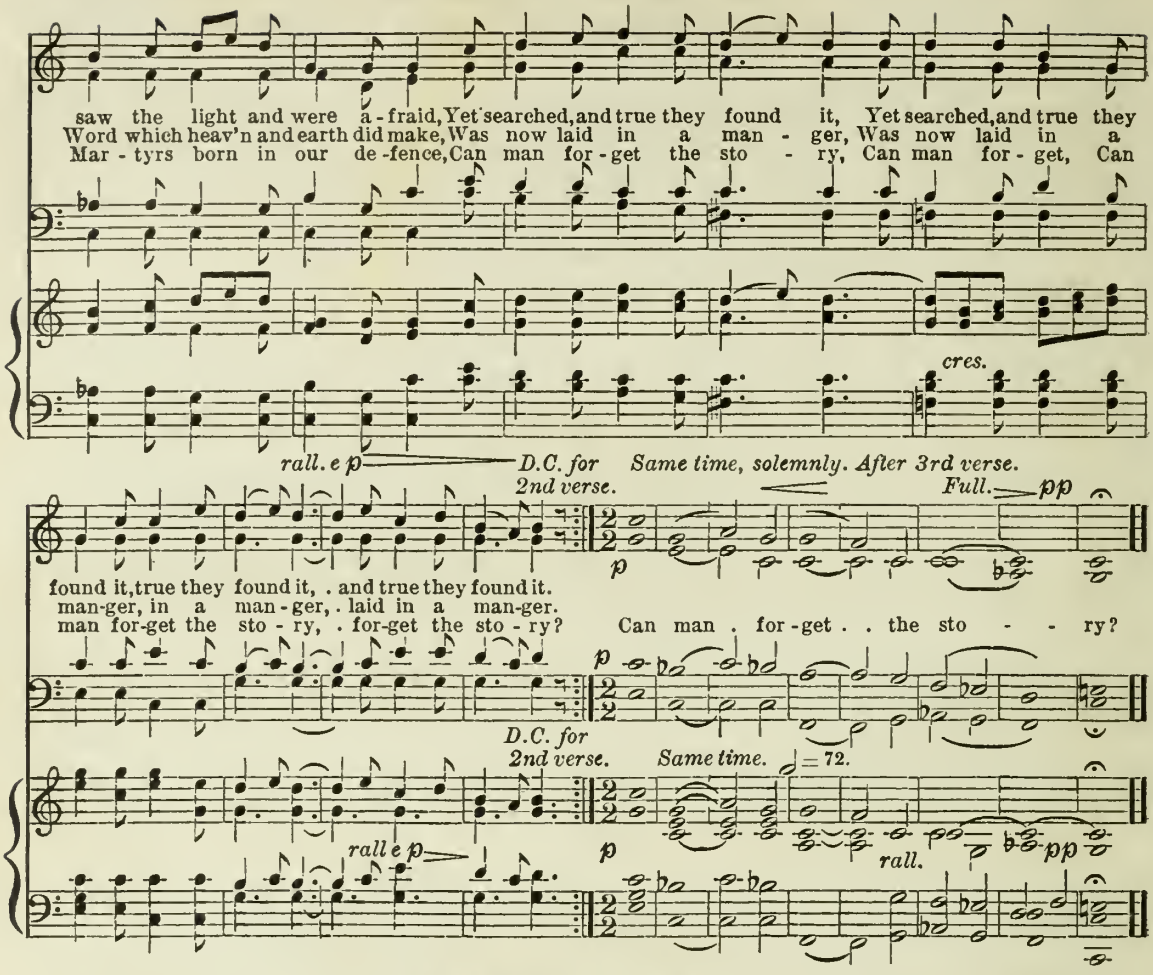
ff *p*

sound . . it. . . . . The like the ra - vish'd shepherds said, Who
dan - - ger. . . . . He whom the whole world could not take, The
glo - - ry? . . . . To see this Babe, all in - no-cence, A

ff *p*

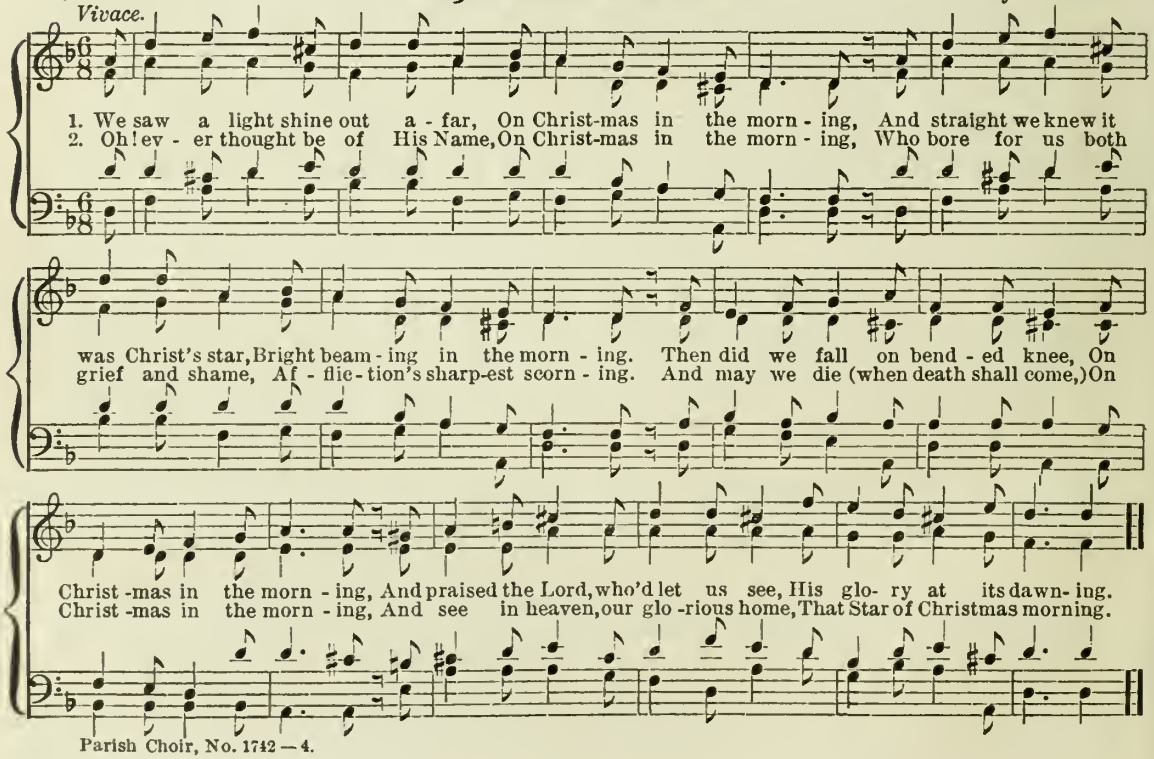
ff *p*

ff *ff*

Parish Choir, No. 1742—4.

saw the light and were a-fraid, Yet searched, and true they found it, Yet searched, and true they
Word which heav'n and earth did make, Was now laid in a man-ger, Was now laid in a
Mar-tyrs born in our de-fence, Can man for-get the sto-ry, Can man for-get, Can
cres.
rall. e p
D.C. for 2nd verse.
Same time, solemnly. After 3rd verse.
Full.
pp
found it, true they found it, . and true they found it.
man-ger, in a man-ger, . laid in a man-ger.
man for-get the sto-ry, . for-get the sto-ry?
Can man . for-get . . the sto - - ry?
D.C. for 2nd verse.
Same time.
♩ = 72.
rall e p
rall.

Carol 535.

The Golden Carol.

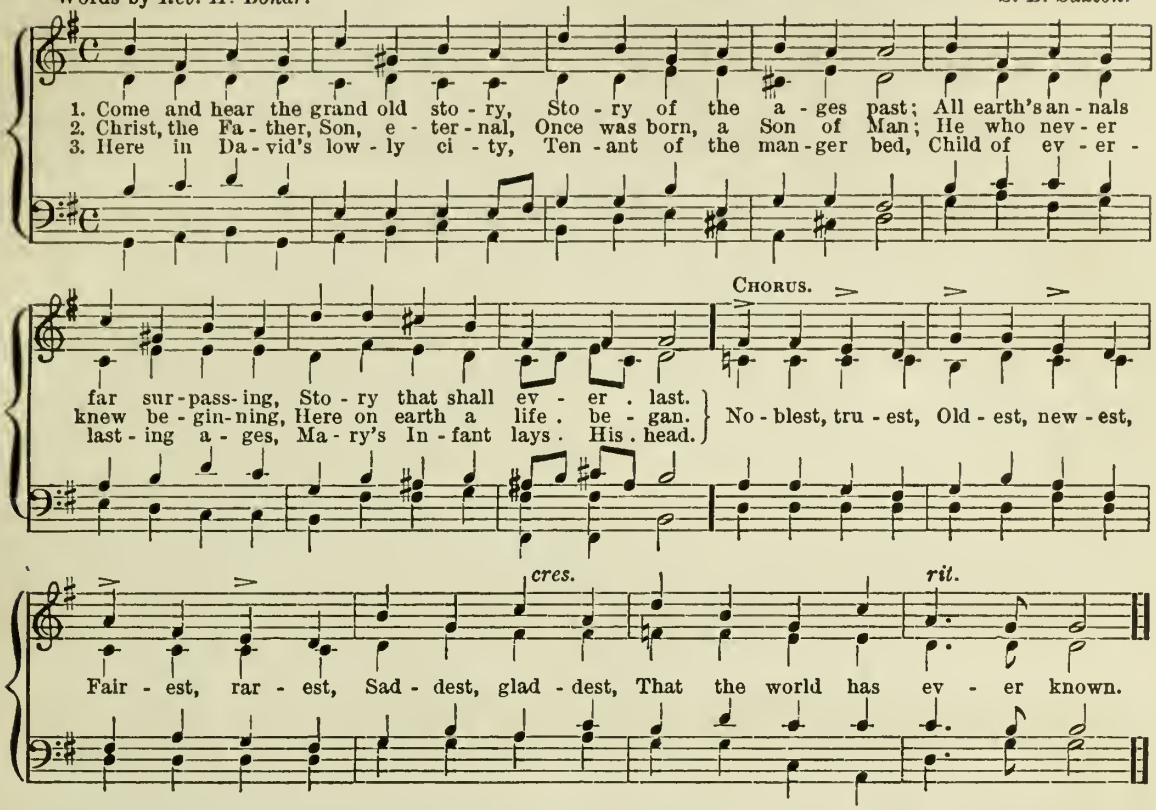
Traditional.
Arr. by *J. Stainer.*

Vivace.
1. We saw a light shine out a-far, On Christ-mas in the morn-ing, And straight we knew it
2. Oh! ev-er thought be of His Name, On Christ-mas in the morn-ing, Who bore for us both
was Christ's star, Bright beam-ing in the morn-ing. Then did we fall on bend-ed knee, On
grief and shame, Af-flic-tion's sharp-est scorn-ing. And may we die (when death shall come,) On
Christ-mas in the morn-ing, And praised the Lord, who'd let us see, His glo-ry at its dawn-ing.
Christ-mas in the morn-ing, And see in heaven, our glo-rious home, That Star of Christmas morning.

Come and hear the grand old story.

Carol 536.

CHRISTMAS.

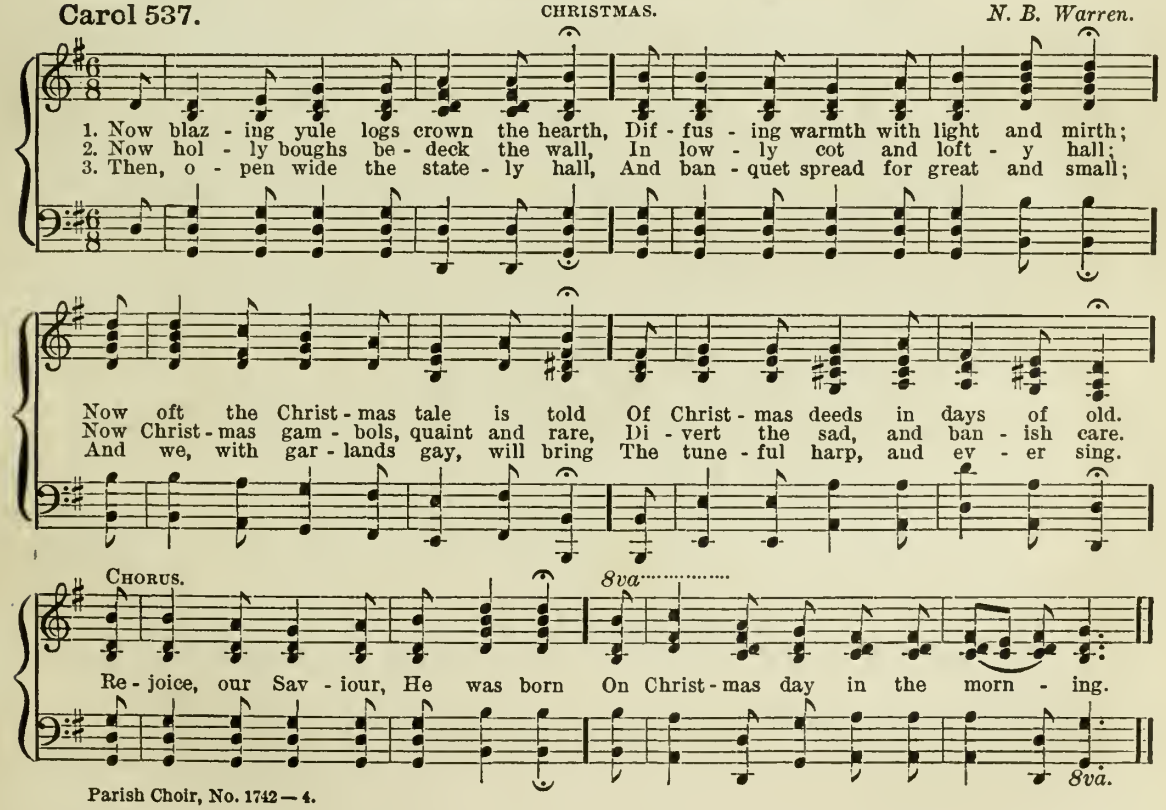
Words by *Rev. H. Bonar.* *S. B. Saxton.*


1. Come and hear the grand old sto - ry, Sto - ry of the a - ges past; All earth's an - nals
2. Christ, the Fa - ther, Son, e - ter - nal, Once was born, a Son of Man; He who nev - er
3. Here in Da - vid's low - ly ci - ty, Ten - ant of the man - ger bed, Child of ev - er -
Chorus.
far sur - pass - ing, Sto - ry that shall ev - er . last.
knew be - gin - ning, Here on earth a life . be - gan.
last - ing a - ges, Ma - ry's In - fant lays . His . head.
No - blest, tru - est, Old - est, new - est,
cres.
rit.
Fair - est, rar - est, Sad - dest, glad - dest, That the world has ev - er known.

Now blazing yule logs.

Carol 537.

CHRISTMAS.

N. B. Warren.

1. Now blaz - ing yule logs crown the hearth, Dif - fus - ing warmth with light and mirth;
2. Now hol - ly boughs be - deck the wall, In low - ly cot and loft - y hall;
3. Then, o - pen wide the state - ly hall, And ban - quet spread for great and small;
Now oft the Christ - mas tale is told Of Christ - mas deeds in days of old.
Now Christ - mas gam - bols, quaint and rare, Di - vert the sad, and ban - ish care.
And we, with gar - lands gay, will bring The tune - ful harp, and ev - er sing.
Chorus.
8va
Re - joice, our Sav - iour, He was born On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.
8va.

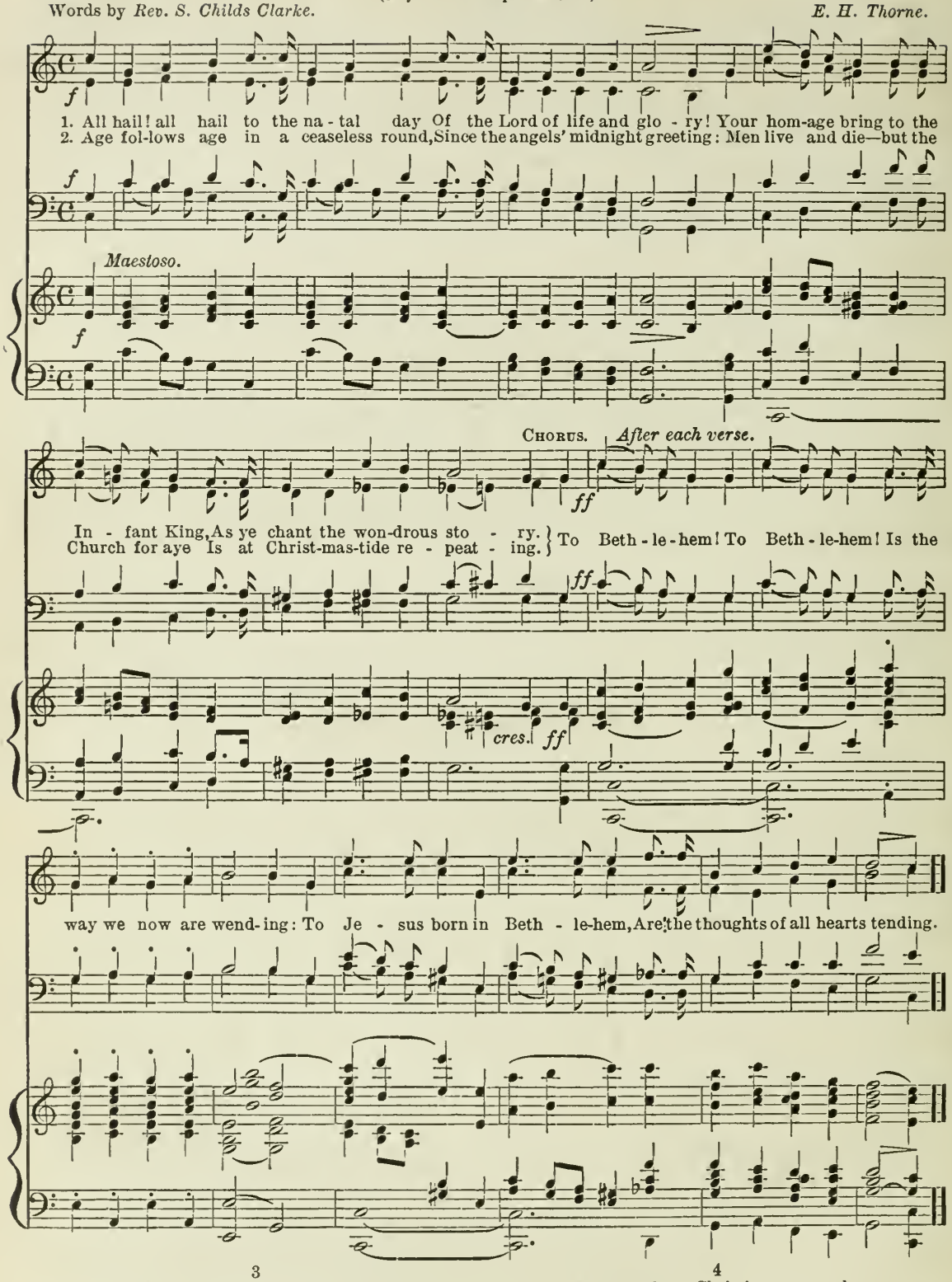
All hail! all hail to the natal day.

Carol 538.

CHRISTMAS.

(May be used as a processional.)

Words by *Rev. S. Childs Clarke.* *E. H. Thorne.*


1. All hail! all hail to the na - tal day Of the Lord of life and glo - ry! Your hom-age bring to the
2. Age fol-lows age in a ceaseless round, Since the angels' midnight greeting: Men live and die—but the
Maestoso.
Chorus. After each verse.
In - fant King, As ye chant the won-drous sto - ry.
Church for aye Is at Christ-mas-tide re - peat - ing.
To Beth - le - hem! To Beth - le-hem! Is the
cres.
way we now are wend-ing: To Je - sus born in Beth - le-hem, Are the thoughts of all hearts tending.

3

Then come and awake your tuneful strain,
As ye sing in exultation;
Come, bear your part with a grateful heart
In this Day's commemoration.
Cho.— To Bethlehem, etc.

4

Yes, onward, ye Christians, onward move,
On to Bethlehem to meet Him;
With reverent mirth, O ye sons of Earth,
As your God Incarnate greet Him.
Cho.— To Bethlehem, etc.

When I view the Mother holding.

Carol 539.

CHRISTMAS.

J. Barnby.

pp

♩ = 46.

sf *sf*

mf

1. When I view the Moth - er hold - ing In her arms the heaven - - - ly
2. [See the Vir - gin Moth - er beam - ing! Je - sus in her arms . . . . em -

p

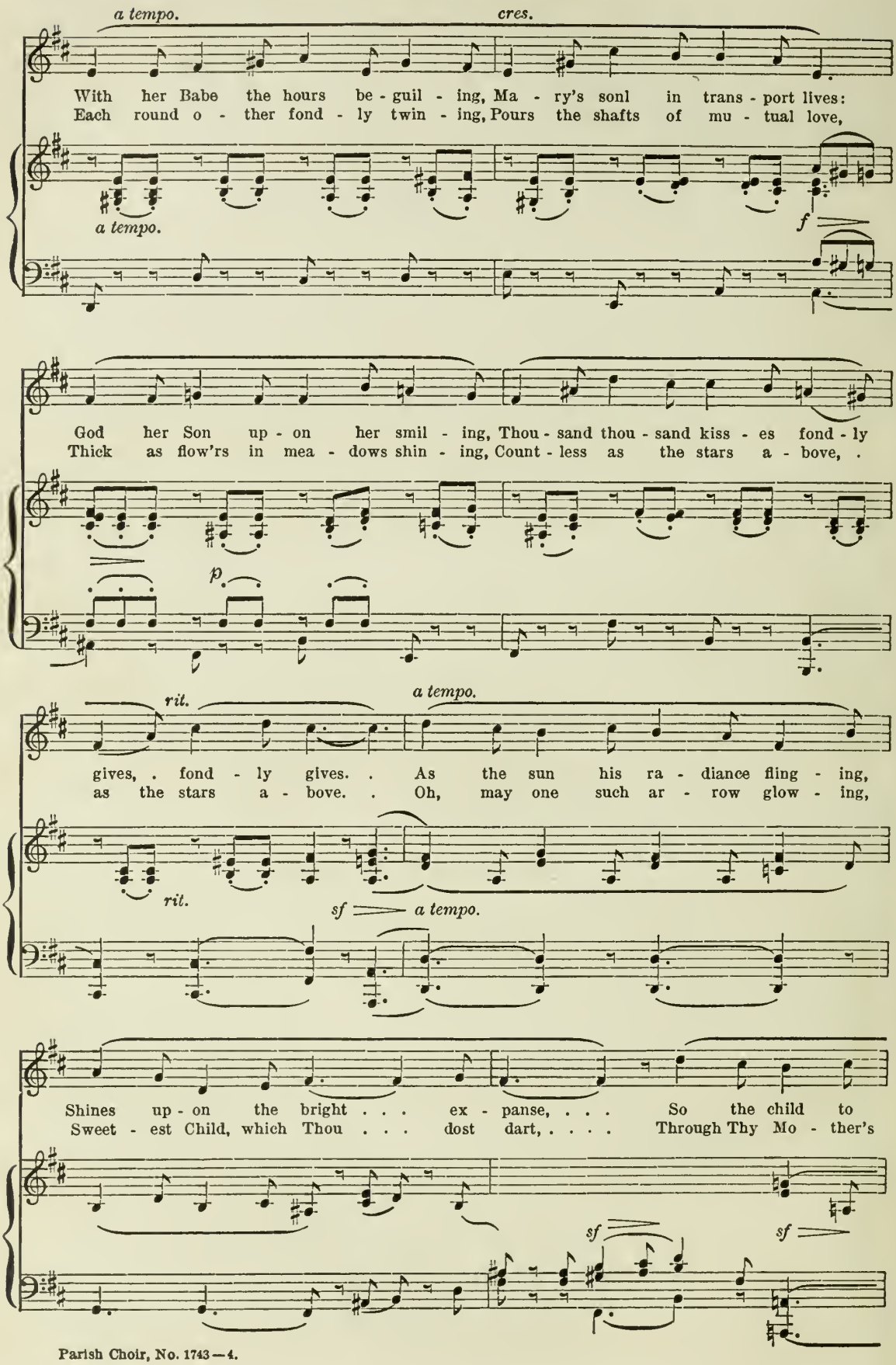
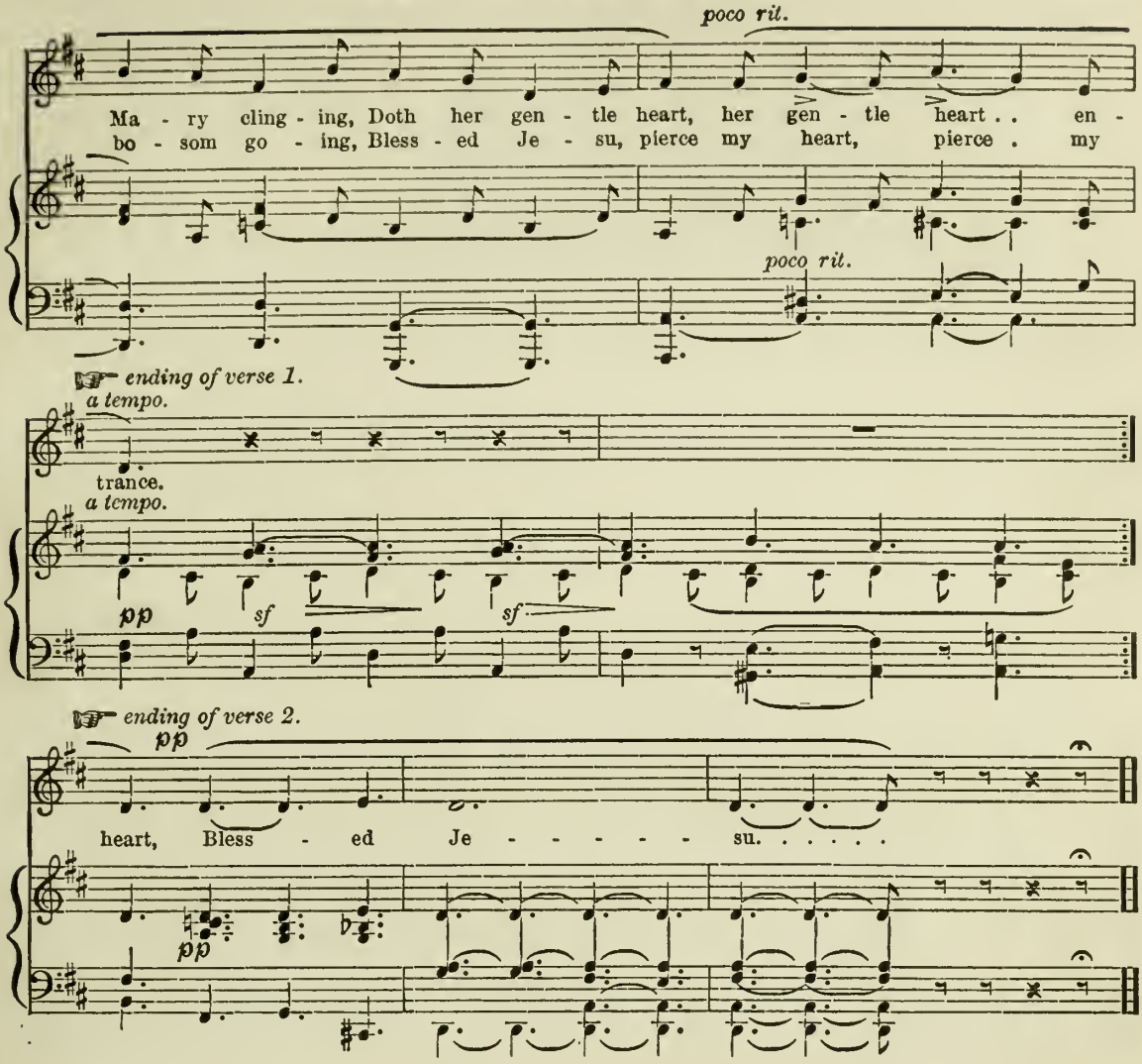
Boy, ... Thou - sand bliss - ful thoughts un - fold - ing, Melt my heart with
braced, ... Dew on soft - est ro - ses gleam - ing, Vi - o - let with

sf *sf*

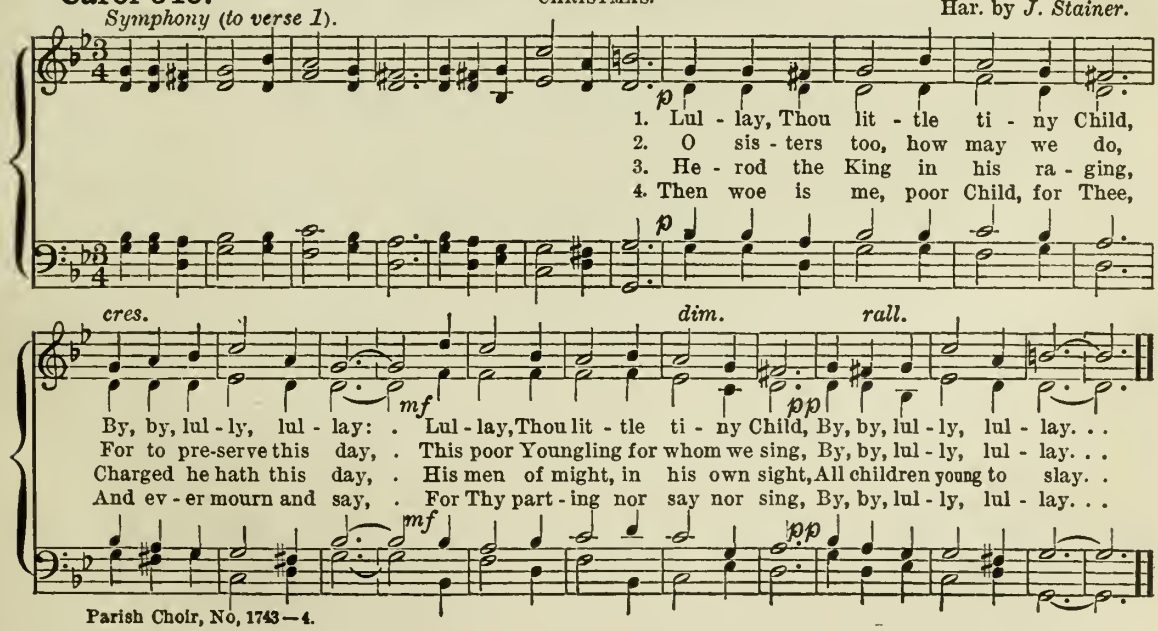
cres. *poco rit.*

sweet - est joy, with sweet - - est joy. . . . . .
li - ly chaste, with li - - - ly chaste. . . . . .

cres. *poco rit.*

Parish Choir, No. 1743—4.

a tempo.
cres.
With her Babe the hours be - guil - ing, Ma - ry's soul in trans - port lives:
Each round o - ther fond - ly twin - ing, Pours the shafts of mu - tual love,
a tempo.
f
God her Son up - on her smil - ing, Thou - sand thou - sand kiss - es fond - ly
Thick as flow'rs in mea - dows shin - ing, Count - less as the stars a - bove,
p
rit.
a tempo.
gives, fond - ly gives. As the sun his ra - diance fling - ing,
as the stars a - bove. Oh, may one such ar - row glow - ing,
rit.
sf
a tempo.
Shines up - on the bright . . . ex - panse, . . . So the child to
Sweet - est Child, which Thou . . . dost dart, ... Through Thy Mo - ther's
sf
sf

poco ril.
Ma - ry cling - ing, Doth her gen - tle heart, her gen - tle heart . . en -
bo - som go - ing, Bless - ed Je - su, pierce my heart, pierce . my
poco ril.
ending of verse 1.
a tempo.
trance.
a tempo.
pp
sf
sf
ending of verse 2.
pp
heart, Bless - ed Je - - - - - su. . . . . .
pp

The Coventry Carol.

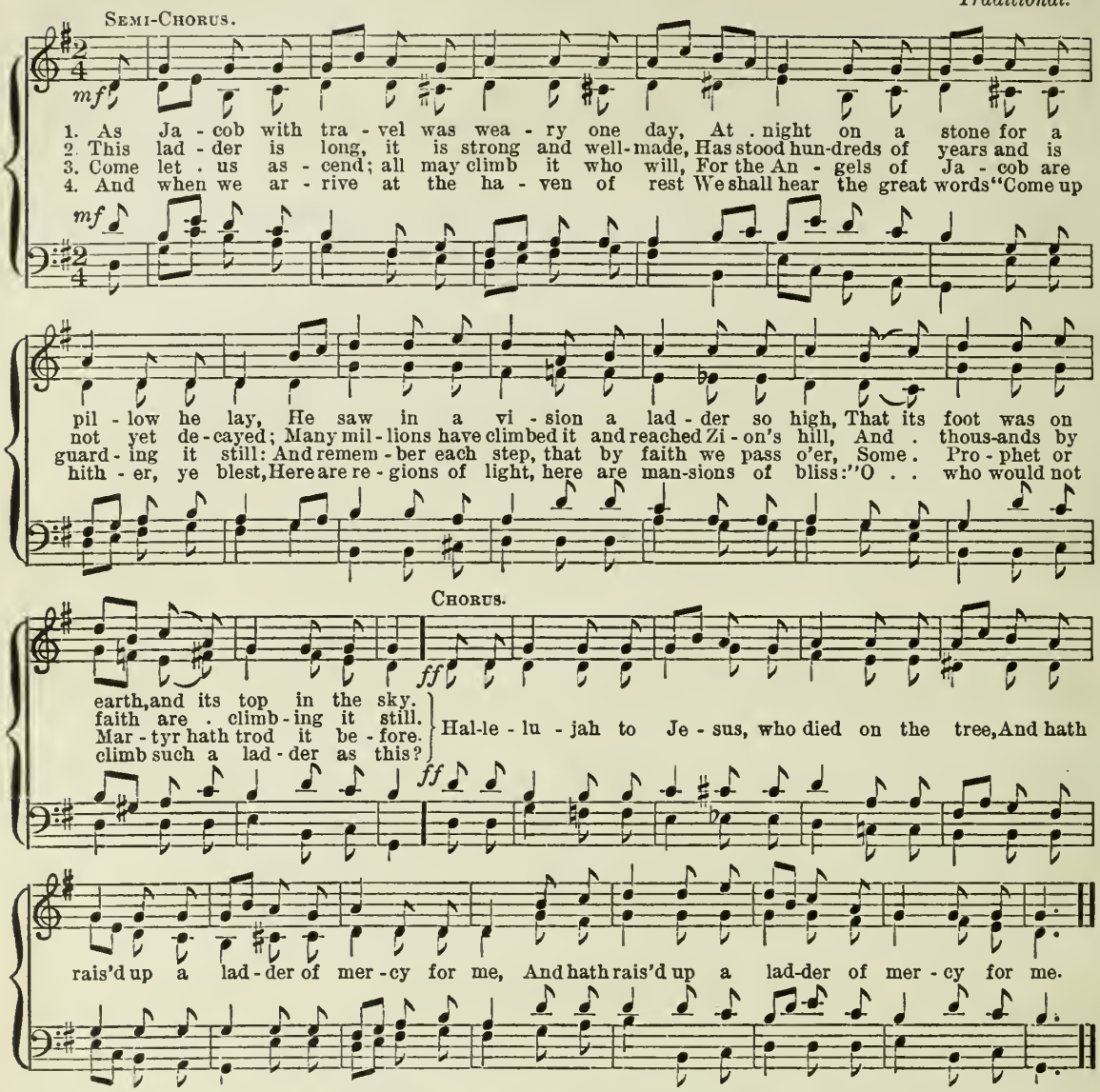
Carol 540. CHRISTMAS. Har. by *J. Stainer.*

Symphony (to verse 1).
p
1. Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle ti - ny Child,
2. O sis - ters too, how may we do,
3. He - rod the King in his ra - ging,
4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,
p
cres.
dim.
rall.
mf
pp
By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay: . Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle ti - ny Child, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay. . .
For to pre-serve this day, . This poor Youngling for whom we sing, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay. . .
Charged he hath this day, . His men of might, in his own sight, All children young to slay. .
And ev - er mourn and say, . For Thy part - ing nor say nor sing, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay. . .
mf
pp

As Jacob with travel.

Carol 541.

("JACOB'S LADDER.")

CHRISTMAS.

Traditional.

SEMI-CHORUS.
1. As Ja - cob with tra - vel was wea - ry one day, At . night on a stone for a
2. This lad - der is long, it is strong and well-made, Has stood hun-dreds of years and is
3. Come let . us as - cend; all may climb it who will, For the An - gels of Ja - cob are
4. And when we ar - rive at the ha - ven of rest We shall hear the great words "Come up
pil - low he lay, He saw in a vi - sion a lad - der so high, That its foot was on
not yet de - cayed; Many mil - lions have climbed it and reached Zi - on's hill, And . thous-ands by
guard - ing it still: And remem - ber each step, that by faith we pass o'er, Some . Pro - phet or
hith - er, ye blest, Here are re - gions of light, here are man-sions of bliss:" O . . who would not
CHORUS.
earth, and its top in the sky.
faith are . climb - ing it still.
Mar - tyr hath trod it be - fore.
climb such a lad - der as this?
Hal-le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who died on the tree, And hath
rais'd up a lad - der of mer - cy for me, And hath rais'd up a lad-der of mer - cy for me.

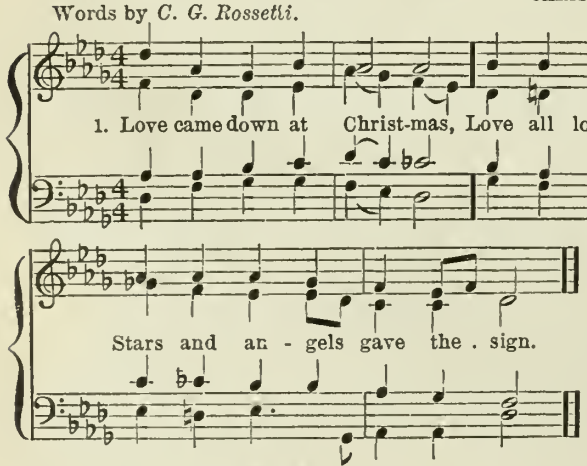
Love came down at Christmas.

Carol 542.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *C. G. Rossetti.*

J. E. Borland.



2

Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus;
But wherewith for sacred sign?

3

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christ was born on Christmas night.

Carol 543.

Words by *Bishop C. W. Stubbs.* *T. Tertius Noble.*

♩. = 48. TREBLES ONLY.

1. Christ was born on Christ-mas night, Sing the Car - ol gai - ly; . King of Love and
2. Christ was laid in cat - tle stall, Ox and ass most du - ly Did as to the
3. Sev - en shep-herds knelt them there In that sta - ble low - ly, Hailed as King the

FULL UNISON.

Lord of Light, Praise Him, praise Him dai - - ly.
Lord of all Make o - bei - sance tru - - ly.
Christ-child fair, Ve - ry God most Ho - - ly.
} Wel-come Christ-mas! Wel-come Yule!

HARMONY. UNISON. HARMONY.

Mis - tle - toe and hol - ly! Be ye mer - ry, gen - tles all, Mirth need not be fol - ly.

4

Seven shepherds fared them forth,
God's gift glorifying,
Told the wonder of its worth
To men, living, dying.
Welcome Christmas, etc.

5

Star-led Kings from Eastern land
Came on camels riding,
Spice and myrrh and gold in hand
For a royal tithing.
Welcome Christmas, etc.

6

Gaspar, Belsar, Melchior,
Found in Bethlem City
Him they knew by mystic lore
King of Love and Pity.
Welcome Christmas, etc.

7

Pity, mercy, peace, and love,
These be Christmas sweetings;
Be they ours from God above,
Take our Christmas greetings!
Welcome Christmas, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1746—4.

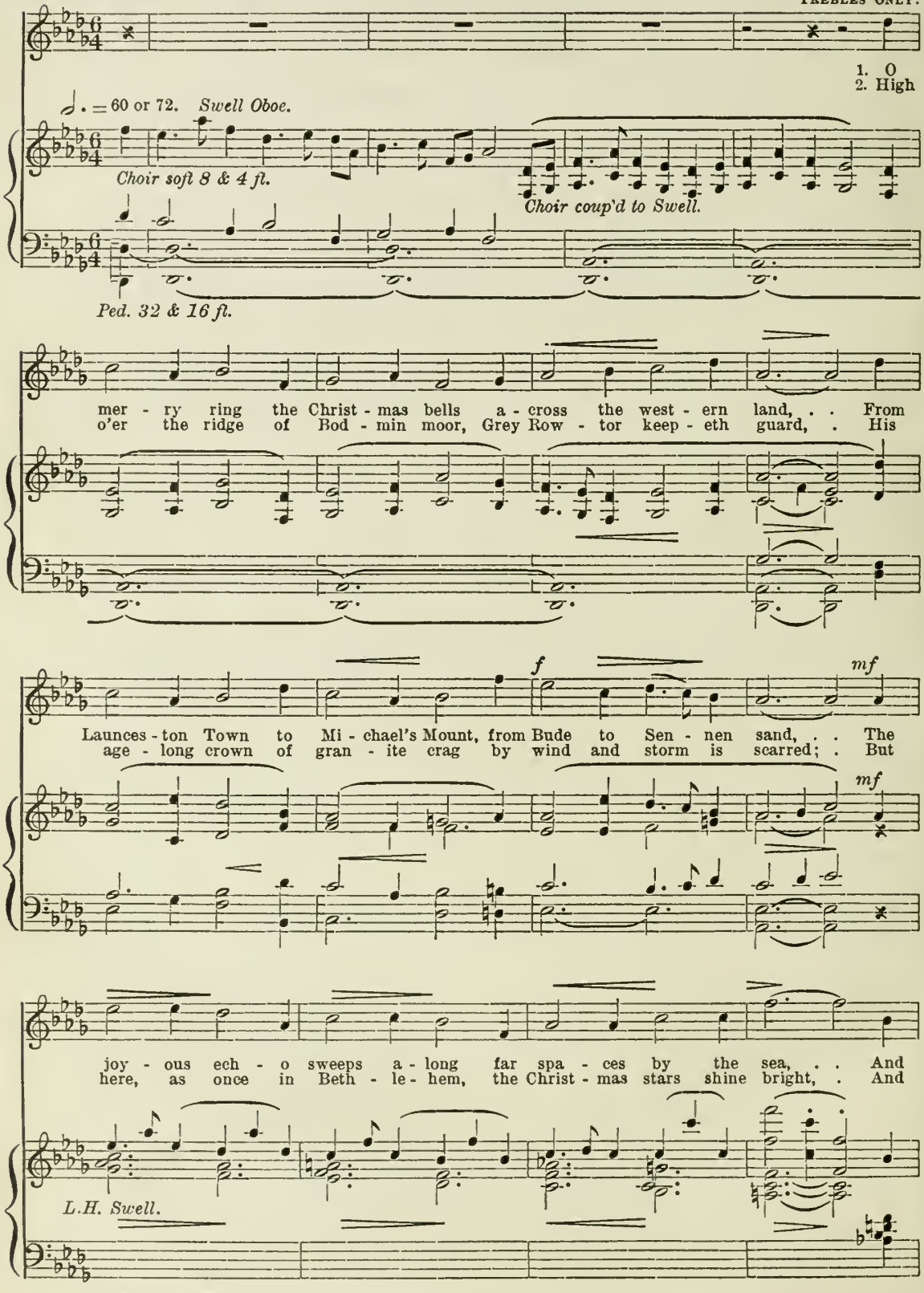
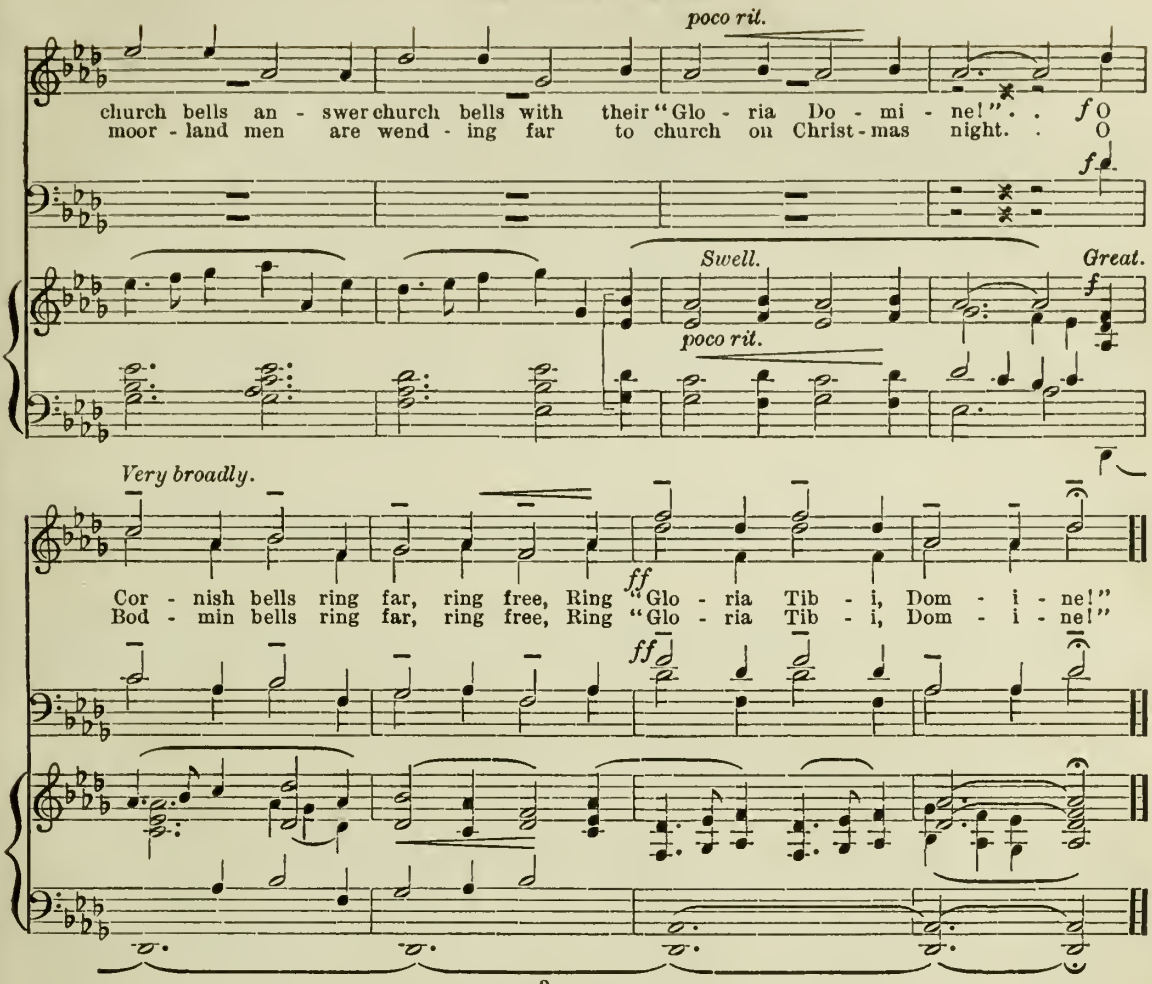
The Cornish Bells.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 544.

Words by *Bishop C. W. Stubbs.*

T. Tertius Noble.

TREBLES ONLY.

1. O
2. High
♩. = 60 or 72. Swell Oboe.
Choir soft 8 & 4 ft.
Choir coup'd to Swell.
Ped. 32 & 16 ft.
mer - ry ring the Christ - mas bells a - cross the west - ern land, . . From
o'er the ridge of Bod - min moor, Grey Row - tor keep - eth guard, . His
f
mf
Launces - ton Town to Mi - chael's Mount, from Bude to Sen - nen sand, . . The
age - long crown of gran - ite crag by wind and storm is scarred; . But
mf
joy - ous ech - o sweeps a - long far spa - ces by the sea, . . And
here, as once in Beth - le - hem, the Christ - mas stars shine bright, . And
L.H. Swell.

poco rit.
church bells an - swer church bells with their "Glo - ria Do - mi - ne!" . . O
moor - land men are wend - ing far to church on Christ - mas night. . O
f
f
Swell.
Great.
f
poco rit.
Very broadly.
ff
Cor - nish bells ring far, ring free, Ring "Glo - ria Tib - i, Dom - i - ne!"
Bod - min bells ring far, ring free, Ring "Glo - ria Tib - i, Dom - i - ne!"
ff

3

O hark the bells of Liskeard, how they call the bells of Looe,
St. Winnow and Boconnoc and Lansallos and Duloe,
Till all the upland pulses with the glorious hymn of joy,
As Talland calls to Lanreath and Lanteglos answers Fowey.
O Liskeard bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria Tibi Domine!"

4

Ring gladsome bells, ring pealing bells, from Falmouth harbour wide
To where St. Mary's Minster stands above the Truro tide.
Ring Christmas bells of Roseland, in your maddest, merriest glee,
From Probus to Penkevil, from Lamorran to the sea.
O Truro bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria Tibi Domine!"

5

As by the mystic star of old the Magian kings were led,
To homing boats, on Christmas eve, by lights of Lizard Head,
And fisher lads, safe home at last from perils of the sea,
Give incense of brave hearts to greet their Lord's epiphany.
O Keverne bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria Tibi Domine!"

6

Round dark Tintagel's castled crag, round Gurnard's Titan keep,
The long Atlantic rollers boom their organ music deep,
And Buryan bells, o'er land and sea, their Christmas message bear,
To where the dreaming Scillies sleep in moon-enchanted air.
O Buryan bells ring far, ring free,
Ring "Gloria Tibi Domine!"

7

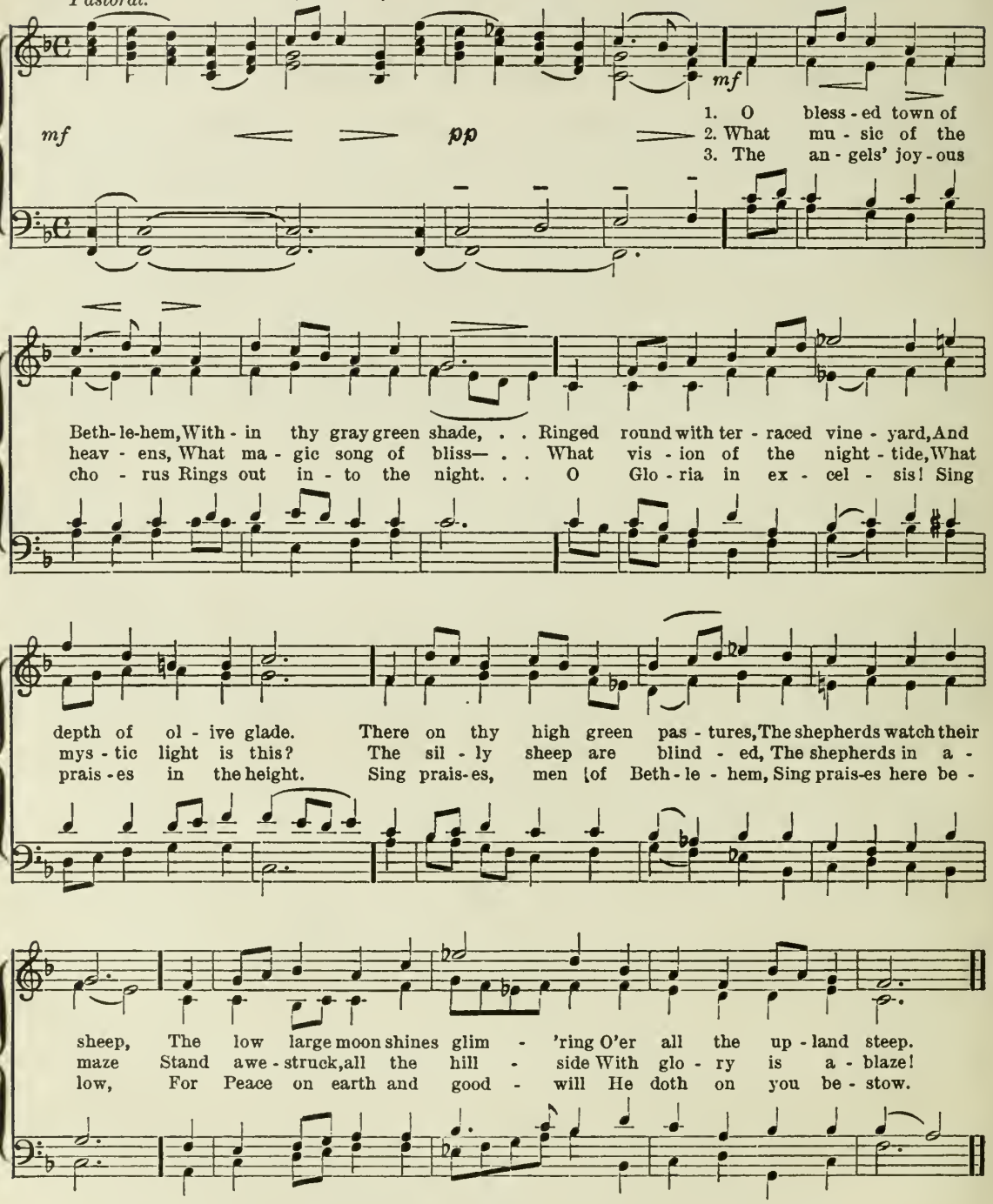
O magic moon! O mystic stars! O music of the night!
Your "Gloria in excelsis!" sing! O praise Him in the height!
"On earth be peace, good will to men!" it is the angels' song.
Ring Cornish bells, ring one and all! Come, sweep the hymn along!
Ring Cornish bells o'er land and sea,
Ring "Gloria Tibi Domine!"

Gloria in excelsis.

Carol 545. CHRISTMAS.

Words by the *Very Rev. C. W. Stubbs, D.D.* *T. Tertius Noble.*

Pastoral.

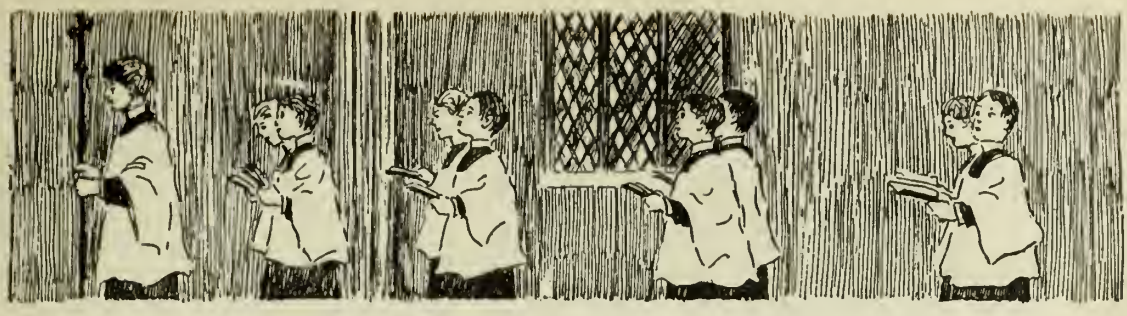

mf
mf
pp
1. O bless - ed town of
2. What mu - sic of the
3. The an - gels' joy - ous
Beth- le-hem, With - in thy gray green shade, . . Ringed round with ter - raced vine - yard, And
heav - ens, What ma - gic song of bliss— . . What vis - ion of the night - tide, What
cho - rus Rings out in - to the night. . . O Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis! Sing
depth of ol - ive glade. There on thy high green pas - tures, The shepherds watch their
mys - tic light is this? The sil - ly sheep are blind - ed, The shepherds in a -
prais - es in the height. Sing prais-es, men {of Beth - le - hem, Sing prais-es here be -
sheep, The low large moon shines glim - 'ring O'er all the up - land steep.
maze Stand awe - struck, all the hill - side With glo - ry is a - blaze!
low, For Peace on earth and good - will He doth on you be - stow.

4

For on this day is born there
Within your little town
A Child who Christ the Lord is
Yet wears no earthly crown:
He bringeth joy and gladness
To you and all mankind,
Yea, Peace on earth and good-will
To men of equal mind.

5

O blessèd town of Bethlehem,
How happy is thy state!
How blest above all palaces
The stable at thy gate!
For there in manger-cradle
(Oh true the angel word!)
As King enthroned of all the worlds
Reigns Jesus Christ the Lord.



Carol 546. Sing we now our hymns of gladness.

Words by *S. Longfellow.* EASTER. *Percy L. Atherton.*

1. Sing we now our hymns of glad - ness On this hap - py Eas - ter morn;
2. Death is con-quered, and we con - quer, When to ho - ly life we rise,—
3. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Life a - gain from death is born,—

Sing of life,—the life im - mor - tal, Life that out of death is born.
That is life, and life im - mor - tal, That the life which nev - er dies.
Thus we sing our hymn of glad - ness On this hap - py Eas - ter morn.

UNISON.

Sing, sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing of life im - mor - - tal,
Strong, strong, lift your song, Beau - ti - ful and glo - rious;
Sing, sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing of life im - mor - tal;

f

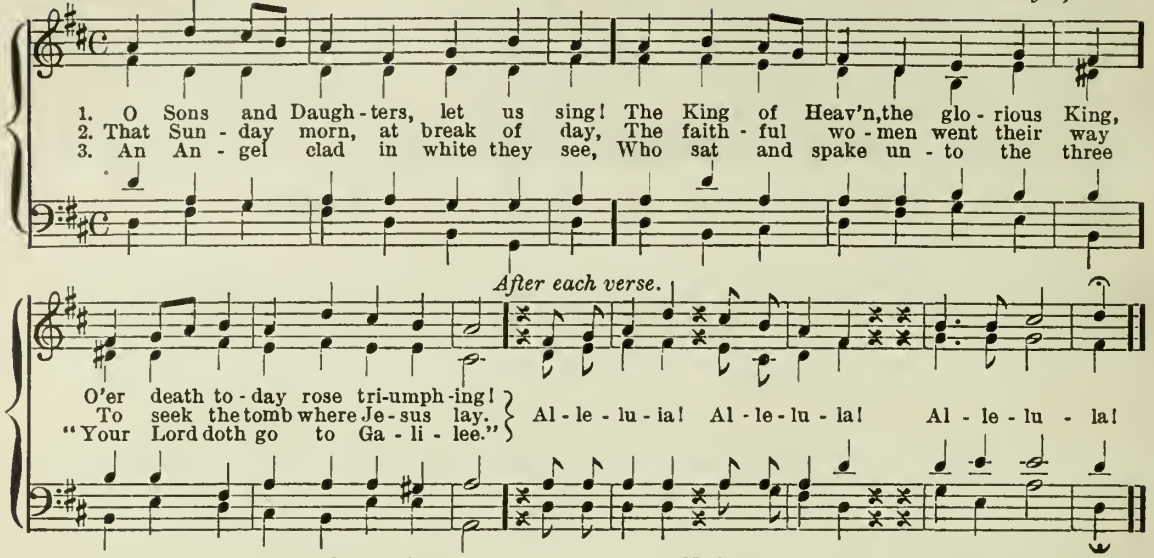
ril.

Bring, bring flowers of Spring . To the tem - ple's por - tal!
Rise, rise, earth has risen, . . Risen to life vic - to - - rious!
Bring, bring flowers of Spring . To the tem - ple's por - tal!

ril.

By per. of Pilgrim Press.

O Sons and Daughters, let us sing.

Carol 547. EASTER. *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.*

1. O Sons and Daugh-ters, let us sing! The King of Heav'n, the glo-rious King,
2. That Sun-day morn, at break of day, The faith-ful wo-men went their way
3. An An-gel clad in white they see, Who sat and spake un-to the three
After each verse.
O'er death to-day rose tri-umph-ing!
To seek the tomb where Je-sus lay.
"Your Lord doth go to Ga-li-lee."
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

4 That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came the Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here!"
Alleluia!

5 When Didymus the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until He came and spake this word:
Allelula!

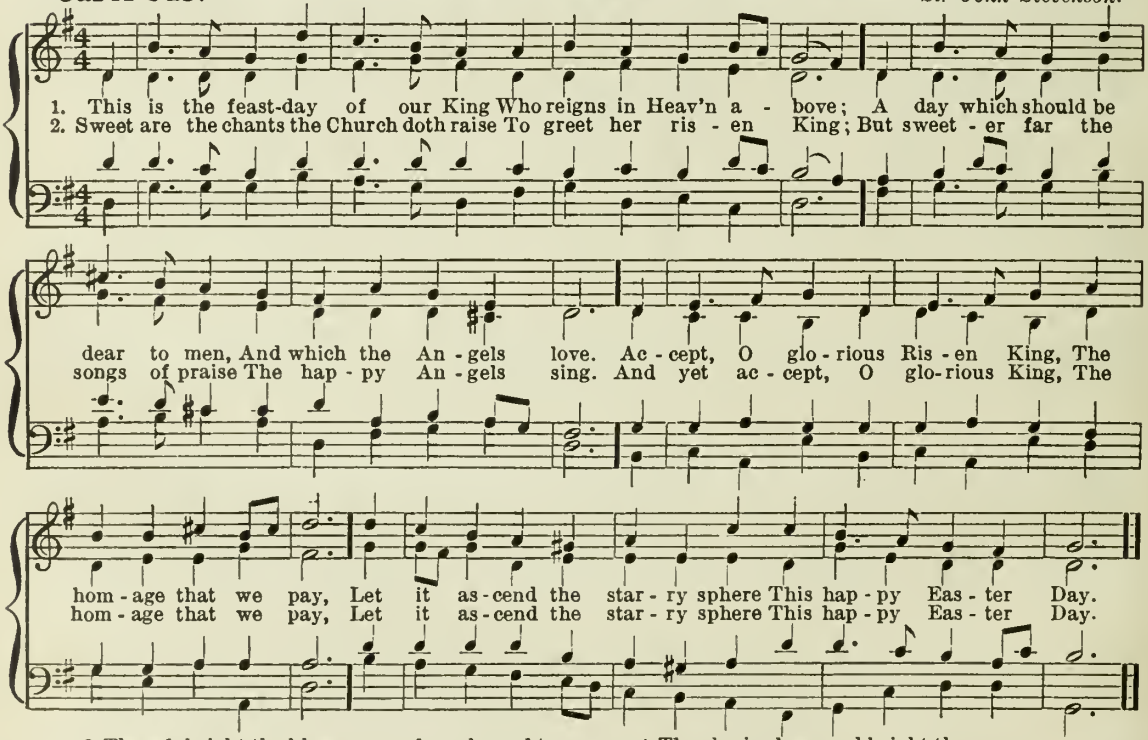
6 "My pierced Side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

This is the Feast-Day of our King.

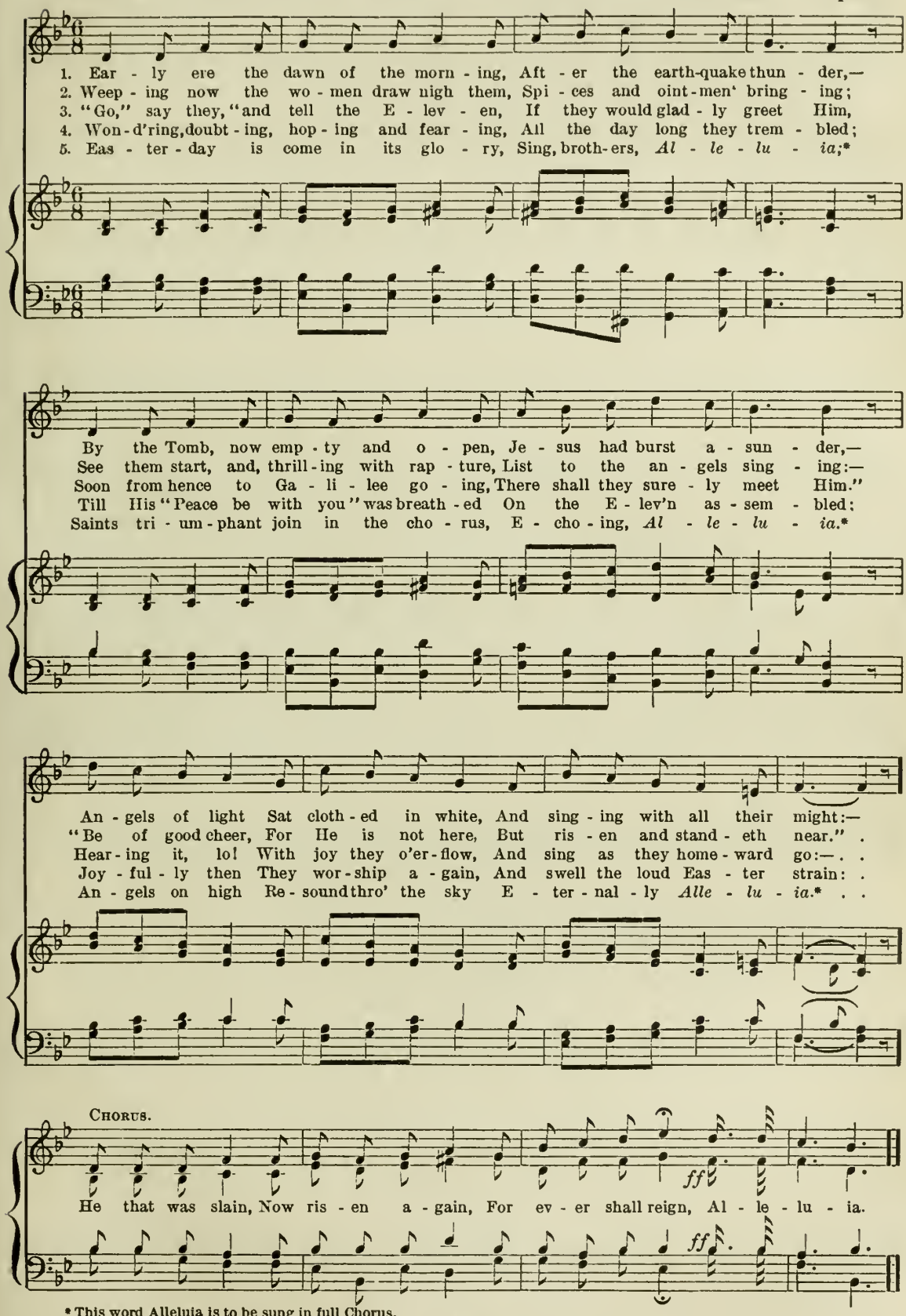
Carol 548. EASTER. *Sir John Stevenson.*

1. This is the feast-day of our King Who reigns in Heav'n a-bove; A day which should be
2. Sweet are the chants the Church doth raise To greet her ris-en King; But sweet-er far the
dear to men, And which the An-gels love. Ac-cept, O glo-rious Ris-en King, The
songs of praise The hap-py An-gels sing. And yet ac-cept, O glo-rious King, The
hom-age that we pay, Let it as-cend the star-ry sphere This hap-py Eas-ter Day.
hom-age that we pay, Let it as-cend the star-ry sphere This hap-py Eas-ter Day.

3 Though bright the blossoms we have brought
Thy house to beautify,
What are they to the changeless flowers
That ever bloom on high?
And yet accept, O glorious King,
The homage that we pay,
Let it ascend the starry sphere
This happy Easter Day.

4 The sky is clear, and bright the sun
That sheds on us his ray,
But where Thy beauteous Presence shines
There is eternal day.
Accept, O glorious Risen King,
The homage that we pay,
Let it ascend the starry sphere
This happy Easter Day.

Early ere the dawn of the morning.

Carol 549. EASTER. *Rev. J. H. Hopkins.*

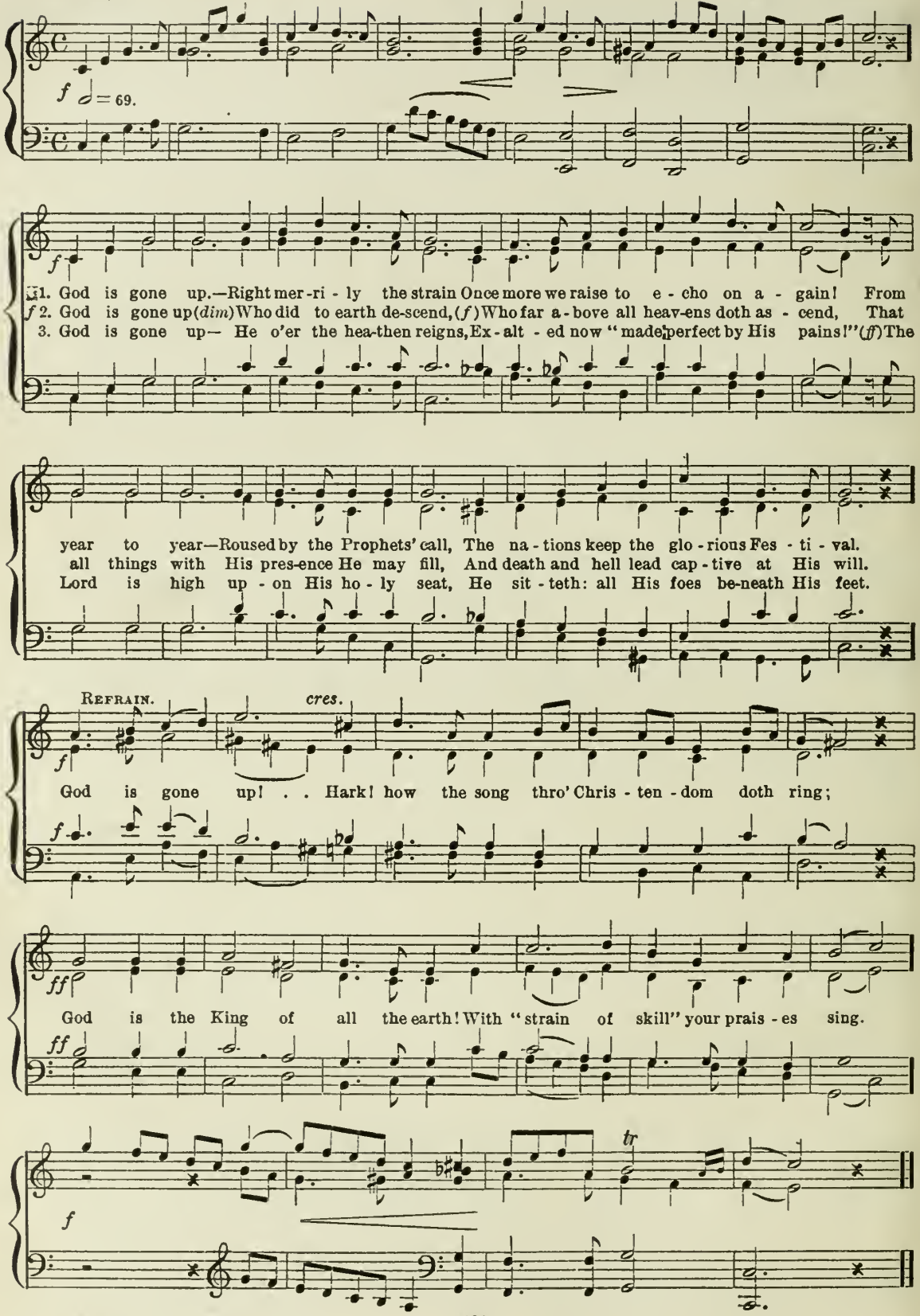

1. Ear - ly ere the dawn of the morn - ing, Aft - er the earth-quake thun - der,—
2. Weep - ing now the wo - men draw nigh them, Spi - ces and oint-men' bring - ing;
3. "Go," say they, "and tell the E - lev - en, If they would glad - ly greet Him,
4. Won-d'ring, doubt - ing, hop - ing and fear - ing, All the day long they trem - bled;
5. Eas - ter - day is come in its glo - ry, Sing, broth-ers, Al - le - lu - ia;*
By the Tomb, now emp - ty and o - pen, Je - sus had burst a - sun - der,—
See them start, and, thrill - ing with rap - ture, List to the an - gels sing - ing:—
Soon from hence to Ga - li - lee go - ing, There shall they sure - ly meet Him."
Till His "Peace be with you" was breath - ed On the E - lev'n as - sem - bled:
Saints tri - um - phant join in the cho - rus, E - cho - ing, Al - le - lu - ia.*
An - gels of light Sat cloth - ed in white, And sing - ing with all their might:—
"Be of good cheer, For He is not here, But ris - en and stand - eth near."
Hear - ing it, lo! With joy they o'er - flow, And sing as they home - ward go:—
Joy - ful - ly then They wor - ship a - gain, And swell the loud Eas - ter strain:
An - gels on high Re - sound thro' the sky E - ter - nal - ly Alle - lu - ia.*
Chorus.
He that was slain, Now ris - en a - gain, For ev - er shall reign, Al - le - lu - ia.
ff
ff

* This word Alleluia is to be sung in full Chorus.

Carol 550.

God is gone up.

ASCENSION.

Words by *S. Childs Clarke.* *Arthur H. Brown.*

f ♩ = 69.
1. God is gone up.—Right mer-ri - ly the strain Once more we raise to e - cho on a - gain! From
f 2. God is gone up(dim)Who did to earth de-scend,(f)Who far a-bove all heav-ens doth as - cend, That
3. God is gone up— He o'er the hea-then reigns,Ex-alt - ed now "made perfect by His pains!"(ff)The
year to year—Roused by the Prophets' call, The na - tions keep the glo - rious Fes - ti - val.
all things with His pres-ence He may fill, And death and hell lead cap - tive at His will.
Lord is high up - on His ho - ly seat, He sit - teth: all His foes be-neath His feet.
Refrain.
cres.
God is gone up! . . Hark! how the song thro' Chris - ten - dom doth ring;
God is the King of all the earth! With "strain of skill" your prais - es sing.
tr

Go, lovely flowers.

Carol 551.

(FLOWER SERVICE.)

H. F. Nicholls.

1. Go, love - ly flow'rs, to the sick and the sad, Smil - ing and
2. Go to the poor in the gar - rets and slums, Bright - en their
3. Go to the chil - dren in weak - ness and pain, Long - ing for

fra - grant to make their heart glad; Tell them of God and His in - fi - nite
lives like the rays of the sun, Shine on the dark - ened and des - o - late
health and for vig - our a - gain, Go to the a - ged, their voy - age is

care, Wait - ing to bless them, their sor - rows to . share. . .
home, Bring - ing a joy to the down - cast and lone. . .
o'er, Wait - ing to land on the heav - en - ly . shore. . .

After each verse.

Wak - en . to . mu - sic . . . . . the song . of . the .

Wak - en . to . mu - sic

Spring, ...

The song of . the . Spring, Ev - er . a . mes - sage of .

After last verse.

love to . them bring. Ev - er a mes - sage of love to them bring.

We bring sweet flowers.

Carol 552.

FLOWER SERVICE.

In moderate time.

Solo. Adapted from *Marschner.*

p

We bring sweet flow'rs and

gar-lands gay, Be-fore Thy al-tar, Lord, to lay; The fair-est flow'rs to

Dolce.

Thee be-long, The rich-est gifts, the sweet-est song.

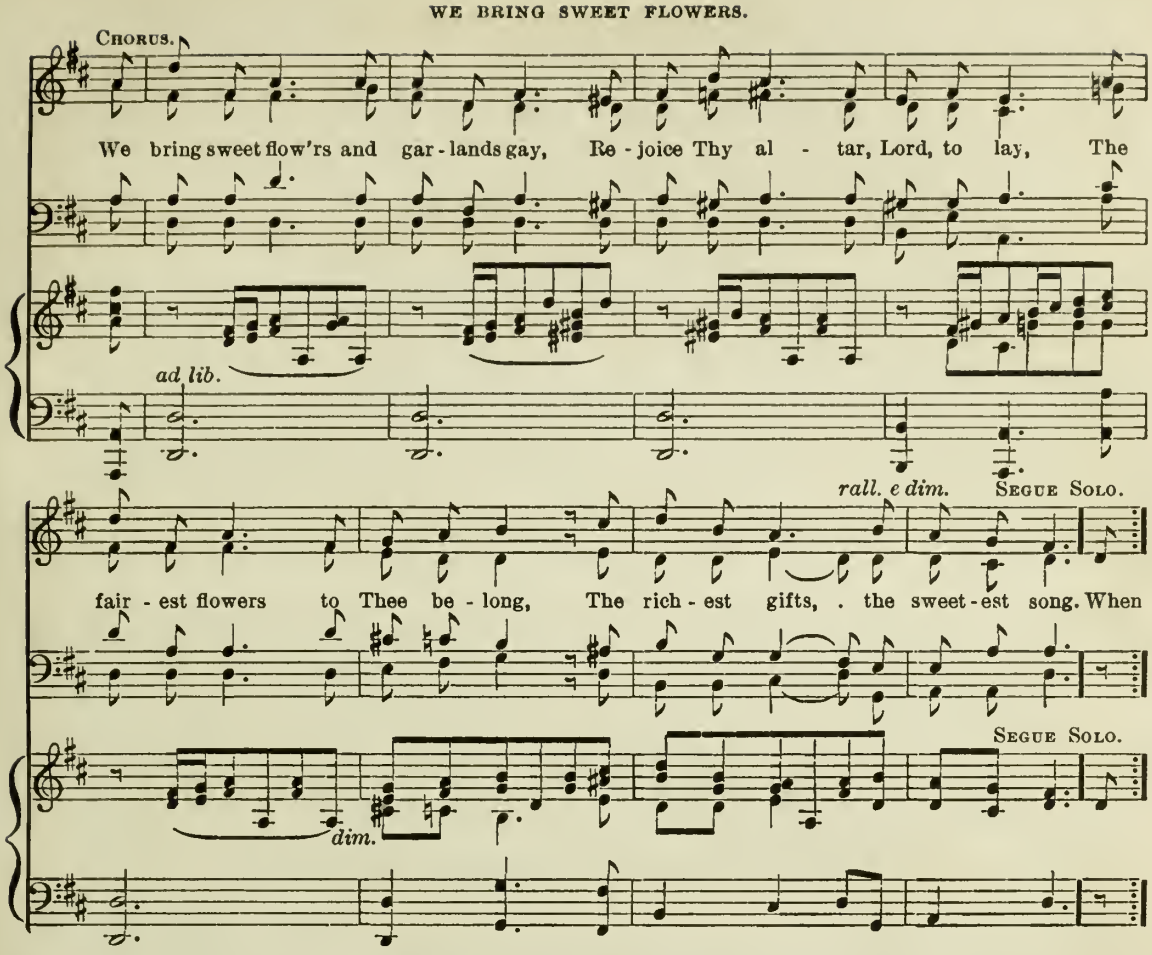
1. When Christ was born of
2. When Christ the ass in
3. As-cend-ed, now Thy
4. Earth's best ob-la-tions

mf

Ma-ry mild, The snow lay white, the winds blew wild, No flow'rs could gen-tle Ma-ry find As
tri-umph rode, His path with palms the peo-ple strow'd, Ho-san-nas sang, green branches bore And
sor-rows o'er, Thy prais-es all Thy creatures pour, Laud, hon-our, wor-ship, glo-ry given, By
now Thy dower, From mine the gold, from field the flow'r, From men, bow'd head and bend-ed knee, The

rall.

po-sies for her Babe to bind, As po-sies for her Babe to bind.
waved and went the Lord be-fore, And waved and went the Lord be-fore.
men on earth and saints in heav'n, By men on earth and saints in heav'n.
hom-age of hu-man-i-ty, The hom-age of hu-man-i-ty.

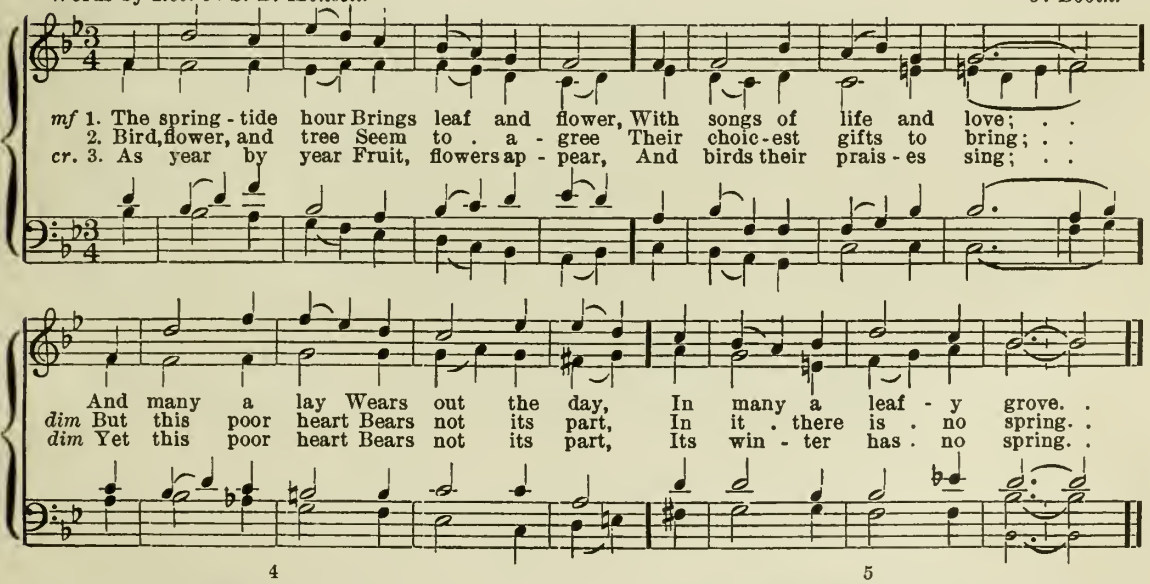
rall.

Chorus.
We bring sweet flow'rs and gar - lands gay, Re - joice Thy al - tar, Lord, to lay, The
ad lib.
rall. e dim.
Segue Solo.
fair - est flowers to Thee be - long, The rich - est gifts, . the sweet - est song. When
Segue Solo.
dim.

Carol 553.

The spring-tide hour.

SPRING CAROL.

Words by *Rev. J. S. B. Monsell.* *J. Booth.*


mf 1. The spring - tide hour Brings leaf and flower, With songs of life and love; . .
2. Bird, flower, and tree Seem to . a - gree Their choic - est gifts to bring; . .
cr. 3. As year by year Fruit, flowers ap - pear, And birds their prais - es sing; . .
And many a lay Wears out the day, In many a leaf - y grove. .
dim But this poor heart Bears not its part, In it . there is . no spring. .
dim Yet this poor heart Bears not its part, Its win - ter has . no spring. .

4

mp Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow;
cr Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

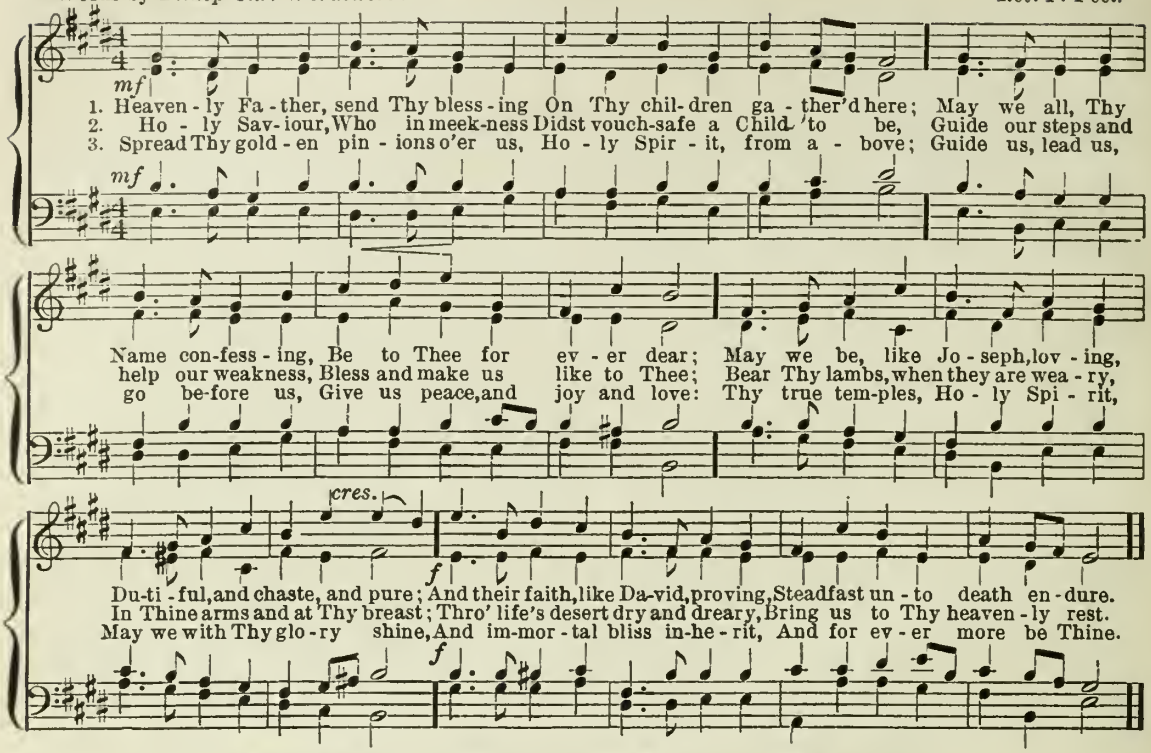
5

f And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
cr Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
ff And join the praise of spring.

Carol 554. Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

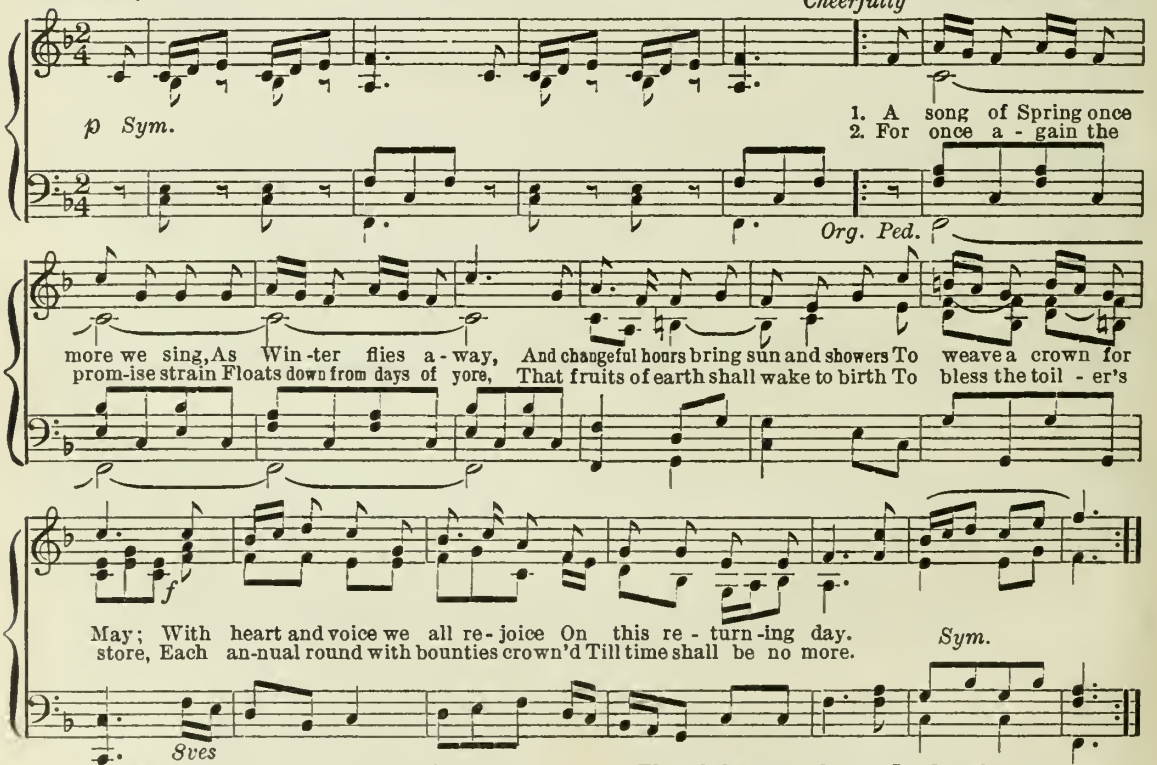
Words by *Bishop Chr. Wordsworth.* *Rev. F. Peel.*


mf
1. Heaven - ly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren ga - ther'd here; May we all, Thy
2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, Who in meek - ness Didst vouch - safe a Child to be, Guide our steps and
3. Spread Thy gold - en pin - ions o'er us, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove; Guide us, lead us,
Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for ev - er dear; May we be, like Jo - seph, lov - ing,
help our weakness, Bless and make us like to Thee; Bear Thy lambs, when they are wea - ry,
go be - fore us, Give us peace, and joy and love: Thy true tem - ples, Ho - ly Spi - rit,
cres.
f
Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure; And their faith, like Da - vid, proving, Steadfast un - to death en - dure.
In Thine arms and at Thy breast; Thro' life's desert dry and dreary, Bring us to Thy heaven - ly rest.
May we with Thy glo - ry shine, And im - mor - tal bliss in - he - rit, And for ev - er more be Thine.

Carol 555. A song of Spring once more we sing.

FLOWER SERVICE OR CHILDREN'S DAY.

Words by *W. H. Groser.* *J. Allanson Benson.*


Cheerfully
p Sym.
1. A song of Spring once
2. For once a - gain the
Org. Ped.
more we sing, As Win - ter flies a - way, And changeful hours bring sun and showers To weave a crown for
prom - ise strain Floats down from days of yore, That fruits of earth shall wake to birth To bless the toil - er's
f
May; With heart and voice we all re - joice On this re - turn - ing day.
store, Each an - nual round with bounties crown'd Till time shall be no more.
Sym.
8ves

3 Thee, Lord, we praise for springtide days,
And life's yet fairer spring;
These golden hours, these opening powers,
We in glad service bring;
Thine own to be, from sin set free,
Our Father, Saviour, King.

4 Though foes may throng, Lord, make us strong,
A firm, unfaltering band,
The good to seek, the truth to speak,
And for the right to stand;
Till, duty done, and victory won,
We gain the better land.

Good Christian people all.

Carol 556.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. E. Haskins.* *H. G. Trembath.*

1. Good Chris - tian peo - ple all, . A mer - ry Christ-mas day: Hark how the bells do call!
2. O, praise the King of Heav-en! For on this bless - ed morn To us a Son is given,
3. Springs forth a fruit - ful rod . From Jes - se's roy - al stem, And Christ, In - car-nate God,

After each verse.

A - rise, and come a - way!
To us a Child is born!
Is born in Beth - le - hem.
} Come, see the won-drous thing The an - gels' lips re - veal!

And let the joy - bells ring . . A wel - come to the new - born King, With a

mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas peal, With a mer - ry Christmas peal. No - el! No - el! No - el! . .

Let all up - on the earth that dwell, Sing praises to Em-man - u - el! No - el! No - el! No - el!

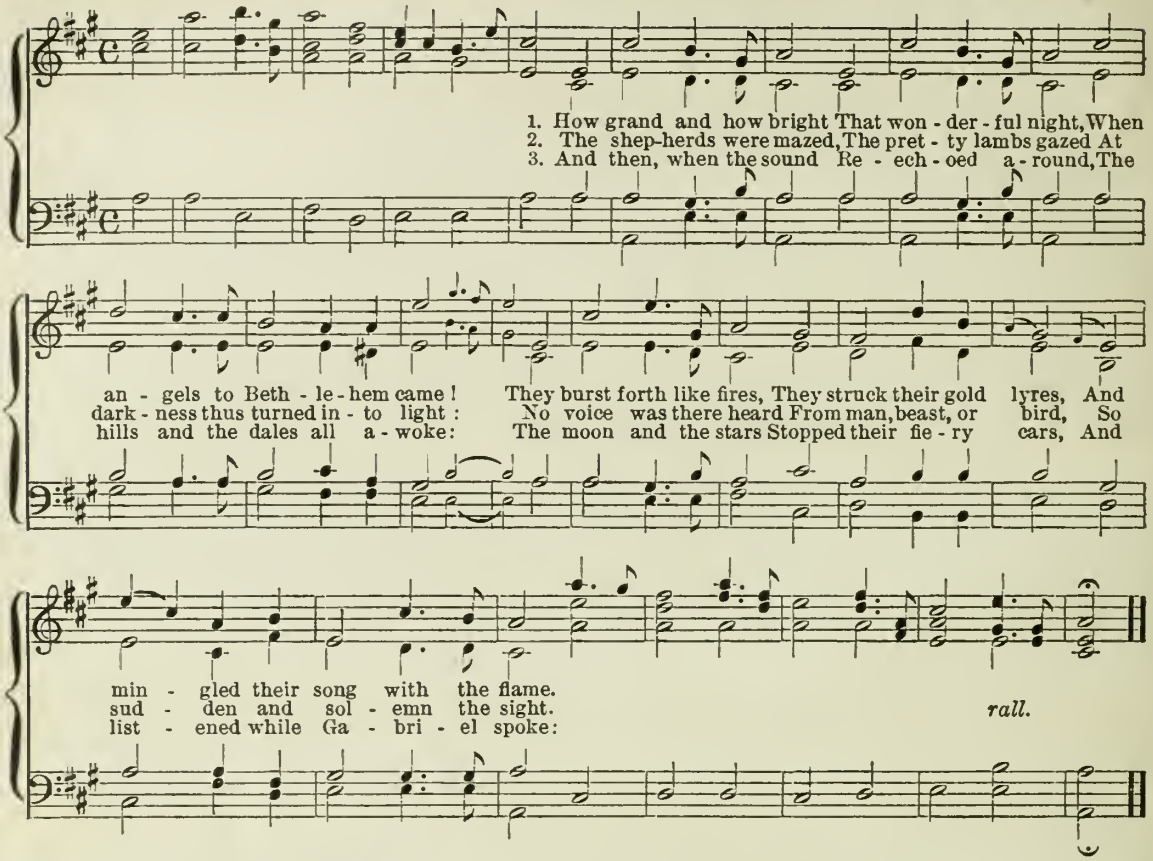
4 Enwrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,
Behold Him, by Whose hands
The heavens and earth were made.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

5 The darkness now is past,
The light of life doth shine,
The day hath dawned at last,
Behold the appointed sign.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

The Worcestershire Christmas Carol.

Carol 557.

Words by *W. H. Havergal.* *W. H. Havergal.*


1. How grand and how bright That won - der - ful night, When
2. The shep-herds were mazed, The pret - ty lambs gazed At
3. And then, when the sound Re - ech - oed a - round, The
an - gels to Beth - le - hem came! They burst forth like fires, They struck their gold lyres, And
dark - ness thus turned in - to light: No voice was there heard From man, beast, or bird, So
hills and the dales all a - woke: The moon and the stars Stopped their fie - ry cars, And
min - gled their song with the flame.
sud - den and sol - emn the sight.
list - ened while Ga - bri - el spoke:
rall.

4 "I bring you," said he,
"From the glorious Three,
Good tidings to gladden mankind;
The Saviour is born,
But He lies all forlorn
In a manger, as soon you will find."

5 At mention of this,
(The source of all bliss,)
The angels sang loudly and long;
They soared to the sky,
Beyond mortal eye,
But left us the words of their song:

6 "All Glory to God,"
Who laid by His rod,
To smile on the world through His Son:
"And peace be on earth,"
For this wonderful birth
Most wonderful conquests has won;

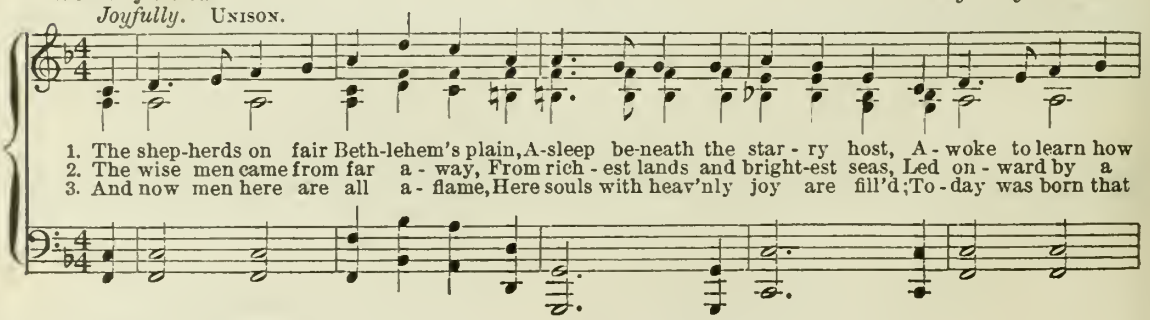
7 "And good-will to man,"
Though his life's but a span,
And his thoughts so evil and wrong;
Then pray, Christians, pray;
But let Christmas-Day
Have your sweetest and holiest song.

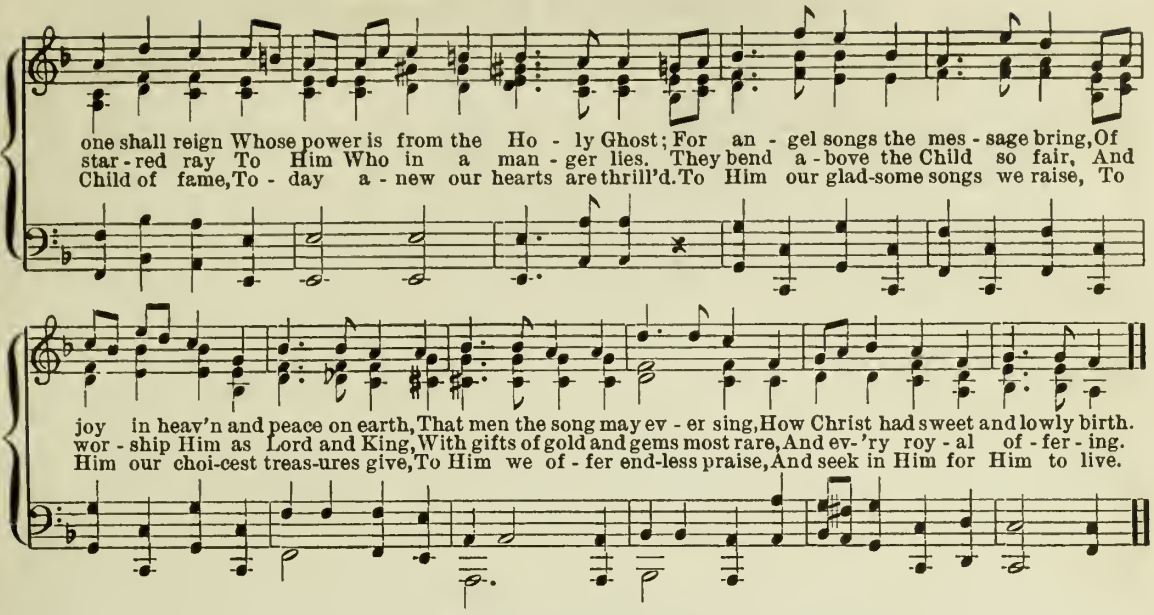
The shepherds on fair Bethlehem's plain.

Carol 558. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Edward G. Selden.* *George Edgar Oliver.*

Joyfully. UNISON.

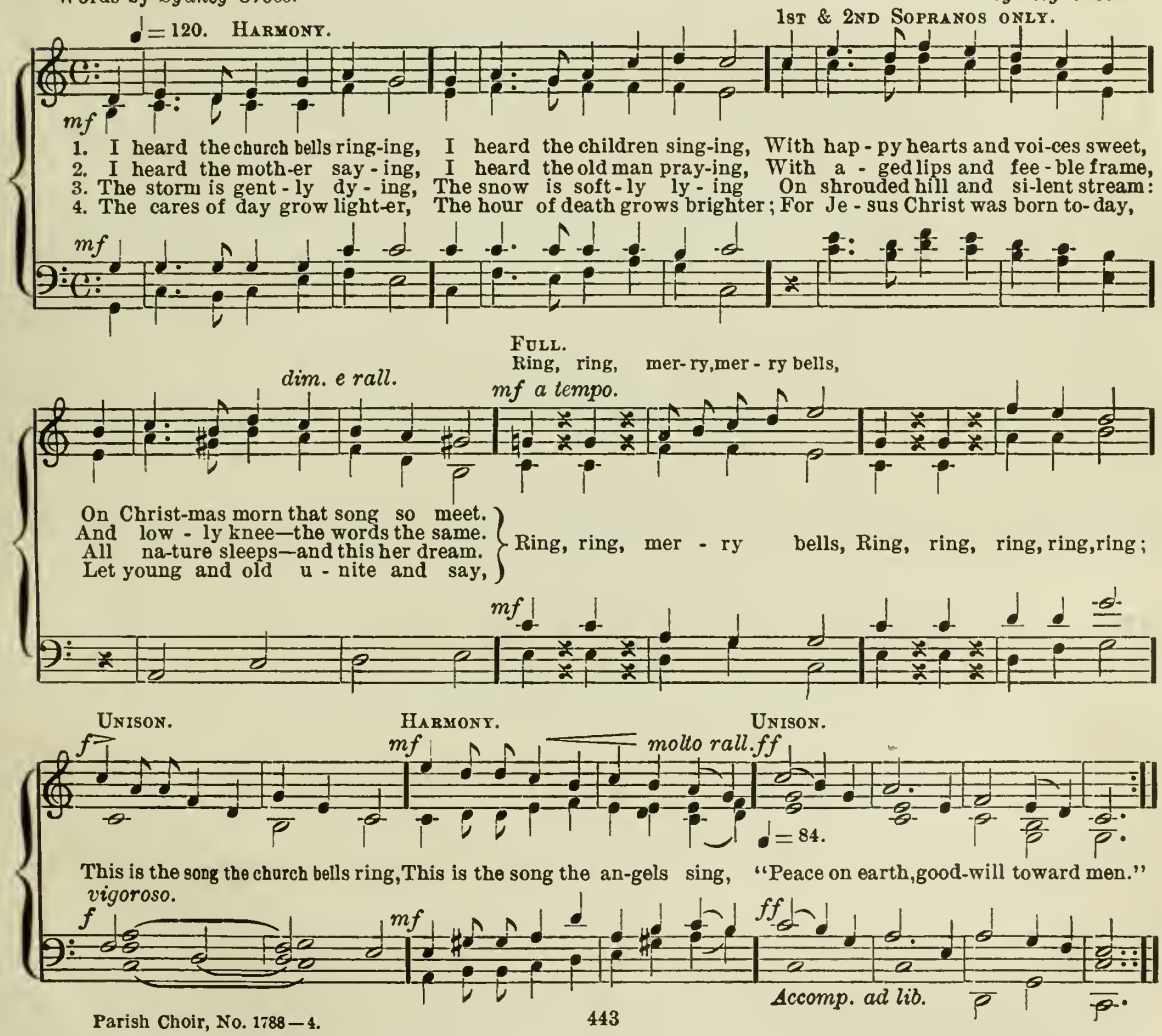

1. The shep-herds on fair Beth-lehem's plain, A-sleep be-neath the star - ry host, A - woke to learn how
2. The wise men came from far a - way, From rich - est lands and bright-est seas, Led on - ward by a
3. And now men here are all a - flame, Here souls with heav'nly joy are fill'd; To - day was born that


one shall reign Whose power is from the Ho - ly Ghost; For an - gel songs the mes - sage bring, Of
star - red ray To Him Who in a man - ger lies. They bend a - bove the Child so fair, And
Child of fame, To - day a - new our hearts are thrill'd. To Him our glad-some songs we raise, To
joy in heav'n and peace on earth, That men the song may ev - er sing, How Christ had sweet and lowly birth.
wor - ship Him as Lord and King, With gifts of gold and gems most rare, And ev-'ry roy - al of - fer - ing.
Him our choi-cest treas-ures give, To Him we of - fer end-less praise, And seek in Him for Him to live.

Christmas Bells.

Carol 559.

Words by *Sydney Cross.*

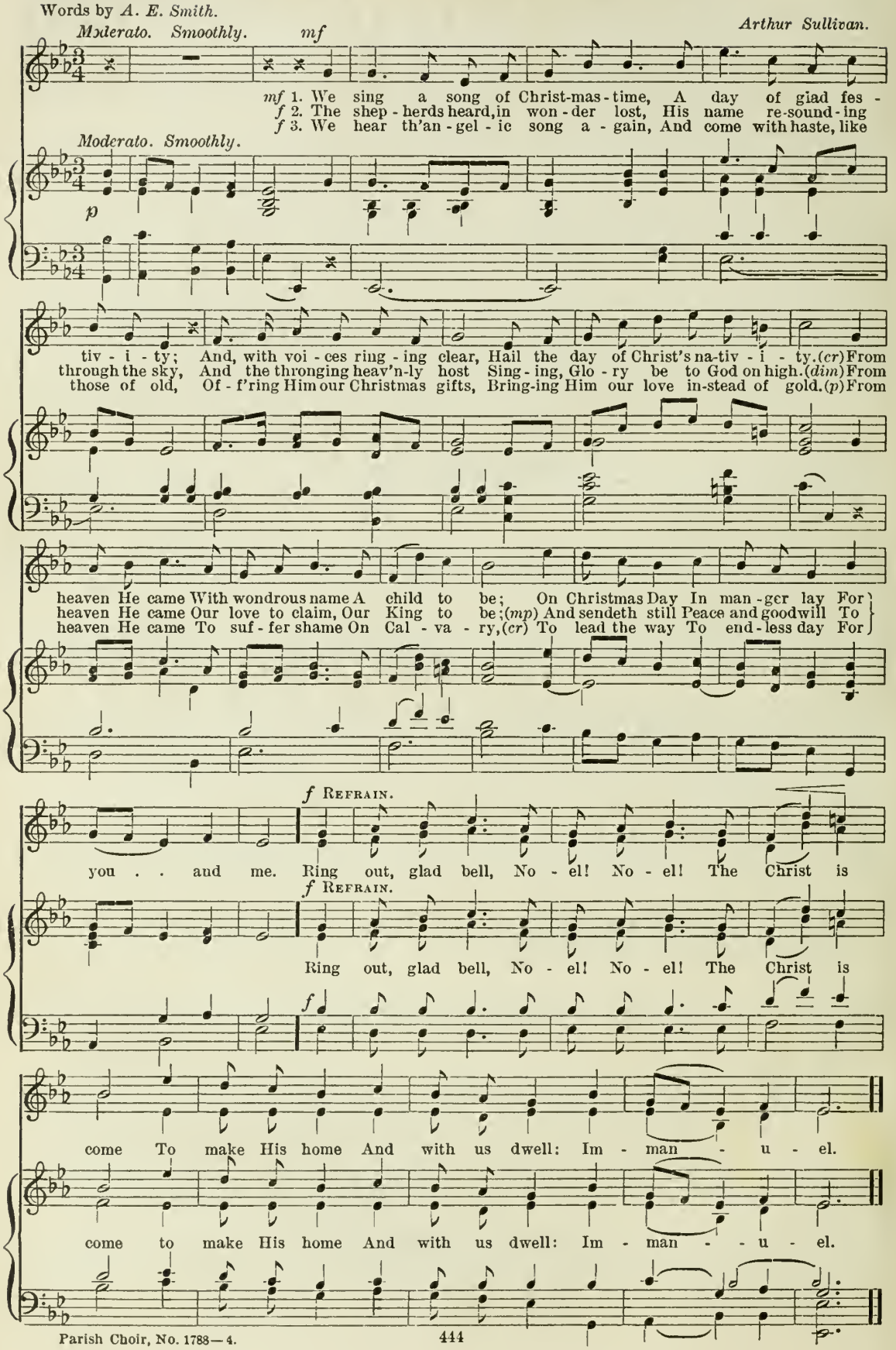
Sydney Cross.

♩ = 120. HARMONY.
1st & 2nd Sopranos only.
mf
1. I heard the church bells ring-ing, I heard the children sing-ing, With hap - py hearts and voi-ces sweet,
2. I heard the moth-er say - ing, I heard the old man pray-ing, With a - ged lips and fee - ble frame,
3. The storm is gent - ly dy - ing, The snow is soft - ly ly - ing On shrouded hill and si-lent stream:
4. The cares of day grow light-er, The hour of death grows brighter; For Je - sus Christ was born to-day,
dim. e rall.
mf a tempo.
Full.
Ring, ring, mer-ry, mer - ry bells,
On Christ-mas morn that song so meet.
And low - ly knee—the words the same.
All na-ture sleeps—and this her dream.
Let young and old u - nite and say,
Ring, ring, mer - ry bells, Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring;
Unison.
Harmony.
Unison.
molto rall.
♩ = 84.
This is the song the church bells ring, This is the song the an-gels sing, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."
vigoroso.
Accomp. ad lib.

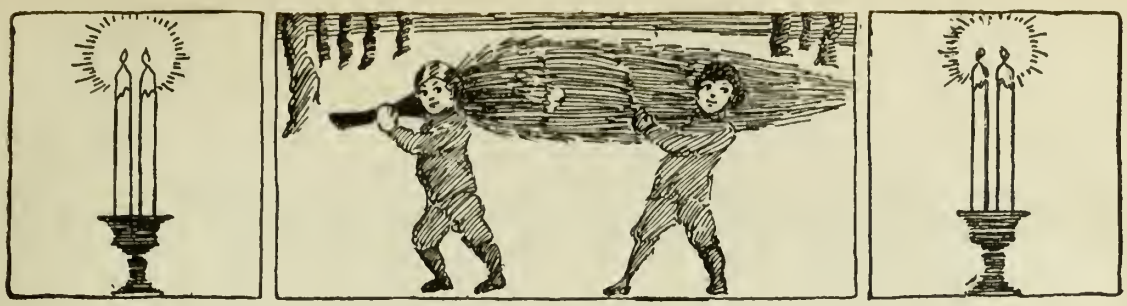
We sing a song of Christmas-time.

Carol 560.

Words by *A. E. Smith.*

Arthur Sullivan.


Moderato. Smoothly.
mf
1. We sing a song of Christ-mas-time, A day of glad fes-
2. The shep-herds heard, in won-der lost, His name re-sound-ing
3. We hear th'an-gel-ic song a-gain, And come with haste, like
Moderato. Smoothly.
p
tiv-i-ty; And, with voi-ces ring-ing clear, Hail the day of Christ's na-tiv-i-ty. (cr) From
through the sky, And the thronging heav'n-ly host Sing-ing, Glo-ry be to God on high. (dim) From
those of old, Of-f'ring Him our Christmas gifts, Bring-ing Him our love in-stead of gold. (p) From
heaven He came With wondrous name A child to be; On Christmas Day In man-ger lay For
heaven He came Our love to claim, Our King to be; (mp) And sendeth still Peace and goodwill To
heaven He came To suf-fer shame On Cal-va-ry, (cr) To lead the way To end-less day For
f Refrain.
you . . and me. Ring out, glad bell, No-el! No-el! The Christ is
f Refrain.
Ring out, glad bell, No-el! No-el! The Christ is
f
come To make His home And with us dwell: Im-man-u-el.
come to make His home And with us dwell: Im-man-u-el.



Carol 561. Nowell! Nowell!

CHRISTMAS

Words by *Rev. G. R. Woodward.*

Old German.
Har. by *J. S. Bach.*

1 No - well! No - well! Good news I tell, And eke a won - der - sto - ry: A
2. A - ve Ma - riel O well is thee, Thou daughter born of An - na, Be -
3. Then praise be sung, and bells be rung, To greet this kind - ly Stran - ger: Th'An -

Vir - gin mild hath borne a Child, Je - sus, the King of glo - ry.
fore thy Son, that ho - ly One, Arch - an - gels sang O - san - na.
cient of days, man - kind to raise, Ab - hor - reth not the man - ger.

Carol 562. Shepherds watching o'er the plain.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Mrs. Gaskell.*

Edwin Lemare.

Allegro moderato.

mf

1. Shep - herds watch-ing o'er the plain, Tell us what ye heard, Whis - per of the
2. Shep - herds, ye who saw the light Through the riv - en clouds, Tell us of that

rall.

glad re - frain That your bos - oms stirr'd.
won-drous night Ye in fear were bowed.

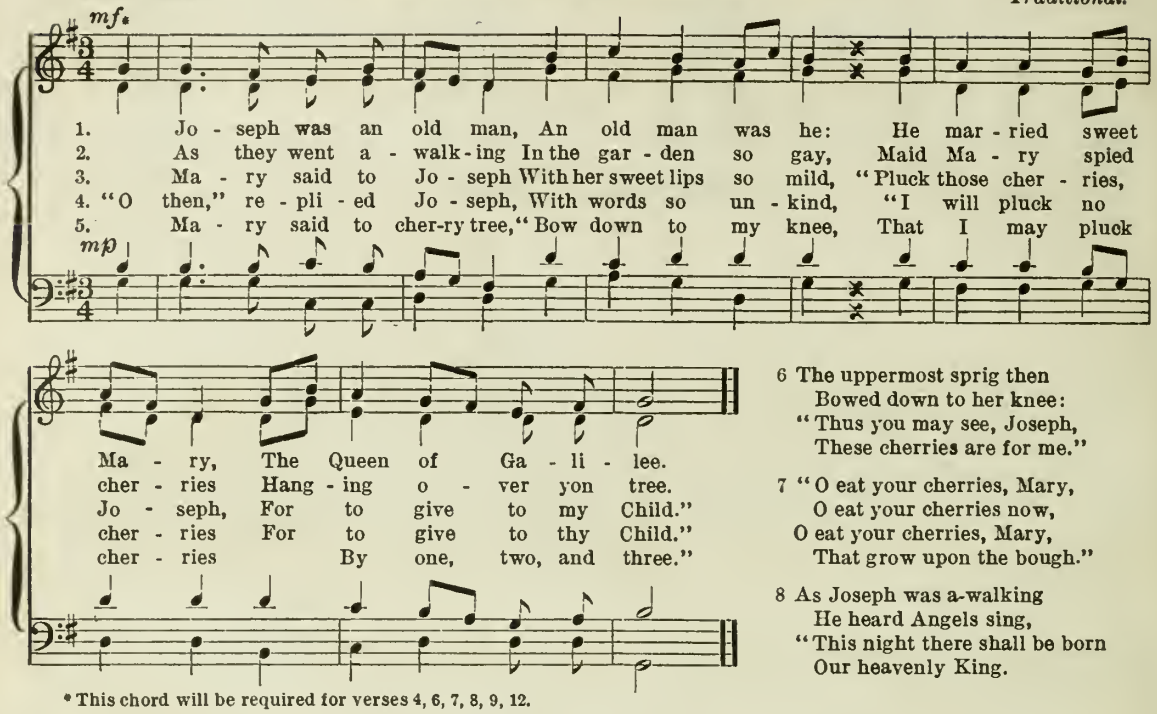
3

Tell us, shepherds, what ye saw
When the guiding star
Led ye to a bed of straw
In a cave afar!

4

Tell us of a Mother meek,
Of a Babe divine;
Tell us, show us, where to seek
That most holy shrine.

Carol 563. The Cherry Tree Carol.

Traditional.

mf
1. Jo - seph was an old man, An old man was he: He mar - ried sweet
2. As they went a - walk - ing In the gar - den so gay, Maid Ma - ry spied
3. Ma - ry said to Jo - seph With her sweet lips so mild, "Pluck those cher - ries,
4. "O then," re - pli - ed Jo - seph, With words so un - kind, "I will pluck no
5. Ma - ry said to cher-ry tree, "Bow down to my knee, That I may pluck
mp
Ma - ry, The Queen of Ga - li - lee.
cher - ries Hang - ing o - ver yon tree.
Jo - seph, For to give to my Child."
cher - ries For to give to thy Child."
cher - ries By one, two, and three."

6 The uppermost sprig then
Bowed down to her knee:
"Thus you may see, Joseph,
These cherries are for me."

7 "O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

8 As Joseph was a-walking
He heard Angels sing,
"This night there shall be born
Our heavenly King.

* This chord will be required for verses 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.

9 "He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox-stall.

10 "He shall not be clothèd
In purple nor pall;
But all in fair linen,
As wear babies all.

11 "He shall not be rockèd,
In silver nor gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

12 "He neither shall be christened
In milk nor in wine,
But in pure spring-well water
Fresh sprung from Bethine."

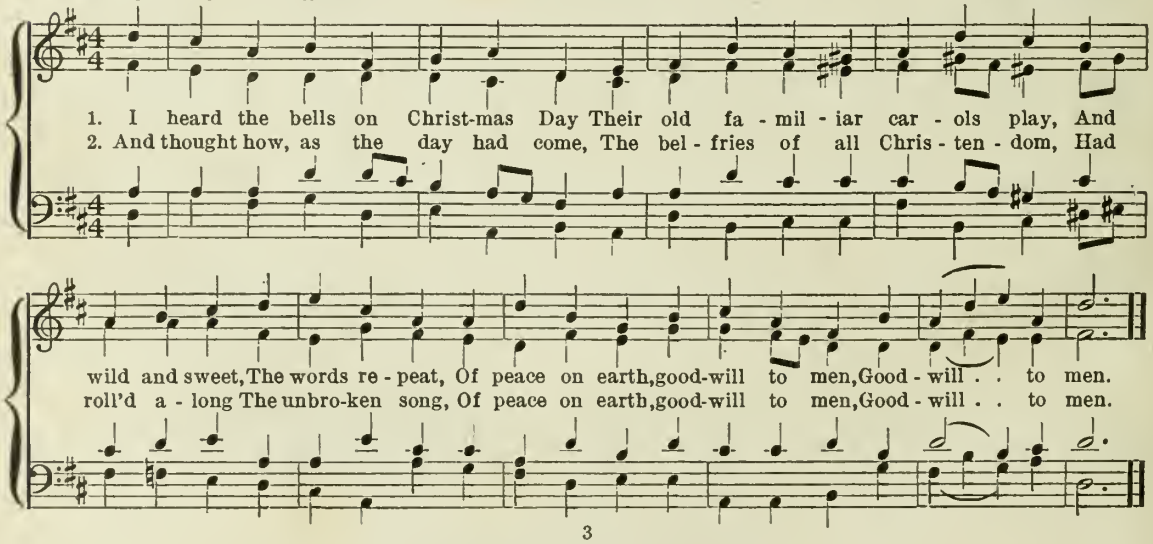
13 Mary took her Baby,
She dressed Him so sweet,
She laid Him in a manger
All there for to sleep.

14 As she stood over Him
She heard Angels sing;
"Oh! bless our dear Saviour,
Our heavenly King."

Carol 564. I heard the bells on Christmas Day.

Words by *Henry W. Longfellow.*

A. Herbert Brewer.


1. I heard the bells on Christ-mas Day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play, And
2. And thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all Chris - ten - dom, Had
wild and sweet, The words re - peat, Of peace on earth, good-will to men, Good - will . . to men.
roll'd a - long The unbro-ken song, Of peace on earth, good-will to men, Good - will . . to men.

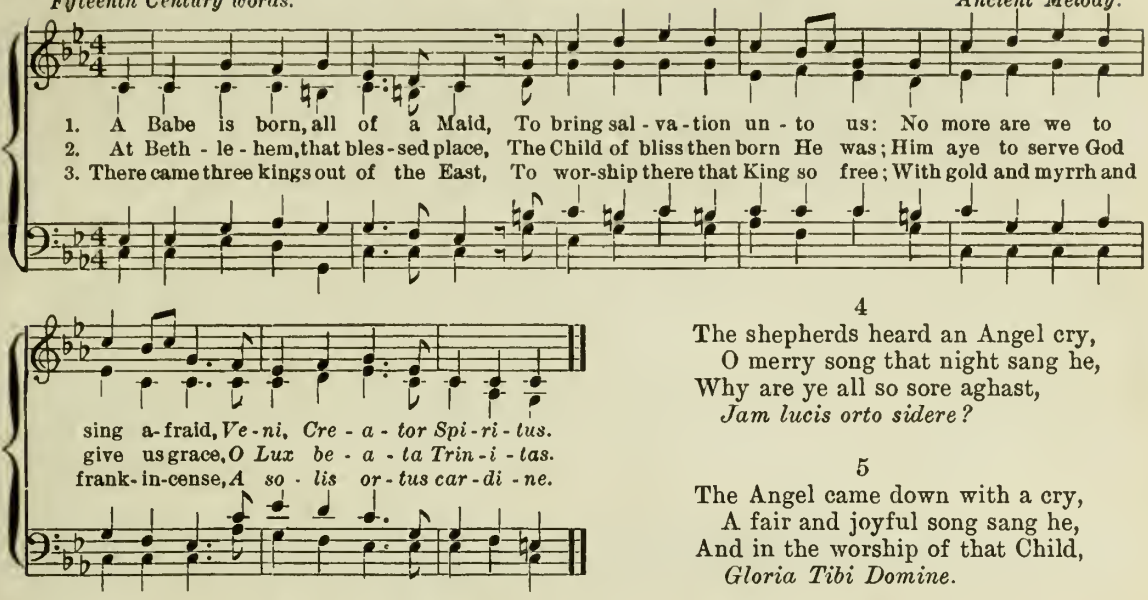
3

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Carol 565. A Babe is born, all of a Maid.

CHRISTMAS.

Fifteenth Century words. *Ancient Melody.*


1. A Babe is born, all of a Maid, To bring sal - va - tion un - to us: No more are we to
2. At Beth - le - hem, that bles - sed place, The Child of bliss then born He was; Him aye to serve God
3. There came three kings out of the East, To wor-ship there that King so free; With gold and myrrh and
sing a-fraid, *Ve - ni, Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus.*
give us grace, *O Lux be - a - ta Trin - i - tas.*
frank-in-cense, *A so - lis or - tus car - di - ne.*

4

The shepherds heard an Angel cry,
O merry song that night sang he,
Why are ye all so sore aghast,
Jam lucis orto sidere?

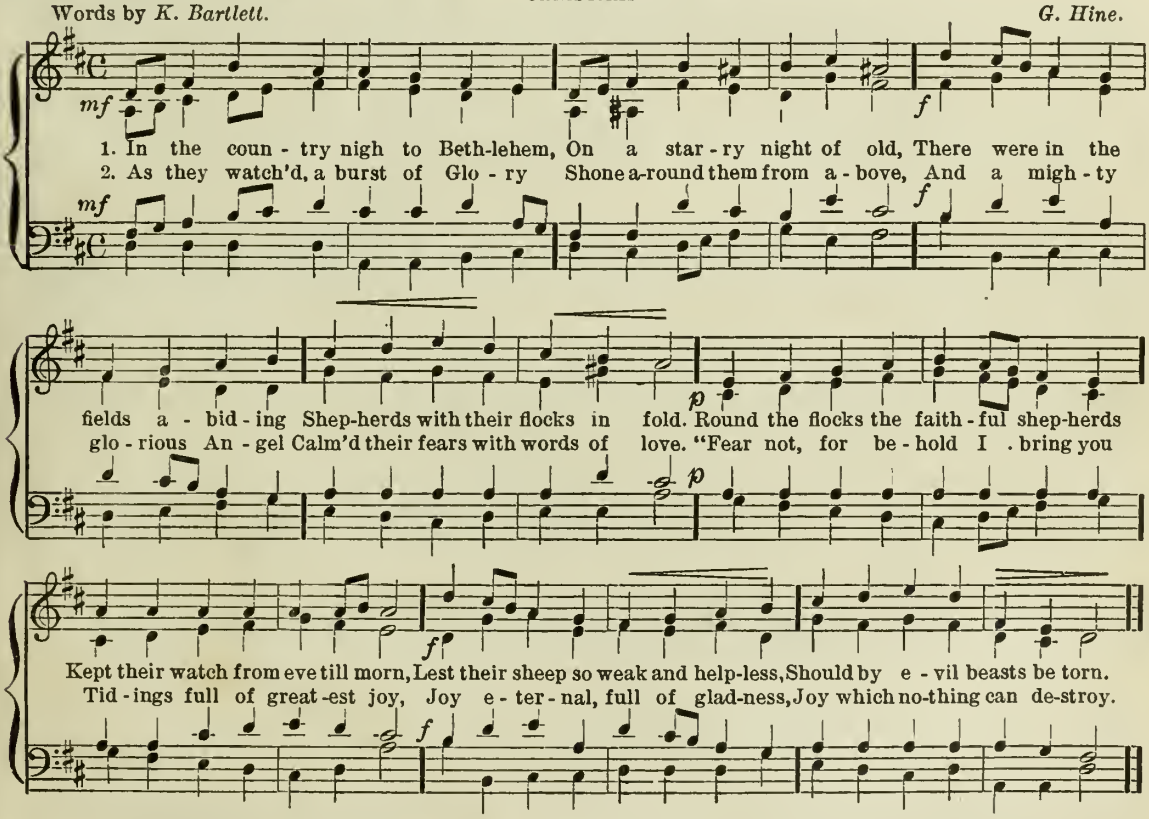
5

The Angel came down with a cry,
A fair and joyful song sang he,
And in the worship of that Child,
Gloria Tibi Domine.

Carol 566. In the country nigh to Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *K. Bartlett.* *G. Hine.*


1. In the coun - try nigh to Beth-lehem, On a star - ry night of old, There were in the
2. As they watch'd, a burst of Glo - ry Shone a-round them from a - bove, And a migh - ty
fields a - bid - ing Shep-herds with their flocks in fold. Round the flocks the faith - ful shep-herds
glo - rious An - gel Calm'd their fears with words of love. "Fear not, for be - hold I . bring you
Kept their watch from eve till morn, Lest their sheep so weak and help-less, Should by e - vil beasts be torn.
Tid - ings full of great - est joy, Joy e - ter - nal, full of glad-ness, Joy which no-thing can de-stroy.

3 "Unto you in David's city,
As was told by Prophet's word,
Christ is born, your God and Saviour,
Christ is born, your King and Lord."
Suddenly a host of angels
Raised their voices high and sang,
Till the vaulted arch of Heaven
With the echoing chorus rang.

4 "Glory, glory, in the Highest,
Unto God, and peace on earth;
To all nations joyful bring we
Tidings glad of Jesus' Birth."
Lift we now our hearts and voices,
Join we all the cheerful cry,
Learned by shepherds from the Angels;
"Glory be to God on high."

Christians, listen while we sing.

Carol 567. CHRISTMAS. *Jehu Martin.*

Grazioso.

mf *p*

f *pp* *f*

1. Chris - tians, lis - ten while we sing, (Dark be - fore the dawn - ing), Prais - es to our
2. Shep - herds came to Beth - le - hem, (Dark be - fore the dawn - ing), As it was com -
3. In a man - ger of the stall, (Dark be - fore the dawn - ing), There they found the
4. There they found the moth - er mild, (Dark be - fore the dawn - ing), Gaz - ing on her
(For 5th verse, see below)
6. Praise we then our Sav - iour King, (Dark be - fore the dawn - ing), As the an - gels
7. "Glo - ry be to God on high" (Dark be - fore the dawn - ing), "Peace on earth and

f *pp* *f*

dim. *pp e rall.*

Heav'n-ly King,
mand - ed them,
Lord of all,
new - born Child,
(5th verse below)
once did sing,
cha - ri - ty,"

On a Christ-mas morn - ing, On a Christ-mas morn - ing.

dim. *pp e rall.*

5TH VERSE. SOLO (OR A FEW VOICES).

f

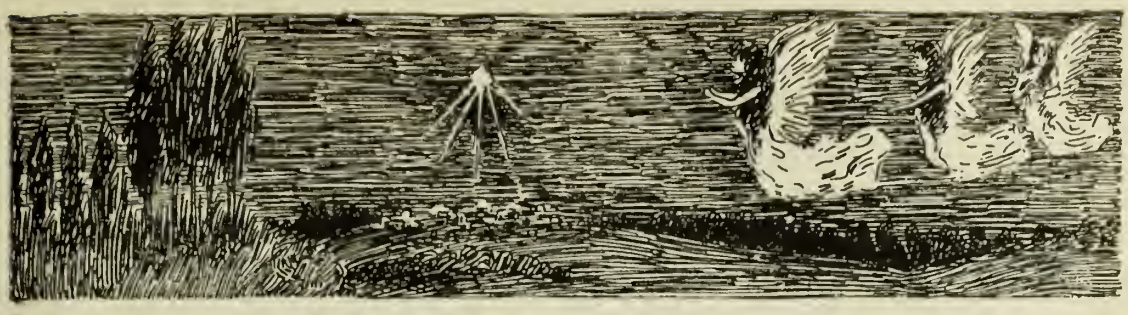
5. Chris - tian, art thou far from ill? He will make thee hap - pier still:

mf

mf

Is an hour of . sor - row near, He . . will wipe . . a - way . the tear.

p *p colla voce.* *attacca.*



Hark! the herald-host is singing.

Carol 568.* CHRISTMAS. *E. Humperdinck.*

Cantabile, ma non troppo lento.

Hark! the her - ald - host is

pp

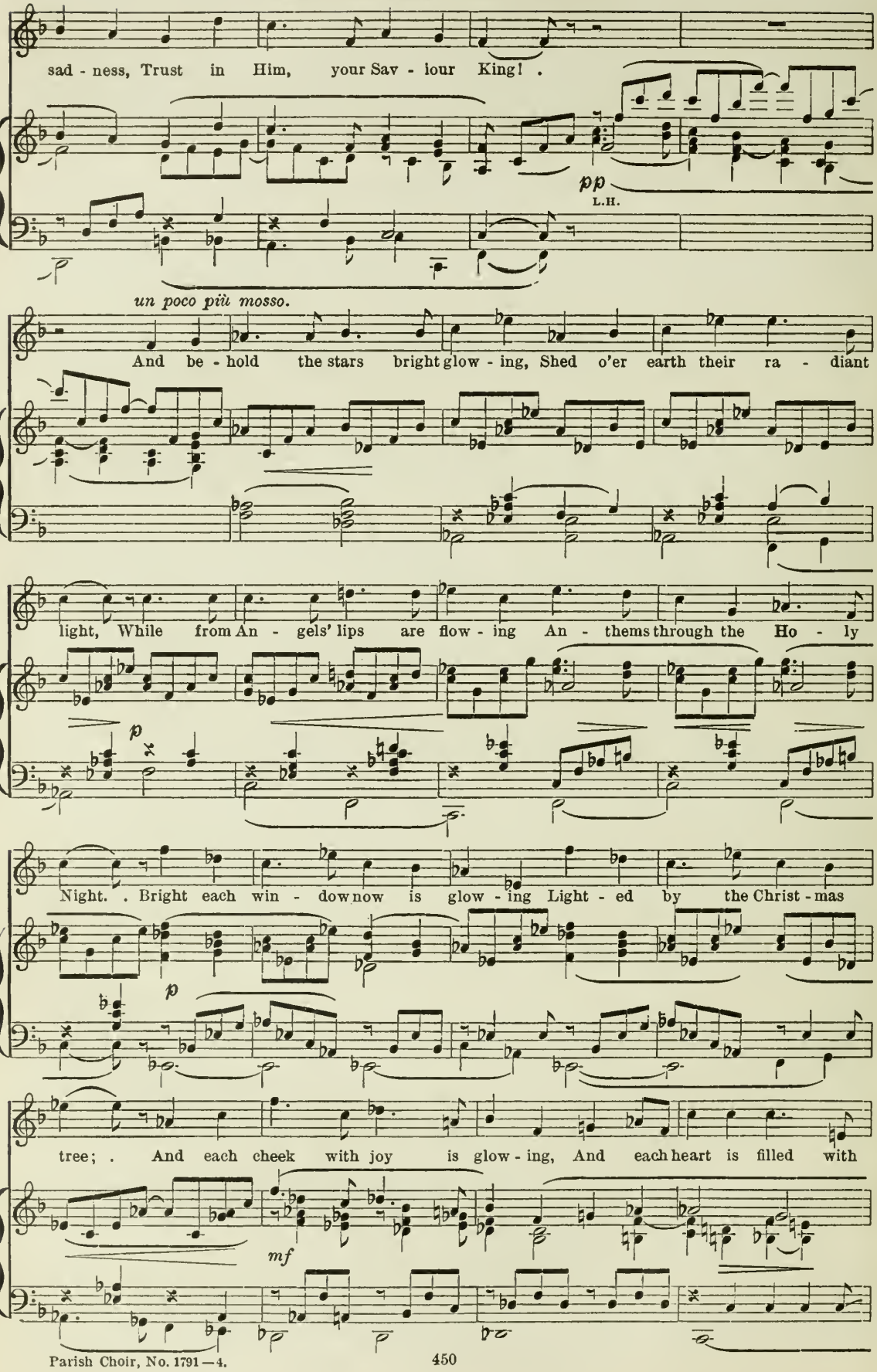
sing - ing Through the si - lent ho - ly night, Ti - dings of great joy they're

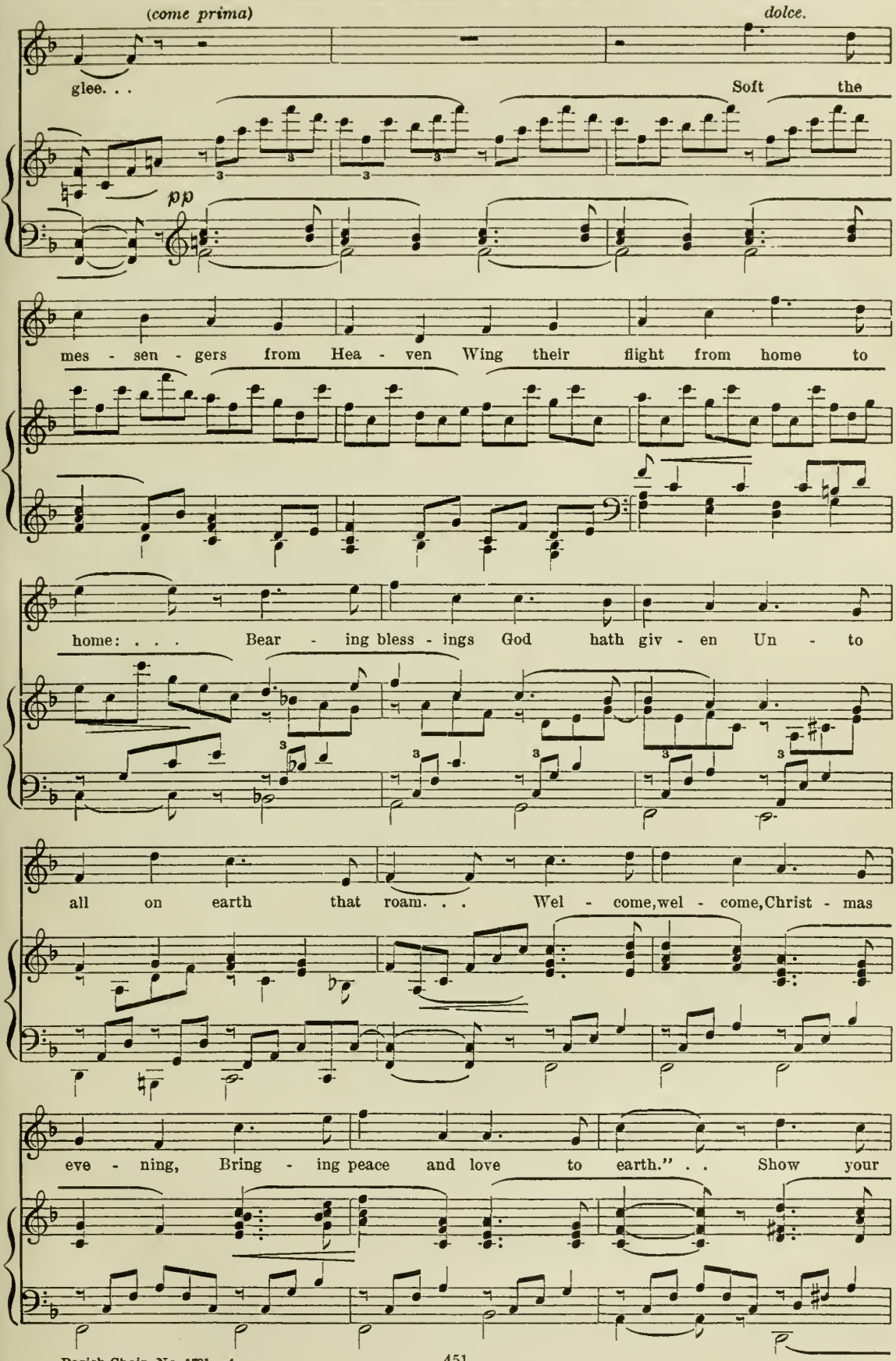
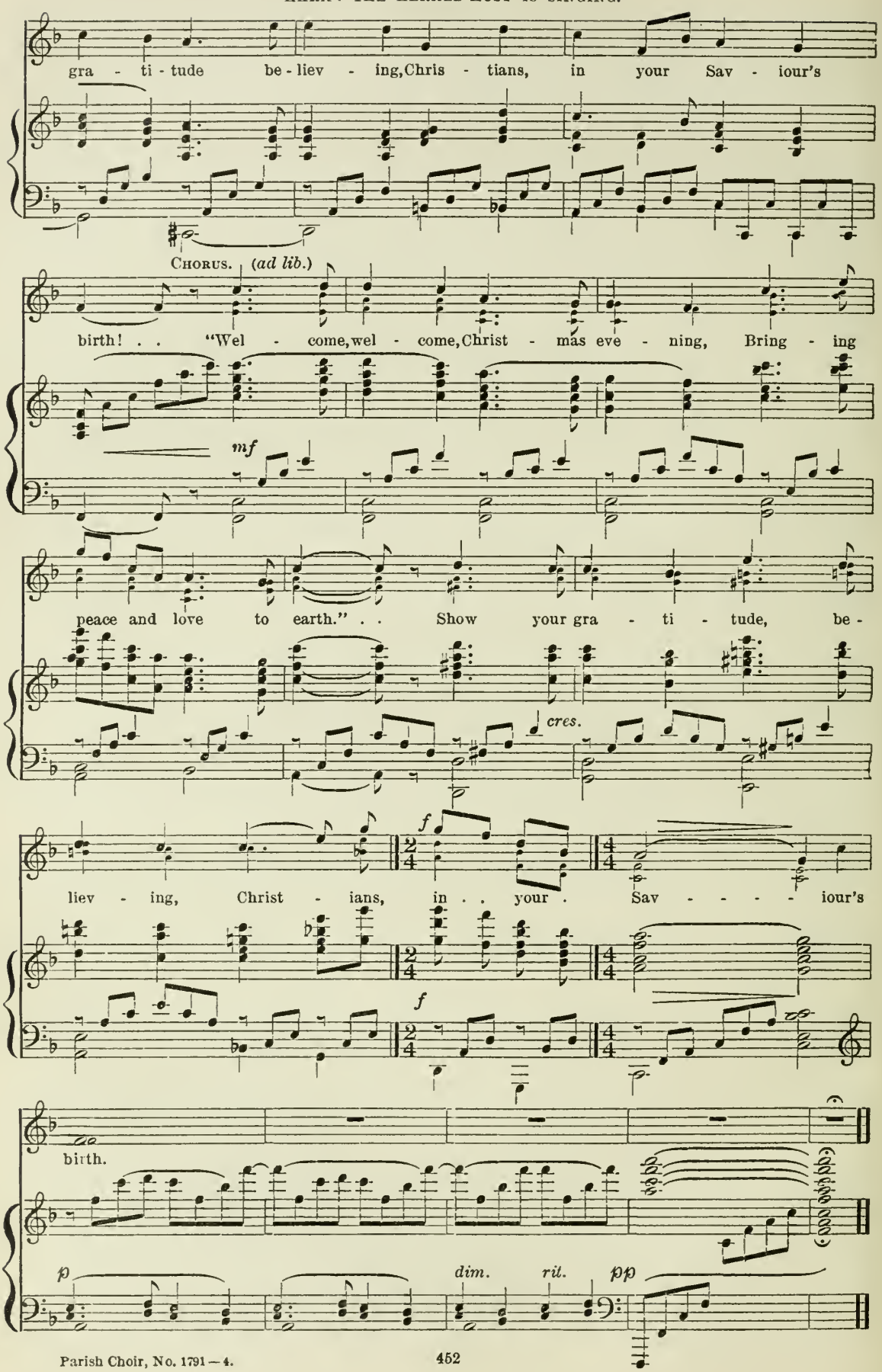
bring - ing From yon star - ry a - zure height, And each heart is filled with

p

glad - ness, At the mes - sage which they bring: "Christ is born; for-get all

*May if preferred be sung as a Carol-anthem.


sad - ness, Trust in Him, your Sav - iour King! .
pp
L.H.
un poco più mosso.
And be - hold the stars bright glow - ing, Shed o'er earth their ra - diant
light, While from An - gels' lips are flow - ing An - thems through the Ho - ly
p
Night. . Bright each win - dow now is glow - ing Light - ed by the Christ - mas
p
tree; . And each cheek with joy is glow - ing, And each heart is filled with
mf


(come prima)
dolce.
glee. . .
Soft the
pp
mes - sen - gers from Hea - ven Wing their flight from home to
home: . . . Bear - ing bless - ings God hath giv - en Un - to
all on earth that roam. . . Wel - come, wel - come, Christ - mas
eve - ning, Bring - ing peace and love to earth." . . Show your

gra - ti - tude be - liev - ing, Chris - tians, in your Sav - iour's
Chorus. (ad lib.)
birth! . . "Wel - come, wel - come, Christ - mas eve - ning, Bring - ing
mf
peace and love to earth." . . Show your gra - ti - tude, be -
cres.
f
liev - ing, Christ - ians, in . . your . Sav - - - - - iour's
f
birth.
p
dim.
ril.
pp

THE KINGS

The Kings.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 569.

Words by *W. G. Rothery*
From the German of *P. Cornelius.*

Peter Cornelius.

Lento.

mf

Three Kings had jour-ney'd from lands a - far, To Jor-dan led by a guid- ing star, In Da- vid's

pp

How bright-ly shines the Morn - ing Star;

pp

Lento.

p

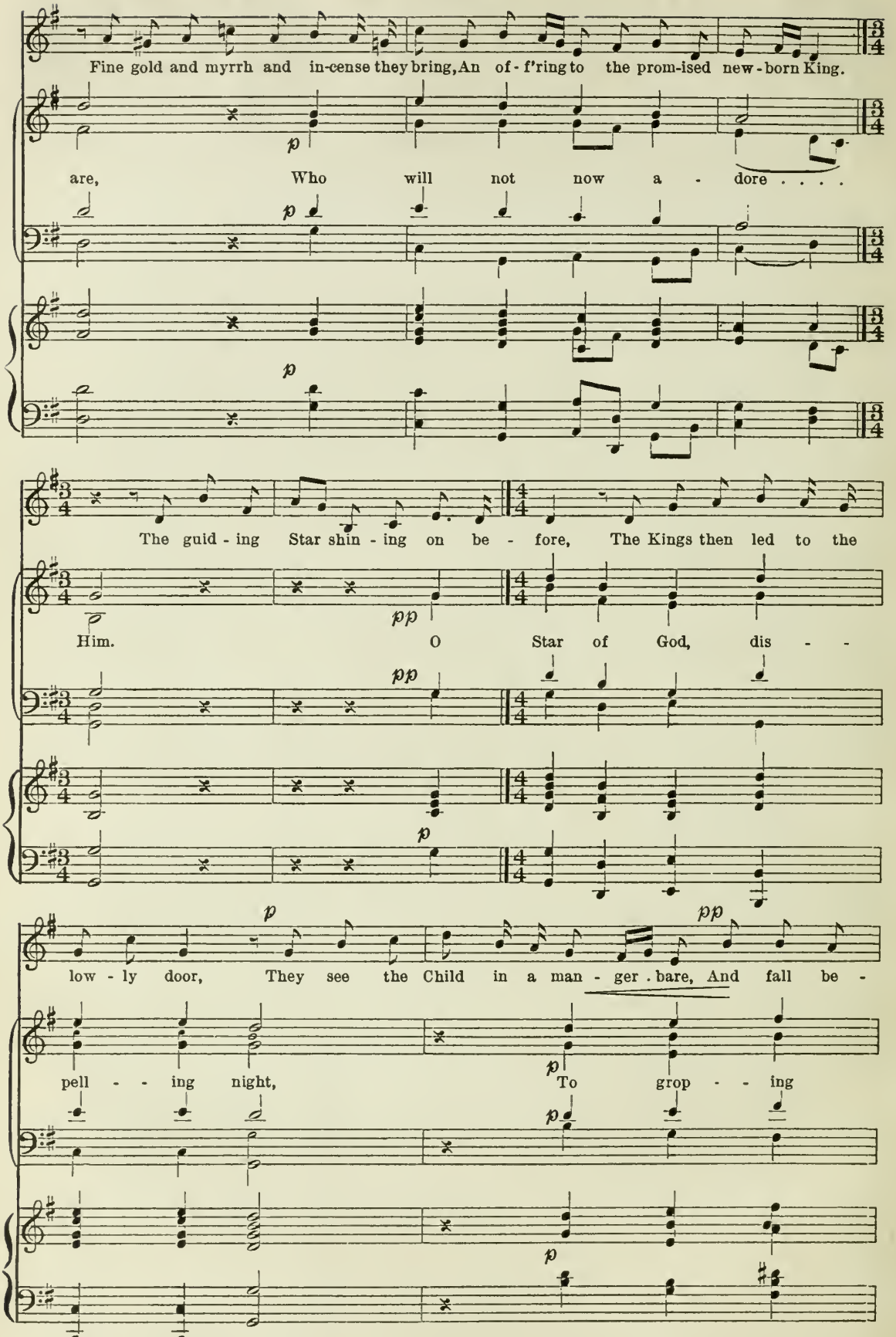
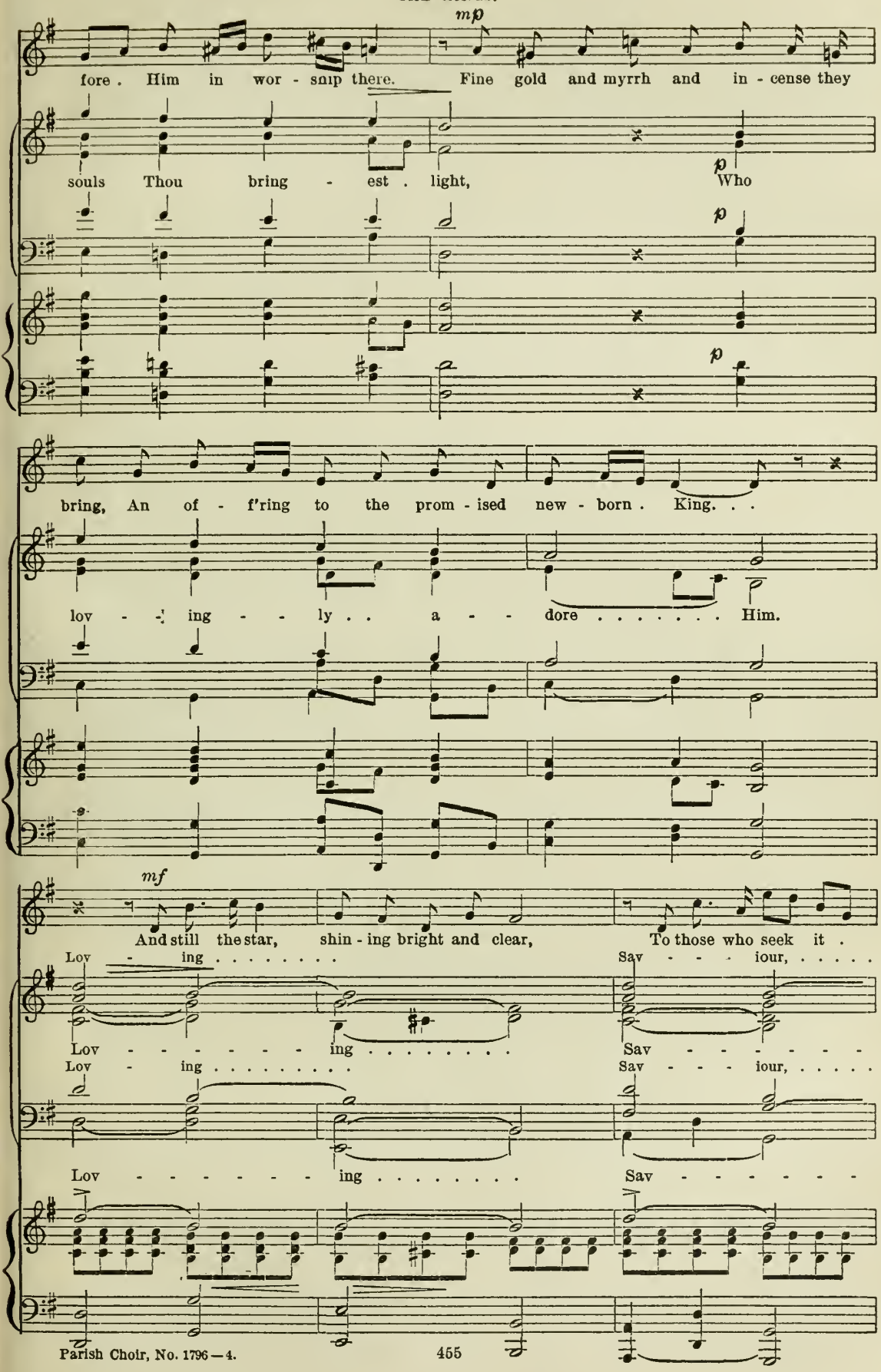
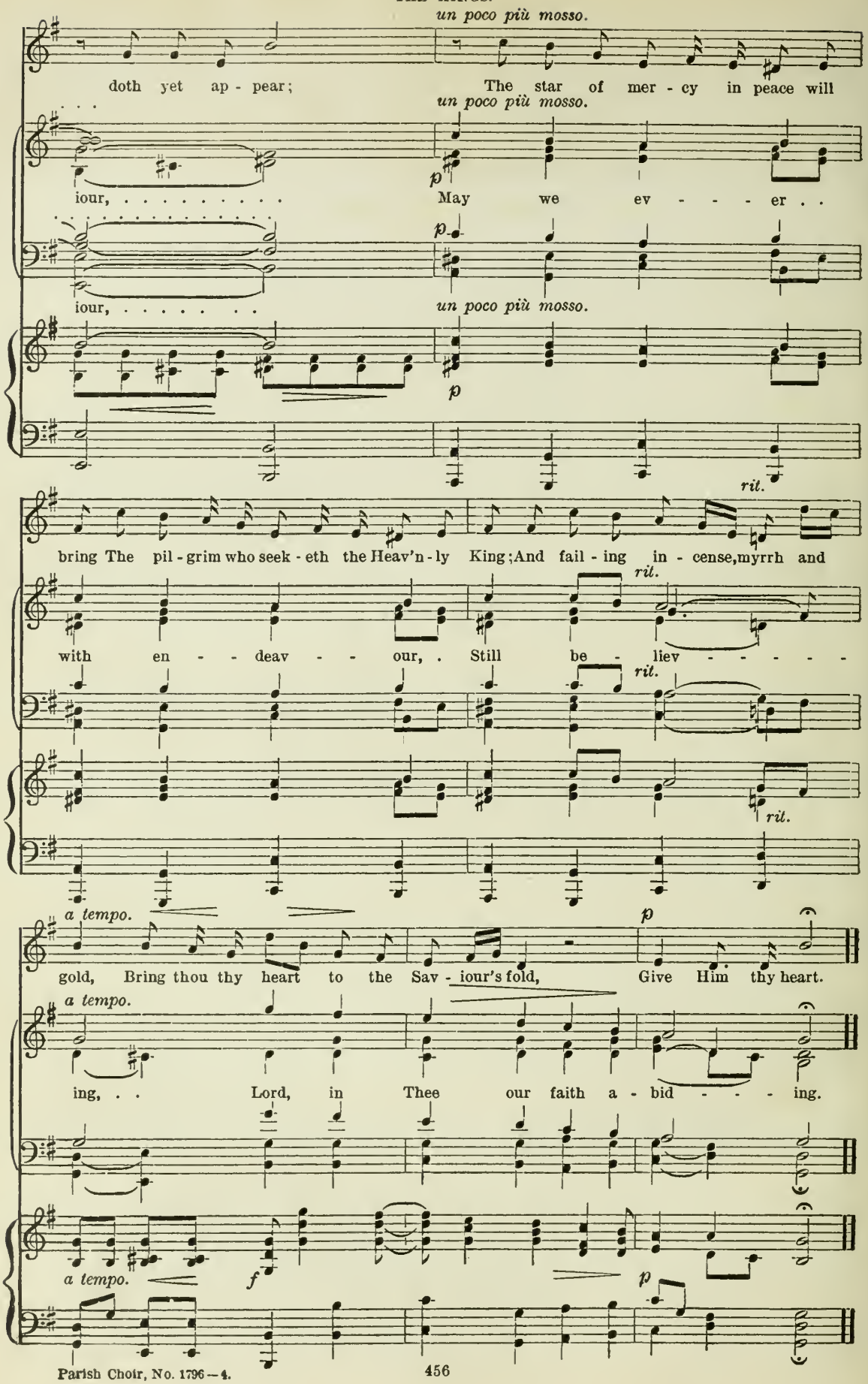
ci - ty they ask men to tell Where the new - born King whom they seek doth dwell.

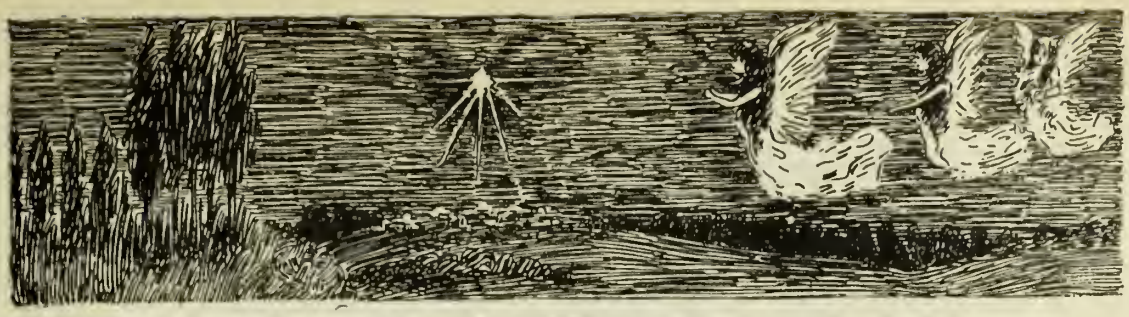
p

A - - round the Lord what glo - - ries

p

p


Fine gold and myrrh and in-cense they bring, An of-f'ring to the prom-ised new-born King.
are, Who will not now a - dore . . . .
The guid - ing Star shin - ing on be - fore, The Kings then led to the
Him. O Star of God, dis - -
low - ly door, They see the Child in a man - ger . bare, And fall be -
pell - - ing night, To grop - - ing

mp
fore . Him in wor - ship there. Fine gold and myrrh and in - cense they
souls Thou bring - est . light, Who
p
p
p
bring, An of - f'ring to the prom - ised new - born . King. . .
lov - - ing - - ly . . a - - dore . . . . . Him.
mf
And still the star, shin - ing bright and clear, To those who seek it .
Lov - ing . . . . . Sav - - - - iour, ...
Lov - - - - - - - ing . . . . . Sav - - - - - - - -
Lov - ing . . . . . Sav - - - - iour, ...
Lov - - - - - - - ing . . . . . Sav - - - - - - - -

un poco più mosso.
doth yet ap - pear;
The star of mer - cy in peace will
un poco più mosso.
iour, ...
May we ev - - - - er . .
p
iour, ...
un poco più mosso.
p
rit.
bring The pil - grim who seek - eth the Heav'n - ly King; And fail - ing in - cense, myrrh and
rit.
with en - - deav - - our, . Still be - liev - - - - -
rit.
rit.
a tempo.
p
gold, Bring thou thy heart to the Sav - iour's fold, Give Him thy heart.
a tempo.
ing, . . Lord, in Thee our faith a - bid - - - ing.
a tempo.
f
p



Hark! What mean those holy voices?

A Bell Carol.
(May be sung as an anthem.)
CHRISTMAS.

Carol 570.

Words by *John Cawood.* *C. W. Pearce, Mus. D.*

In a stately manner, and not too fast.

All the Trebles.

1. Hark! What mean those ho - ly . voi - ces, Sweet - ly . sound - ing in the skies? Lo! th' an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Loud-est Al - le - lu - ias rise.
4. "Christ is born! the Great A - noint - ed," Hea - ven and earth His pra'is - es . sing; O re - ceive Whom God ap - point - ed, For your Pro - phet, Priest and King.

R.H. *Choir 8ft. & 4ft.*

L.H. *Swell 8ft. & 2ft.*

Carillon.

staccato sempre.

Ped. Soft 16ft. with choir coupled.

ff

2. Lis - ten to the won - drous sto - ry, Which they chant in
5. Has - ten, mor - tals, to a - dore Him, Learn His Name and

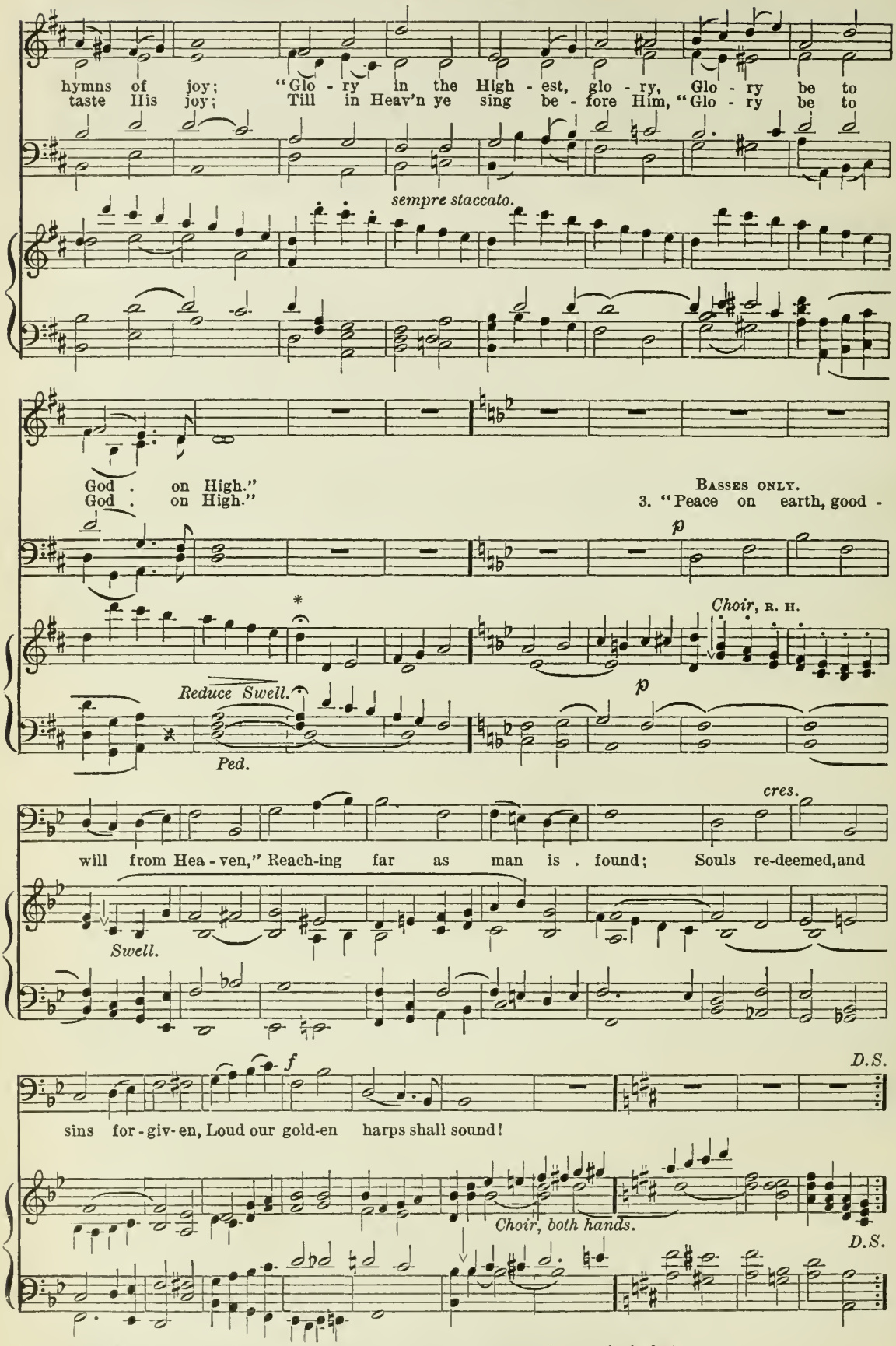
ff

*R.H. *Gt. 16, 8, 4 & 2ft.*

staccato.

L.H. *Full swell (Manual only).*

*Draw only *Bourdon* 16ft., *Stopped Diapason* 8ft., *Principal* 4ft., and *Fifteenth* 2ft.


hymns of joy; "Glo - ry in the High - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to
taste His joy; Till in Heav'n ye sing be - fore Him, "Glo - ry be to
sempre staccato.
God . on High."
God . on High."
Basses only.
3. "Peace on earth, good -
p
Choir, r. h.
Reduce Swell.
Ped.
p
cres.
will from Hea - ven," Reach-ing far as man is . found; Souls re-deemed, and
Swell.
f
D.S.
sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold-en harps shall sound!
Choir, both hands.
D.S.

*This pause marks the conclusion of the carol, and is not to be observed except in the last verse.

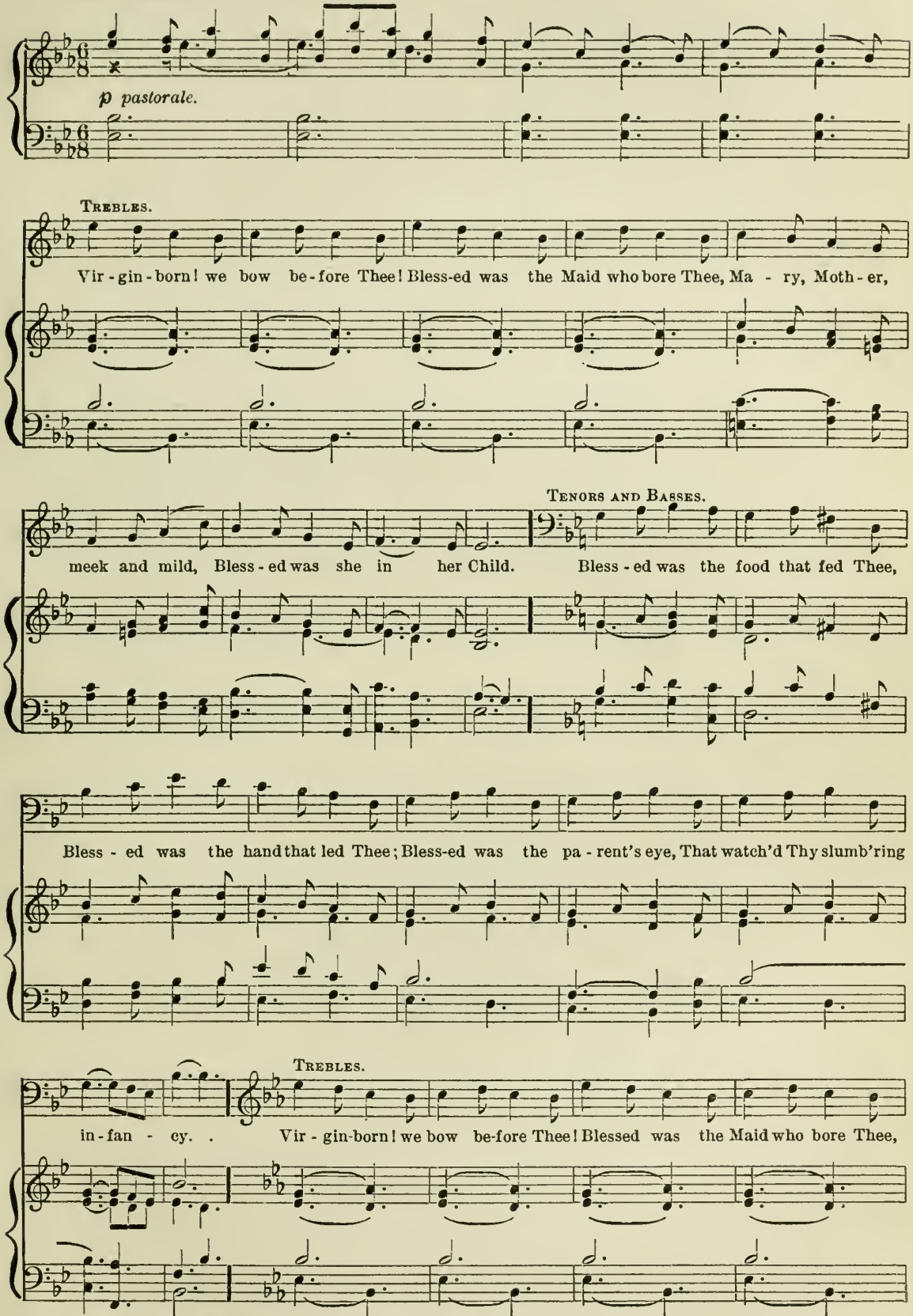
Virgin-born! we bow before Thee,

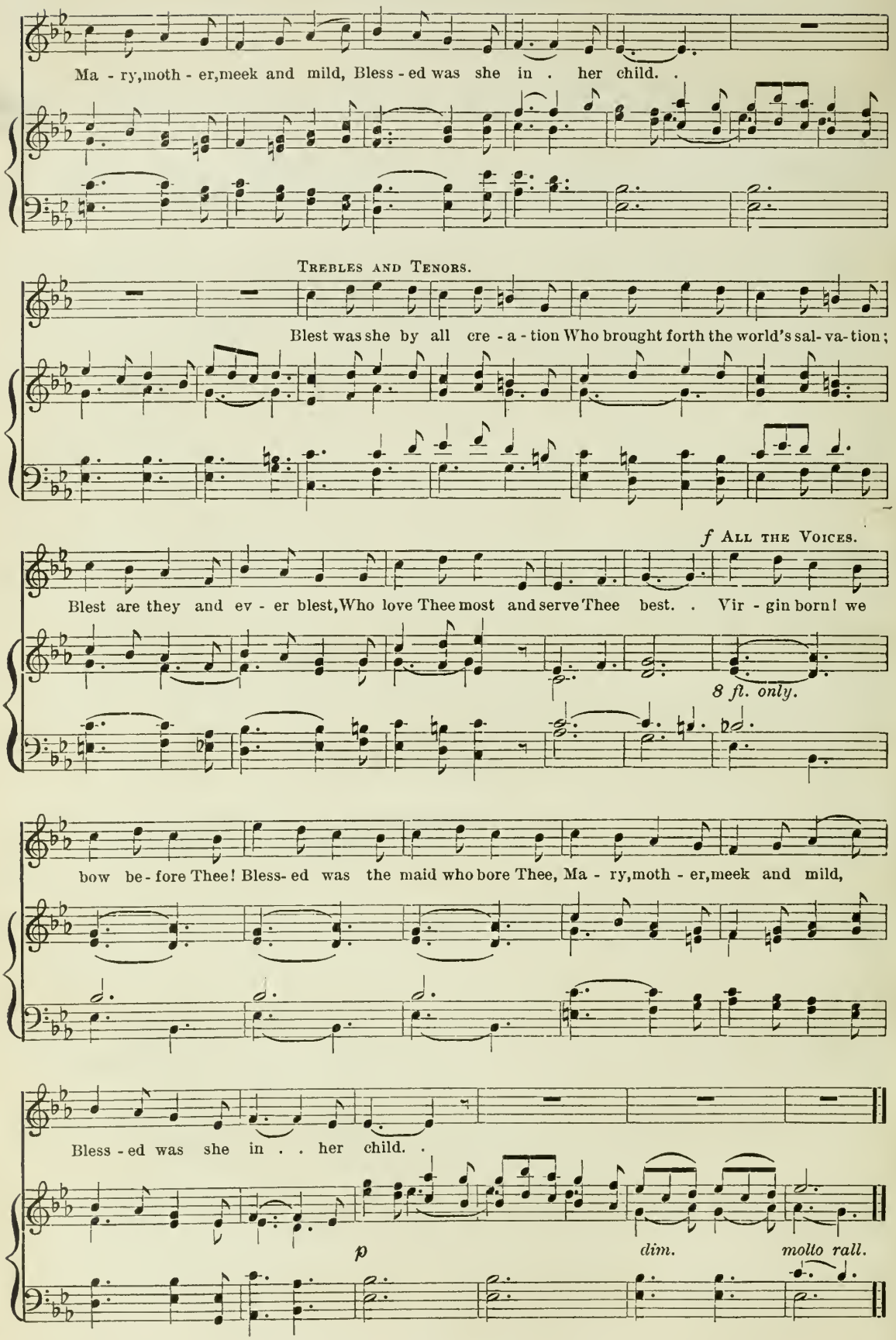
Carol 571.

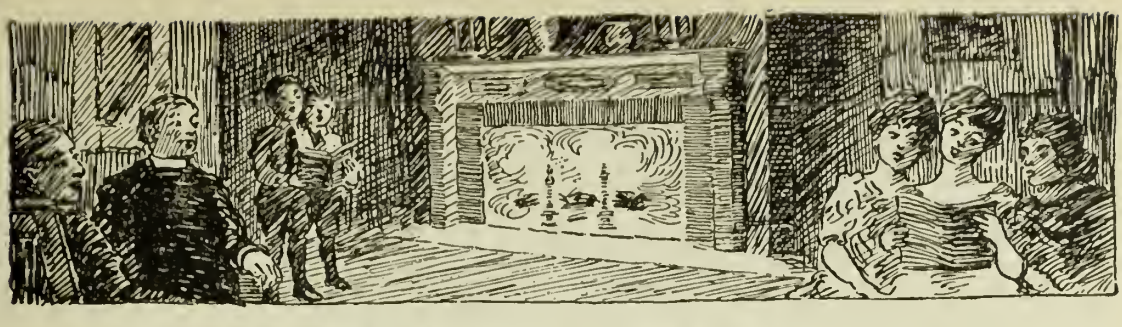
CHRISTMAS.
May be sung as an anthem.

Words by *Bishop Heber.* (alt.)

C. Gounod.


p pastorale.
Trebles.
Vir-gin-born! we bow be-fore Thee! Bless-ed was the Maid who bore Thee, Ma - ry, Moth-er,
Tenors and Basses.
meek and mild, Bless-ed was she in her Child. Bless-ed was the food that fed Thee,
Bless - ed was the hand that led Thee; Bless-ed was the pa - rent's eye, That watch'd Thy slumb'ring
Trebles.
in-fan - cy. . Vir - gin-born! we bow be-fore Thee! Blessed was the Maid who bore Thee,


Ma - ry, moth - er, meek and mild, Bless - ed was she in . her child. .
Trebles and Tenors.
Blest was she by all cre - a - tion Who brought forth the world's sal - va - tion;
f All the Voices.
Blest are they and ev - er blest, Who love Thee most and serve Thee best. . Vir - gin born! we
8 ft. only.
bow be - fore Thee! Bless - ed was the maid who bore Thee, Ma - ry, moth - er, meek and mild,
Bless - ed was she in . . her child. .
p
dim.
molto rall.



Come, listen to the story.

Carol 572. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Henry Knight.* *Rev. J. Baden Powell.*

QUARTET (OR SEMI-CHORUS). *Andantino. Very smoothly. cres.* *dim.* CHORUS. (*Echo.*)

1. Come, lis - ten to the sto - ry of Je - su's birth, of Je - su's
2. Be - hold! while earth is sleep - ing a - mid the snows, a - mid the

QUARTET. *cres.* CHORUS.

birth; How Christ the King of Glo - ry, came down to earth, came down to
snows; While an - gels watch are keep - ing, there blooms a Rose, there blooms a

QUARTET. *cres.* *dim.* CHORUS.

earth; Left Heaven all pure and ho - ly to do God's will, to do God's
Rose: And Ma - ry makes a bow - er with - in her breast, with - in her

QUARTET. *cres.* CHORUS. *rall.*

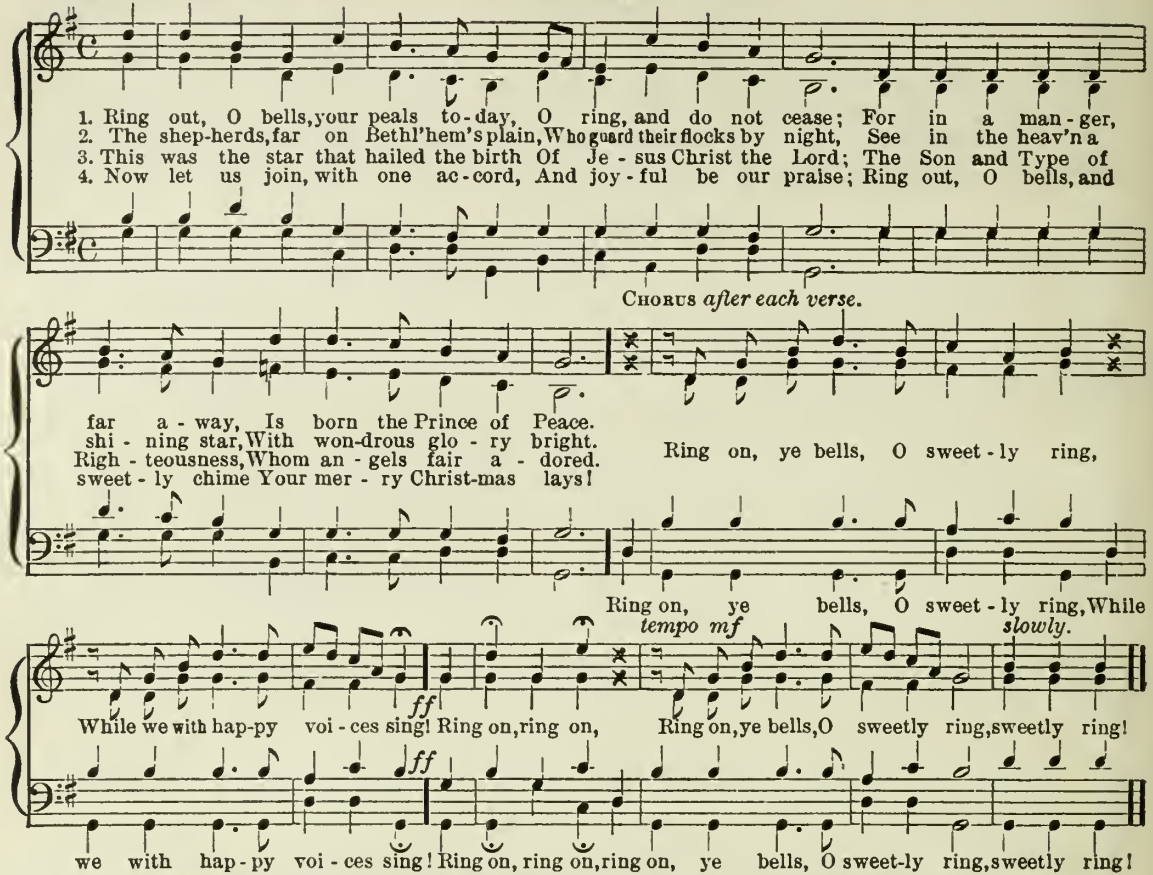
will: Who with the meek and low - ly, is dwell - ing still, is dwell - ing still.
breast, For that ce - les - tial Flow - er, her Sav - iour Blest, her Sav - iour Blest.

3 And ere the morn is breaking across the wold,
The shepherds, flocks forsaking, with wonder bold
Draw near in adoration their praise to pour;
To offer an oblation that Babe before.

4 So runs the Gospel story of that sweet morn,
Ere round the Rose's Glory had tarried the thorn;
And now to Heaven transplanted its bliss to share;
Our God, to us hath granted, hereafter there.

Ring out, O bells! your peals to-day.

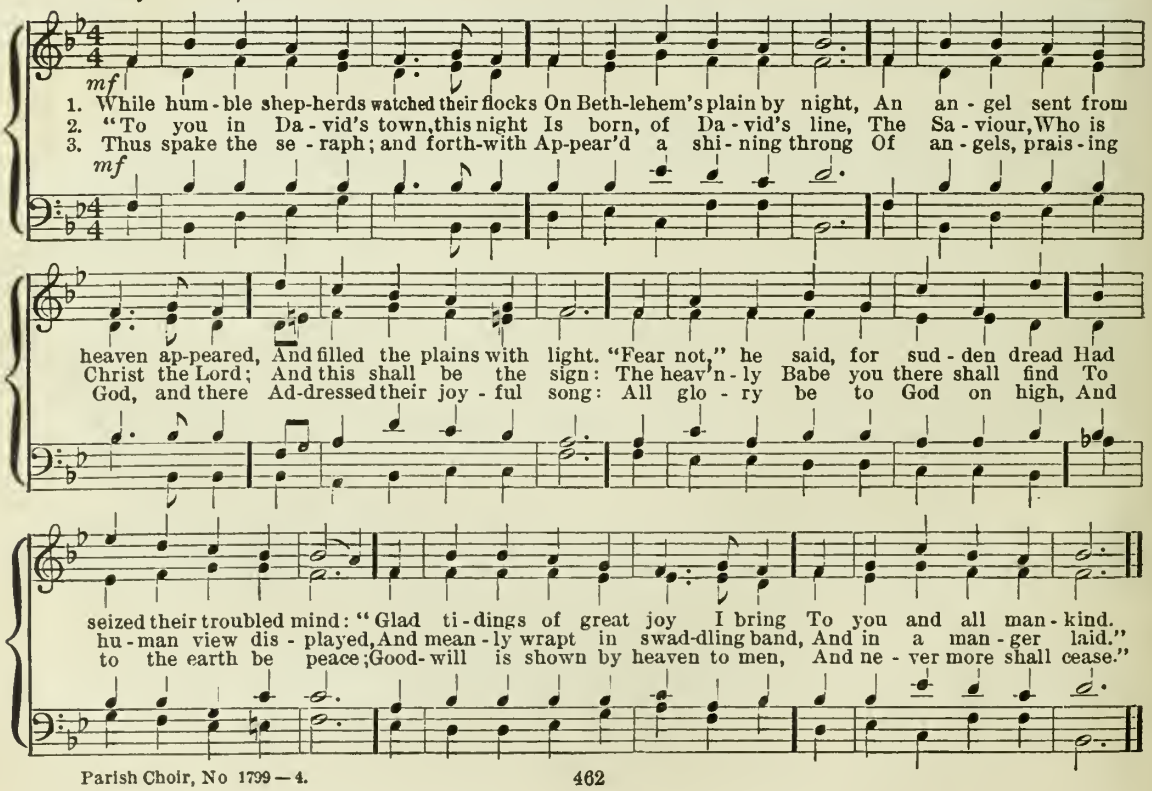
Carol 573. CHRISTMAS.


1. Ring out, O bells, your peals to-day, O ring, and do not cease; For in a man-ger,
2. The shep-herds, far on Bethl'hem's plain, Who guard their flocks by night, See in the heav'n a
3. This was the star that hailed the birth Of Je-sus Christ the Lord; The Son and Type of
4. Now let us join, with one ac-cord, And joy-ful be our praise; Ring out, O bells, and
Chorus after each verse.
far a-way, Is born the Prince of Peace.
shi-ning star, With won-drous glo-ry bright.
Righ-teousness, Whom an-gels fair a-dored.
sweet-ly chime Your mer-ry Christ-mas lays!
Ring on, ye bells, O sweet-ly ring,
Ring on, ye bells, O sweet-ly ring, While
tempo mf
slowly.
ff
While we with hap-py voi-ces sing! Ring on, ring on,
Ring on, ye bells, O sweetly ring, sweetly ring!
we with hap-py voi-ces sing! Ring on, ring on, ring on, ye bells, O sweet-ly ring, sweetly ring!

While humble shepherds watched their flocks.

Carol 574. CHRISTMAS.

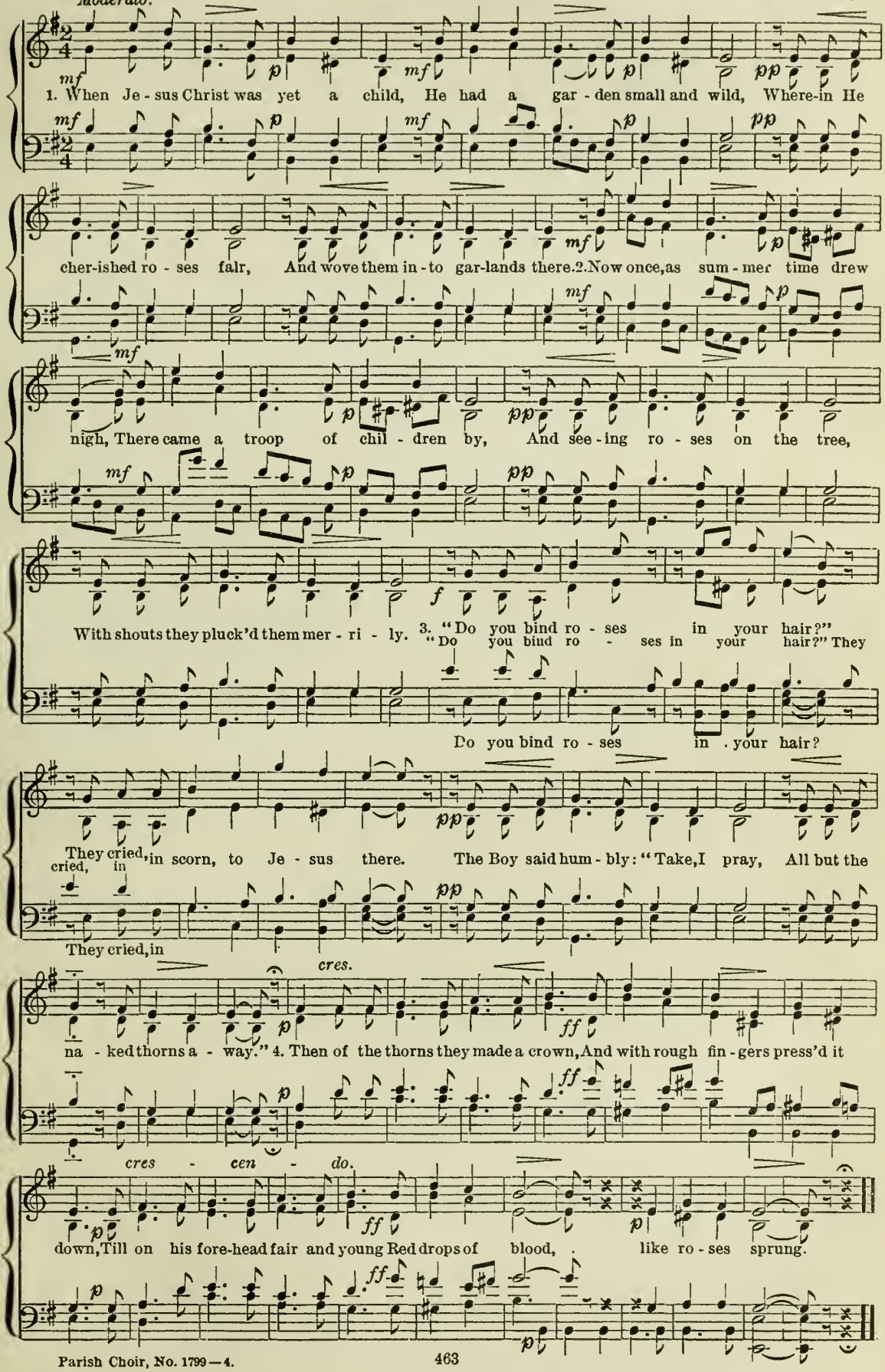
Words by *N. Tate*, alt. *G. W. Fink.*


mf
1. While hum-ble shep-herds watched their flocks On Beth-lehem's plain by night, An an-gel sent from
2. "To you in Da-vid's town, this night Is born, of Da-vid's line, The Sa-viour, Who is
3. Thus spake the se-raph; and forth-with Ap-pear'd a shi-ning throng Of an-gels, prais-ing
mf
heaven ap-peared, And filled the plains with light. "Fear not," he said, for sud-den dread Had
Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign: The heav'n-ly Babe you there shall find To
God, and there Ad-dressed their joy-ful song: All glo-ry be to God on high, And
seized their troubled mind: "Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.
hu-man view dis-played, And mean-ly wrapt in swad-dling band, And in a man-ger laid."
to the earth be peace; Good-will is shown by heaven to men, And ne-ver more shall cease."

Carol 575. **When Jesus Christ was yet a child.**

From *The Russian.* "The Crown of Roses." *P. Tschaikowsky.*

Moderato.

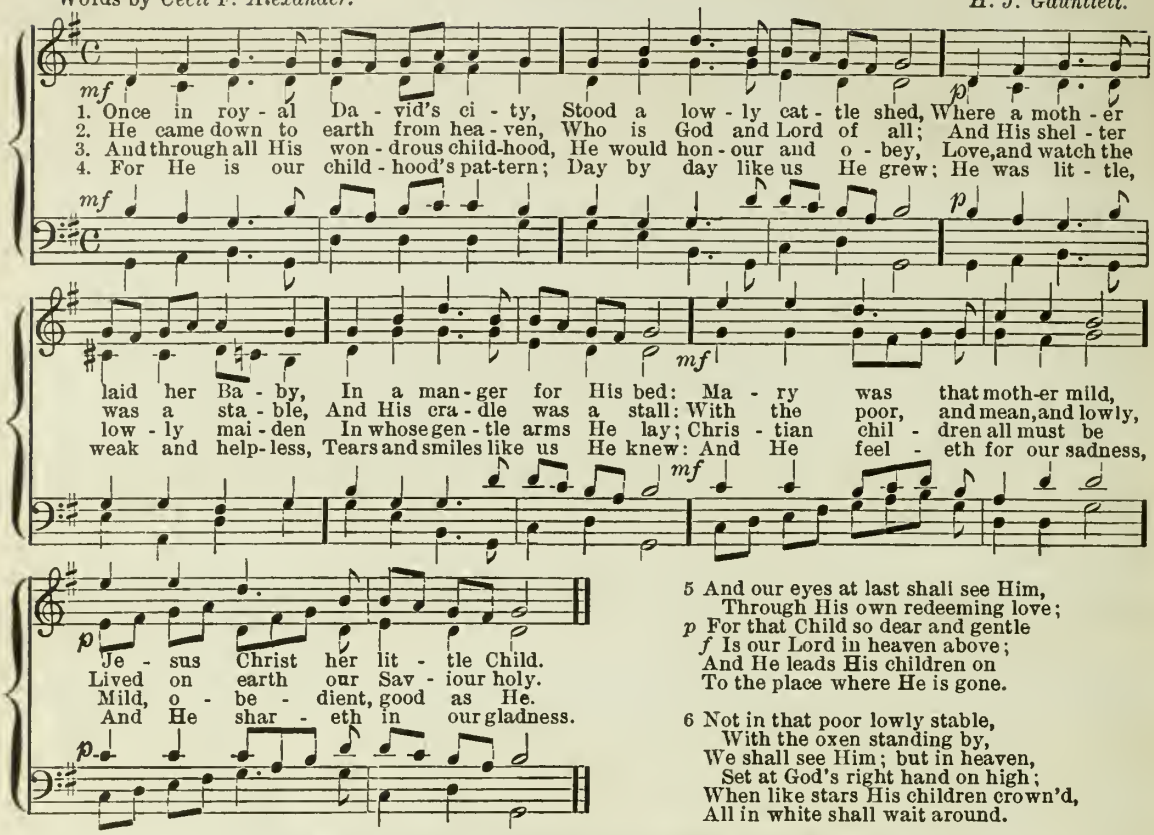

1. When Je - sus Christ was yet a child, He had a gar - den small and wild, Where-in He
cher-ished ro - ses fair, And wove them in - to gar-lands there. 2. Now once, as sum - mer time drew
nigh, There came a troop of chil - dren by, And see - ing ro - ses on the tree,
With shouts they pluck'd them mer - ri - ly. 3. "Do you bind ro - ses in your hair?"
"Do you bind ro - ses in your hair?" They
Do you bind ro - ses in your hair?
They cried, in scorn, to Je - sus there. The Boy said hum - bly: "Take, I pray, All but the
cried, in
They cried, in
cres.
na - ked thorns a - way." 4. Then of the thorns they made a crown, And with rough fin - gers press'd it
cres - cen - do.
down, Till on his fore-head fair and young Red drops of blood, like ro - ses sprung.

Once in royal David's city.

Carol 576.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Cecil F. Alexander.* *H. J. Gauntlett.*


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er
2. He came down to earth from hea - ven, Who is God and Lord of all; And His shel - ter
3. And through all His won - drous child-hood, He would hon - our and o - bey, Love, and watch the
4. For He is our child - hood's pat-tern; Day by day like us He grew; He was lit - tle,
laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed: Ma - ry was that moth-er mild,
was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall: With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
low - ly mai - den In whose gen - tle arms He lay; Chris - tian chil - dren all must be
weak and help-less, Tears and smiles like us He knew: And He feel - eth for our sadness,
Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
Lived on earth our Sav - iour holy.
Mild, o - be - dient, good as He.
And He shar - eth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

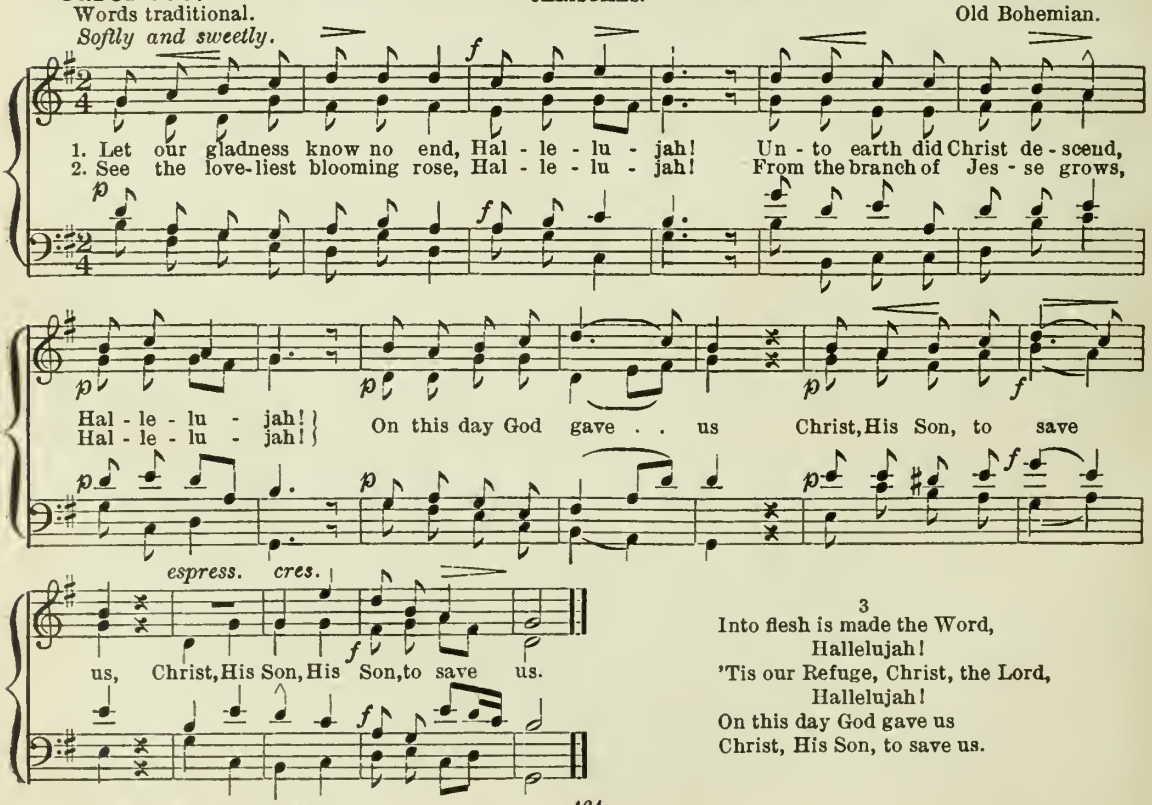
6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crown'd,
All in white shall wait around.

Let our gladness know no end.

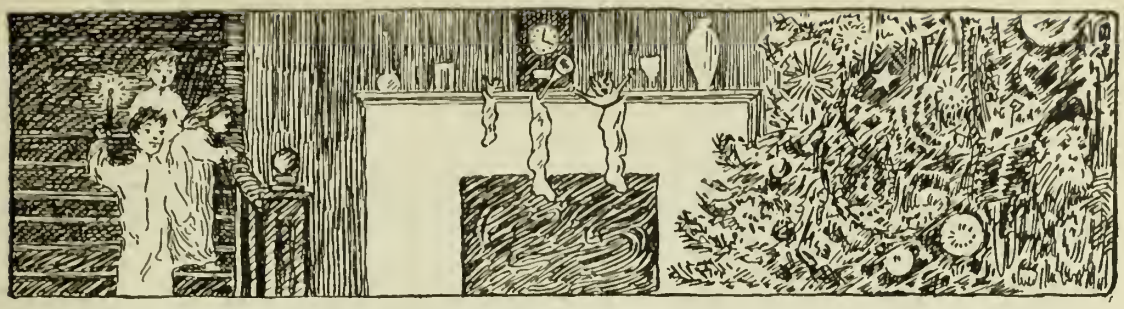
Carol 577.

CHRISTMAS.

Words traditional. Old Bohemian.

Softly and sweetly.

1. Let our gladness know no end, Hal - le - lu - jah! Un - to earth did Christ de - scend,
2. See the love-liest blooming rose, Hal - le - lu - jah! From the branch of Jes - se grows,
Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah!
On this day God gave . . us Christ, His Son, to save
espress. cres.
us, Christ, His Son, His Son, to save us.

3
Into flesh is made the Word,
Hallelujah!
'Tis our Refuge, Christ, the Lord,
Hallelujah!
On this day God gave us
Christ, His Son, to save us.



Carol, Christian children.

Carol 578.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Helen W. Selby.* *Alfred Moffat.*

Con energico. *mf*

1. Ca - rol, Chris - tian chil - dren, Let your voi - ces ring,
2. Choirs of ho - ly an - gels Swell the migh - ty throng,
3. Ca - rol, Chris - tian chil - dren, For 'tis Christ-mas time,

Con energico. *f* *ff* *mf*

Is not this the birth - day Of our heaven - ly King? Hal - le - lu - jah!
Sol - emn - ly at mid - night, Chant - ing loud and long! Hal - le - lu - jah!
And the bells are ring - ing Mer - ri - ly their chime! Hal - le - lu - jah!

ff *ff*

mf

Je - sus un - to us is born! Now the dawn - ing sweet - ly

mf

Breaks on Christ - mas morn.

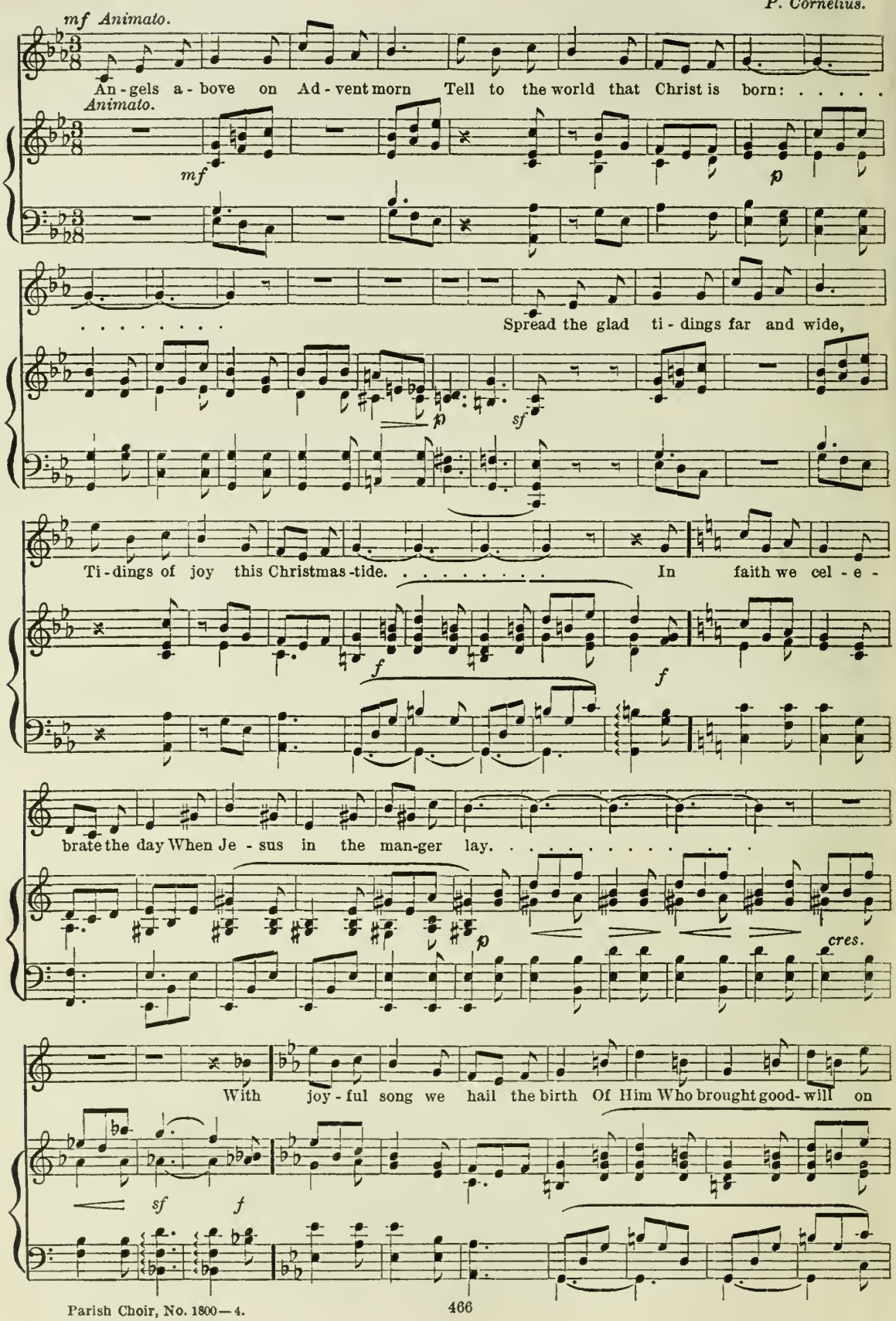
f *ff*

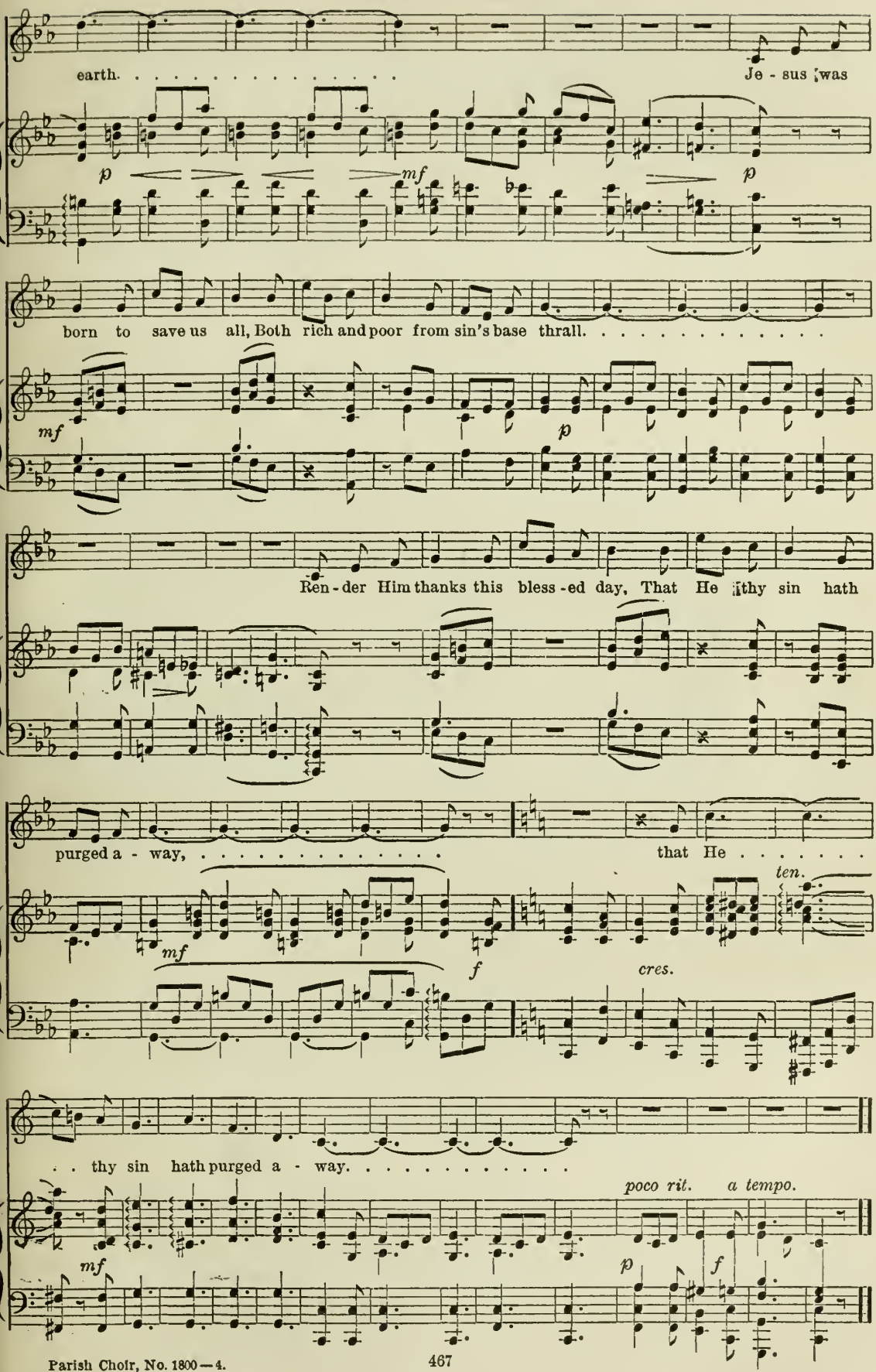
The Christ-Child.

Carol 579.

CHRISTMAS.

P. Cornelius.


mf Animato.
An-gels a-bove on Ad-vent morn Tell to the world that Christ is born: . . . . .
Animato.
mf
p
Spread the glad ti-dings far and wide,
p
sf
Ti-dings of joy this Christmas-tide. . . . . In faith we cel-e-
f
f
brate the day When Je-sus in the man-ger lay. . . . . .
p
cres.
With joy-ful song we hail the birth Of Him Who brought good-will on
sf
f


earth.
Je - sus was
p
mf
p
born to save us all, Both rich and poor from sin's base thrall.
mf
p
Ren - der Him thanks this bless - ed day, That He thy sin hath
purged a - way,
that He
ten.
mf
f
cres.
. . thy sin hath purged a - way.
poco rit.
a tempo.
mf
p
f

The Sleep of the Infant Jesus.

CHRISTMAS.

F. A. Gevaert.

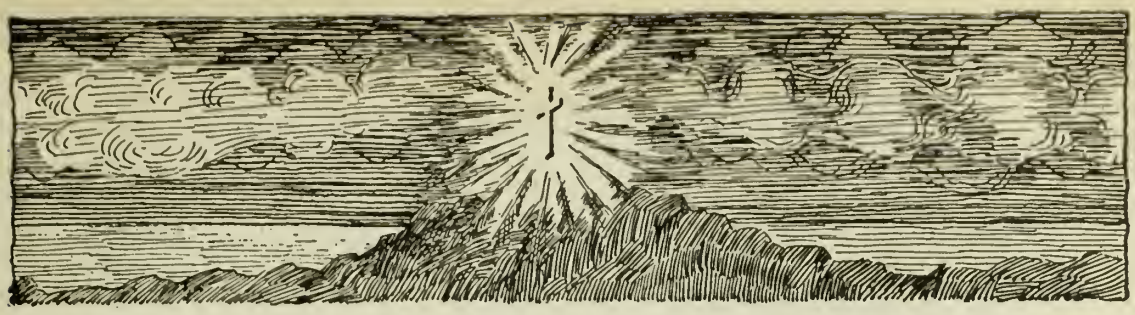
Andantino. *pp sempre.*

1. 'Tween ox and ass in hum - ble shed,
2. 'Mid li - lies white and ro - ses red,
3. 'Mid gen - tle shep - herds hi - ther led,

Sleep, sleep in Thy low - ly bed: Count- less Cher - u - bim, shin - ing Ser - a - phim Watch - ing all a - bove the might - y Lord of Love,

sleep, sleep, O Ho - ly Child!

Sleep, sleep, King of an - gels, sleep!



Over the land in glory.

EASTER.

Carol 581.

Words by *F. L. Hosmer.* *Arthur Foote.*

With strongly marked rhythm. *mf*

1. O - ver the land in glo - ry Break - eth the Eas - ter
2. Lis - ten, the birds are sing - ing, Sing - ing on Eas - ter
mf 3. Skies of the spi - rit bright - en, Hopes like the birds re -

f

Ped. *Ped.*

p *cres.* *f*

morn, . . Na - ture re - peat - eth her sto - ry— Life . out of death new -
morn; . . Bells in the stee - ples ring - ing Wel - come the fes - tal
turn; . . Hearts with the pro - mise light - en "Bless - ed are they that

p *f*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

p

born. . . Lo, the year's at the spring, Buds are blos - som - ing,
morn, . . And the mes - sage they bear On the ra - diant air,
mourn." . To each win - ter a spring God will sure - ly bring,

p

Ped. *

cres. *f* *ff*

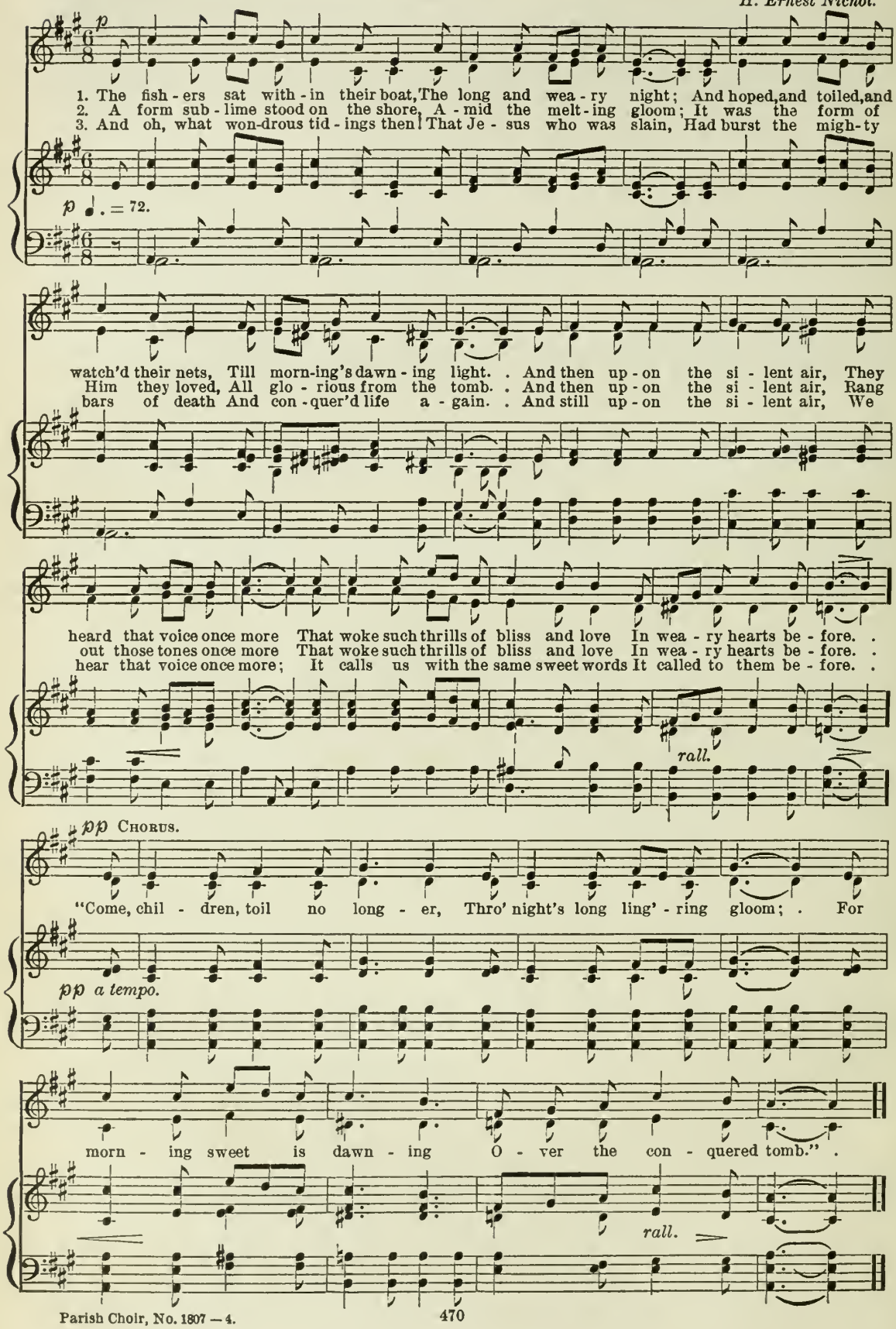
Earth and heav - ens sing;
Chides sor - row and fear,
And the heart shall sing
} Life is life . for ev - er, for ev - er - more.

f *ff*

cres.

Ped. *

The fishers sat within their boat.

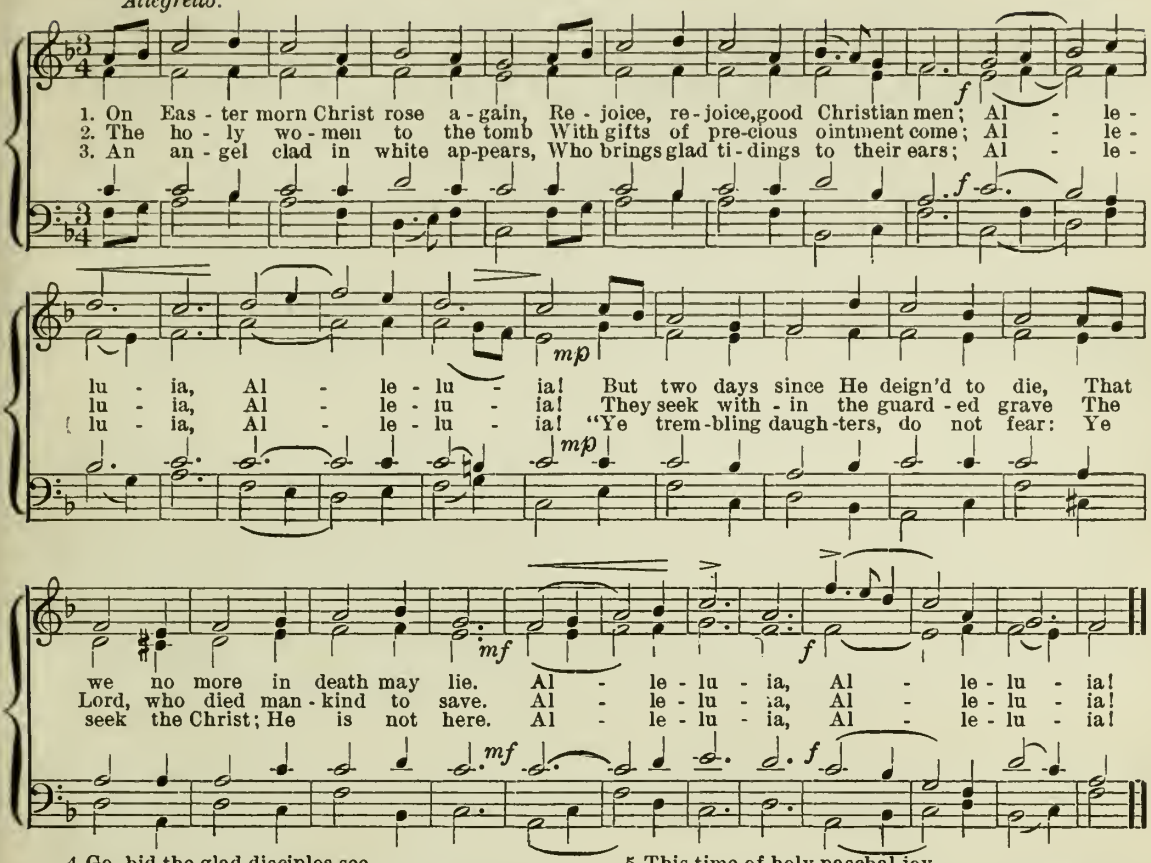
Carol 582. EASTER. *H. Ernest Nichol.*

p
1. The fish - ers sat with - in their boat, The long and wea - ry night; And hoped, and toiled, and
2. A form sub - lime stood on the shore, A - mid the melt - ing gloom; It was the form of
3. And oh, what won-drous tid - ings then! That Je - sus who was slain, Had burst the migh-ty
p ♩. = 72.
watch'd their nets, Till morn-ing's dawn - ing light. . And then up - on the si - lent air, They
Him they loved, All glo - rious from the tomb. . And then up - on the si - lent air, Rang
bars of death And con - quer'd life a - gain. . And still up - on the si - lent air, We
heard that voice once more That woke such thrills of bliss and love In wea - ry hearts be - fore. .
out those tones once more That woke such thrills of bliss and love In wea - ry hearts be - fore. .
hear that voice once more; It calls us with the same sweet words It called to them be - fore. .
rall.
pp Chorus.
"Come, chil - dren, toil no long - er, Thro' night's long ling' - ring gloom; . For
pp a tempo.
morn - ing sweet is dawn - ing O - ver the con - quered tomb." .
rall.

On Easter morn Christ rose again.

EASTER.

Carol 583. *Flemish.*

Allegretto.


1. On Eas - ter morn Christ rose a - gain, Re - joice, re - joice, good Christian men; Al - le -
2. The ho - ly wo - men to the tomb With gifts of pre - cious ointment come; Al - le -
3. An an - gel clad in white ap - pears, Who brings glad ti - dings to their ears; Al - le -
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! But two days since He deign'd to die, That
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! They seek with - in the guard - ed grave The
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! "Ye trem - bling daugh - ters, do not fear: Ye
we no more in death may lie. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
Lord, who died man - kind to save. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
seek the Christ; He is not here. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

4 Go, bid the glad disciples see
Their risen Lord in Galilee: Alleluia!
Of Simon Peter, next, I ween,
Then of th' eleven, He was seen. Alleluia!

5 This time of holy paschal joy,
In hymns to Christ let all employ: Alleluia!
The Holy Trinity be praised,
Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. Alleluia!

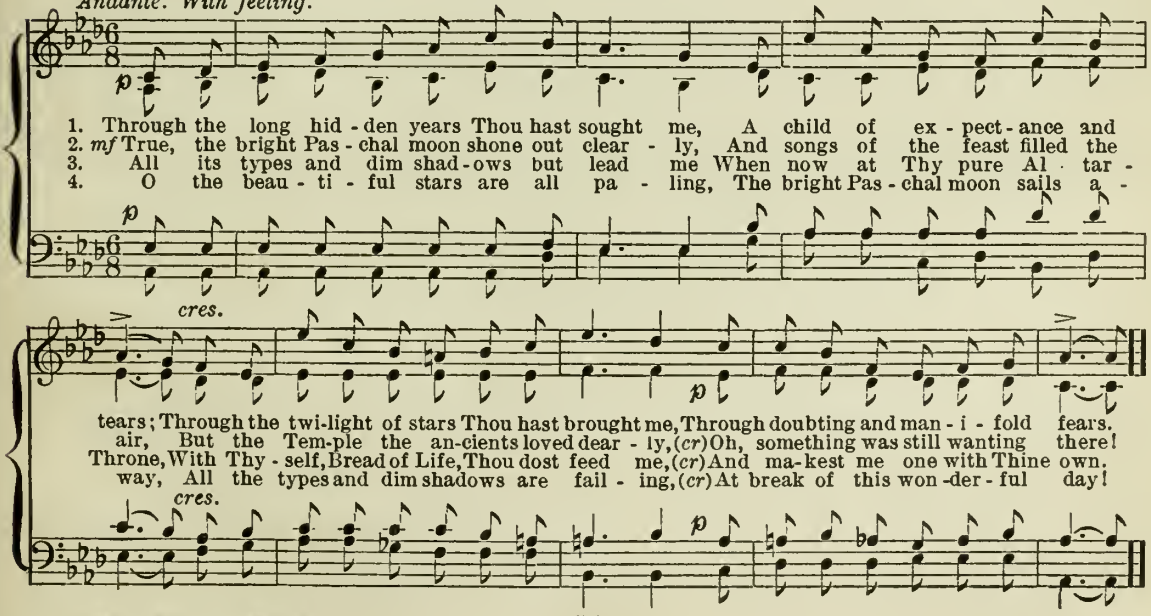
Through the long hidden years.

EASTER.

Carol 584.

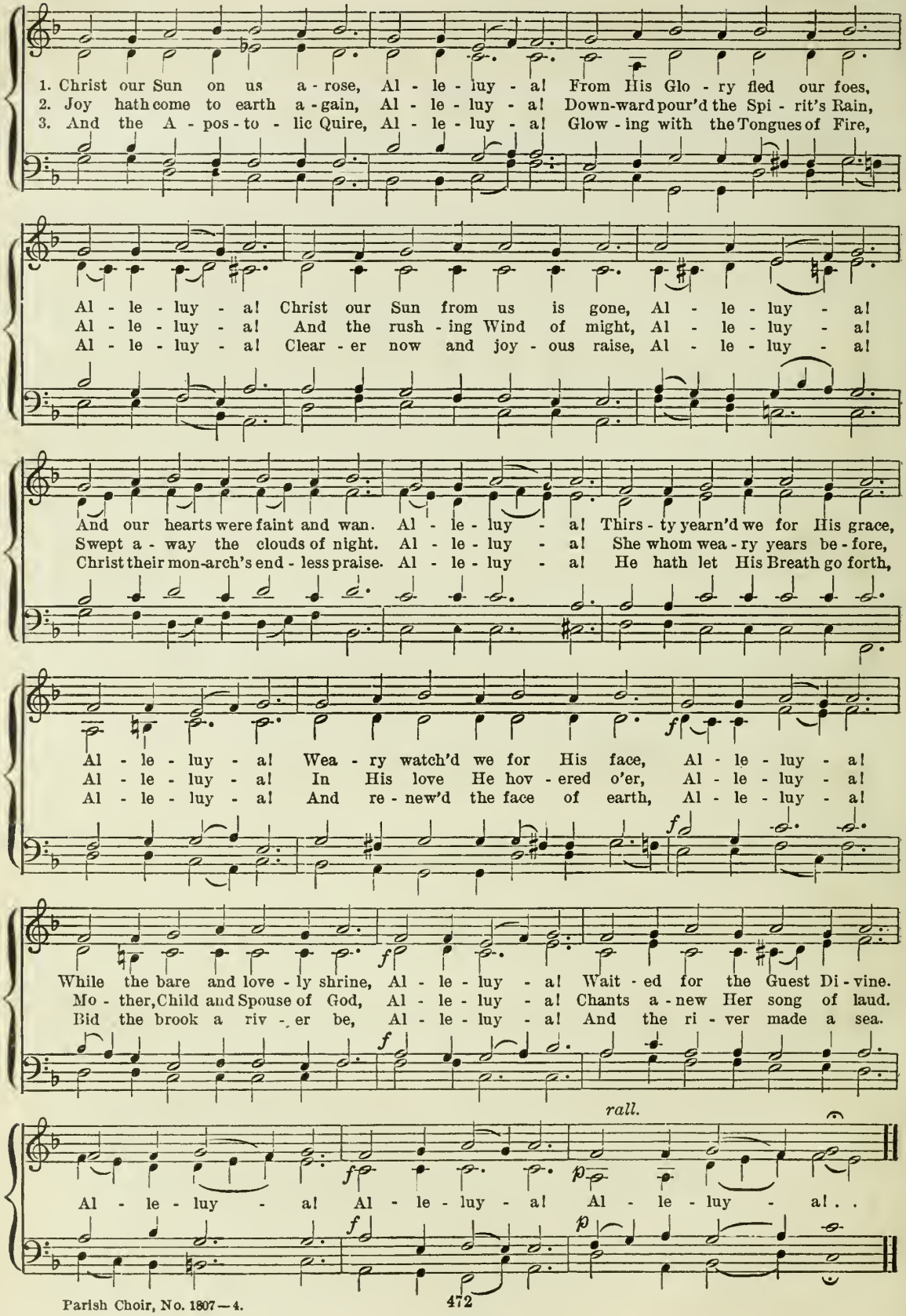
Words by *W. C. Dix.* *G. B. Lissant.*

Andante. With feeling.


1. Through the long hid - den years Thou hast sought me, A child of ex - pect - ance and
2. True, the bright Pas - chal moon shone out clear - ly, And songs of the feast filled the
3. All its types and dim shad - ows but lead me When now at Thy pure Al - tar -
4. O the beau - ti - ful stars are all pa - ling, The bright Pas - chal moon sails a -
cres.
tears; Through the twi - light of stars Thou hast brought me, Through doubting and man - i - fold fears.
air, But the Tem - ple the an - cients loved dear - ly, (cr) Oh, something was still wanting there!
Throne, With Thy - self, Bread of Life, Thou dost feed me, (cr) And ma - kest me one with Thine own.
way, All the types and dim shadows are fail - ing, (cr) At break of this won - der - ful day!
cres.

Joy hath come to earth again.

Carol 585. WHITSUN CAROL.

Words by *R. F. Littledale.* *From the Swiss: Edward Sedding.*

1. Christ our Sun on us a - rose, Al - le - luy - a! From His Glo - ry fled our foes,
2. Joy hath come to earth a - gain, Al - le - luy - a! Down-ward pour'd the Spi - rit's Rain,
3. And the A - pos - to - lic Quire, Al - le - luy - a! Glow - ing with the Tongues of Fire,
Al - le - luy - a! Christ our Sun from us is gone, Al - le - luy - a!
Al - le - luy - a! And the rush - ing Wind of might, Al - le - luy - a!
Al - le - luy - a! Clear - er now and joy - ous raise, Al - le - luy - a!
And our hearts were faint and wan. Al - le - luy - a! Thirs - ty yearn'd we for His grace,
Swept a - way the clouds of night. Al - le - luy - a! She whom wea - ry years be - fore,
Christ their mon-arch's end - less praise. Al - le - luy - a! He hath let His Breath go forth,
Al - le - luy - a! Wea - ry watch'd we for His face, Al - le - luy - a!
Al - le - luy - a! In His love He hov - ered o'er, Al - le - luy - a!
Al - le - luy - a! And re - new'd the face of earth, Al - le - luy - a!
While the bare and love - ly shrine, Al - le - luy - a! Wait - ed for the Guest Di - vine.
Mo - ther, Child and Spouse of God, Al - le - luy - a! Chants a - new Her song of laud.
Bid the brook a riv - er be, Al - le - luy - a! And the ri - ver made a sea.
rall.
Al - le - luy - a! Al - le - luy - a! Al - le - luy - a!

From East and West.

Carol 586.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Words by *A. E. Curtiss.* *John W. Tufts.*

Solo

1. From East and West by many a way, Where summer breez-es soft - ly play, The children come, this Children's Day,
2. For flowers that bloom on hill and plain, For tender showers of ear - ly rain, For summer fields of ripening grain,
3. But most for Him who loves us best, The Saviour Christ, who gent-ly blessed The lit - tle chil-dren on His breast,

Chorus.

1. To
2&3. We
praise Thee, Heaven - ly Fa - ther! To We praise Thee, Heaven - ly Fa - ther.

Solo.

For all this world of life and light, For gold - en day and dew - y night, For shadows calm and sunshine bright,
For days of pleas-ure sweet and long, For hap - py homes, un-dimmed by wrong, For love that guards us safe and strong,
In that dear name of Christ the Lord, Teach us to spread His gra-cious word, That all on earth with one ac - cord,

Chorus.

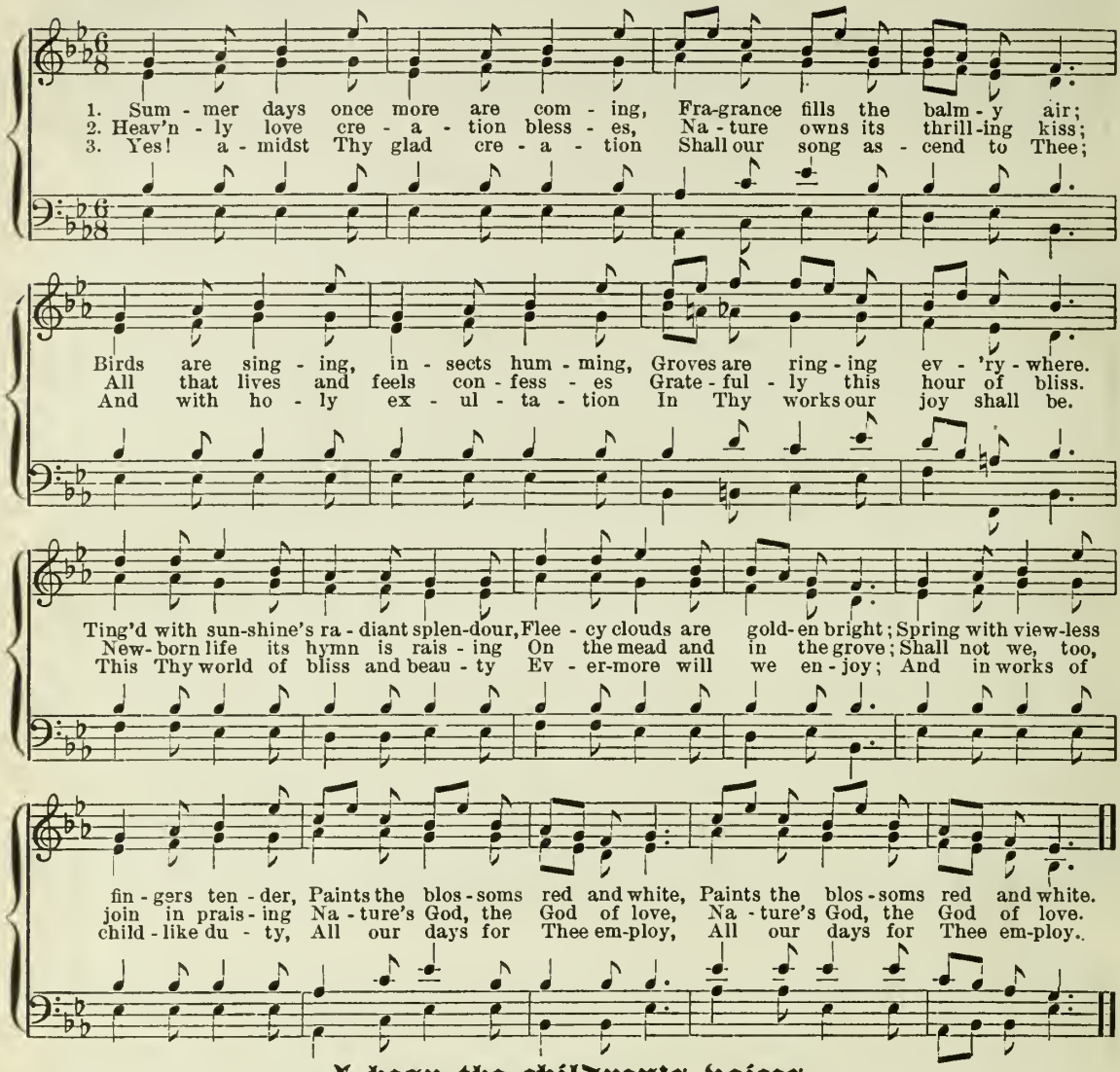
1&2. We praise Thee, Heaven - ly Fa - ther! We praise Thee, Heaven-ly Fa - ther!
3. May praise Thee, Heaven - ly Fa - ther! May praise Thee, Heaven-ly Fa - ther!

By per. of CONG'L. S. S. & PUB. SOC.
Parish Choir, No. 1818 — 4.

Summer days once more are coming.

Carol 587.

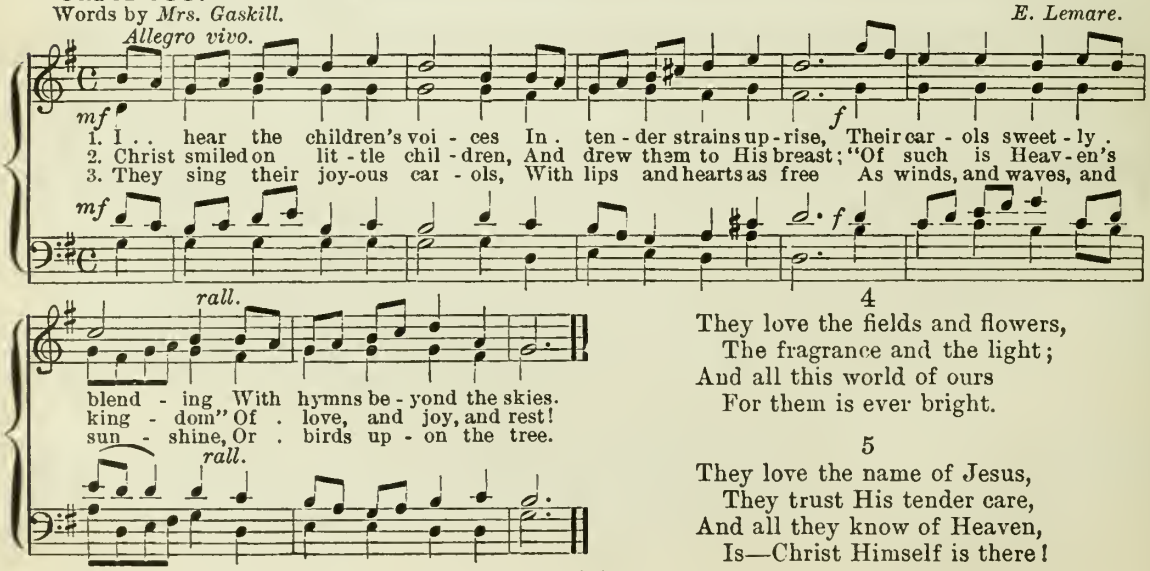
SPRING CAROL.

Words from the *German.* *Mozart.*

1. Sum - mer days once more are com - ing, Fra-grance fills the balm - y air;
2. Heav'n - ly love cre - a - tion bless - es, Na - ture owns its thrill-ing kiss;
3. Yes! a - midst Thy glad cre - a - tion Shall our song as - cend to Thee;
Birds are sing - ing, in - sects hum - ming, Groves are ring - ing ev - 'ry - where.
All that lives and feels con - fess - es Grate - ful - ly this hour of bliss.
And with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion In Thy works our joy shall be.
Ting'd with sun-shine's ra - diant splen-dour, Flee - cy clouds are gold-en bright; Spring with view-less
New-born life its hymn is rais - ing On the mead and in the grove; Shall not we, too,
This Thy world of bliss and beau - ty Ev - er-more will we en - joy; And in works of
fin - gers ten - der, Paints the blos - soms red and white, Paints the blos - soms red and white.
join in prais - ing Na - ture's God, the God of love, Na - ture's God, the God of love.
child - like du - ty, All our days for Thee em-ploy, All our days for Thee em-ploy.

I hear the children's voices.

Carol 588.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Words by *Mrs. Gaskill.* *E. Lemare.*

Allegro vivo.
mf
f
1. I . . hear the children's voi - ces In . ten - der strains up - rise, Their car - ols sweet - ly .
2. Christ smiled on lit - tle chil - dren, And drew them to His breast; "Of such is Heav - en's
3. They sing their joy-ous car - ols, With lips and hearts as free As winds, and waves, and
mf
f
rall.
blend - ing With hymns be - yond the skies.
king - dom" Of . love, and joy, and rest!
sun - shine, Or . birds up - on the tree.
rall.

4

They love the fields and flowers,
The fragrance and the light;
And all this world of ours
For them is ever bright.

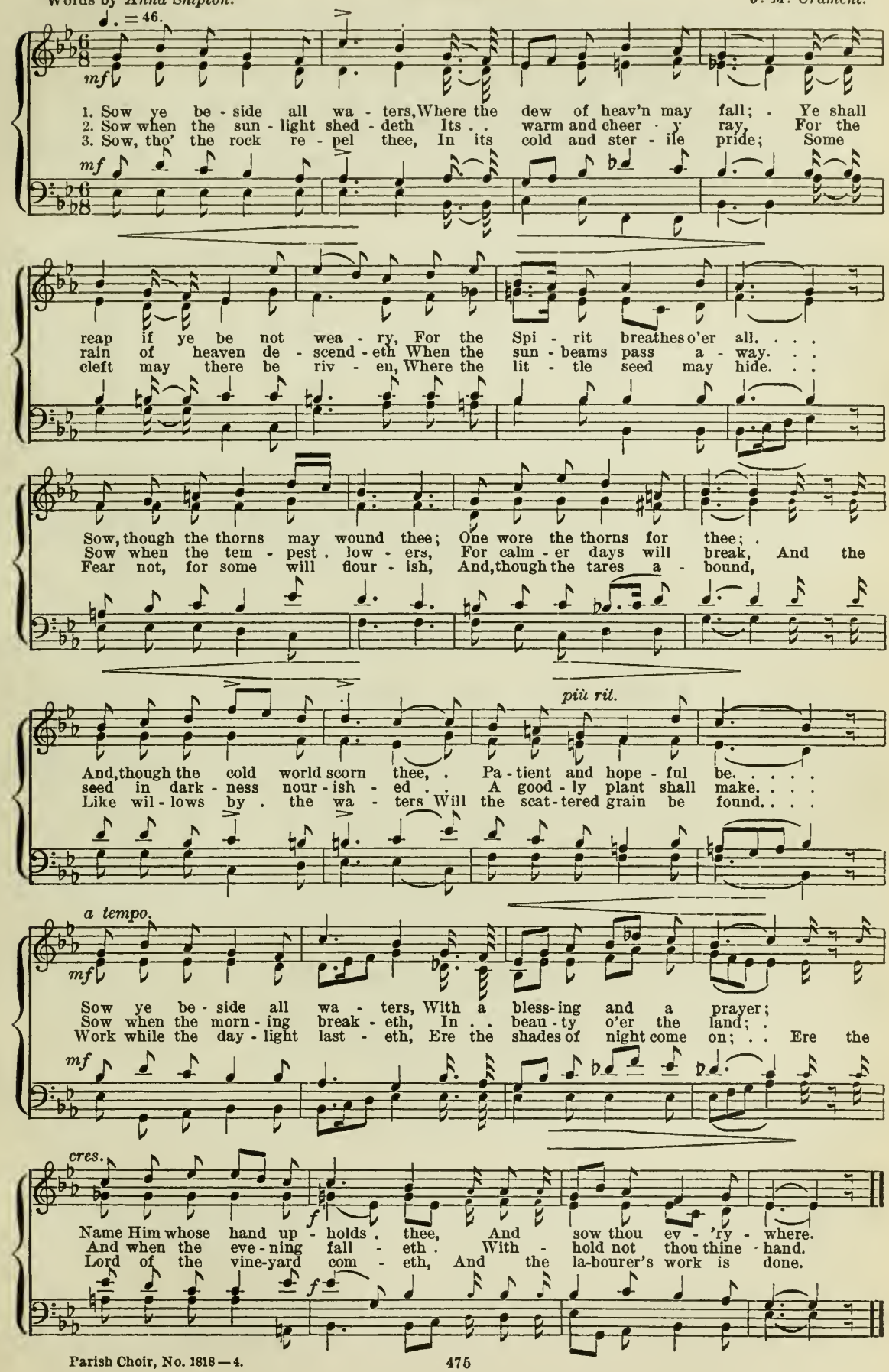
5

They love the name of Jesus,
They trust His tender care,
And all they know of Heaven,
Is—Christ Himself is there!

Sow ye beside all waters.

Carol 589.

SPRING CAROL.

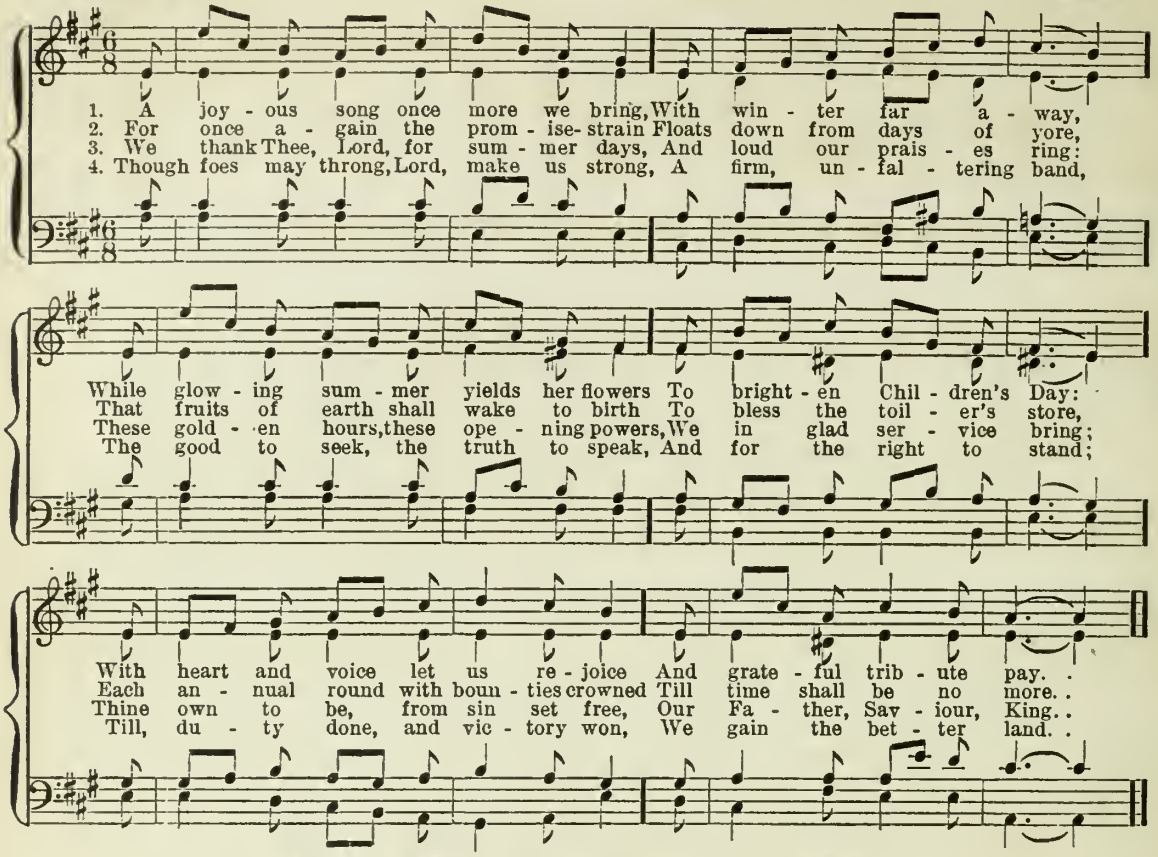
Words by *Anna Shipton.* *J. M. Crament.*

♩. = 46.
mf
1. Sow ye be - side all wa - ters, Where the dew of heav'n may fall; . Ye shall
2. Sow when the sun - light shed - deth Its . . warm and cheer - y ray, For the
3. Sow, tho' the rock re - pel thee, In its cold and ster - ile pride; Some
reap if ye be not wea - ry, For the Spi - rit breathes o'er all. . . .
rain of heaven de - scend - eth When the sun - beams pass a - way. . .
cleft may there be riv - en, Where the lit - tle seed may hide. . .
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee; One wore the thorns for thee; .
Sow when the tem - pest . low - ers, For calm - er days will break, And the
Fear not, for some will flour - ish, And, though the tares a - bound,
più rit.
And, though the cold world scorn thee, . Pa - tient and hope - ful be. . . . .
seed in dark - ness nour - ish - ed . . A good - ly plant shall make. . . . .
Like wil - lows by . the wa - ters Will the scat - tered grain be found. . . .
a tempo.
mf
Sow ye be - side all wa - ters, With a bless - ing and a prayer;
Sow when the morn - ing break - eth, In . . beau - ty o'er the land; .
Work while the day - light last - eth, Ere the shades of night come on; . . Ere the
cres.
f
Name Him whose hand up - holds . thee, And sow thou ev - 'ry - where.
And when the eve - ning fall - eth . With - hold not thou thine - hand.
Lord of the vine-yard com - eth, And the la-bourer's work is done.

A joyous song once more we bring.

Carol 590.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Words by *W. H. Groser.* *F. C. Maker.*

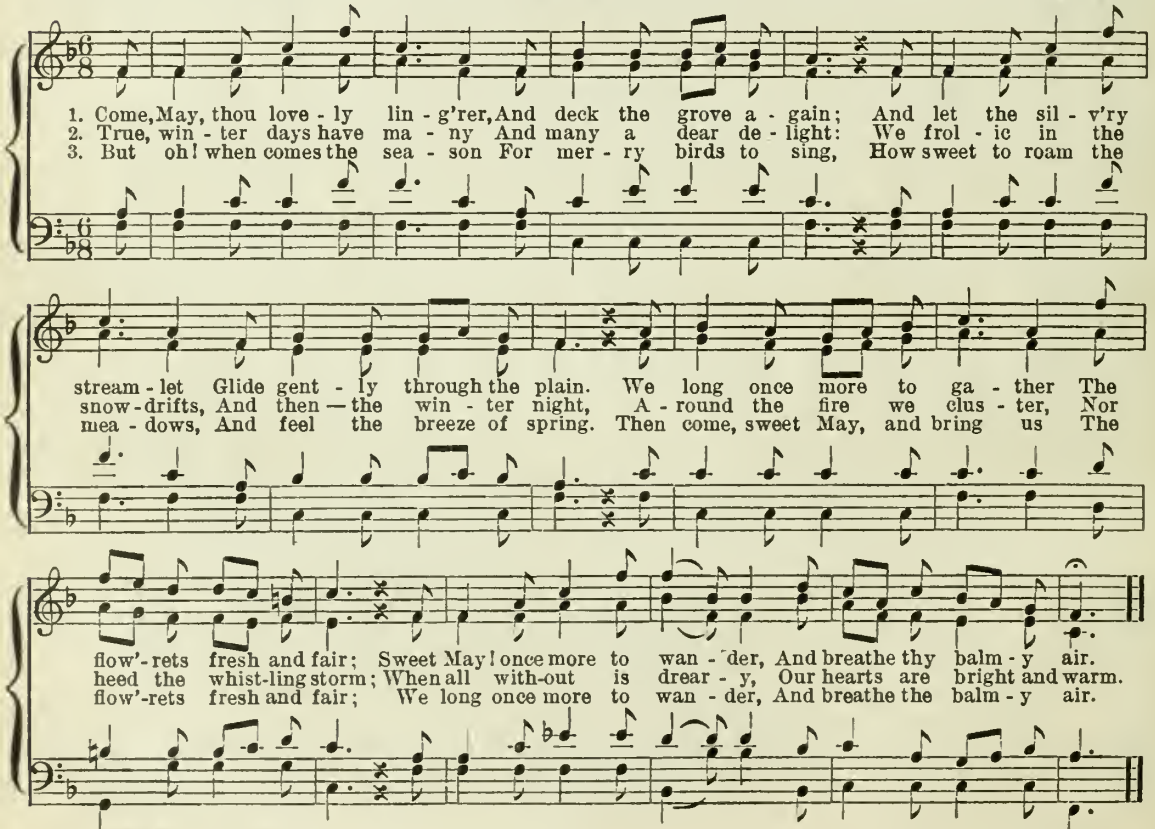

1. A joy - ous song once more we bring, With win - ter far a - way,
2. For once a - gain the prom - ise-strain Floats down from days of yore,
3. We thank Thee, Lord, for sum - mer days, And loud our prais - es ring:
4. Though foes may throng, Lord, make us strong, A firm, un - fal - tering band,
While glow - ing sum - mer yields her flowers To bright - en Chil - dren's Day:
That fruits of earth shall wake to birth To bless the toil - er's store,
These gold - en hours, these ope - ning powers, We in glad ser - vice bring;
The good to seek, the truth to speak, And for the right to stand;
With heart and voice let us re - joice And grate - ful trib - ute pay.
Each an - nual round with boun - ties crowned Till time shall be no more.
Thine own to be, from sin set free, Our Fa - ther, Sav - iour, King.
Till, du - ty done, and vic - tory won, We gain the bet - ter land.

Come, May, thou lovely lingerer.

Carol 591.

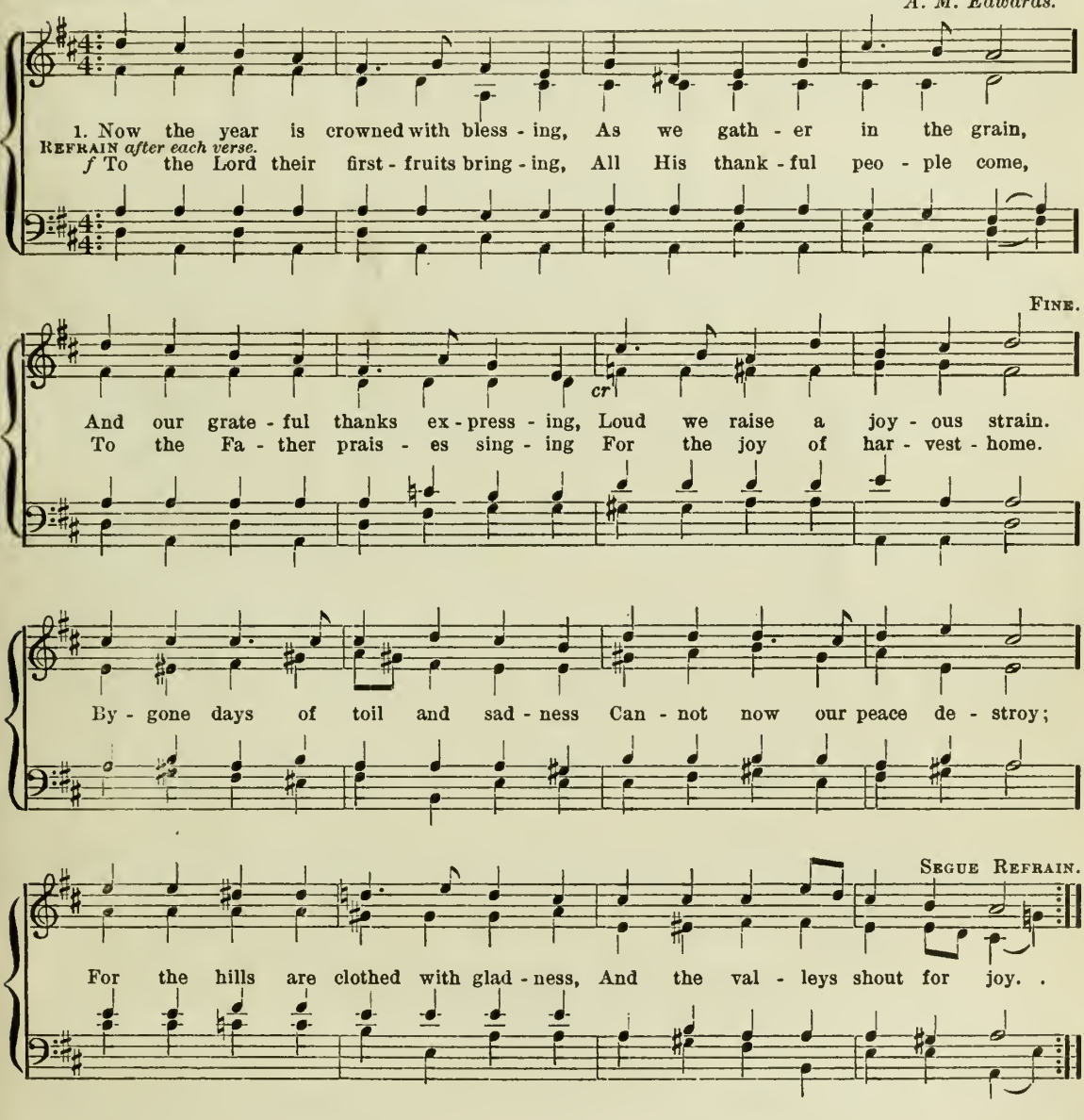
MAY CAROL.

Words from the *German.* *Mozart.*


1. Come, May, thou love - ly lin - g'rer, And deck the grove a - gain; And let the sil - v'ry
2. True, win - ter days have ma - ny And many a dear de - light: We frol - ic in the
3. But oh! when comes the sea - son For mer - ry birds to sing, How sweet to roam the
stream - let Glide gent - ly through the plain. We long once more to ga - ther The
snow - drifts, And then — the win - ter night, A - round the fire we clus - ter, Nor
mea - dows, And feel the breeze of spring. Then come, sweet May, and bring us The
flow'-rets fresh and fair; Sweet May! once more to wan - der, And breathe thy balm - y air.
heed the whist-ling storm; When all with-out is drear - y, Our hearts are bright and warm.
flow'-rets fresh and fair; We long once more to wan - der, And breathe the balm - y air.

Now the year is crowned with blessing.

Carol 592. HARVEST.

A. M. Edwards.

1. Now the year is crowned with bless - ing, As we gath - er in the grain,
REFRAIN *after each verse.*
f To the Lord their first - fruits bring - ing, All His thank - ful peo - ple come,
FINE.
And our grate - ful thanks ex - press - ing, Loud we raise a joy - ous strain.
To the Fa - ther prais - es sing - ing For the joy of har - vest - home.
By - gone days of toil and sad - ness Can - not now our peace de - stroy;
SEGUE REFRAIN.
For the hills are clothed with glad - ness, And the val - leys shout for joy.

2

In the spring the smiling meadows
Donned their robes of living green,
As the sunshine chased the shadows
Swiftly o'er the changing scene.
In the summer-time the story
Of a riper hope was told;
Then the rich autumnal glory
Decked the fields in cloth of gold.
REF. To the Lord, etc.

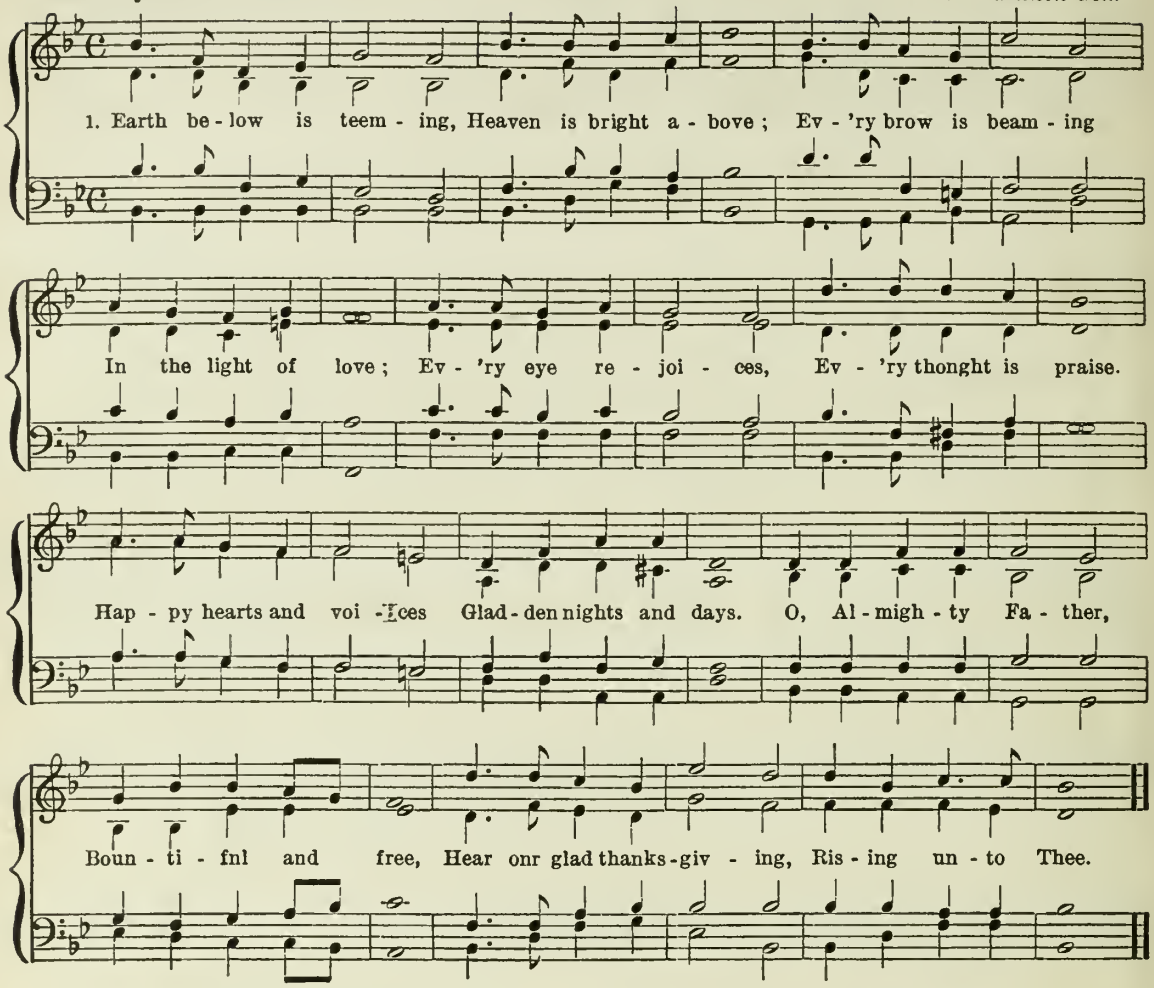
3

Shall not we, whose hearts are swelling
With the thought of former days,
Sing a joyous song foretelling
Future gladness, fuller praise?
For the cloud the bow retaineth
With its covenant of peace,
That as long as earth remaineth
Harvest-time shall never cease.
REF. To the Lord, etc.

Earth below is teeming.

Carol 593.

HARVEST.

Words by *J. S. B. Monsell.* *A. W. Hamilton-Gell.*

1. Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heaven is bright a - bove; Ev - 'ry brow is beam - ing
In the light of love; Ev - 'ry eye re - joi - ces, Ev - 'ry thonght is praise.
Hap - py hearts and voi - ces Glad - den nights and days. O, Al - migh - ty Fa - ther,
Boun - ti - fnl and free, Hear onr glad thanks - giv - ing, Ris - ing un - to Thee.

2

Every yonth and maiden
On the harvest plain,
Round the wagons laden
With their golden grain,
Swell the happy chorus
On the antnmn air,
Unto Him who o'er ns
Bends with constant care.
O Almighty Father, etc.

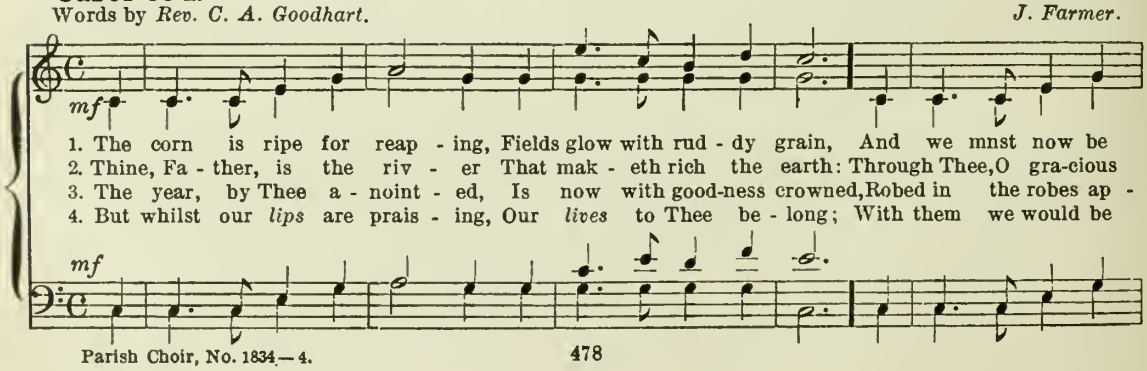
3

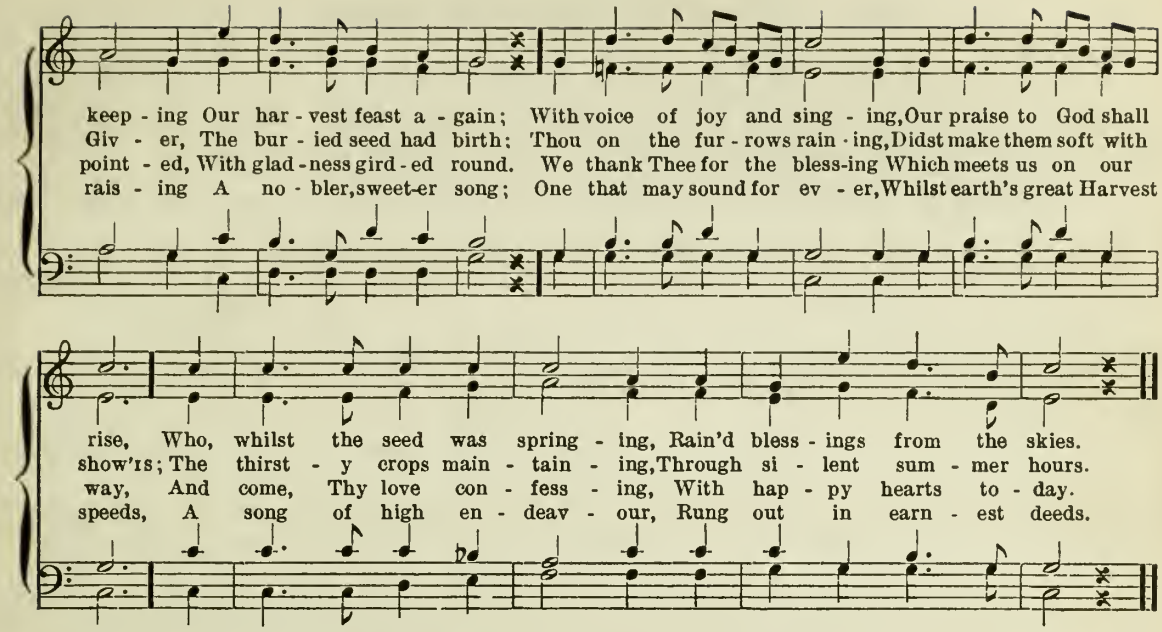
For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurtnring hours
Spring and summer knew;
For the golden autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.
O Almighty Father, etc.

The corn is ripe for reaping.

Carol 594.

HARVEST.

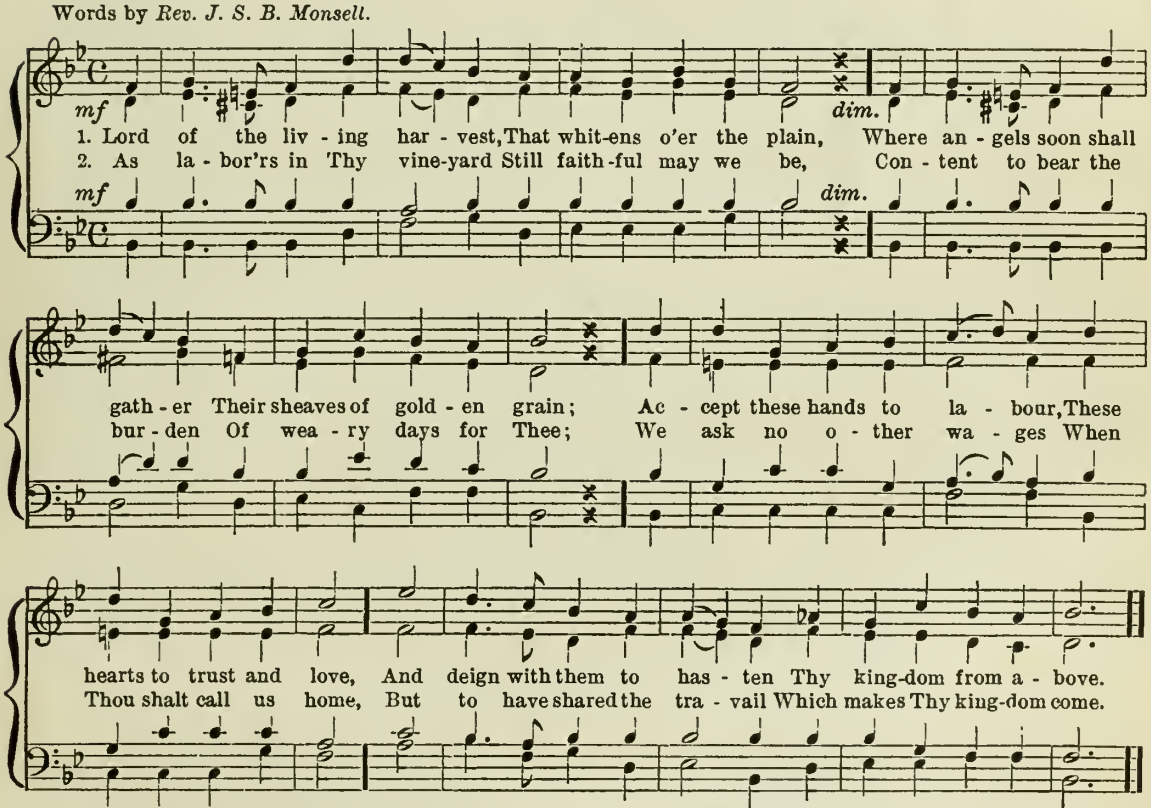
Words by *Rev. C. A. Goodhart.* *J. Farmer.*

mf
1. The corn is ripe for reap - ing, Fields glow with rud - dy grain, And we mnst now be
2. Thine, Fa - ther, is the riv - er That mak - eth rich the earth: Through Thee, O gra-cious
3. The year, by Thee a - noint - ed, Is now with good-ness crowned, Robed in the robes ap -
4. But whilst our *lips* are prais - ing, Our *lives* to Thee be - long; With them we would be
mf


keep - ing Our har - vest feast a - gain; With voice of joy and sing - ing, Our praise to God shall
Giv - er, The bur - ied seed had birth; Thou on the fur - rows rain - ing, Didst make them soft with
point - ed, With glad - ness gird - ed round. We thank Thee for the bless-ing Which meets us on our
rais - ing A no - bler, sweet-er song; One that may sound for ev - er, Whilst earth's great Harvest
rise, Who, whilst the seed was spring - ing, Rain'd bless - ings from the skies.
show'rs; The thirst - y crops main - tain - ing, Through si - lent sum - mer hours.
way, And come, Thy love con - fess - ing, With hap - py hearts to - day.
speeds, A song of high en - deav - our, Rung out in earn - est deeds.

Lord of the living harvest.

Carol 595. HARVEST.

Words by *Rev. J. S. B. Monsell.*


mf
1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest, That whit-ens o'er the plain, Where an - gels soon shall
2. As la - bor'rs in Thy vine-yard Still faith-ful may we be, Con - tent to bear the
dim.
mf
dim.
gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain; Ac - cept these hands to la - bour, These
bur - den Of wea - ry days for Thee; We ask no o - ther wa - ges When
hearts to trust and love, And deign with them to has - ten Thy king-dom from a - bove.
Thou shalt call us home, But to have shared the tra - vail Which makes Thy king-dom come.

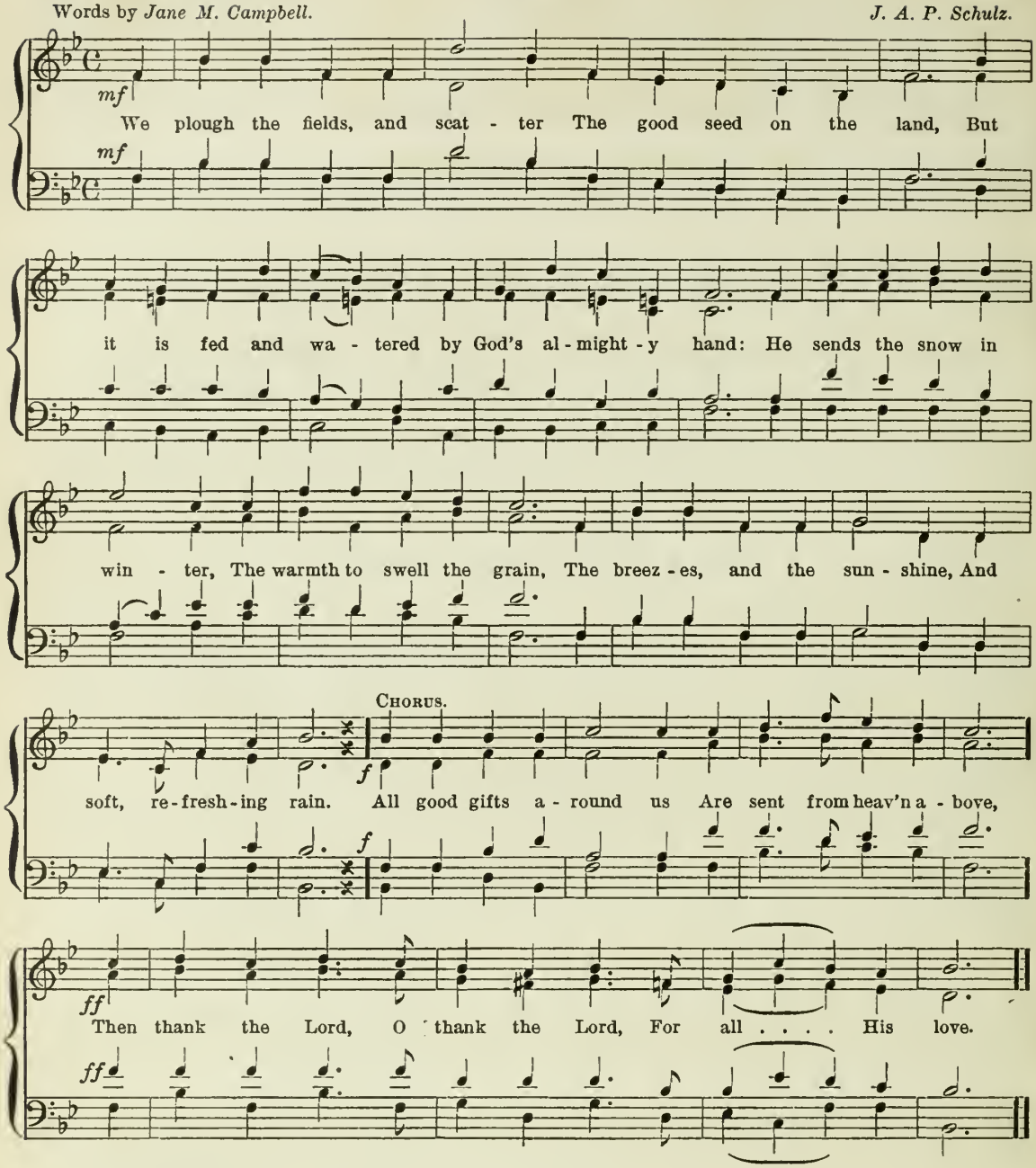
3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, when we stand,
And sanctify Thy people,
Throughout this favoured land.

4 Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
O blessèd Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness
Both now and evermore!

We plough the fields, and scatter.

Carol 596.

HARVEST.

Words by *Jane M. Campbell.* *J. A. P. Schulz.*

mf
We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand: He sends the snow in
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es, and the sun - shine, And
Chorus.
f
soft, re - fresh - ing rain. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove,
ff
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all . . . . His love.

2

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

3

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, out health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

Three kings in great glory.

Carol 597. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Selwyn Image.* *Martin Shaw.*

Allegro. TREBLE SOLO (*verses 1, 3, and 5*). CHORUS. SOLO.

1. Three kings in great glo - ry of hor - ses and men, Of hor - ses and men, In haste come a -
2. Come mon-archs, and en - ter, your Mon-arch is here, Your Mon-arch is here, Doff crowns, on the
3. Then sim - ple and gen - tle, and fool - ish and wise, And fool - ish and wise, Come a - dore the great

Allegro.

Senza Ped. CHORUS. *Ped.* *Senza Ped.*

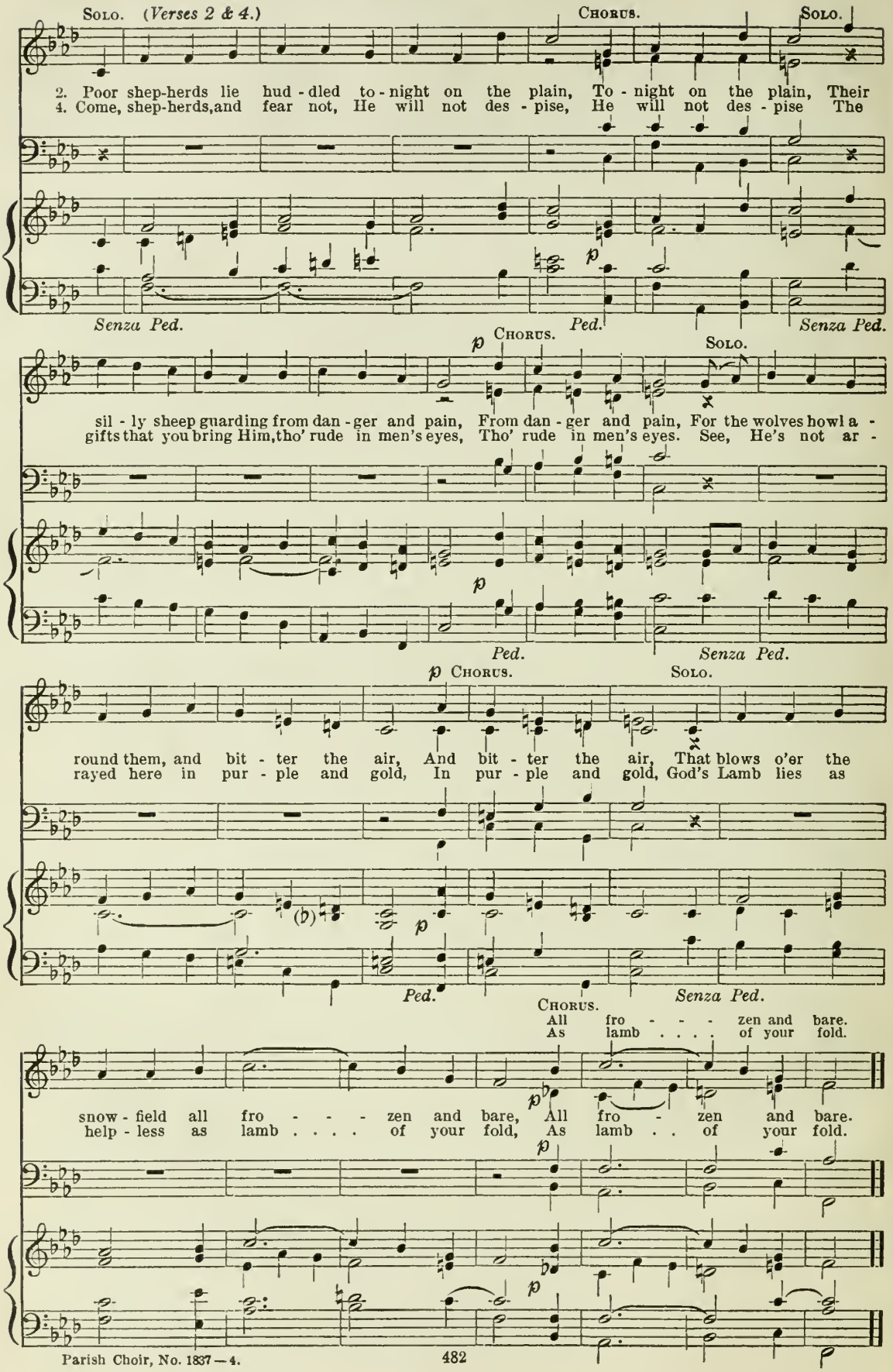
SOLO.

rid- ing o'er mountain and fen, O'er mountain and fen; For their King is a - wait-ing, and lo they would
bare sod fall down and re - vere, Fall down and re - vere; For the best you can of - fer is lit - tle I
Lord of the earth and the skies, The earth and the skies; Who deigns for us all on this night to be

Ped. *Senza Ped.*

CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. FINE.

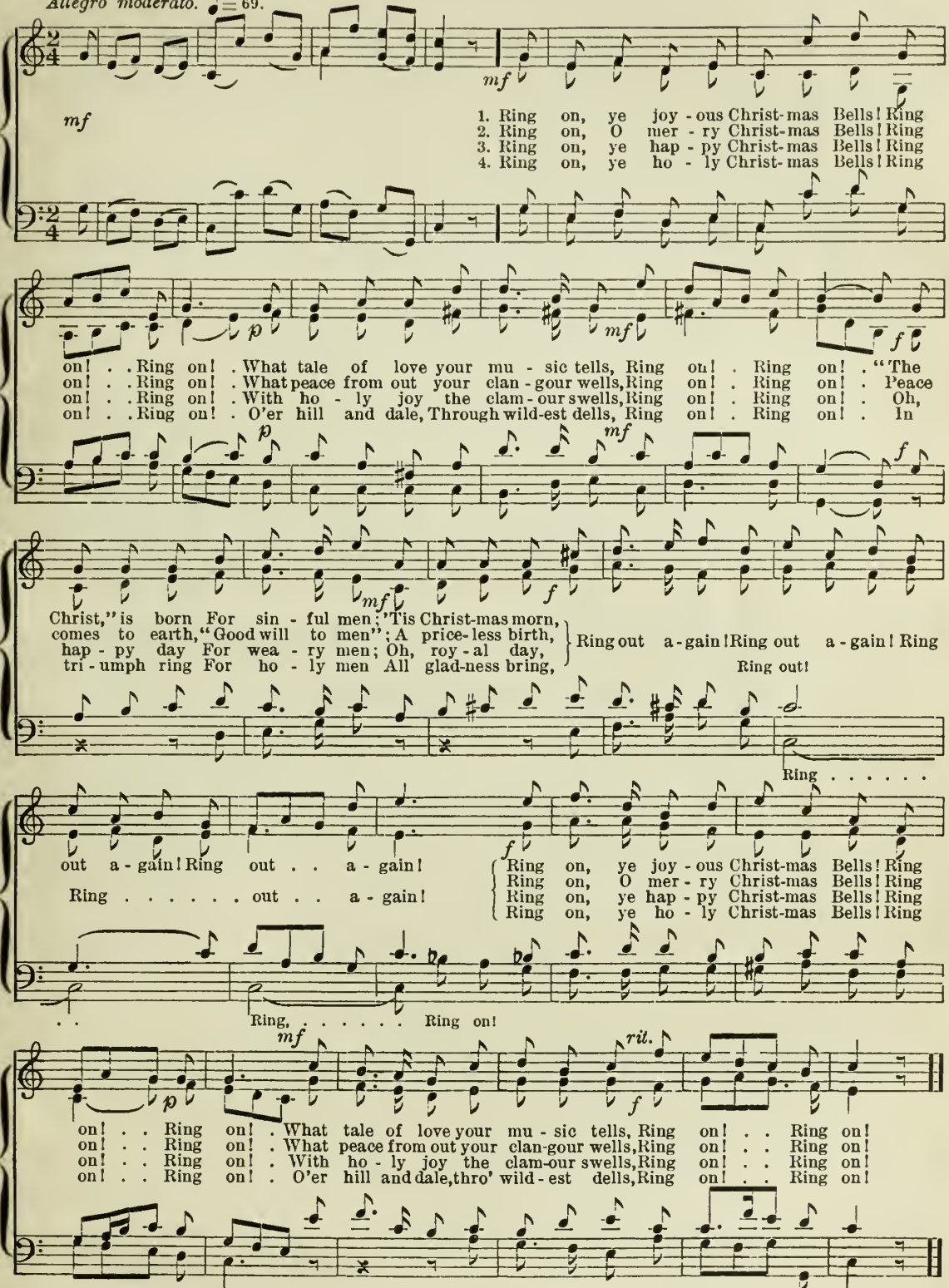
bring, And lo they would bring, The best of their treas-ure to give to their King, To give to their King.
trow, Is lit - tle, I trow, To the Lord God of Heav'n you're a-kneeling to now, A-kneel-ing to now.
born, This night to be born, This night that is fair - er than mid-sum-mer morn, Than mid-summer morn.

Ped. *Senza Ped.* *Ped.*

Solo. (Verses 2 & 4.)
Chorus.
Solo.
2. Poor shep-herds lie hud - dled to - night on the plain, To - night on the plain, Their
4. Come, shep-herds, and fear not, He will not des - pise, He will not des - pise The
Senza Ped.
Ped.
Senza Ped.
p Chorus.
Solo.
sil - ly sheep guarding from dan - ger and pain, From dan - ger and pain, For the wolves howl a -
gifts that you bring Him, tho' rude in men's eyes, Tho' rude in men's eyes. See, He's not ar -
Ped.
Senza Ped.
p Chorus.
Solo.
round them, and bit - ter the air, And bit - ter the air, That blows o'er the
rayed here in pur - ple and gold, In pur - ple and gold, God's Lamb lies as
Ped.
Senza Ped.
Chorus.
All fro - - - zen and bare.
As lamb . . . . of your fold.
snow - field all fro - - - zen and bare, All fro - zen and bare.
help - less as lamb . . . . of your fold, As lamb . . of your fold.

Ring on, ye joyous Christmas Bells!

Carol 598.

Words by *Rev. H. G. Batterson.* *A. H. Brown.*

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 69.

mf
1. Ring on, ye joy - ous Christ-mas Bells! Ring
2. Ring on, O mer - ry Christ-mas Bells! Ring
3. Ring on, ye hap - py Christ-mas Bells! Ring
4. Ring on, ye ho - ly Christ-mas Bells! Ring
on! . . Ring on! . What tale of love your mu - sic tells, Ring on! . Ring on! . "The
on! . . Ring on! . What peace from out your clan - gour wells, Ring on! . Ring on! . Peace
on! . . Ring on! . With ho - ly joy the clam - our swells, Ring on! . Ring on! . Oh,
on! . . Ring on! . O'er hill and dale, Through wild-est dells, Ring on! . Ring on! . In
Christ," is born For sin - ful men; 'Tis Christ-mas morn,
comes to earth, "Good will to men"; A price-less birth,
hap - py day For wea - ry men; Oh, roy - al day,
tri - umph ring For ho - ly men All glad-ness bring,
Ring out a - gain! Ring out a - gain! Ring
Ring out!
Ring . . . . . .
out a - gain! Ring out . . a - gain!
Ring . . . . . out . . a - gain!
Ring on, ye joy - ous Christ-mas Bells! Ring
Ring on, O mer - ry Christ-mas Bells! Ring
Ring on, ye hap - py Christ-mas Bells! Ring
Ring on, ye ho - ly Christ-mas Bells! Ring
Ring, ... Ring on!
on! . . Ring on! . What tale of love your mu - sic tells, Ring on! . . Ring on!
on! . . Ring on! . What peace from out your clan-gour wells, Ring on! . . Ring on!
on! . . Ring on! . With ho - ly joy the clam-our swells, Ring on! . . Ring on!
on! . . Ring on! . O'er hill and dale, thro' wild - est dells, Ring on! . . Ring on!

5

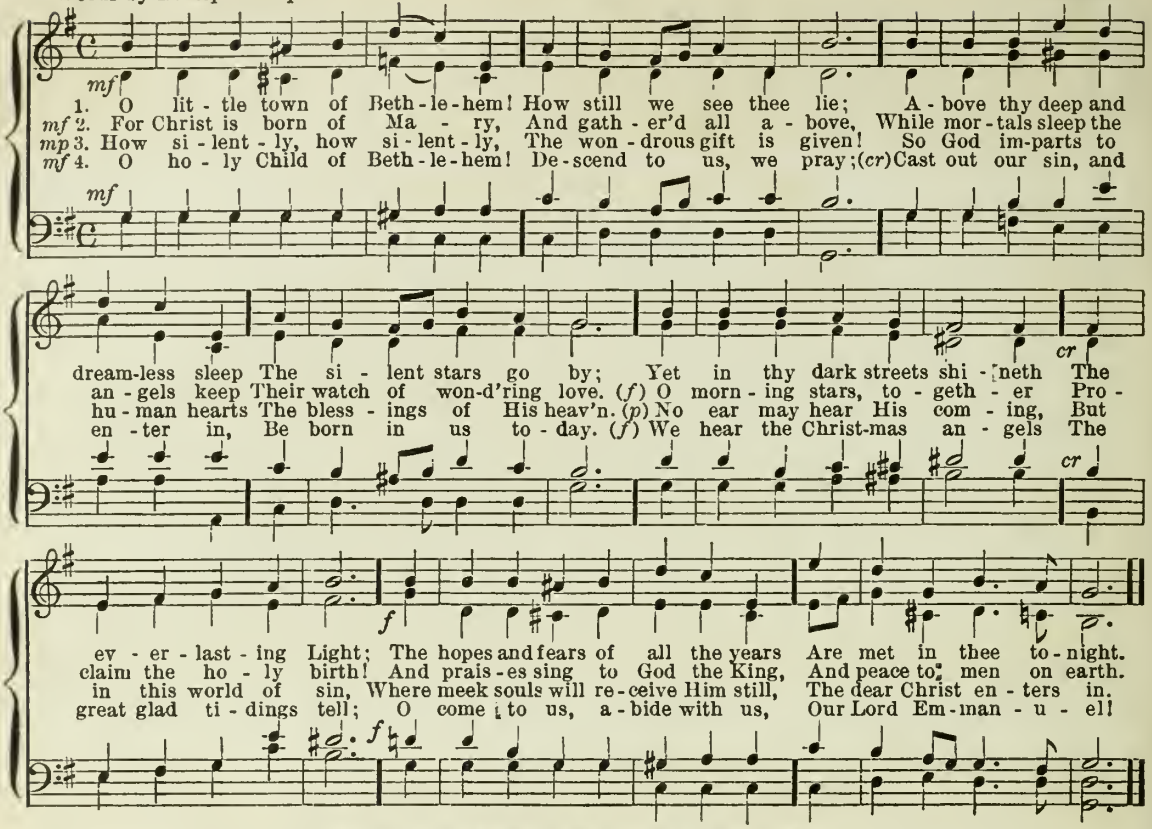
Ring on, ye gladsome Christmas Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
'Tis "mercy mild" the sound foretells,
Ring on! Ring on!
The "Prince of peace"
Now pleads for men;
He will not cease,
Ring out again!
Ring on, ye gladsome, etc.

6

Ring on, ye peaceful Christmas Bells!
Ring on! Ring on!
Tell of the hope that in us dwells,
Ring on! Ring on!
To Jesus now
All ranks of men
In worship bow,
Ring out again!
Ring on, ye peaceful, etc.

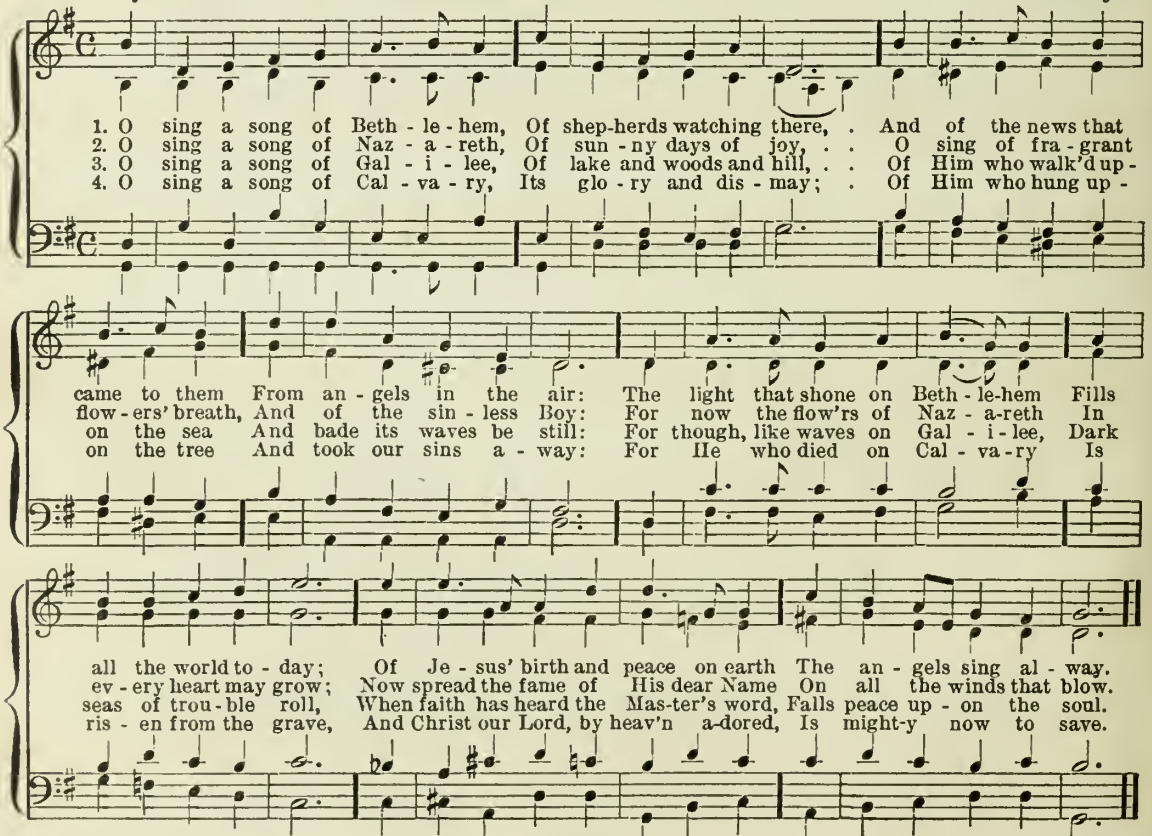
O little town of Bethlehem!

Carol 599. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Bishop Phillips Brooks.* *L. H. Redner.*

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie; A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - er'd all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep the
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given! So God im-parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray; (cr) Cast out our sin, and
dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The
an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love. (f) O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n. (p) No ear may hear His com - ing, But
en - ter in, Be born in us to - day. (f) We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The
ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
great glad ti - dings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

O sing a song of Bethlehem.

Carol 600. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. Louis F. Benson.* (This tune also may be used for the preceding Carol.) *J. Barnby.*

1. O sing a song of Beth - le - hem, Of shep-herds watching there, And of the news that
2. O sing a song of Naz - a - reth, Of sun - ny days of joy, O sing of fra - grant
3. O sing a song of Gal - i - lee, Of lake and woods and hill, Of Him who walk'd up -
4. O sing a song of Cal - va - ry, Its glo - ry and dis - may; Of Him who hung up -
came to them From an - gels in the air: The light that shone on Beth - le-hem Fills
flow-ers' breath, And of the sin - less Boy: For now the flow'rs of Naz - a-reth In
on the sea And bade its waves be still: For though, like waves on Gal - i - lee, Dark
on the tree And took our sins a - way: For He who died on Cal - va-ry Is
all the world to - day; Of Je - sus' birth and peace on earth The an - gels sing al - way.
ev - ery heart may grow; Now spread the fame of His dear Name On all the winds that blow.
seas of trou - ble roll, When faith has heard the Mas-ter's word, Falls peace up - on the soul.
ris - en from the grave, And Christ our Lord, by heav'n a-dored, Is might-y now to save.

The shepherds had an angel.

Carol 601.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *C. G. Rossetti.* *J. C. Bridge.*

1. The shep - herds had an an - gel, The
2. Lord Je - sus is my Guar - dian, So
3. Those shep - herds thro' the lone - ly night Sat
4. Christ watch - es me, His lit - tle lamb, Cares
5. Lord, bring me near - er day by day, Till

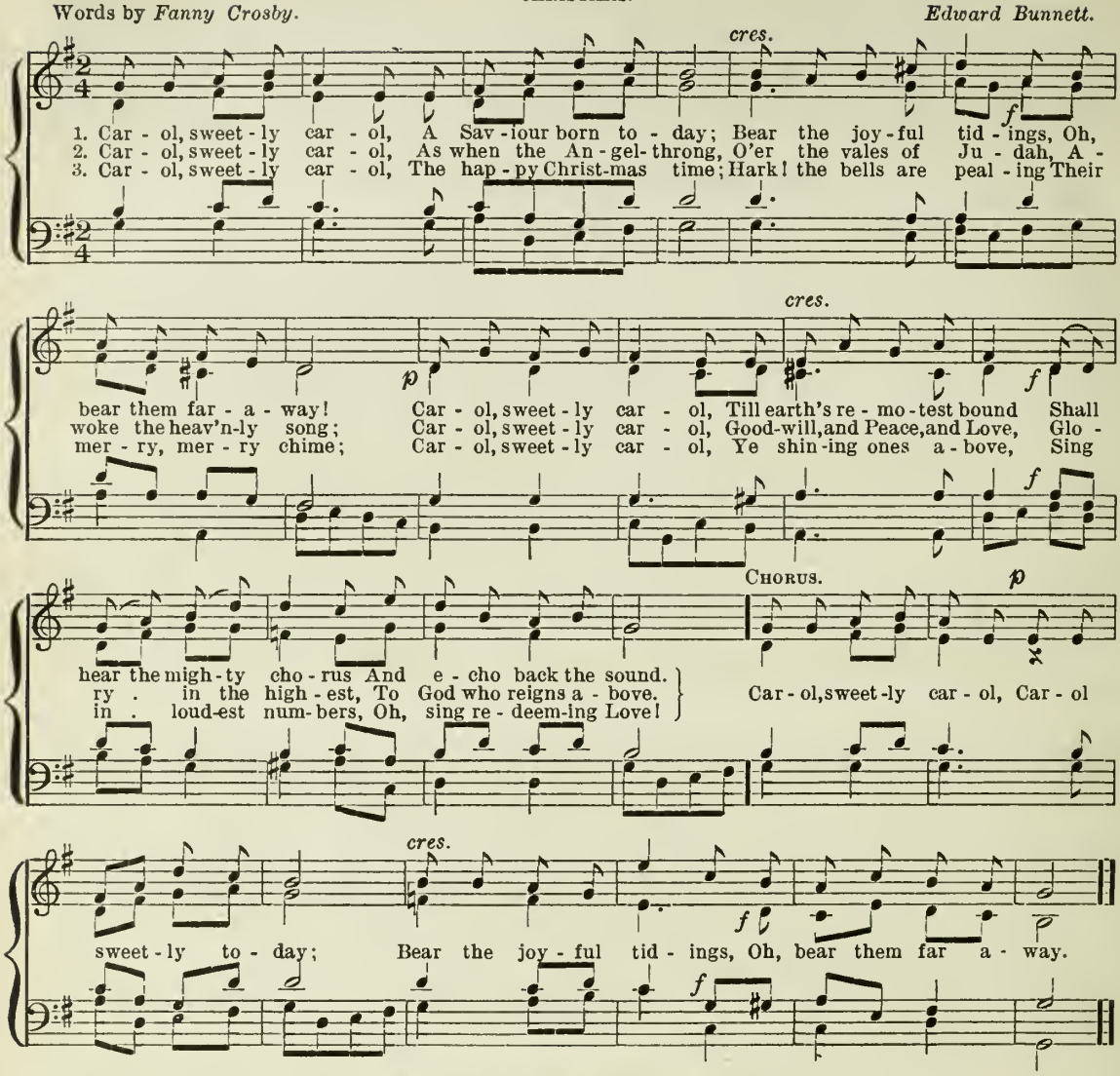
wise men had a star; But what have I, a lit - tle child, To guide me home from
I can no - thing lack; The lambs lie in His bo - som A - long life's dan-gerous
watch - ing by their sheep,(*cr*)Un - til they saw the heav'n-ly host Who nei - ther tire nor
for me day and night, That I may be His own in heav'n; So an - gels clad in
I my voice u - nite,(*cr*) And sing my Glo - ry, glo - ry, With an - gels clad in

far,(*cr*) Where glad stars sing to - ge - ther, And sing - ing an - gels are? . .
track: The wil - ful lambs that go a - stray He, bleed-ing,brings them back. . .
sleep, All . sing - ing Glo - ry, glo - ry, In fes - ti - val they keep. . .
white Shall sing their Glo - ry, glo - ry, For my sake in the height. .
white. All . Glo - ry, glo - ry, giv'n to Thee, Thro' all the heav'n - ly height. .

Carol, sweetly carol.

Carol 602.
Words by *Fanny Crosby.*

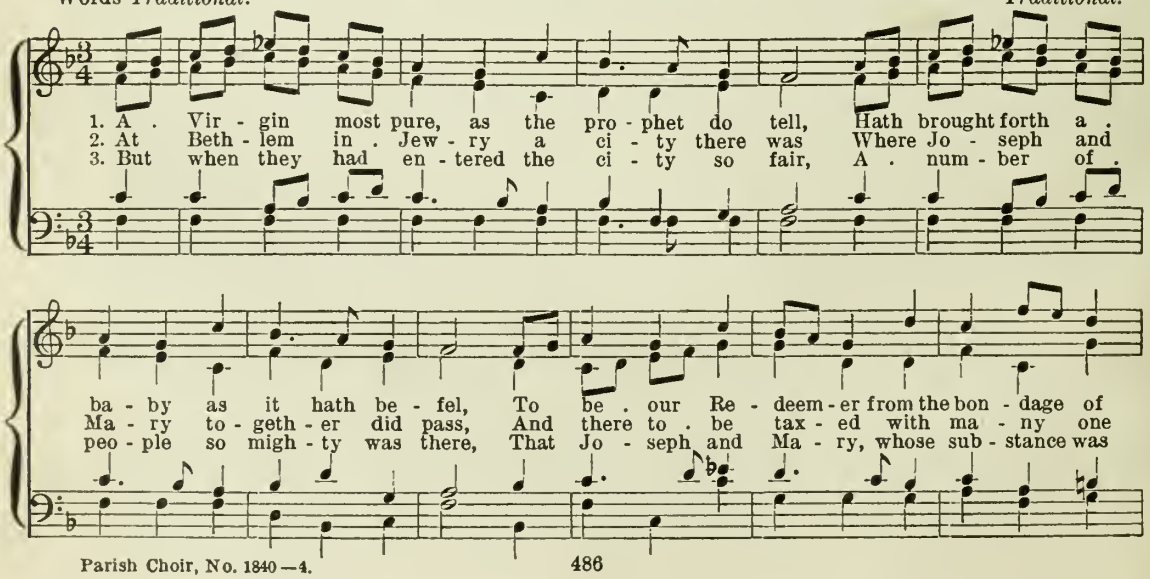
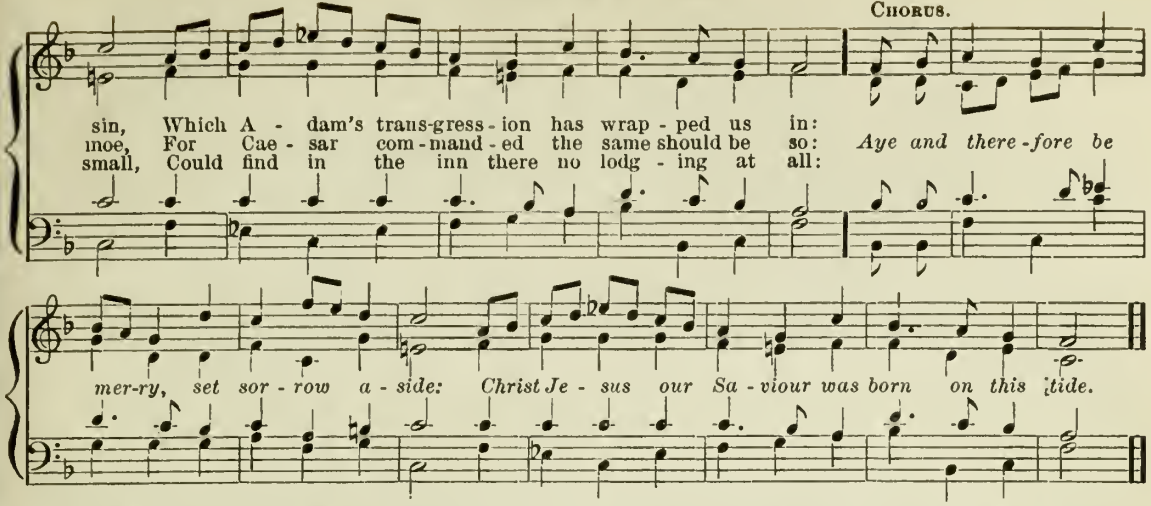
CHRISTMAS.

Edward Bunnett.

cres.
1. Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, A Sav - iour born to - day; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh,
2. Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, As when the An - gel - throng, O'er the vales of Ju - dah, A -
3. Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, The hap - py Christ-mas time; Hark! the bells are peal - ing Their
bear them far - a - way! Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Till earth's re - mo - test bound Shall
woke the heav'n-ly song; Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Good-will, and Peace, and Love, Glo -
mer - ry, mer - ry chime; Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Ye shin - ing ones a - bove, Sing
Chorus.
hear the migh - ty cho - rus And e - cho back the sound.
ry . in the high - est, To God who reigns a - bove.
in . loud-est num - bers, Oh, sing re - deem - ing Love!
Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Car - ol
sweet - ly to - day; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

A Virgin most pure.

Carol 603.
Words *Traditional.*

CHRISTMAS.

Traditional.

1. A . Vir - gin most pure, as the pro - phet do tell, Hath brought forth a .
2. At Beth - lem in . Jew - ry a ci - ty there was Where Jo - seph and
3. But when they had en - tered the ci - ty so fair, A . num - ber of .
ba - by as it hath be - fel, To be . our Re - deem - er from the bon - dage of
Ma - ry to - geth - er did pass, And there to . be tax - ed with ma - ny one
peo - ple so migh - ty was there, That Jo - seph and Ma - ry, whose sub - stance was

Chorus.
sin, Which A - dam's trans-gress - ion has wrap - ped us in:
moe, For Cae - sar com - mand - ed the same should be so: Aye and there - fore be
small, Could find in the inn there no lodg - ing at all:
mer-ry, set sor - row a - side: Christ Je - sus our Sa - viour was born on this tide.

4 Thus were they constrained in a stable to lie
Where only dumb cattle they usèd to tie,
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
And there the next morning the Saviour was born.
CHO. *Aye and therefore, etc.*

5 The King of all glory to this world was brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was wrought,
When Mary had swathèd her young Son so sweet,
Within that ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
CHO. *Aye and therefore, etc.*

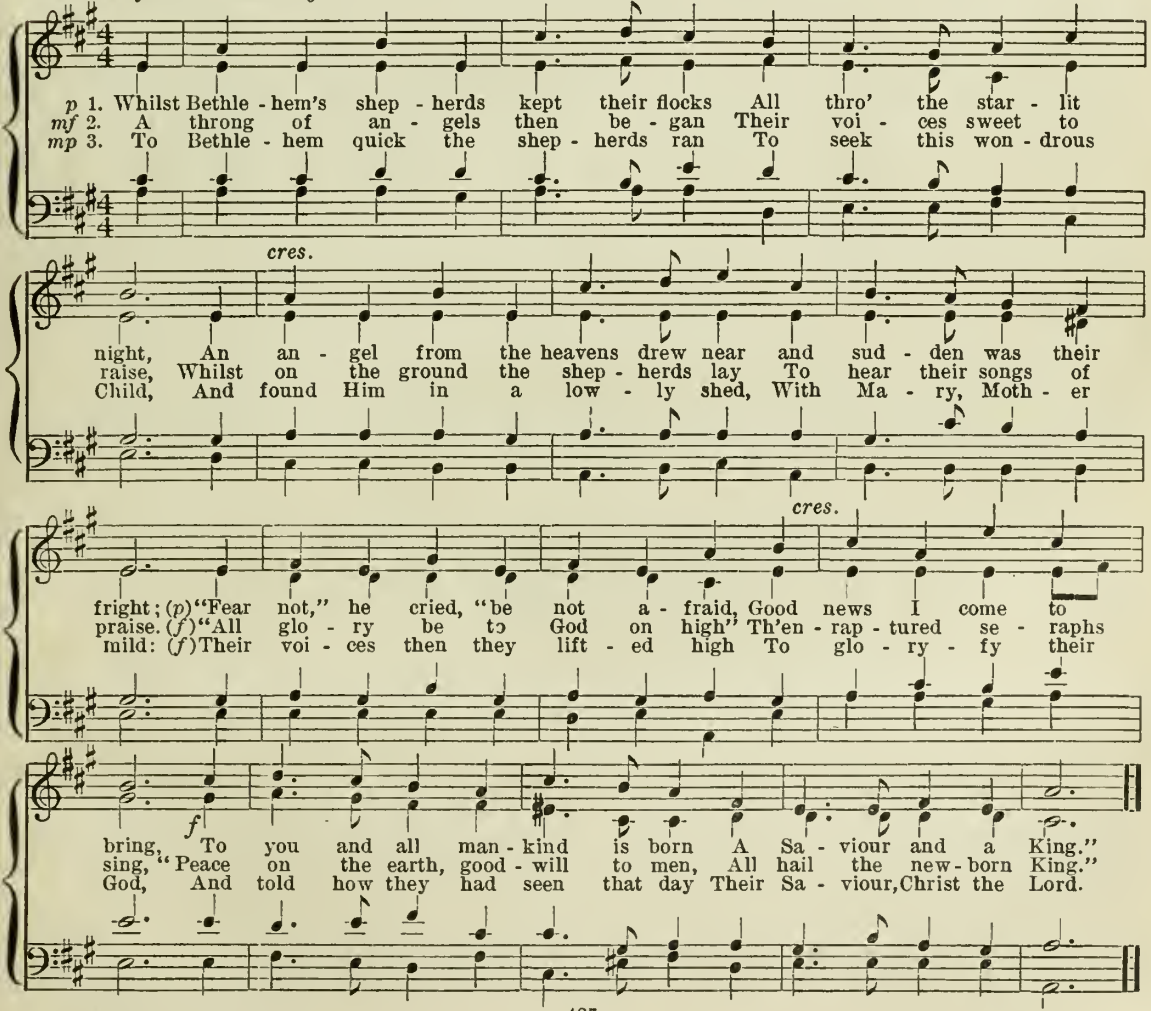
6 Then God sent an angel from heaven so high
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
CHO. *Aye and therefore, etc.*

7 There presently after the shepherds did spy
A host of bright angels come forth from the sky,
So joyous their song which they sweetly did sing,
"All glory to God—both our Peace, and our King."
CHO. *Aye and therefore, etc.*

Whilst Bethlehem's shepherds kept their flocks.

Carol 604. CHRISTMAS.

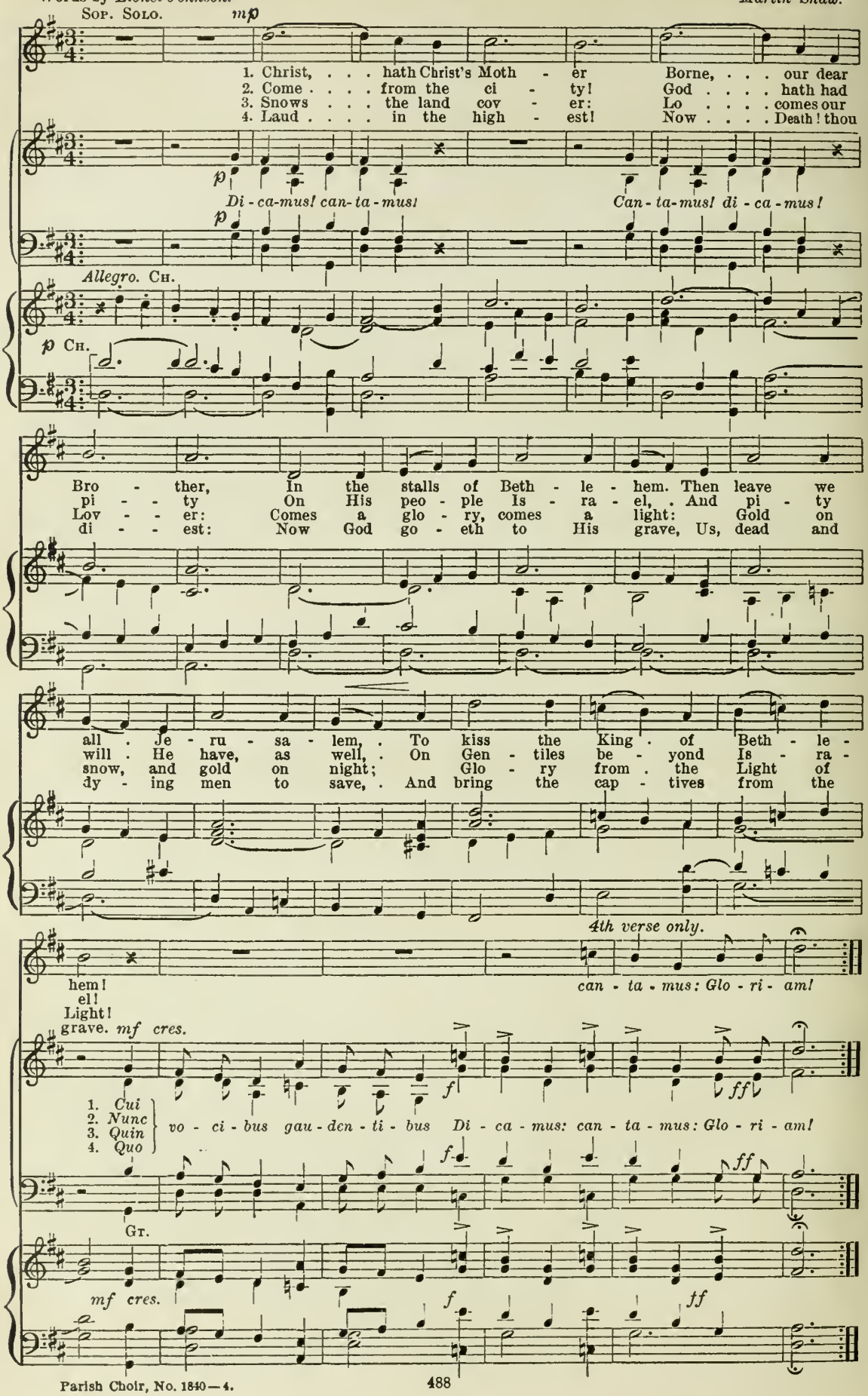
Words by *Leslie Bainbridge.* *Ernest H. Smith.*


p 1. Whilst Bethle - hem's shep - herds kept their flocks All thro' the star - lit
mf 2. A throng of an - gels then be - gan Their voi - ces sweet to
mp 3. To Bethle - hem quick the shep - herds ran To seek this won - drous
cres.
night, An an - gel from the heavens drew near and sud - den was their
raise, Whilst on the ground the shep - herds lay To hear their songs of
Child, And found Him in a low - ly shed, With Ma - ry, Moth - er
cres.
fright; (p) "Fear not," he cried, "be not a - fraid, Good news I come to
praise. (f) "All glo - ry be to God on high" Th'en - rap - tured se - raphs
mild: (f) Their voi - ces then they lift - ed high To glo - ry - fy their
f
bring, To you and all man - kind is born A Sa - viour and a King."
sing, "Peace on the earth, good - will to men, All hail the new - born King."
God, And told how they had seen that day Their Sa - viour, Christ the Lord.

Carol 605.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Lionel Johnson.* *Martin Shaw.*


Sop. Solo. mp
1. Christ, . . . hath Christ's Moth - er Borne, . . . our dear
2. Come . . . . from the ci - ty! God . . . . hath had
3. Snows . . . . the land cov - er: Lo . . . . comes our
4. Laud . . . . in the high - est! Now . . . . Death! thou
p
Di - ca-mus! can-ta-mus! Can - ta-mus! di - ca - mus!
p
Allegro. Ch.
p Ch.
Bro - ther, In the stalls of Beth - le - hem. Then leave we
pi - ty On His peo - ple Is - ra - el, . And pi - ty
Lov - er: Comes a glo - ry, comes a light: Gold on
di - est: Now God go - eth to His grave, Us, dead and
all . Je - ru - sa - lem, . To kiss the King . of Beth - le -
will . He have, as well, . On Gen - tiles be - yond Is - ra -
snow, and gold on night; Glo - ry from . the Light of
dy - ing men to save, . And bring the cap - tives from the
4th verse only.
hem!
el!
Light!
grave. mf cres.
can - ta - mus: Glo - ri - am!
1. Cui
2. Nunc
3. Quin
4. Quo
vo - ci - bus gau - den - ti - bus Di - ca - mus: can - ta - mus: Glo - ri - am!
f
ff
Gr.
mf cres.
f
ff

The Angel's Song.

(Last Night as I Lay Sleeping.)

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 606.

Solo. Treble or Trebles. *Charles Vincent.*

Quiet though distinct.

1. Last night as I lay sleep - ing, When all my prayers were said, . With my

Legato.

p subdued. *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

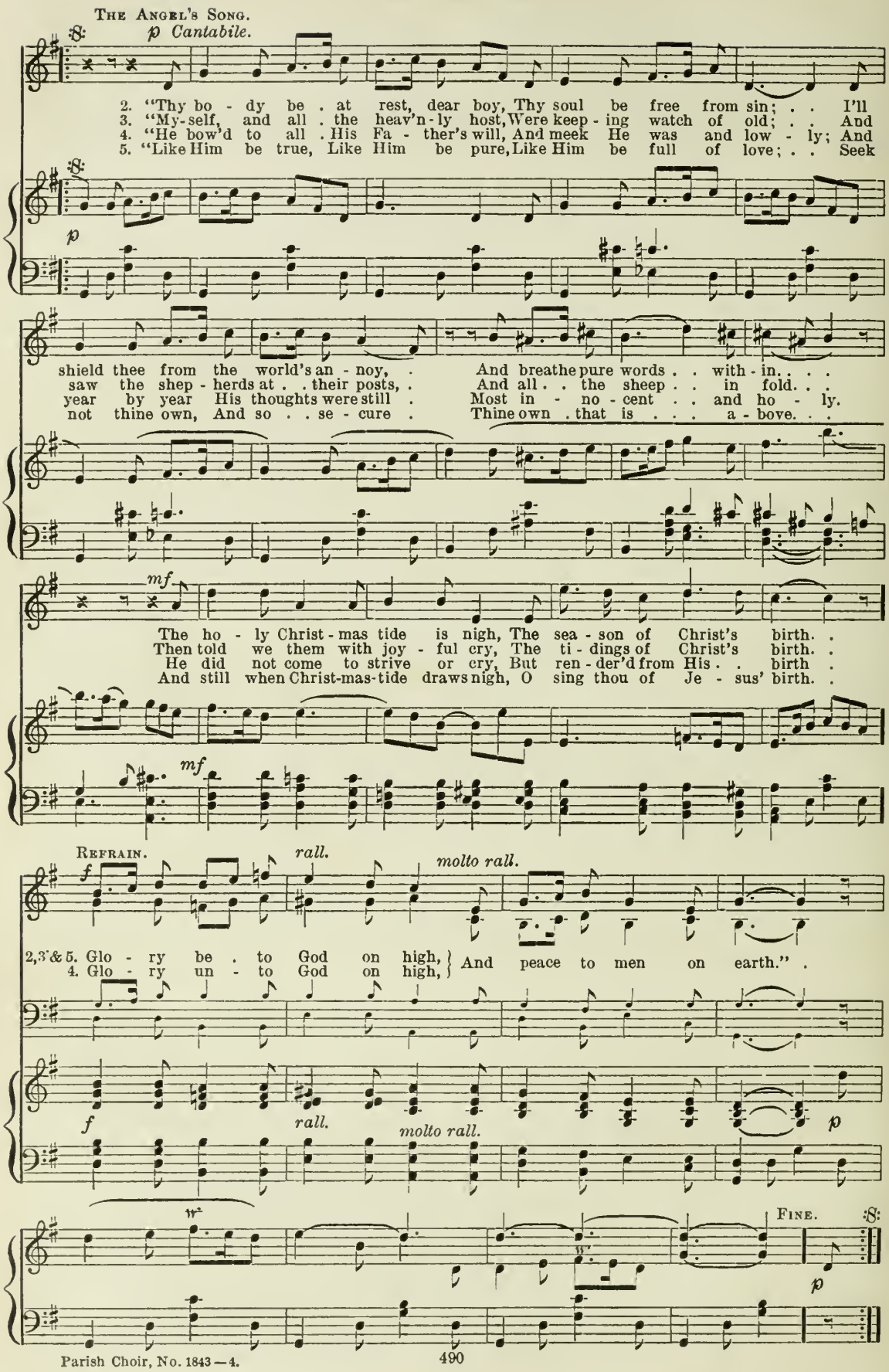
guar - dian An - gel keep - ing His watch a - bove my head. . . I heard His sweet voice

ca - rol-ing, Full soft - ly on my ear, . . A song for Chris - tian boys to sing, For

Chris - tian men to hear. . .

L.H. *rall.* *Attacca.* *tempo.*

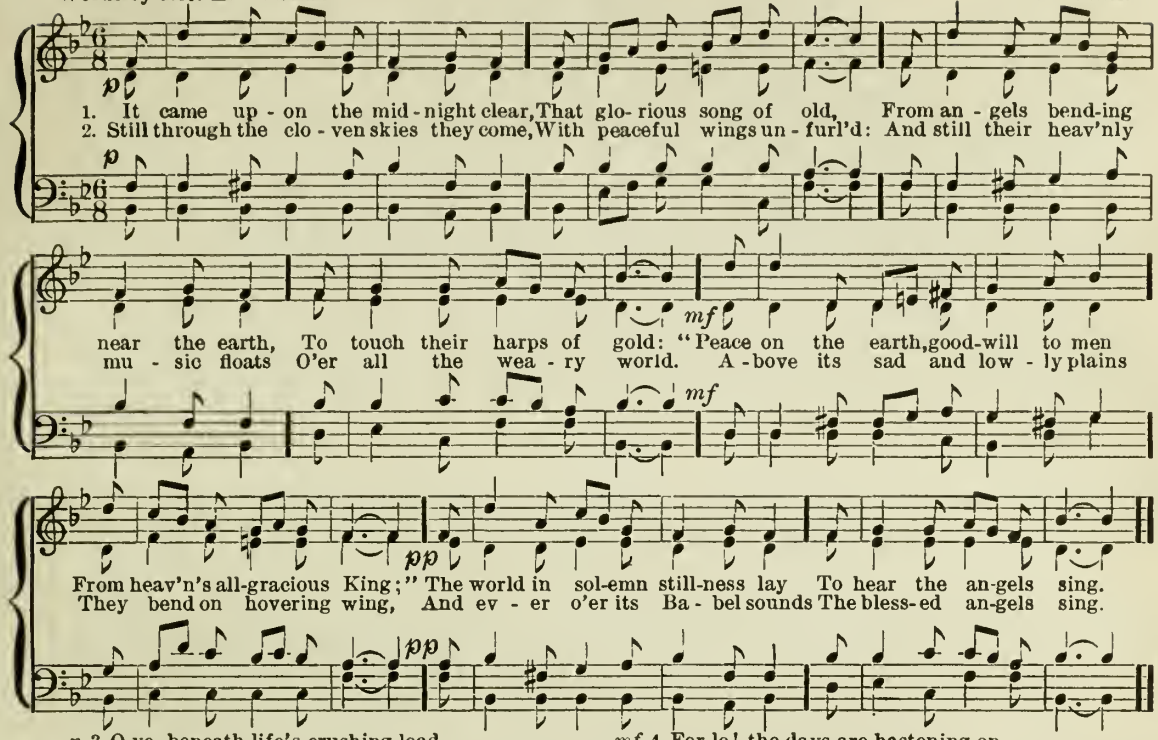
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*


The Angel's Song.
p Cantabile.
2. "Thy bo - dy be . at rest, dear boy, Thy soul be free from sin; . . I'll
3. "My-self, and all . the heav'n-ly host, Were keep - ing watch of old; . . And
4. "He bow'd to all . His Fa - ther's will, And meek He was and low - ly; And
5. "Like Him be true, Like Him be pure, Like Him be full of love; . . Seek
shield thee from the world's an - noy, . And breathe pure words . . with - in. . . .
saw the shep - herds at . . their posts, . And all . . the sheep . . in fold. . .
year by year His thoughts were still . Most in - no - cent . . and ho - ly.
not thine own, And so . . se - cure . Thine own . that is . . . a - bove. . .
mf
The ho - ly Christ - mas tide is nigh, The sea - son of Christ's birth. .
Then told we them with joy - ful cry, The ti - dings of Christ's birth. .
He did not come to strive or cry, But ren - der'd from His . . birth .
And still when Christ-mas-tide draws nigh, O sing thou of Je - sus' birth. .
Refrain.
f
rall.
molto rall.
2,3 & 5. Glo - ry be . to God on high,
4. Glo - ry un - to God on high,
And peace to men on earth." .
f
rall.
molto rall.
p
Fine.

Carol 607. It came upon the midnight clear.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. E. H. Sears.* *R. S. Willis.*


1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend-ing
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un - furl'd: And still their heav'nly
p
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world. A - bove its sad and low - ly plains
mf
From heav'n's all-gracious King;" The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.
They bend on hovering wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing.
pp

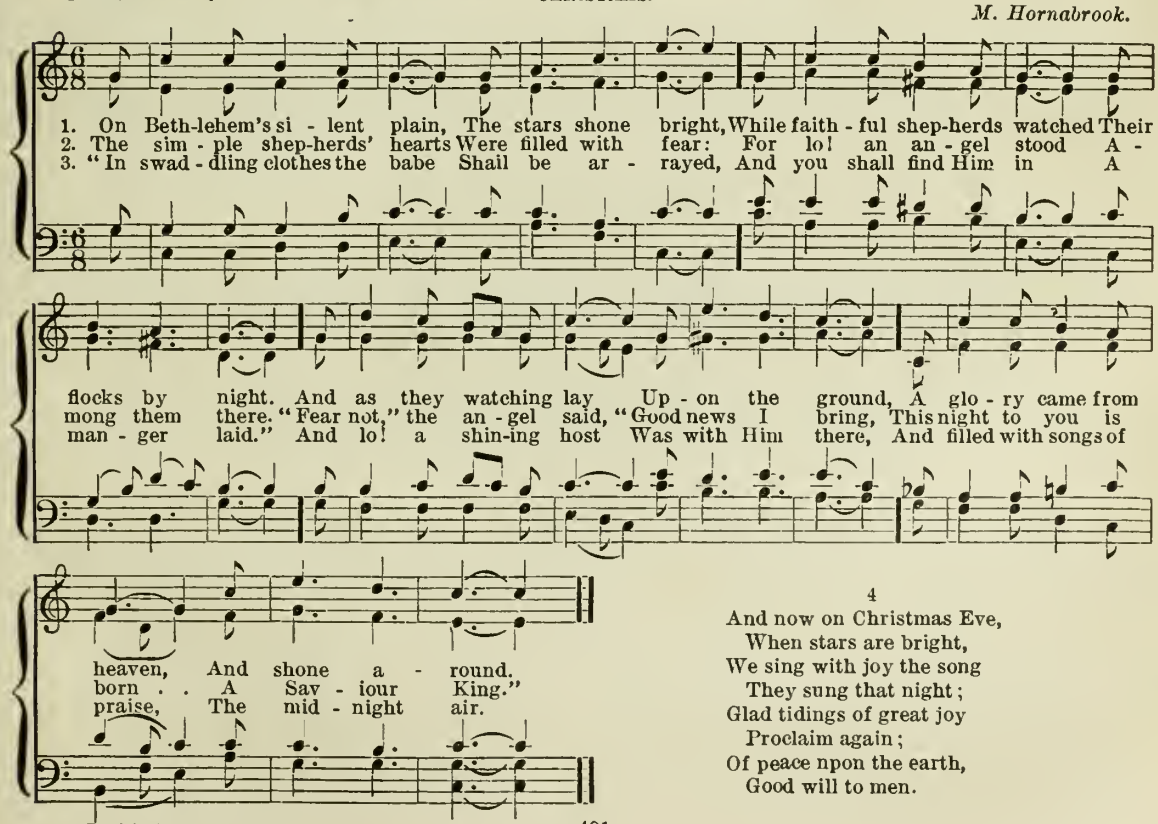
p 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
cr Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
dim O rest beside the weary road,
pp And hear the angels sing.

mf 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
f When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Carol 608. On Bethlehem's silent plain.

CHRISTMAS.

M. Hornabrook.

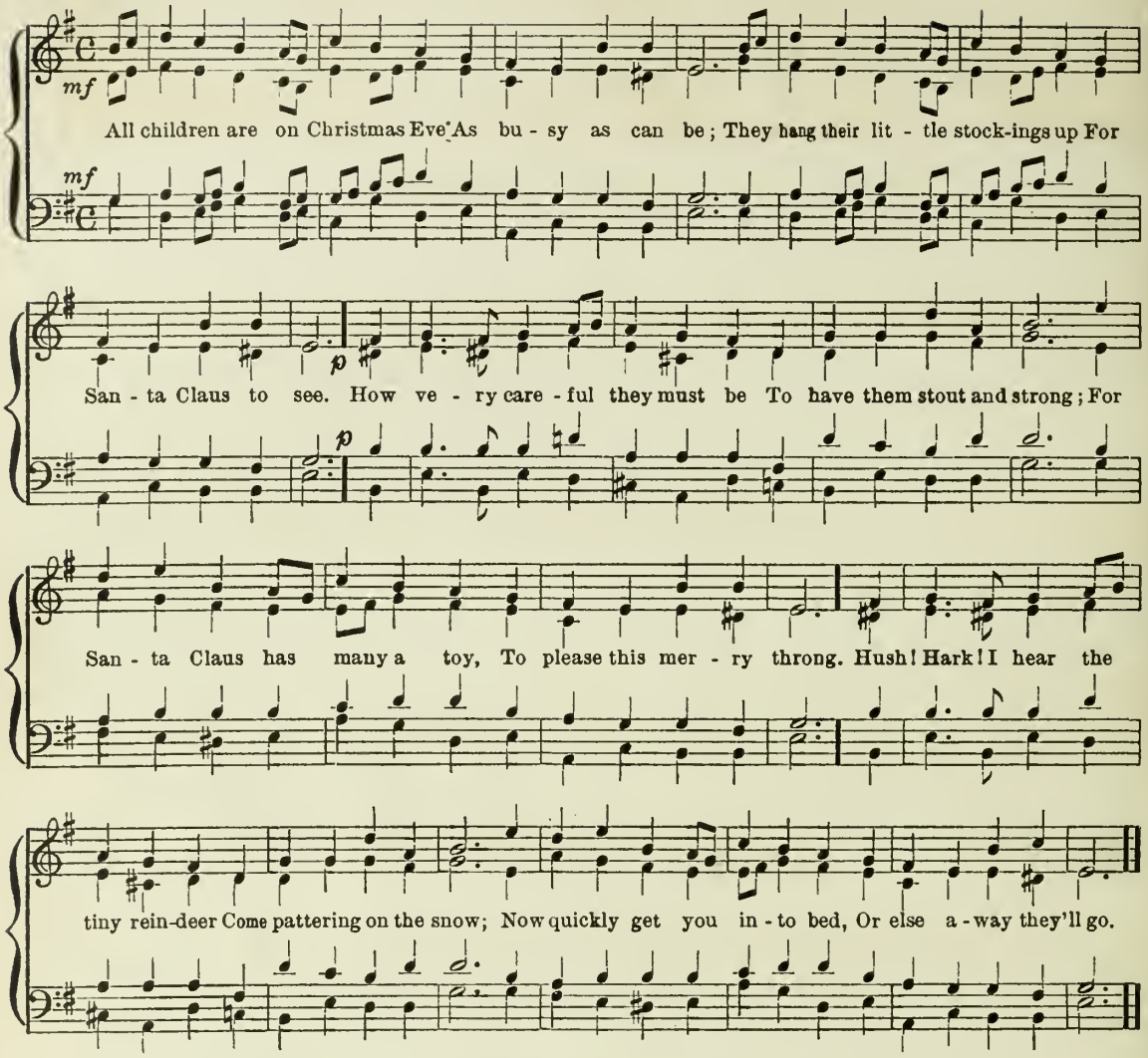

1. On Beth-lehem's si - lent plain, The stars shone bright, While faith - ful shep-herds watched Their
2. The sim - ple shep-herds' hearts Were filled with fear: For lo! an an - gel stood A -
3. "In swad - dling clothes the babe Shall be ar - rayed, And you shall find Him in A
flocks by night. And as they watching lay Up - on the ground, A glo - ry came from
mong them there. "Fear not," the an - gel said, "Good news I bring, This night to you is
man - ger laid." And lo! a shin-ing host Was with Him there, And filled with songs of
heaven, And shone a - round.
born . . A Sav - iour King."
praise, The mid - night air.

4
And now on Christmas Eve,
When stars are bright,
We sing with joy the song
They sung that night;
Glad tidings of great joy
Proclaim again;
Of peace npon the earth,
Good will to men.

All children are on Christmas Eve.

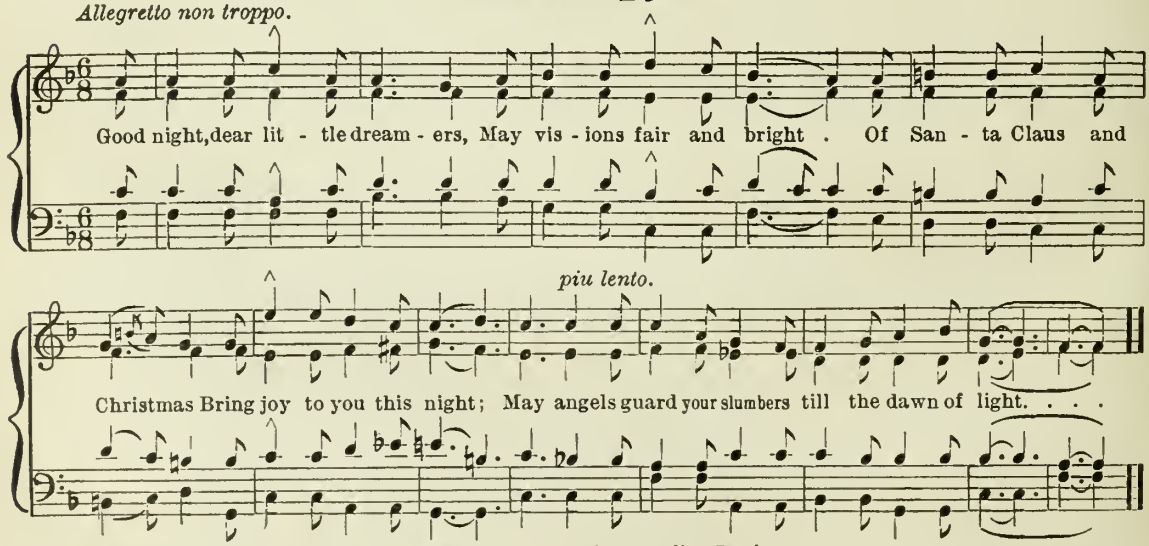
Carol 609.

A HOME CAROL.

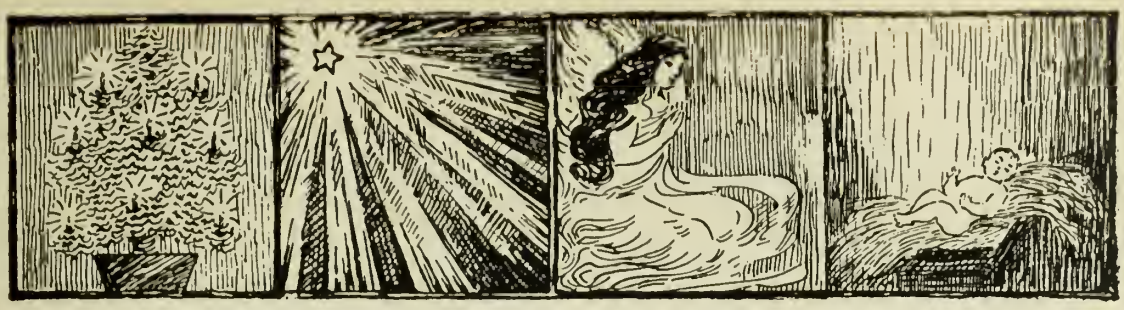

mf
All children are on Christmas Eve As bu - sy as can be; They hang their lit - tle stock-ings up For
mf
p
San - ta Claus to see. How ve - ry care - ful they must be To have them stout and strong; For
San - ta Claus has many a toy, To please this mer - ry throng. Hush! Hark! I hear the
tiny rein-deer Come pattering on the snow; Now quickly get you in - to bed, Or else a - way they'll go.

Good night.*

Allegretto non troppo.


Good night, dear lit - tle dream - ers, May vis - ions fair and bright . Of San - ta Claus and
piu lento.
Christmas Bring joy to you this night; May angels guard your slumbers till the dawn of light. . . .

*May be sung after the preceding Carol.



When Christ was born of Mary free.

Carol 610. CHRISTMAS.

Arthur H. Brown.

1. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In Beth - le - hem that fair ci - tie, An - gels sang there with mirth and glee,
2. Herds-men be - held these An - gels bright, To them ap-pear - ing with great light, Who said God's Son is born to - night,
3. The King is come to save man-kind, As in Scrip-ture truths we find, There-fore this song we have in mind,
4. Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace, Grant us in bliss to see Thy face, That we may sing to Thy so - lace,

CHORUS *After each verse.*

p *ff*

In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a. In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis

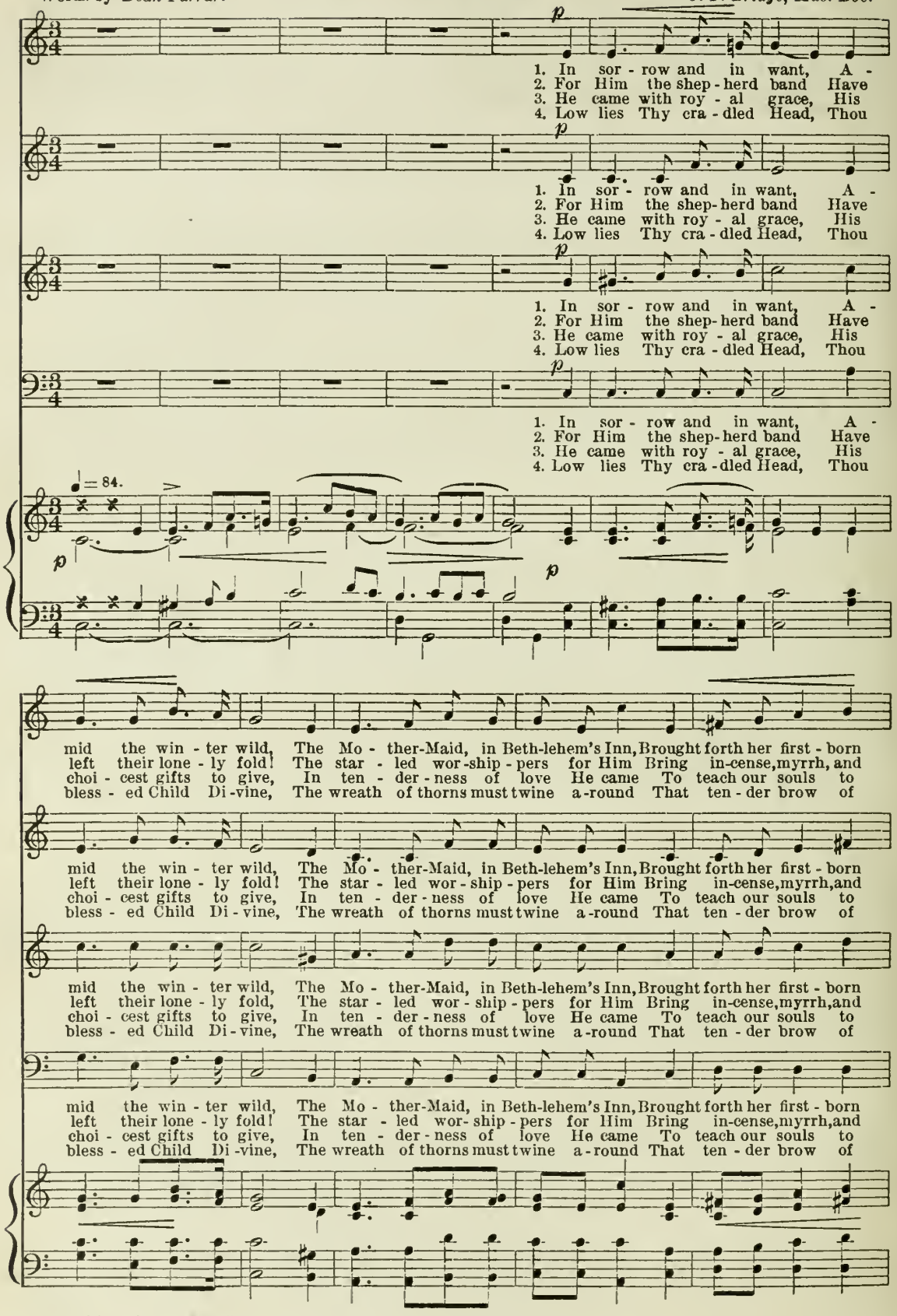
p *ff*

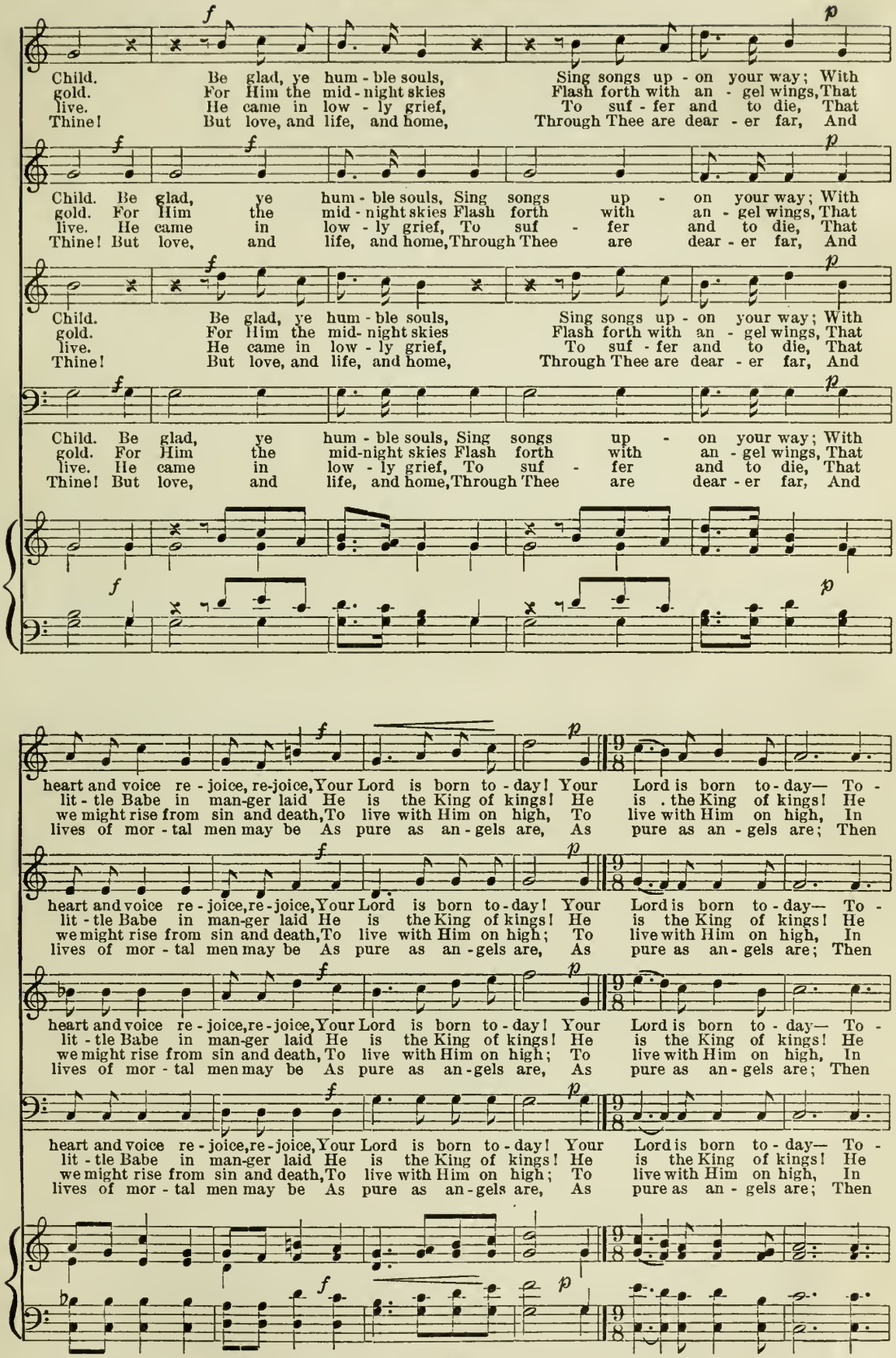
Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis . Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a.

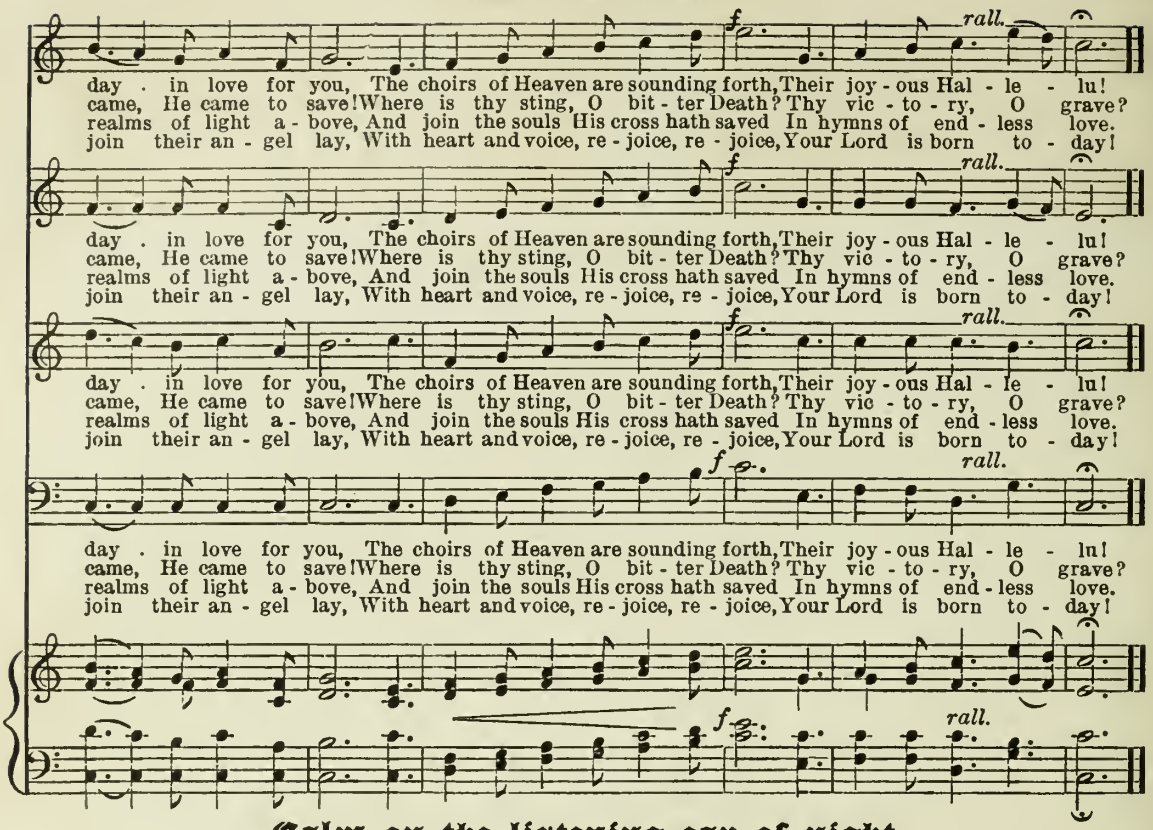
In sorrow and in want.

Carol 611. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Dean Farrar.* *J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc.*


1. In sor - row and in want, A -
2. For Him the shep - herd band Have
3. He came with roy - al grace, His
4. Low lies Thy cra - dled Head, Thou
♩ = 84.
mid the win - ter wild, The Mo - ther-Maid, in Beth-lehem's Inn, Brought forth her first - born
left their lone - ly fold! The star - led wor - ship - pers for Him Bring in-cense, myrrh, and
choi - cest gifts to give, In ten - der - ness of love He came To teach our souls to
bless - ed Child Di - vine, The wreath of thorns must twine a - round That ten - der brow of

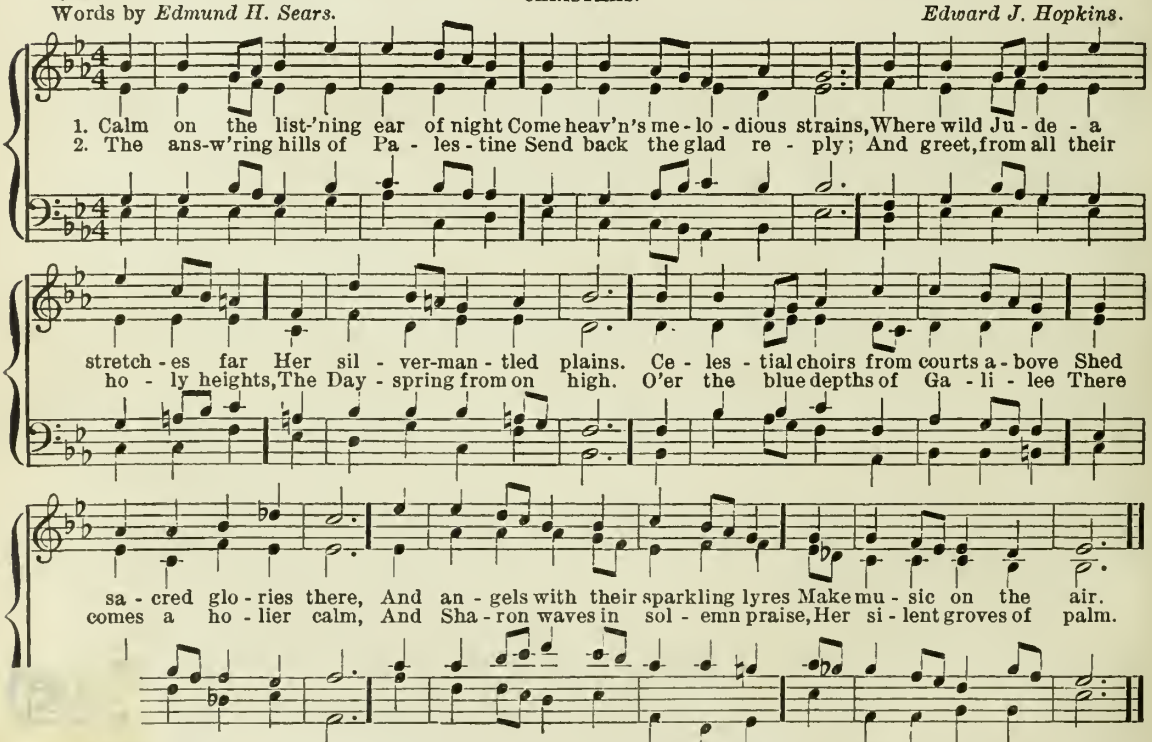

Child. Be glad, ye hum - ble souls, Sing songs up - on your way; With
gold. For Him the mid - night skies Flash forth with an - gel wings, That
live. He came in low - ly grief, To suf - fer and to die, That
Thine! But love, and life, and home, Through Thee are dear - er far, And
heart and voice re - joice, re-joice, Your Lord is born to - day! Your Lord is born to - day— To -
lit - tle Babe in man-ger laid He is the King of kings! He is . the King of kings! He
we might rise from sin and death, To live with Him on high, To live with Him on high, In
lives of mor - tal men may be As pure as an - gels are, As pure as an - gels are; Then


day . in love for you, The choirs of Heaven are sounding forth, Their joy - ous Hal - le - lu!
came, He came to save! Where is thy sting, O bit - ter Death? Thy vic - to - ry, O grave?
realms of light a - bove, And join the souls His cross hath saved In hymns of end - less love.
join their an - gel lay, With heart and voice, re - joice, re - joice, Your Lord is born to - day!
rall.
f

Calm on the listening ear of night.

Carol 612. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Edmund H. Sears.* *Edward J. Hopkins.*


1. Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a
2. The ans-w'ring hills of Pa - les - tine Send back the glad re - ply; And greet, from all their
stretch - es far Her sil - ver-man - tled plains. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed
ho - ly heights, The Day - spring from on high. O'er the blue depths of Ga - li - lee There
sa - cred glo - ries there, And an - gels with their sparkling lyres Make mu - sic on the air.
comes a ho - lier calm, And Sha - ron waves in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.

ory to God!" the sounding skies
ud with their anthems ring,
ace to the earth, good-will to men,
om heaven's eternal King!"
t on thy hills, Jerusalem!
e Saviour now is born:
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled,
When burst upon that listening night
The high and solemn lay,
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

Parish Choir, No. 1844 — 4.

Sing of Maiden Mary.

Carol 613. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. F. G. Lee.* *French Noel.*

Andante.

1. Sing of Mai - den Ma - ry, And of Christ our Lord, High and sole - be - got - ten, Ma - ry's ho - ly
2. Sing of Mai - den Ma - ry, And of Jo - seph too, Lov - ing fos - ter - fa - ther! Ma - ry's cho - sen
3. Sing of Mai - den Ma - ry, Now the hol - ly gleams; As we keep our Christmas, And the snow is

cres. *f*

Child. O sing of Mai - den Ma - ry Fair - er, bet - ter Eve; Glad praise and high thanks-
Spouse; O won - drous In - car - na - tion! Kneel thee down in awe To wor - ship thy Cre -
deep; Yes: when the wreaths are spark - ling, When the lamps are hung, And at the mid - night

cres. *f*

giv - ing, Thou, O God, re - ceive.
a - tor Ly - ing on the straw.
kneel - ing, Ere the Mass is sung.

4

Sing of Maiden Mary,
Once a Virgin poor,
David's Royal Daughter,
Eden's Lily Flower.
Sing aye of Maiden Mary
Kneeling on the sod,
And pray that we may see her
Near the Throne of God.

Let us the Infant greet.

Carol 614. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. R. F. Littledale.* *S. Smith.*

Andante.

1. Let us the In - fant greet, In wor - ship be - fore Him fall, And let us pay Him
2. Let us to the In - fant sing, And bring Him of gifts rich store, Let us hon - our our
3. Let us to the In - fant kneel, And love Him with faith - ful love, And let our joy - ous

hom - age meet, On this His Fes - ti - val.
In - fant King! With praise for - ev - er - more.
an - thems peal, For Him who reigns a - bove.

4

Glad hymns in the Infant's laud,
Sing we to Him while we may,
In heaven, where He is throned as God,
Our service He will pay.

5

Be we to the Infant true,
While we are dwelling on mould,
And He will give us our wages due,
A crown of purest gold.

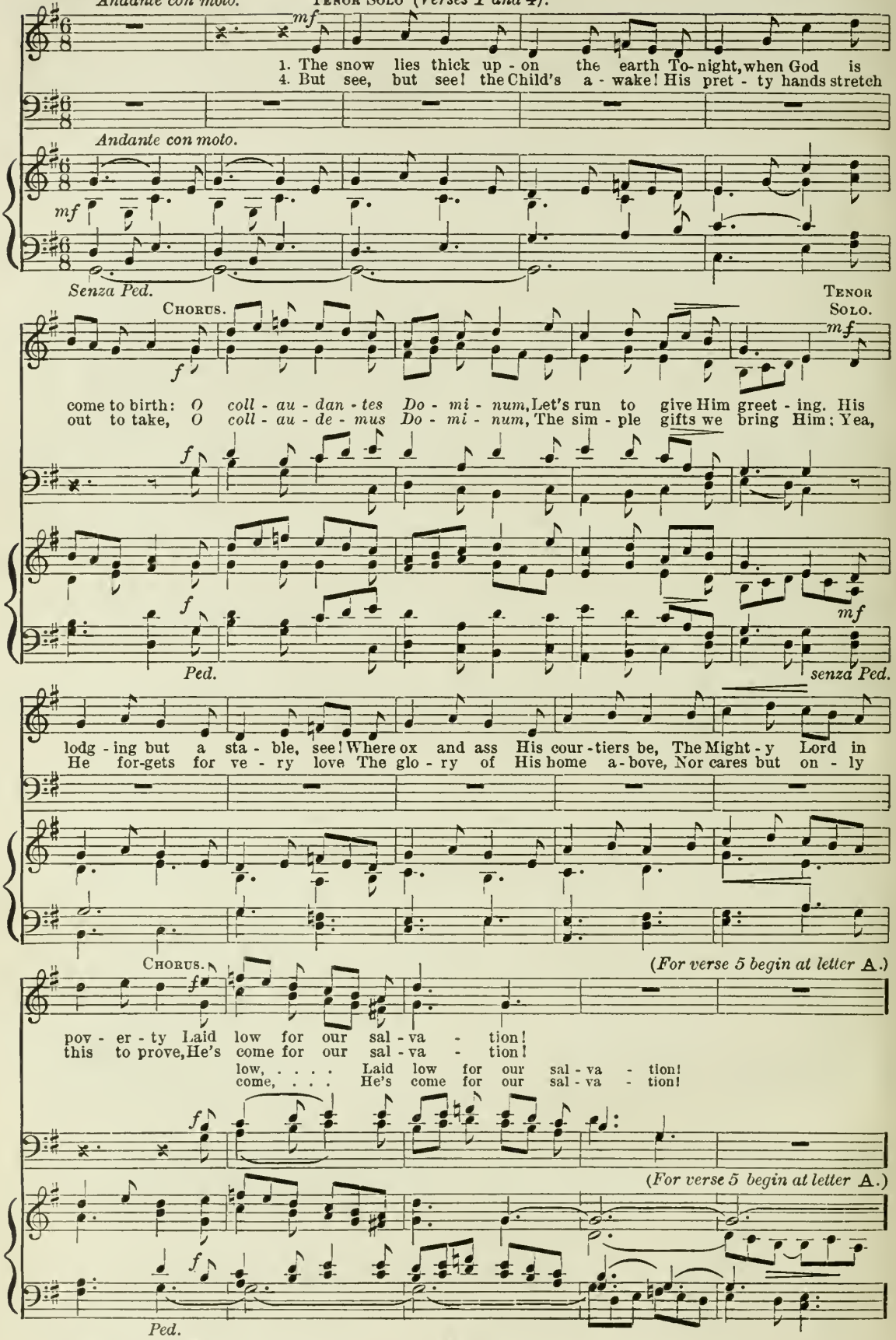
The snow lies thick.

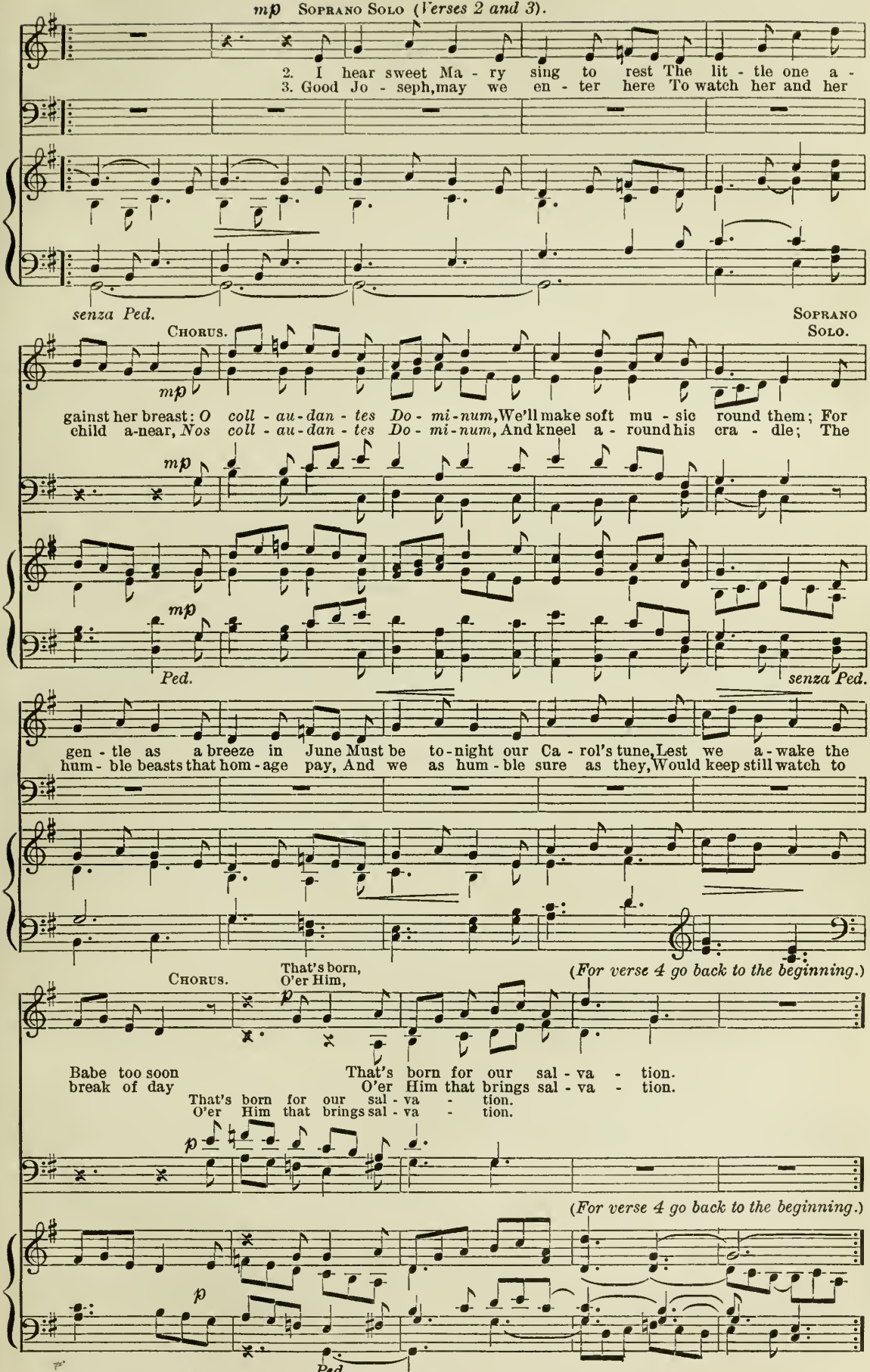
CHRISTMAS.

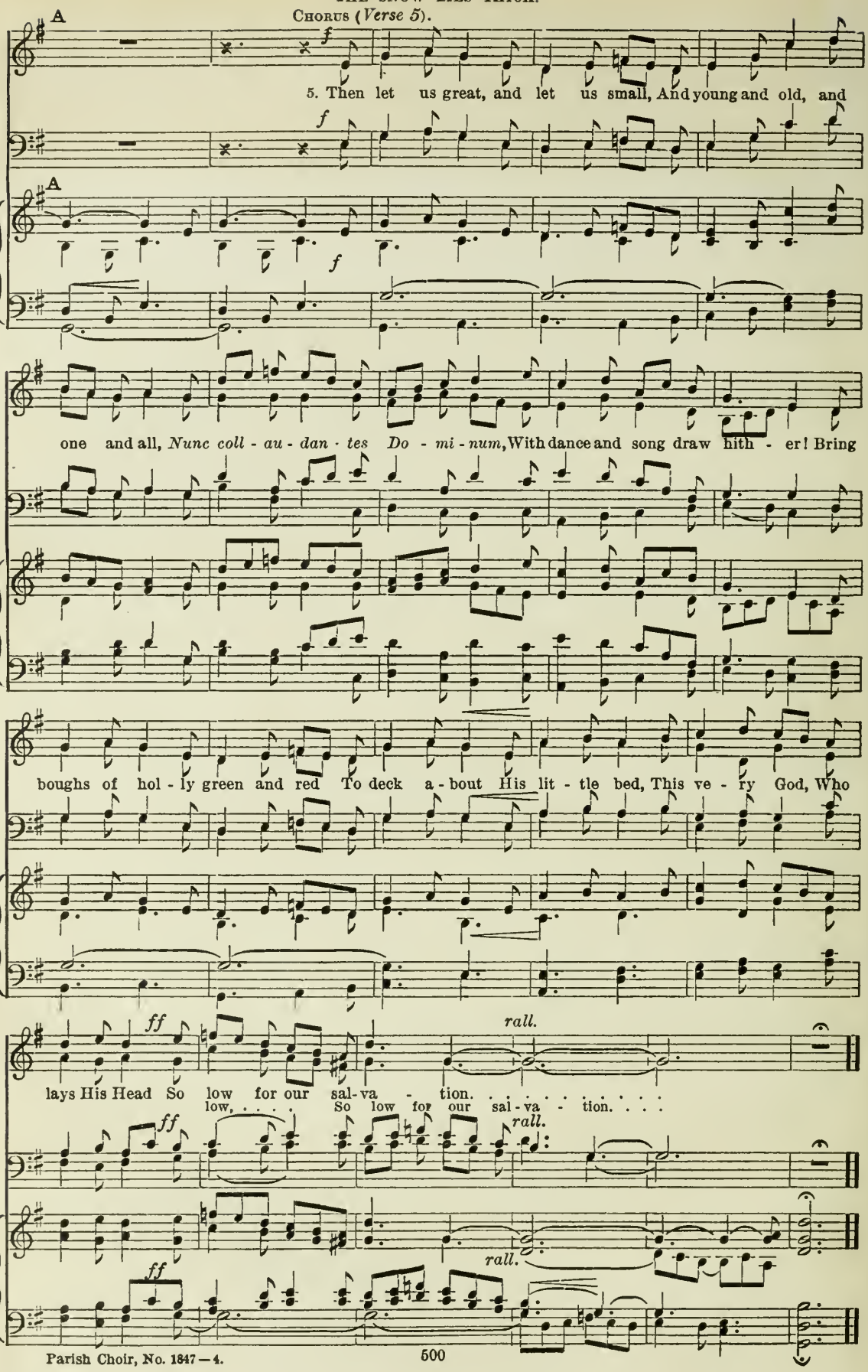
Carol 615.

Words by *Selwyn Image.* *Geoffrey Shaw.*

Andante con moto. TENOR SOLO (*Verses 1 and 4*).


mf
1. The snow lies thick up - on the earth To - night, when God is
4. But see, but see! the Child's a - wake! His pret - ty hands stretch
Andante con moto.
mf
Senza Ped.
CHORUS.
TENOR SOLO.
f
mf
come to birth: O coll - au - dan - tes Do - mi - num, Let's run to give Him greet - ing. His
out to take, O coll - au - de - mus Do - mi - num, The sim - ple gifts we bring Him; Yea,
f
f
mf
Ped.
senza Ped.
lodg - ing but a sta - ble, see! Where ox and ass His cour - tiers be, The Might - y Lord in
He for-gets for ve - ry love The glo - ry of His home a - bove, Nor cares but on - ly
CHORUS.
f
(For verse 5 begin at letter A.)
pov - er - ty Laid low for our sal - va - tion!
this to prove, He's come for our sal - va - tion!
low, ... Laid low for our sal - va - tion!
come, . . . He's come for our sal - va - tion!
f
(For verse 5 begin at letter A.)
f
Ped.


mp Soprano Solo (Verses 2 and 3).
2. I hear sweet Ma - ry sing to rest The lit - tle one a -
3. Good Jo - seph, may we en - ter here To watch her and her
senza Ped.
Chorus.
Soprano Solo.
mp
gainst her breast: O coll - au - dan - tes Do - mi - num, We'll make soft mu - sic round them; For
child a-near, Nos coll - au - dan - tes Do - mi - num, And kneel a - round his cra - dle; The
mp
mp
Ped.
senza Ped.
gen - tle as a breeze in June Must be to-night our Ca - rol's tune, Lest we a - wake the
hum - ble beasts that hom - age pay, And we as hum - ble sure as they, Would keep still watch to
(For verse 4 go back to the beginning.)
Chorus.
That's born, O'er Him,
p
Babe too soon
break of day
That's born for our sal - va - tion.
O'er Him that brings sal - va - tion.
That's born for our sal - va - tion.
O'er Him that brings sal - va - tion.
p
(For verse 4 go back to the beginning.)
p
Ped.


A
Chorus (*Verse 5*).
f
5. Then let us great, and let us small, And young and old, and
A
f
one and all, *Nunc coll - au - dan - tes Do - mi - num*, With dance and song draw hith - er! Bring
boughs of hol - ly green and red To deck a - bout His lit - tle bed, This ve - ry God, Who
ff
rall.
lays His Head So low for our sal-va - tion.
low, So low for our sal - va - tion.
ff
rall.
ff
rall.

Three kings once lived.

Carol 616.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Joseph Bennett.* *Frederic H. Cowen.*

Andante con moto.

f 42. *dim.*

p

Three kings once lived in East-ern land, Full wise were they, as wise could be, And

p

poco cres.

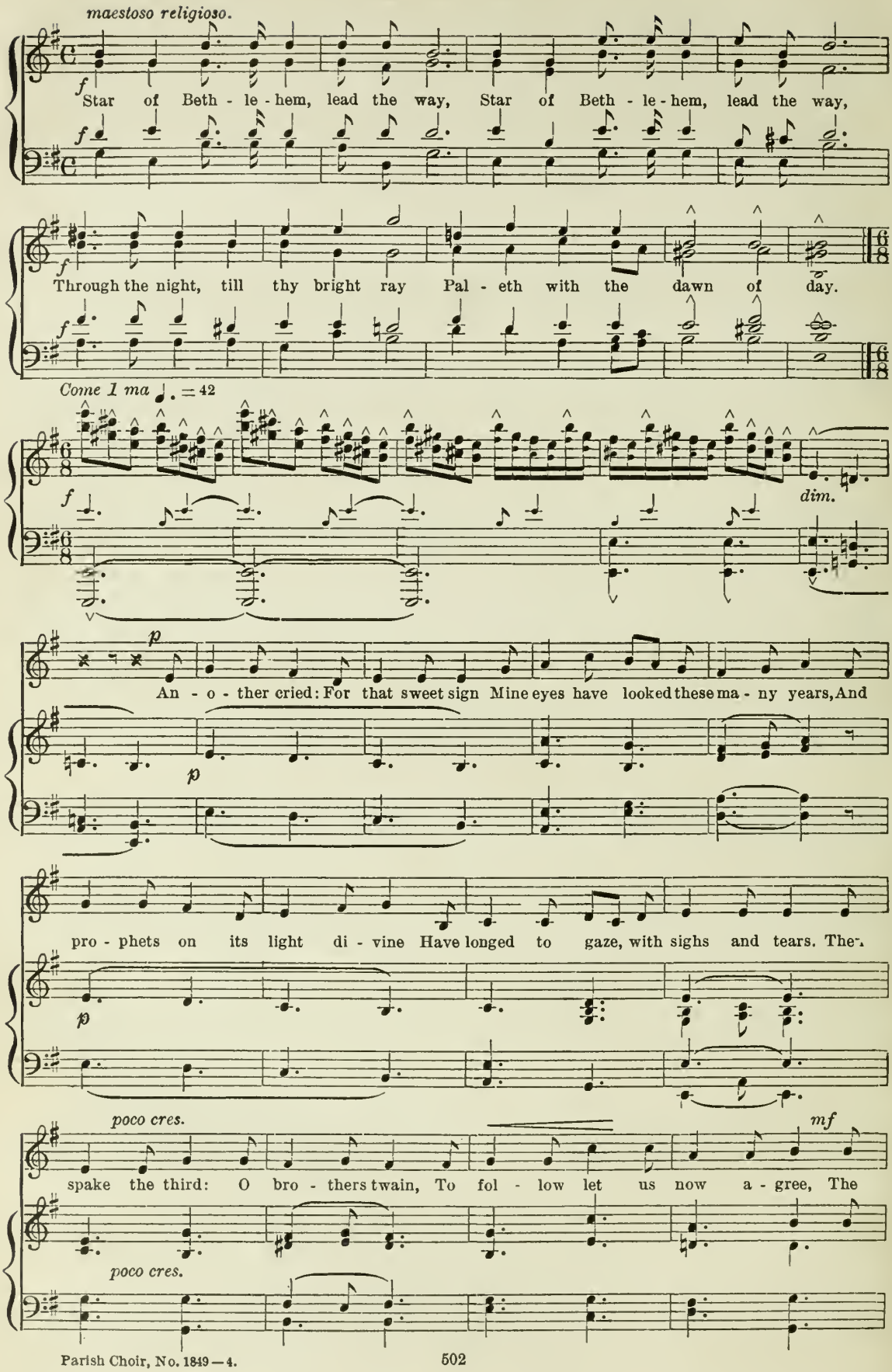
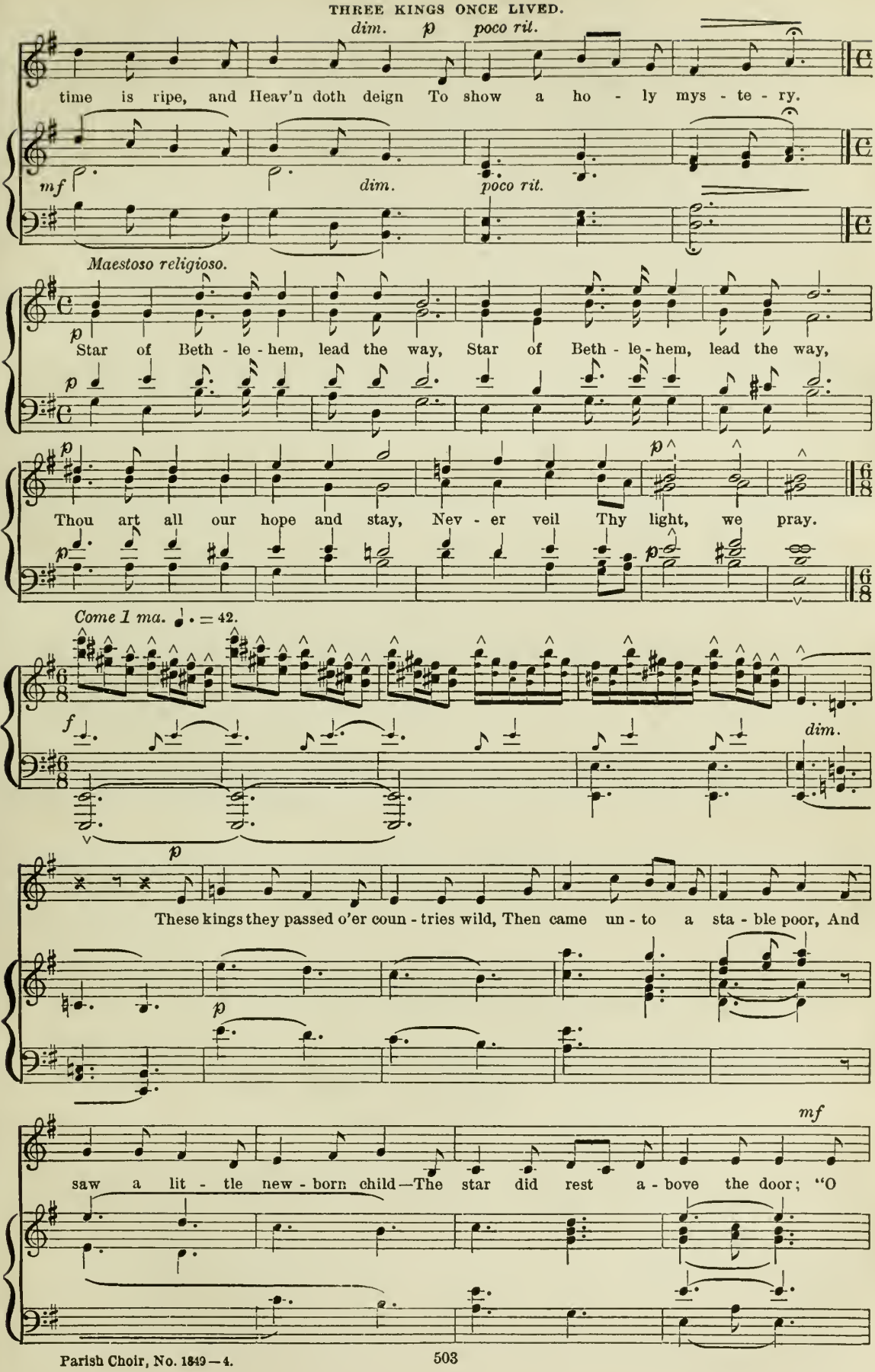
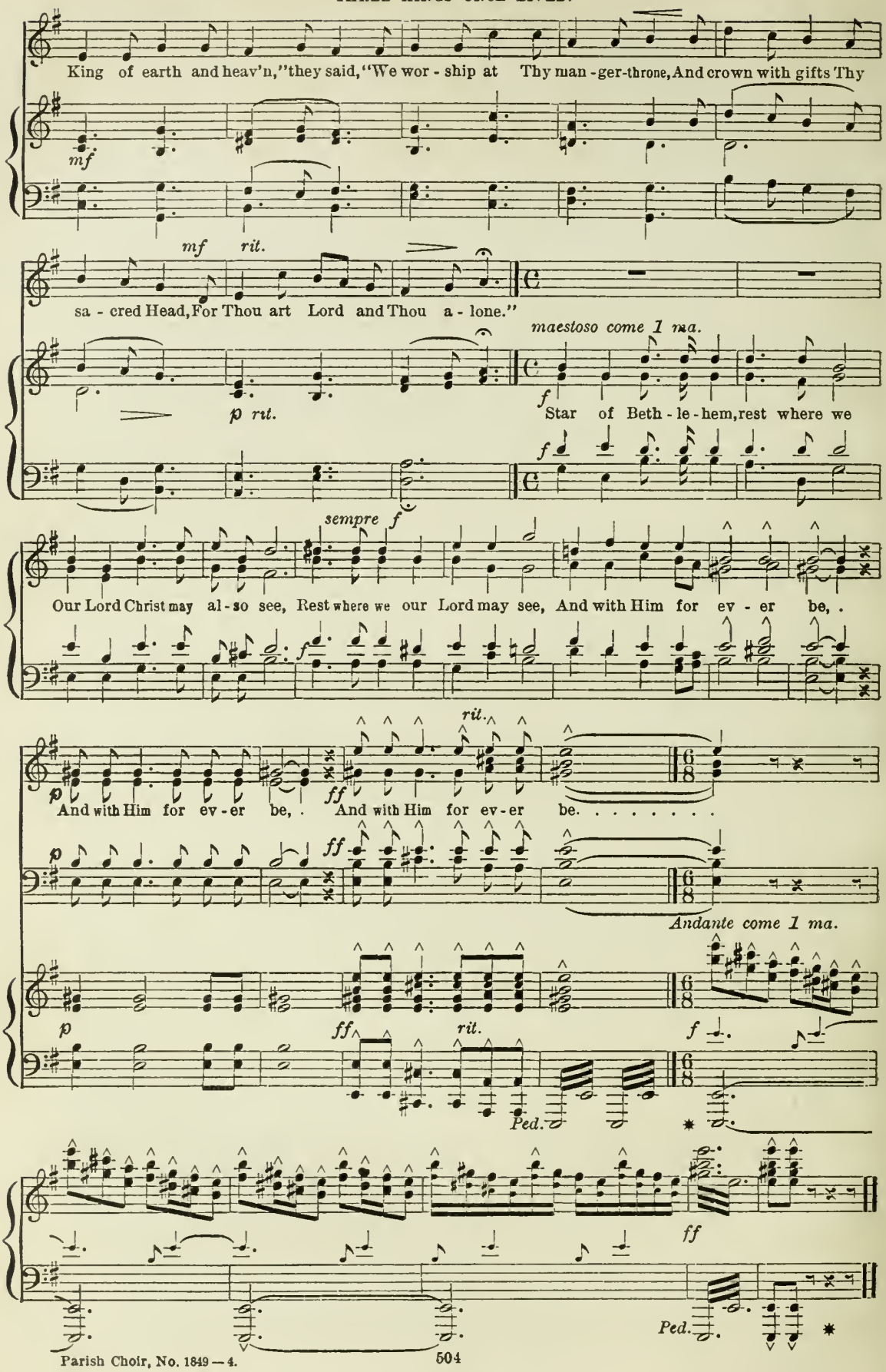
'neath the midnight sky would stand, To read the stars most pa-tient-ly. Then one un-to the o-thers said: A

p *poco cres.*

mf *dim.* *p* *poco rit.*

star unknown hath come in sight. It go - eth East from o - ver-head, And shin-eth like a me-teor bright.

mf *dim.* *poco rit.*


maestoso religioso.
f
Star of Beth - le - hem, lead the way, Star of Beth - le - hem, lead the way,
Through the night, till thy bright ray Pal - eth with the dawn of day.
Come 1 ma ♩. = 42
dim.
p
An - o - ther cried: For that sweet sign Mine eyes have looked these ma - ny years, And
pro - phets on its light di - vine Have longed to gaze, with sighs and tears. The-
poco cres.
mf
spake the third: O bro - thers twain, To fol - low let us now a - gree, The
poco cres.

dim. p poco rit.
time is ripe, and Heav'n doth deign To show a ho - ly mys - te - ry.
mf
dim.
poco rit.
Maestoso religioso.
p
Star of Beth - le - hem, lead the way, Star of Beth - le - hem, lead the way,
Thou art all our hope and stay, Nev - er veil Thy light, we pray.
Come 1 ma. ♩. = 42.
f
dim.
p
These kings they passed o'er coun - tries wild, Then came un - to a sta - ble poor, And
mf
saw a lit - tle new - born child—The star did rest a - bove the door; "O

King of earth and heav'n," they said, "We wor - ship at Thy man - ger-throne, And crown with gifts Thy
mf
mf rit.
sa - cred Head, For Thou art Lord and Thou a - lone."
maestoso come 1 ma.
p rit.
f
Star of Beth - le - hem, rest where we
sempre f
Our Lord Christ may al - so see, Rest where we our Lord may see, And with Him for ev - er be, .
rit.
p
ff
And with Him for ev - er be, . And with Him for ev - er be. . . . . .
Andante come 1 ma.
p
ff
rit.
f
Ped.
ff
Ped.

As with gladness men of old.

Carol 617.

CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY.
(May be sung as a carol-anthem.)

Words by *W. Chatterton Dix.* *H. Walford Davies.*

As with glad - ness men of . . old Did the guid - - ing

As with glad - ness men of . . old Did the guid - - ing

As with glad - ness men . of . . old Did the .

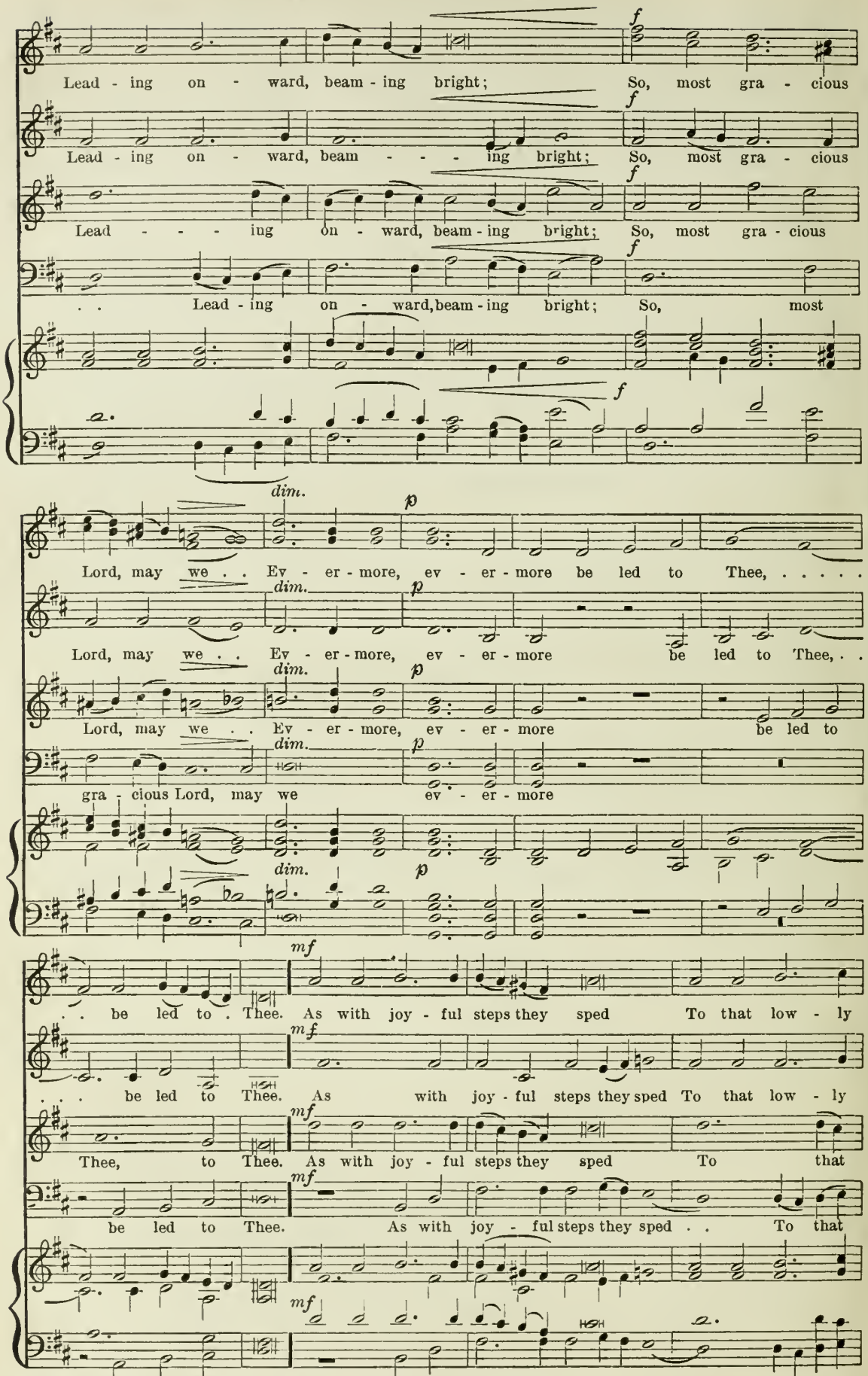
As with glad - - ness men of . . old . . . Did . the . .

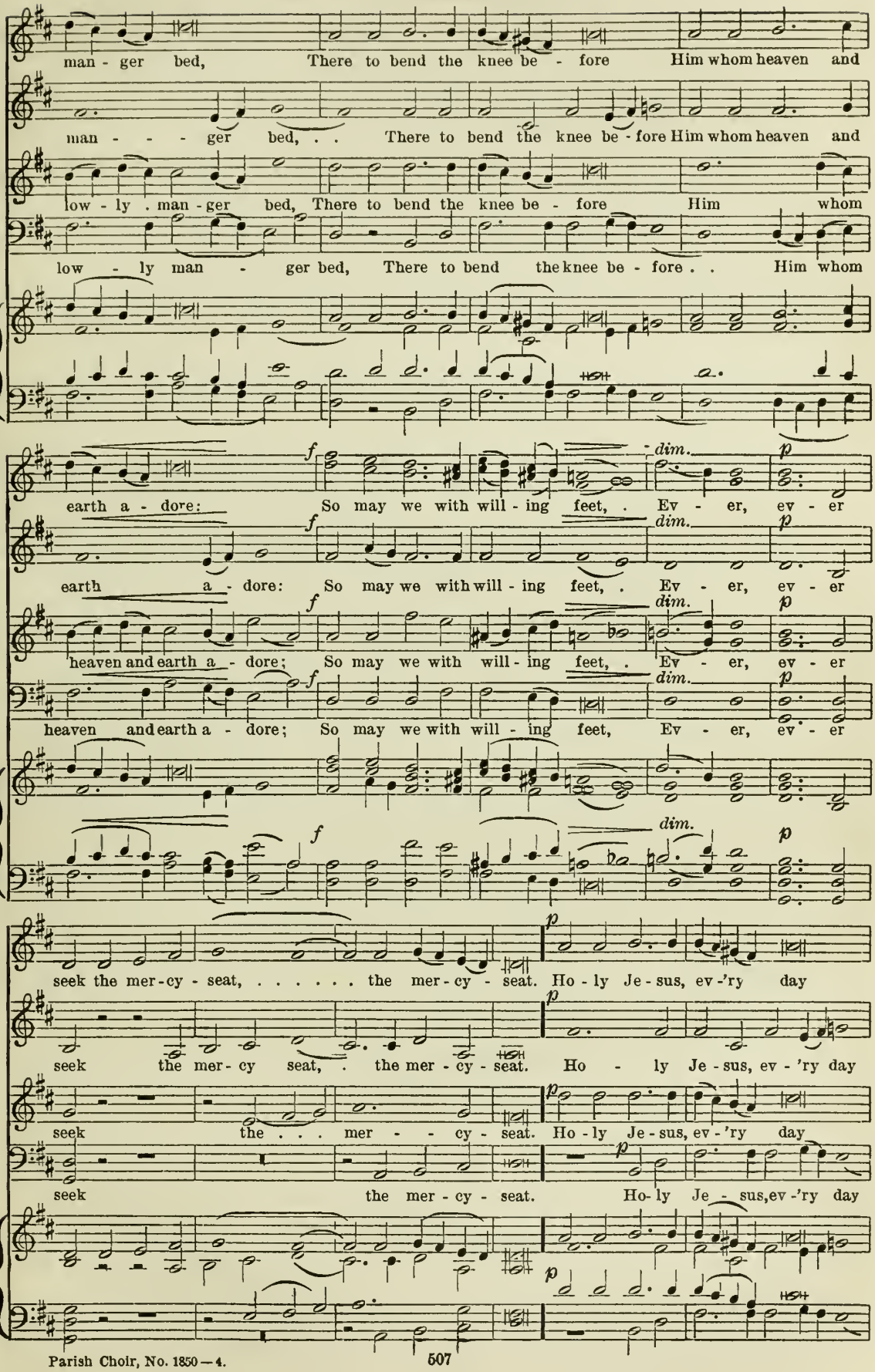
star . be - hold, As with joy they hail'd its light,

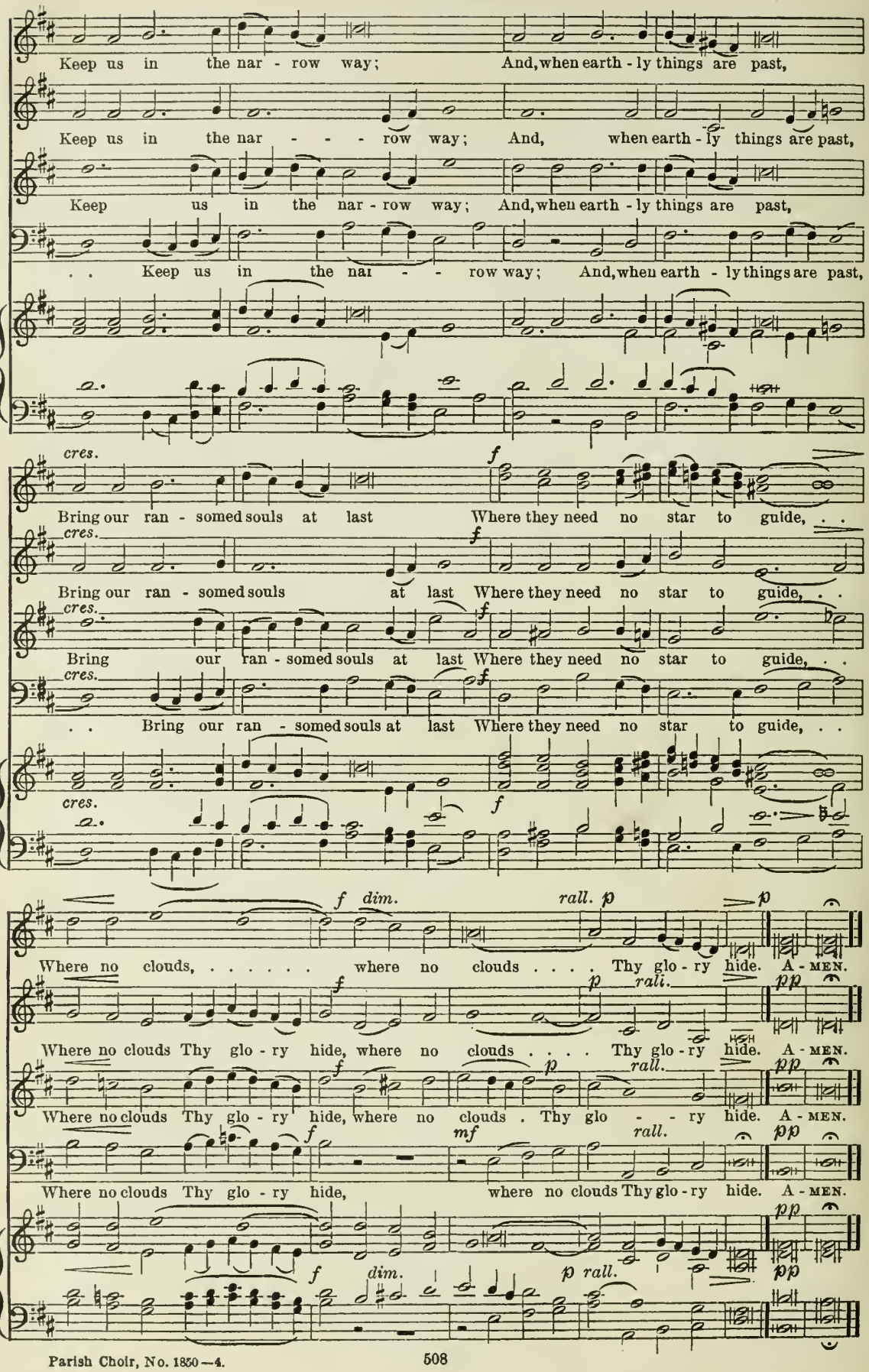
star be - hold, ... As with joy they hail'd its light,

guid - ing star be - hold, As with joy they hail'd its . light,

guid - - ing star . . . . . be - hold, As with joy they hail'd its . light,


Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright; So, most gra - cious
Lead - ing on - ward, beam - - - ing bright; So, most gra - cious
Lead - - - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright; So, most gra - cious
. . Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright; So, most
Lord, may we . . Ev - er - more, ev - er - more be led to Thee, ...
Lord, may we . . Ev - er - more, ev - er - more be led to Thee, . .
Lord, may we . . Ev - er - more, ev - er - more be led to
gra - cious Lord, may we ev - er - more
. . be led to . Thee. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly
. . . be led to Thee. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly
Thee, to Thee. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that
be led to Thee. As with joy - ful steps they sped . . To that


man - ger bed, There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heaven and
man - - - ger bed, . . There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heaven and
low - ly . man - ger bed, There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom
low - ly man - ger bed, There to bend the knee be - fore . . Him whom
earth a - dore: So may we with will - ing feet, . Ev - er, ev - er
earth a - dore: So may we with will - ing feet, . Ev - er, ev - er
heaven and earth a - dore; So may we with will - ing feet, . Ev - er, ev - er
heaven and earth a - dore; So may we with will - ing feet, Ev - er, ev - er
seek the mer - cy - seat, ... the mer - cy - seat. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day
seek the mer - cy seat, . the mer - cy - seat. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day
seek the . . . mer - - - cy - seat. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day
seek the mer - cy - seat. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day


Keep us in the nar - row way; And, when earth - ly things are past,
Keep us in the nar - - - row way; And, when earth - ly things are past,
Keep us in the nar - row way; And, when earth - ly things are past,
. . Keep us in the nar - - row way; And, when earth - ly things are past,
cres.
f
Bring our ran - somed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, . .
Bring our ran - somed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, . .
Bring our ran - somed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, . .
. . Bring our ran - somed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, . .
f dim.
rall. p
Where no clouds, ... where no clouds . . . . Thy glo - ry hide. A - MEN.
Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide, where no clouds . . . . Thy glo - ry hide. A - MEN.
Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide, where no clouds . Thy glo - - ry hide. A - MEN.
Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide, where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide. A - MEN.
mf
rall.
pp

Christ is risen! Alleluia!

Carol 618. EASTER.

Words by *Rev. J. S. B. Monsell.* *Henry Wilson.*

SEMI-CHORUS. *With energy and decision.*

mf *cres.*

1. Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head! Sing His
2. Christ is ris - en! all the sad - ness Of our Len - ten fast is o'er; Through the

mf *cres.*

cres. *Melody only, by a few voices.*

prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead! Grate - ful - ly our hearts a -
o - pen gates of glad-ness He re - turns to life once more: Death and hell be - fore Him

cres. *mp*

dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears, Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing
bend - ing, He doth rise, the Vic - tor now, An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing, Glo - ry

FULL CHORUS (*after each verse*).

ff

up from grief and tears: } Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious
round His wound - ed brow; }

ff

Head! Sing His prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead!

3

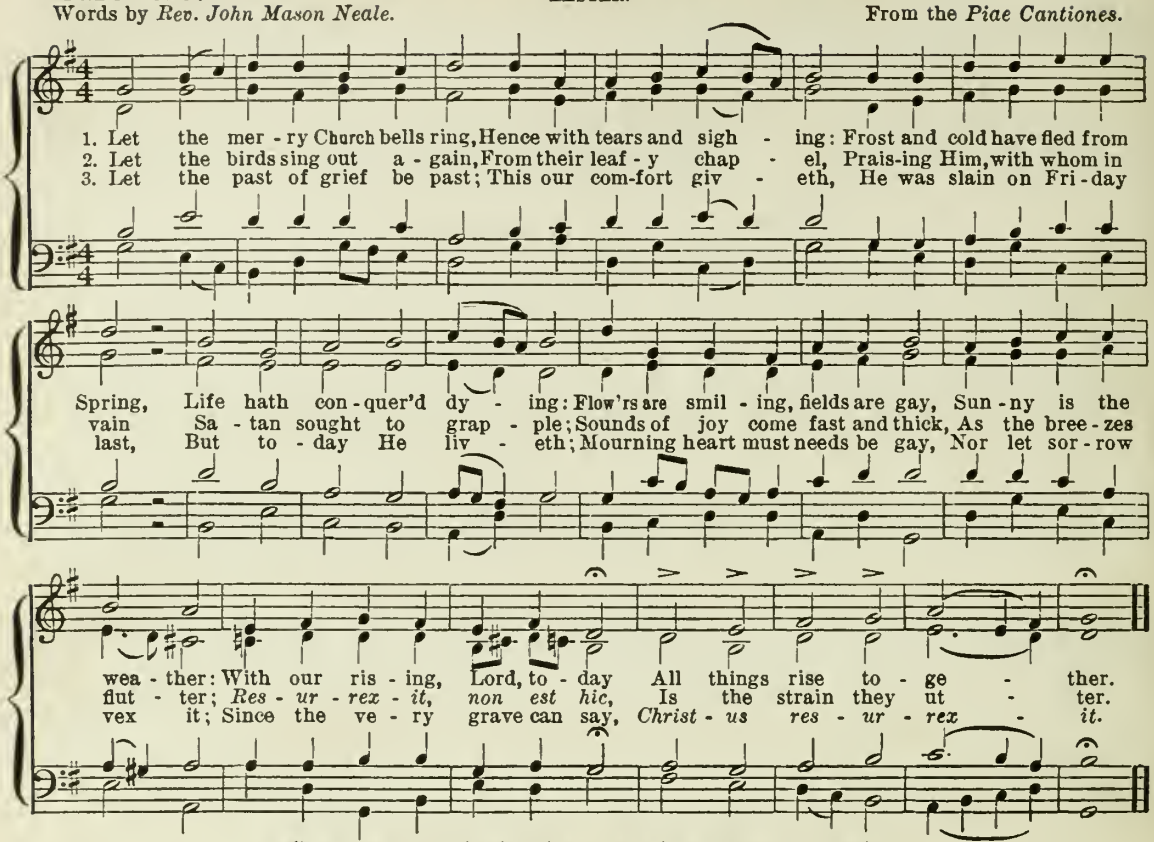
Christ is risen! all the sorrow
That last evening round Him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day:
And the grave its first-fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now He liveth,
He was lost, but He is found:
CHO. Christ is risen! etc.

4

Christ is risen! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthral,
Be we Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of Resurrection!
Let us rise and keep the Feast:
CHO. Christ is risen! etc.

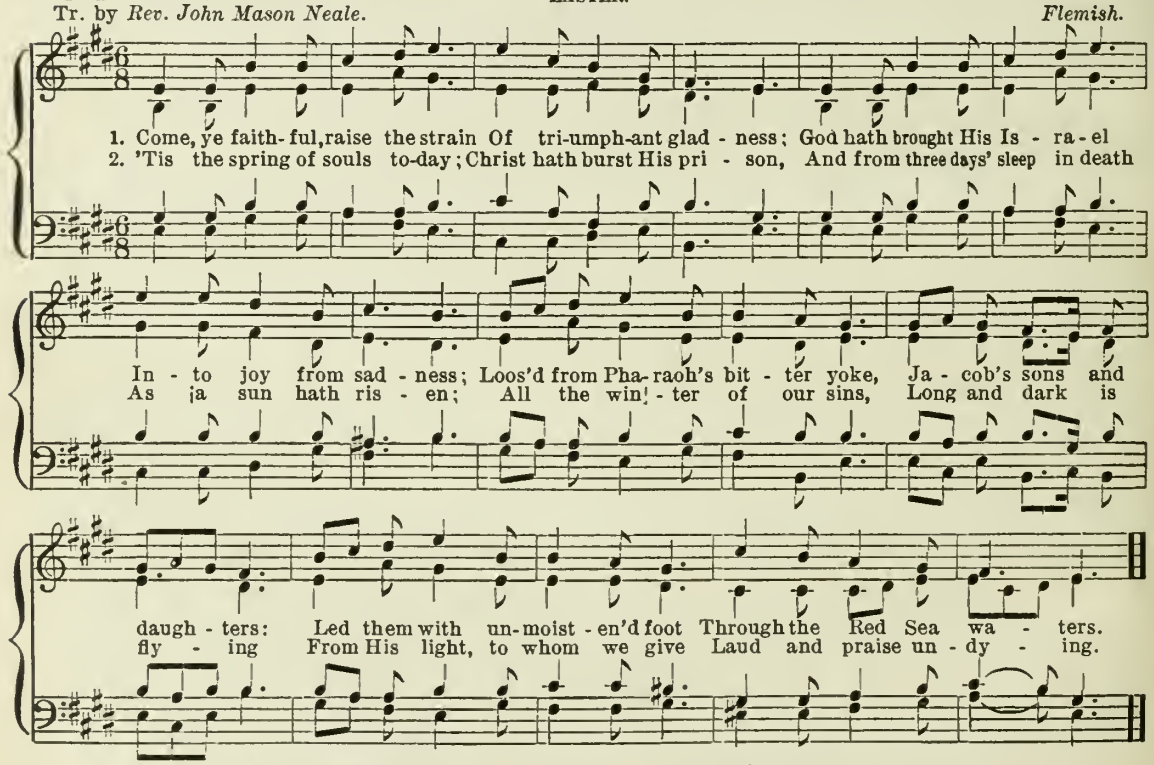
Let the merry Church bells ring.

Carol 619. EASTER.

Words by *Rev. John Mason Neale.* From the *Piae Cantiones.*

1. Let the mer - ry Church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing: Frost and cold have fled from
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain, From their leaf - y chap - el, Prais-ing Him, with whom in
3. Let the past of grief be past; This our com-fort giv - eth, He was slain on Fri - day
Spring, Life hath con - quer'd dy - ing: Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the
vain Sa - tan sought to grap - ple; Sounds of joy come fast and thick, As the bree - zes
last, But to - day He liv - eth; Mourning heart must needs be gay, Nor let sor - row
wea - ther: With our ris - ing, Lord, to - day All things rise to - ge - ther.
flut - ter; *Res - ur - rex - it, non est hic,* Is the strain they ut - ter.
vex it; Since the ve - ry grave can say, *Christ - us res - ur - rex - it.*

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

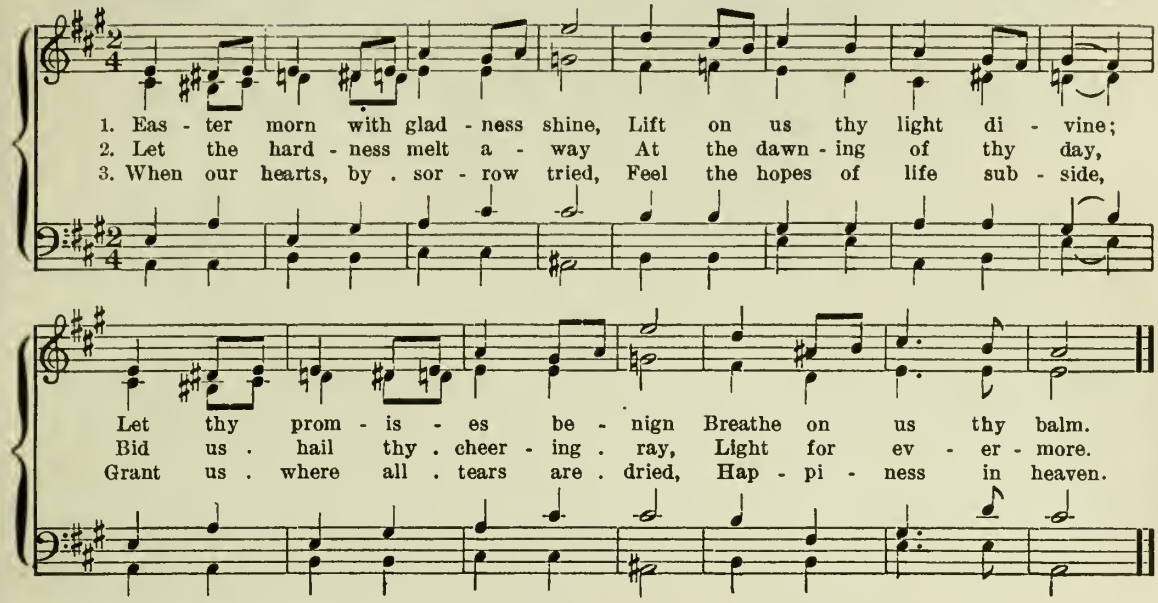
Carol 620. EASTER.

Tr. by *Rev. John Mason Neale.* *Flemish.*

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad - ness; God hath brought His Is - ra - el
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ hath burst His pri - son, And from three days' sleep in death
In - to joy from sad - ness; Loos'd from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke, Ja - cob's sons and
As a sun hath ris - en; All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark is
daugh - ters: Led them with un-moist - en'd foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
fly - ing From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.

3 Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection.

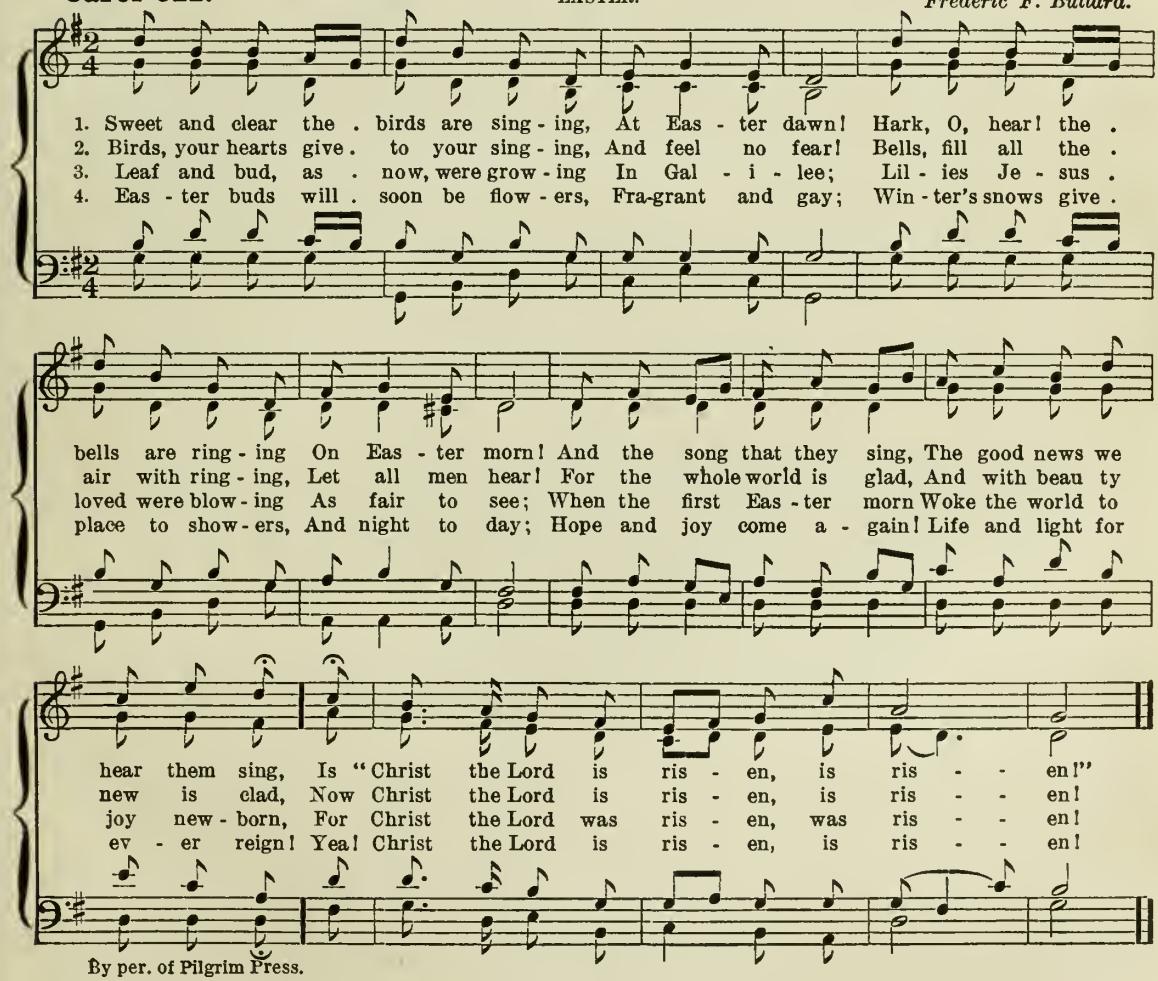
4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising.

Carol 621. Easter morn with gladness shine.

A. Rubinstein.

1. Eas - ter morn with glad - ness shine, Lift on us thy light di - vine;
2. Let the hard - ness melt a - way At the dawn - ing of thy day,
3. When our hearts, by . sor - row tried, Feel the hopes of life sub - side,
Let thy prom - is - es be - nign Breathe on us thy balm.
Bid us . hail thy . cheer - ing . ray, Light for ev - er - more.
Grant us . where all . tears are . dried, Hap - pi - ness in heaven.

Carol 622. Sweet and clear the birds are singing.

EASTER.

Frederic F. Bullard.

1. Sweet and clear the . birds are sing - ing, At Eas - ter dawn! Hark, O, hear! the .
2. Birds, your hearts give . to your sing - ing, And feel no fear! Bells, fill all the .
3. Leaf and bud, as . now, were grow - ing In Gal - i - lee; Lil - ies Je - sus .
4. Eas - ter buds will . soon be flow - ers, Fra-grant and gay; Win - ter's snows give .
bells are ring - ing On Eas - ter morn! And the song that they sing, The good news we
air with ring - ing, Let all men hear! For the whole world is glad, And with beau ty
loved were blow - ing As fair to see; When the first Eas - ter morn Woke the world to
place to show - ers, And night to day; Hope and joy come a - gain! Life and light for
hear them sing, Is "Christ the Lord is ris - en, is ris - - en!"
new is clad, Now Christ the Lord is ris - en, is ris - - en!
joy new - born, For Christ the Lord was ris - en, was ris - - en!
ev - er reign! Yea! Christ the Lord is ris - en, is ris - - en!

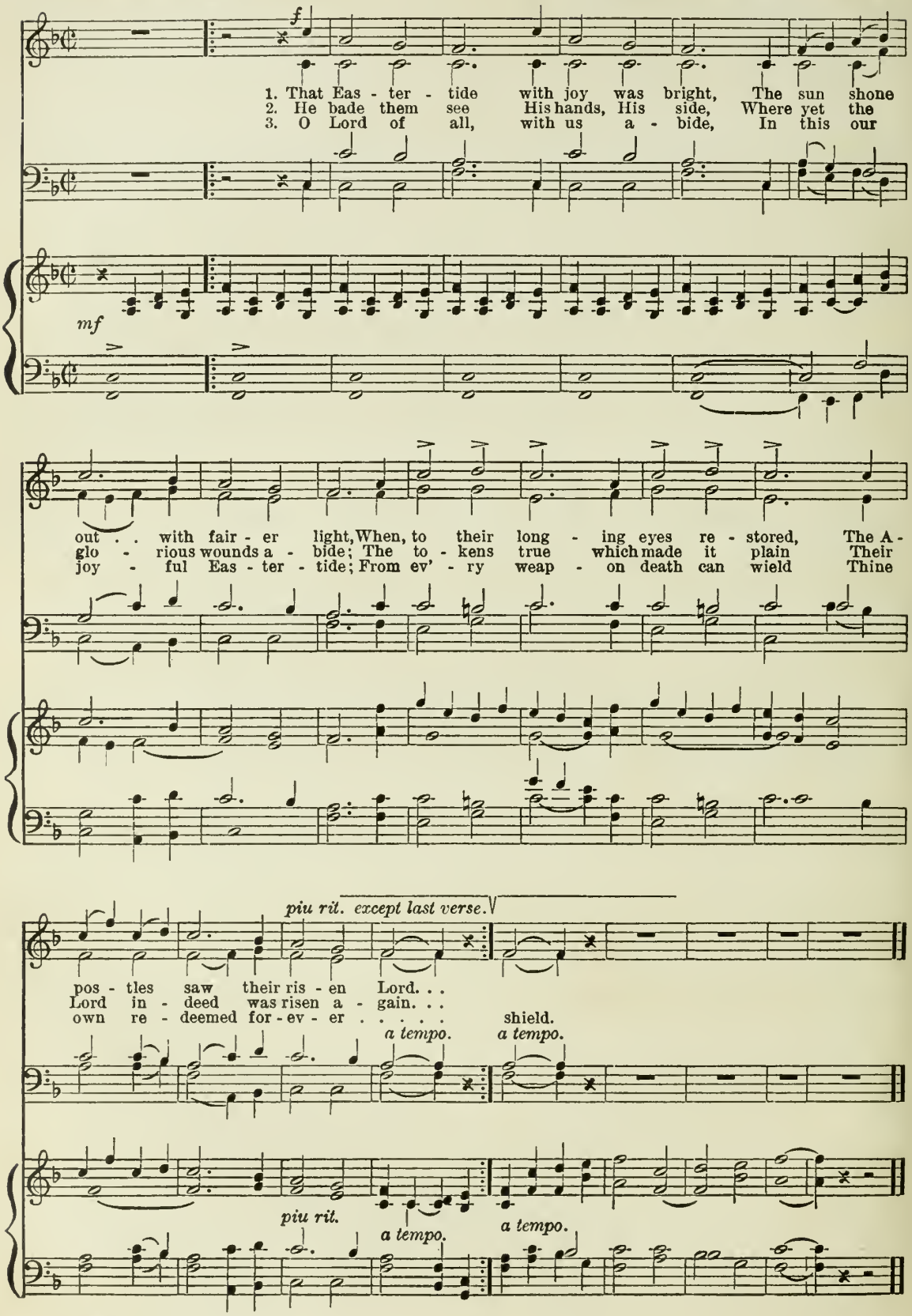
By per. of Pilgrim Press.

That Easter-tide with joy was bright.

Carol 623.

Tr. by *Rev. John Mason Neale.*

From an old lowland Carol, about 1400


1. That Eas - ter - tide with joy was bright, The sun shone
2. He bade them see His hands, His side, Where yet the
3. O Lord of all, with us a - bide, In this our
f
mf
out . . with fair - er light, When, to their long - ing eyes re - stored, The A -
glo - rious wounds a - bide; The to - kens true which made it plain Their
joy - ful Eas - ter - tide; From ev' - ry weap - on death can wield Thine
piu rit. except last verse.
pos - tles saw their ris - en Lord. . .
Lord in - deed was risen a - gain. . .
own re - deemed for - ev - er . . . . . shield.
a tempo.
a tempo.
piu rit.
a tempo.
a tempo.

Soft falls the snow.

Carol 624.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Julia Goddard.* *A. H. Brown.*

Moderato. ♩. = 72.

p *Solo.

1. Soft falls the snow up -
2. The hol - ly with its
3. The gold - en stars in
4. The Christmas bells all

mf

mf Chorus. *p* Solo. *mf* Chorus.

on the ground, So pure and white; O may our hearts as pure be found This
prick - ly thorn And ber - ries red, Tells of the crown the Lord hath worn, And
heav - en shine This Christ - mas night, And tell us of the Star Di - vine, Guid -
joy - ful chime, The choirs all sing A joy - ful song at Christ - mas time; For

mf Solo. *mf* Chorus.

Christ - mas night. . For Christ is born that we may be From sin set . .
blood . . . He shed. . For Christ hath died that we might be From sin set . .
ing . . . a - right, . To Him who came that we might be From sin set . .
Christ . . . the King . Was born to - day that we might be From sin set . .

free, . . . *cres.* *dim.*

free, set free, For Christ is born that we may be
free, set free, For Christ hath died that we might be
free, set free, To Him who came that we might be
free, set free, Was born to - day that we might be
} From sin set free, . . from

free, . . .

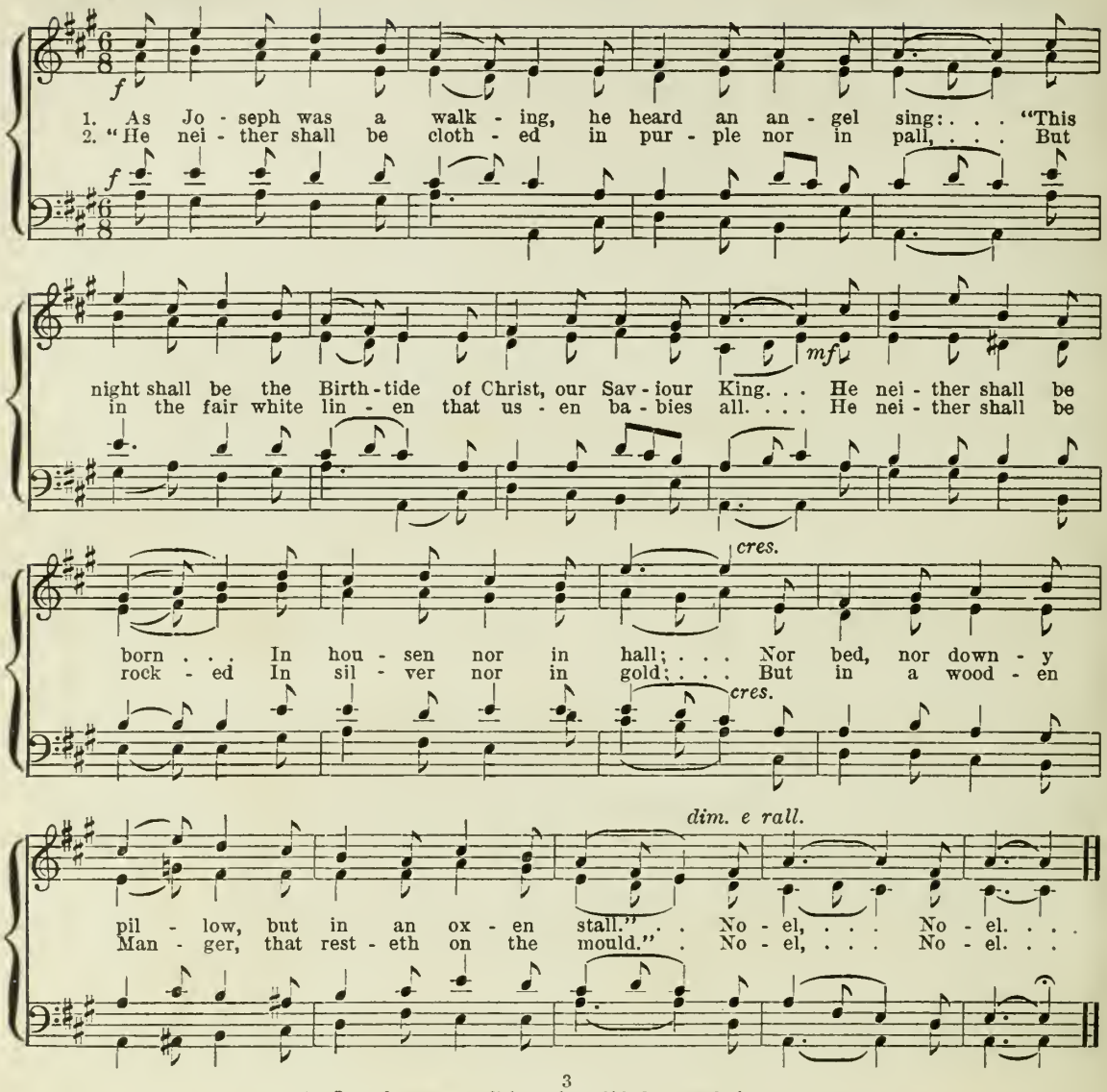
sin . . . set free. . *mf* *f*

*The *solos* may be taken by the different voices alternately.

Joseph and the angel.

Carol 625.

CHRISTMAS.

Words *Traditional.* *R. R. Terry.*

f
1. As Jo - seph was a walk - ing, he heard an an - gel sing: . . . "This
2. "He nei - ther shall be cloth - ed in pur - ple nor in pall, . . . But
night shall be the Birth-tide of Christ, our Sav - iour King. . . He nei - ther shall be
in the fair white lin - en that us - en ba - bies all. . . . He nei - ther shall be
mf
born . . . In hou - sen nor in hall; . . . Nor bed, nor down - y
rock - ed In sil - ver nor in gold; . . . But in a wood - en
cres.
cres.
dim. e rall.
pil - low, but in an ox - en stall." . . No - el, . . . No - el. . . .
Man - ger, that rest - eth on the mould." . No - el, . . . No - el. . . .

3

As Joseph was a walking, thus did the angel sing;
That night the Mother maiden gave birth to Christ our King.
And marshalled on the mountain, the angels raise their song;
And shepherds hear the story in anthems clear and strong.

4

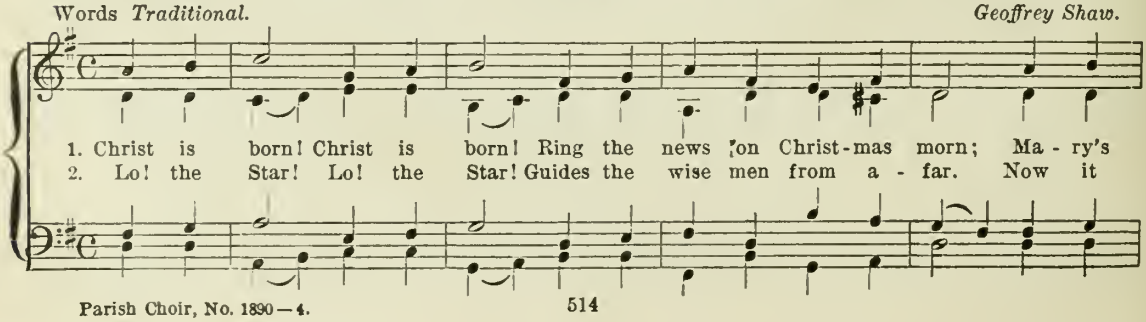
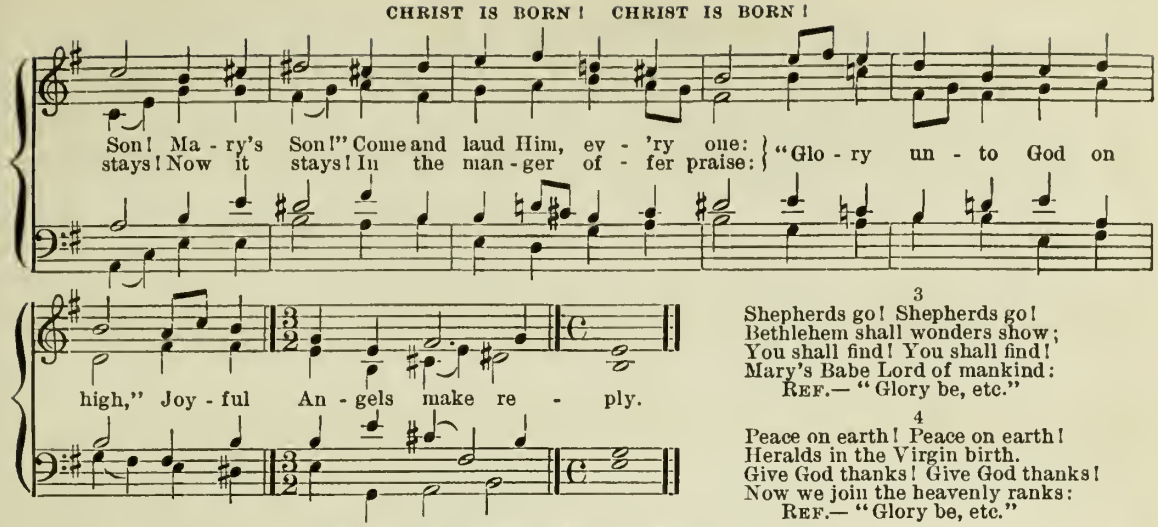
mf Then be ye glad, good people, this Night of all the year;
cr And light ye up your candles, His Star it shineth near.
And all in earth and Heaven, our Christmas Carol sing:—
ff Goodwill, and Peace, and Glory! and all the bells shall ring.

Christ is born! Christ is born!

Carol 626.

CHRISTMAS.

Words *Traditional.* *Geoffrey Shaw.*


1. Christ is born! Christ is born! Ring the news on Christ-mas morn; Ma - ry's
2. Lo! the Star! Lo! the Star! Guides the wise men from a - far. Now it

Son! Ma - ry's Son!" Come and laud Him, ev - 'ry one:
stays! Now it stays! In the man - ger of - fer praise:
"Glo - ry un - to God on
high," Joy - ful An - gels make re - ply.

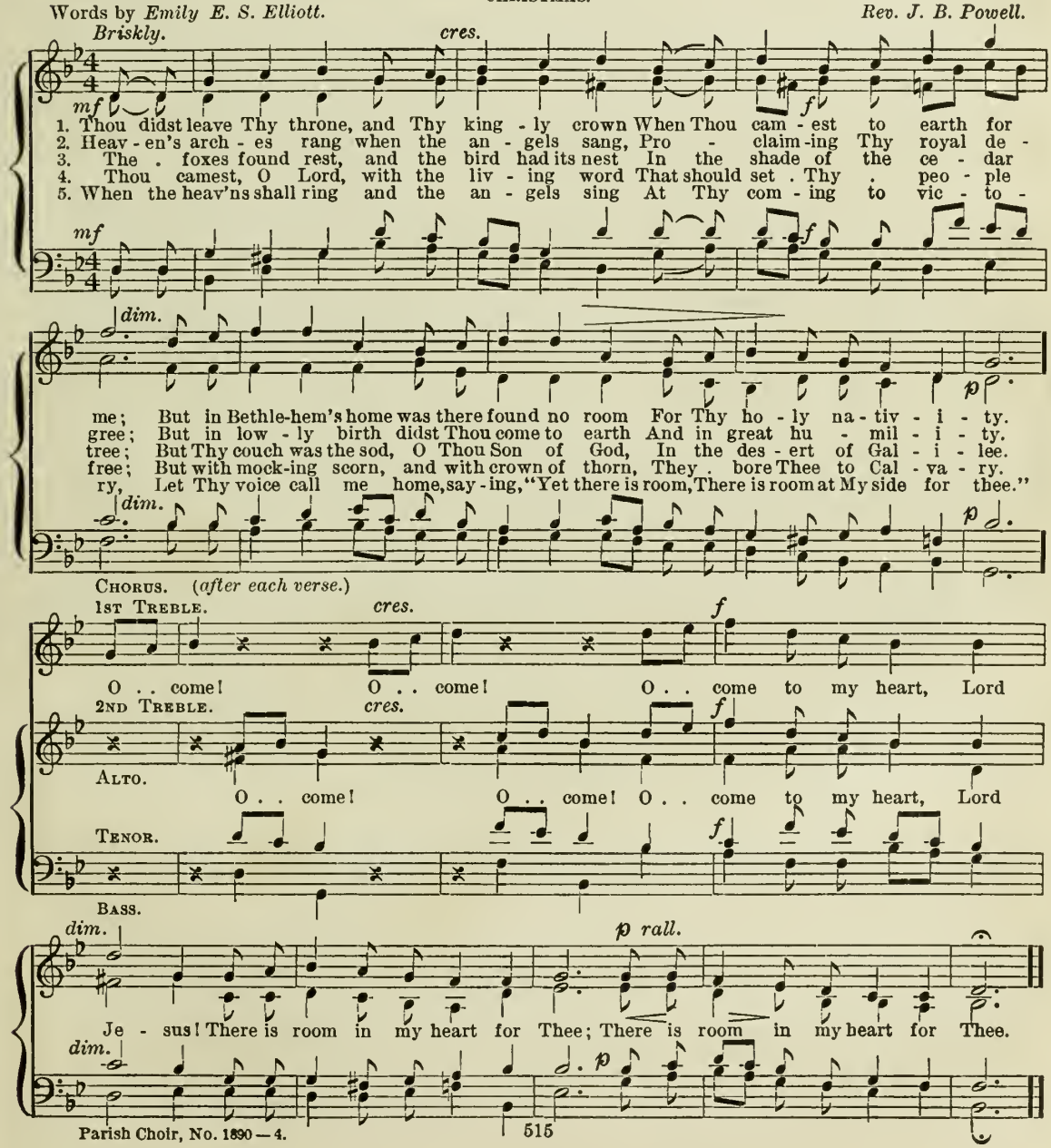
3
Shepherds go! Shepherds go!
Bethlehem shall wonders show;
You shall find! You shall find!
Mary's Babe Lord of mankind:
REF.— "Glory be, etc."

4
Peace on earth! Peace on earth!
Heralds in the Virgin birth.
Give God thanks! Give God thanks!
Now we join the heavenly ranks:
REF.— "Glory be, etc."

Thou didst leave Thy throne.

Carol 627.

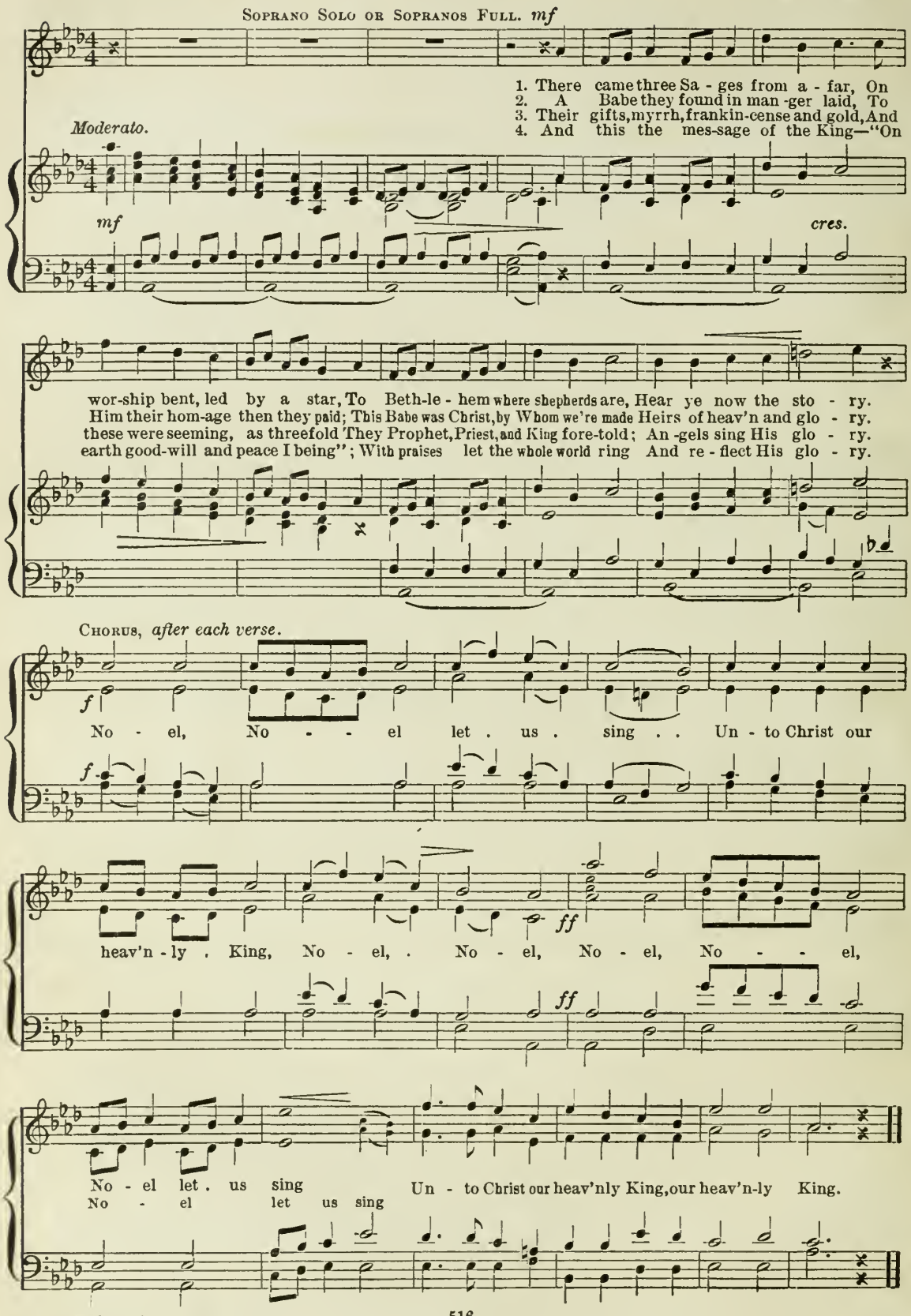
CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Emily E. S. Elliott.* *Rev. J. B. Powell.*

Briskly.
cres.
mf
f
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king - ly crown When Thou cam - est to earth for me;
2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim - ing Thy royal de - gree;
3. The . foxes found rest, and the bird had its nest In the shade of the ce - dar tree;
4. Thou camest, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should set . Thy . peo - ple free;
5. When the heav'ns shall ring and the an - gels sing At Thy com - ing to vic - to - ry,
But in Bethle-hem's home was there found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
But in low - ly birth didst Thou come to earth And in great hu - mil - i - ty.
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee.
But with mock-ing scorn, and with crown of thorn, They . bore Thee to Cal - va - ry.
Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee."
dim.
p
CHORUS. (*after each verse.*)
1ST TREBLE.
O . . come! O . . come! O . . come to my heart, Lord
2ND TREBLE.
ALTO.
O . . come! O . . come! O . . come to my heart, Lord
TENOR.
BASS.
p rall.
Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee; There is room in my heart for Thee.

There came three Sages from afar.

Carol 628. CHRISTMAS.

Louis J. Garrett.


Soprano Solo or Sopranos Full. mf
1. There came three Sa - ges from a - far, On
2. A Babe they found in man -ger laid, To
3. Their gifts, myrrh, frankin-cense and gold, And
4. And this the mes-sage of the King—"On
Moderato.
mf
cres.
wor-ship bent, led by a star, To Beth-le - hem where shepherds are, Hear ye now the sto - ry.
Him their hom-age then they paid; This Babe was Christ, by Whom we're made Heirs of heav'n and glo - ry.
these were seeming, as threefold They Prophet, Priest, and King fore-told; An -gels sing His glo - ry.
earth good-will and peace I being"; With praises let the whole world ring And re - flect His glo - ry.
Chorus, after each verse.
f
No - el, No - - el let . us . sing . . Un - to Christ our
f
ff
heav'n - ly . King, No - el, . No - el, No - el, No - - el,
ff
No - el let . us sing Un - to Christ our heav'nly King, our heav'n-ly King.
No - el let us sing

Glory to God in the Highest.

Carol 629.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. W. J. Irons.* *Rev. R. F. Smith.*

Not too fast.

f 1. Glo - ry to God in the High - est is
2. Glo - ry to God, as the Proph - ets fore-
f 3. Glo - ry to God, for as dews of the
ff 4. We too, with Shep - herd and Ma - gi and

Now-ell, Now - ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Glo - ry,

ring - ing, Clear from a - far . . it is e - cho - ing still,
told it, O - ver the a - ges the Prom - ise was cast;
morn - ing, Songs of Thy Birth - day are fill - ing the air;
An - gel, Pros - trate be - fore . .Thee our hom - age would bring;

Glo - ry to God, for the An - gels are sing - ing . . .
Par - a - dise heard it and now we be - hold it, . . .
Shep - herds of Beth - le - hem give us the warn - ing, . . .
Hail Thee the Sav - iour, the Christ, the Em - man - uel, . . .

After each verse.

p Peace up - on earth to the men of good - - - - will. Now-ell, Now -
Seed of the Wom - an, we hail Thee at . . . . . last. Now-ell, Now -
Child of the Vir - gin, we wel - come Thee . . . . . there! Now-ell, Now -
Own Thee our Pro - phet, our Priest and our . . . . . King. Now-ell, Now -

Last verse to finish thus. dim.

Each verse to follow without pause, from ✱ -ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell.

ell, Now - ell, Now - ell.

pp

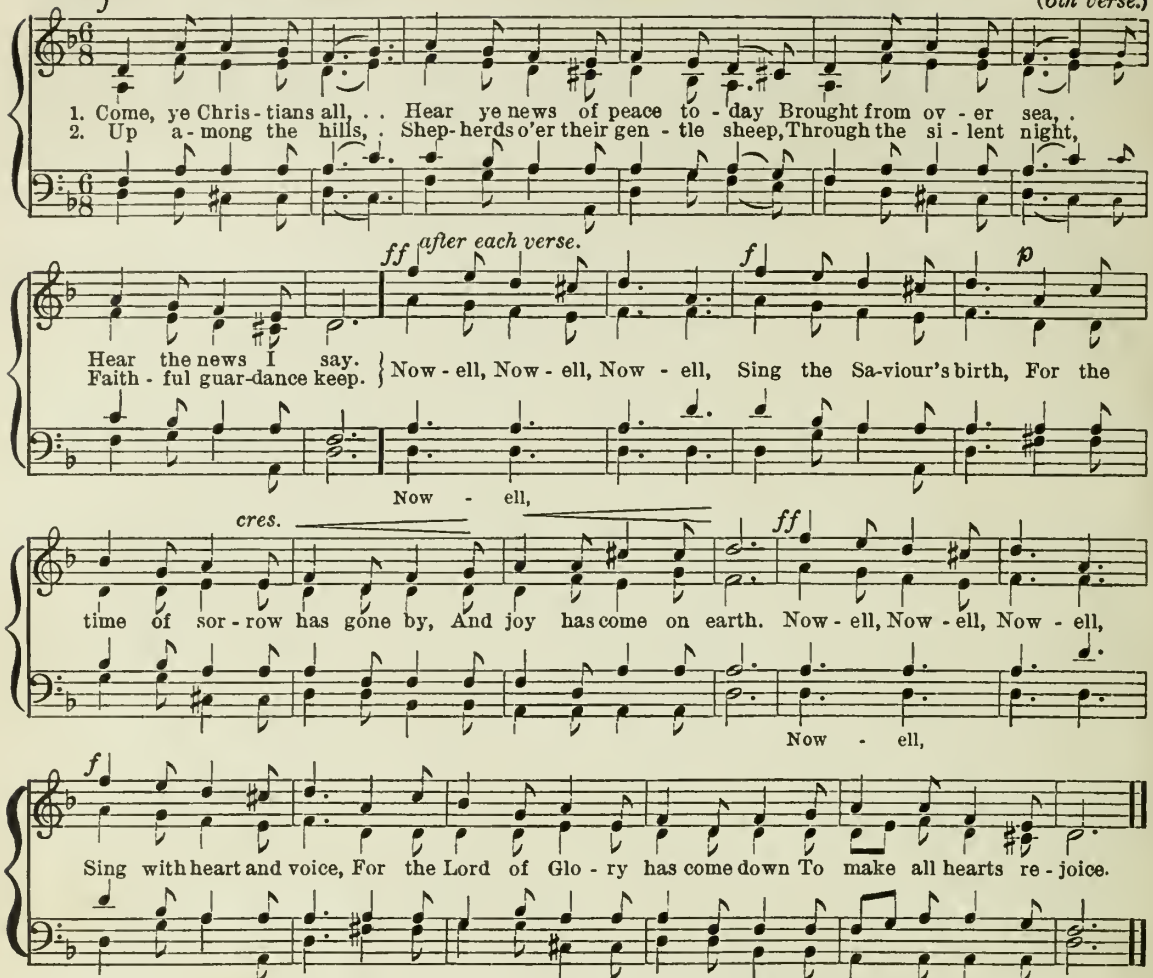
-ell. . . . . .

Come, ye Christians all.

Carol 630.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *J. T. Lightwood.* *Old French.* *(6th verse.)*


f
1. Come, ye Chris - tians all, . . Hear ye news of peace to - day Brought from ov - er sea, .
2. Up a - mong the hills, . Shep- herds o'er their gen - tle sheep, Through the si - lent night,
ff after each verse.
Hear the news I say.
Faith - ful guar-dance keep.
Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Sing the Sa-viour's birth, For the
Now - ell,
cres.
time of sor - row has gone by, And joy has come on earth. Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell,
Now - ell,
Sing with heart and voice, For the Lord of Glo - ry has come down To make all hearts re - joice.

3 Hark! a voice is heard,
'Tidings good of joy so great,
Bring I now to you,
Down from heaven's gate.'

4 Then the heavenly choir,
Answer make in night so still,
'Glory be to God,
And to men good will.'

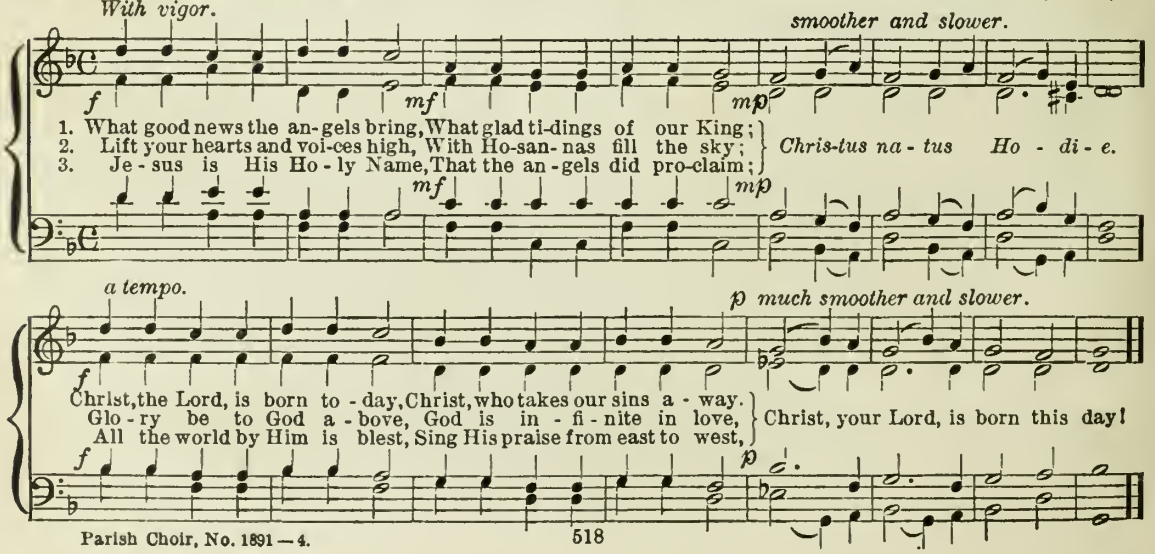
5 Now to Bethlehem,
Come the Kings with offerings rare,
See! a manger mean,
Who is lying there?

6 'Tis the Lord of Glory,
From His house above the sky,
Come to bring salvation,
That man no more may die.

What good news the angels bring.

Carol 631.

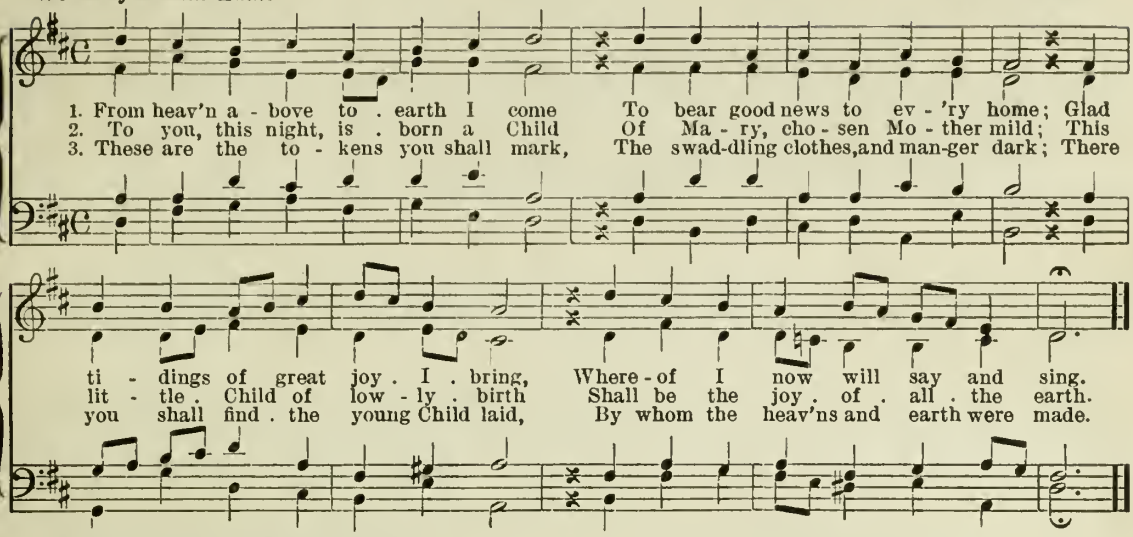
CHRISTMAS.

Words from *Ms. in British Museum.* *Traditional (Rouen).*

With vigor.
smoother and slower.
1. What good news the an-gels bring, What glad ti-dings of our King;
2. Lift your hearts and voi-ces high, With Ho-san- nas fill the sky;
3. Je - sus is His Ho - ly Name, That the an - gels did pro-claim;
Chris-tus na - tus Ho - di - e.
a tempo.
much smoother and slower.
Christ, the Lord, is born to - day, Christ, who takes our sins a - way.
Glo - ry be to God a - bove, God is in - fi - nite in love,
All the world by Him is blest, Sing His praise from east to west,
Christ, your Lord, is born this day!

From heaven above to earth I come.

Carol 632.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Martin Luther.* *Martin Luther.*

1. From heav'n a - bove to . earth I come To bear good news to ev - 'ry home; Glad
2. To you, this night, is . born a Child Of Ma - ry, cho - sen Mo - ther mild; This
3. These are the to - kens you shall mark, The swad-dling clothes, and man-ger dark; There
ti - dings of great joy . I . bring, Where - of I now will say and sing.
lit - tle . Child of low - ly . birth Shall be the joy . of . all . the earth.
you shall find . the young Child laid, By whom the heav'ns and earth were made.

4 Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath His only Son bestow'd.

5 Welcome to earth, Thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

6 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

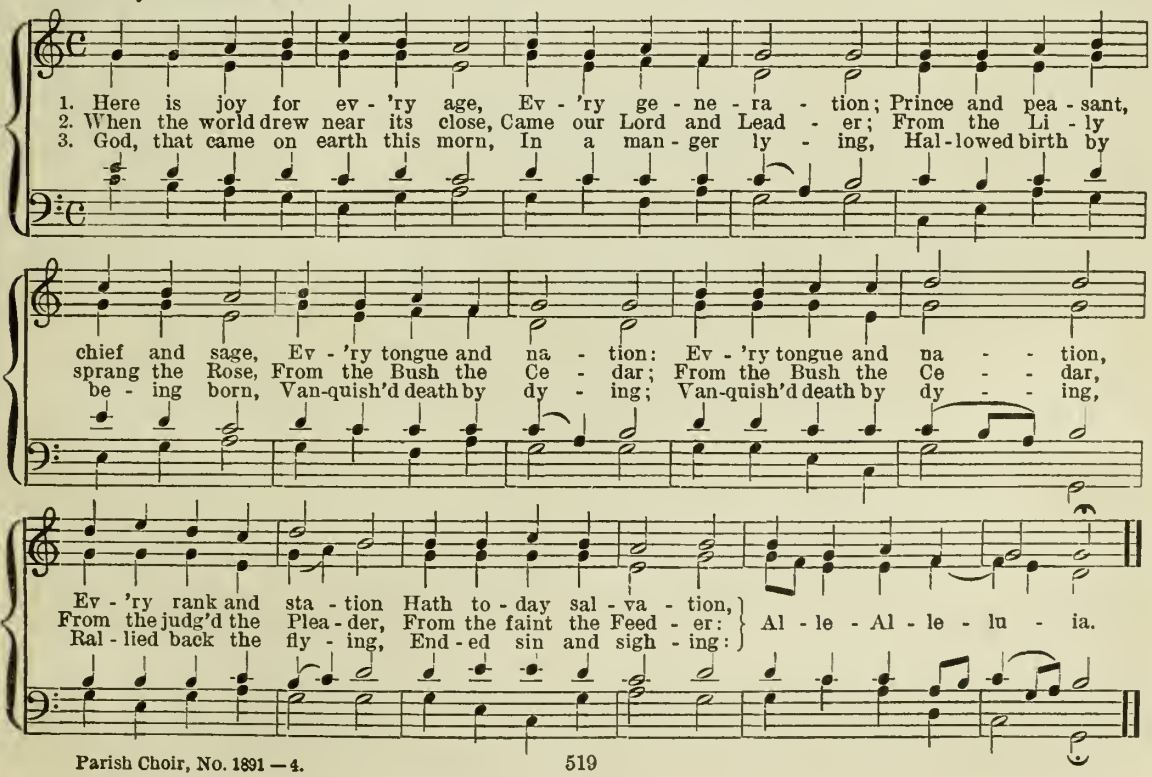
7 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My life no more can silence keep;
I too must sing, with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:—

8 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing, with pious mirth,
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Here is joy for every age.

Carol 633.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. John Mason Neale.* *Piae Cantiones.*

1. Here is joy for ev - 'ry age, Ev - 'ry ge - ne - ra - tion; Prince and pea - sant,
2. When the world drew near its close, Came our Lord and Lead - er; From the Li - ly
3. God, that came on earth this morn, In a man - ger ly - ing, Hal-lowed birth by
chief and sage, Ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion: Ev - 'ry tongue and na - - tion,
sprang the Rose, From the Bush the Ce - dar; From the Bush the Ce - - dar,
be - ing born, Van-quish'd death by dy - ing; Van-quish'd death by dy - - ing,
Ev - 'ry rank and sta - tion Hath to - day sal - va - tion,
From the judg'd the Plea - der, From the faint the Feed - er:
Ral - lied back the fly - ing, End - ed sin and sigh - ing:
Al - le - Al - le - lu - ia.

Long ago in Bethlehem.

Carol 634.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Evelyn Beale.* *H. Davan Wetton.*

Moderato.

mp *cres.*

(Solo) 1. Long, long a - go in Beth - le - hem The Christ-child came, With no one but His
(Full) 2. Yet thous-and An - gels wor-shiped Him On that dark night, To their dear Lord, on

p *cres.*

Ped.

dim. *f*

Mo - ther sweet 'To warm His lit - tle hands and feet, And know His Name. (Full) How
rev'- rent knee Poor shep-herds knelt, made wise to see By heav'n - ly light. (Solo) Still

dim. *f*

won- der-ful to think that He Was God of all! No sign of Heaven's bright es-tate, To
in the long dark winter hours The Christ - child comes; Have we no place, O chil-dren dear? Must

p *rall. e dim.* *pp* *meno mosso.*

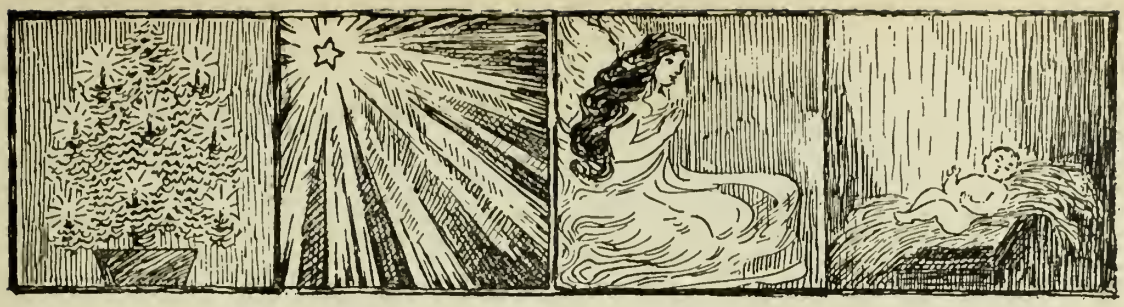
show that He was rich and great, That Babe, so small!
we not wish to keep Him here, In our own homes? (Full) O Christ-child sweet, our In-fant King! We

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

mf *rall. e dim.*

chil -dren pray Make in our hearts a lit- tle place Where we may keep Thee, by Thy grace, On Christmas Day.

mf *rall. e dim.*



The blessed Birth.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 635.

Words by *George Wither.*

H. Walford Davies.

Andante tranquillo.

mp Dec.

That so Thy bless - ed Birth, O Christ, Might thro' the world be

mp

That so Thy bless - ed Birth, O . . Christ, Might thro' the

mp

That so Thy bless - ed Birth, O Christ, Might thro' the

mp

That so Thy bless - ed Birth, O Christ, Might thro' the

Andante tranquillo.

mp

mf

spread a - bout, ... The star ap - pear-ed in the East, Where -

mf

world be spread a - bout, The star ap - pear - ed in the East,

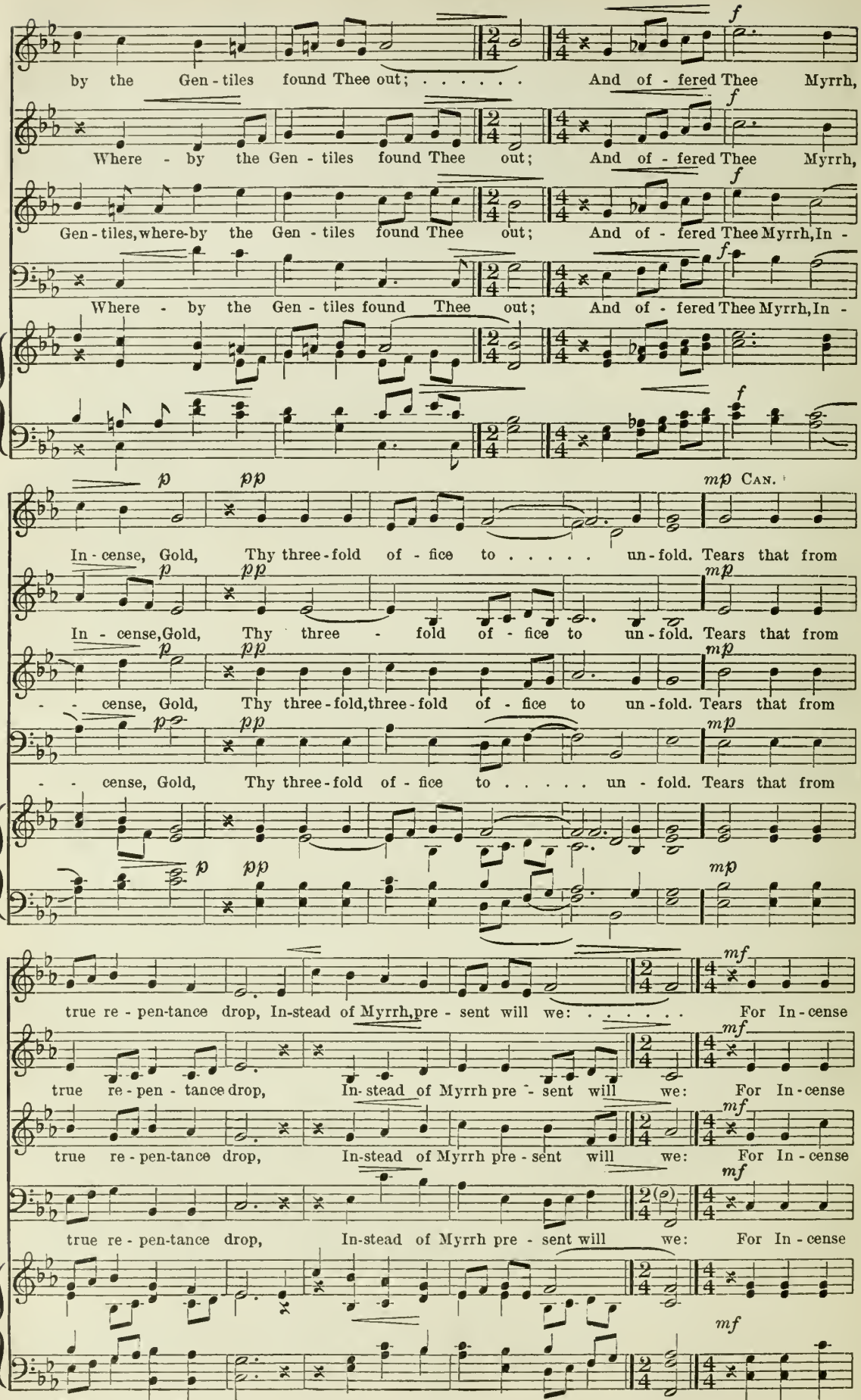
mf

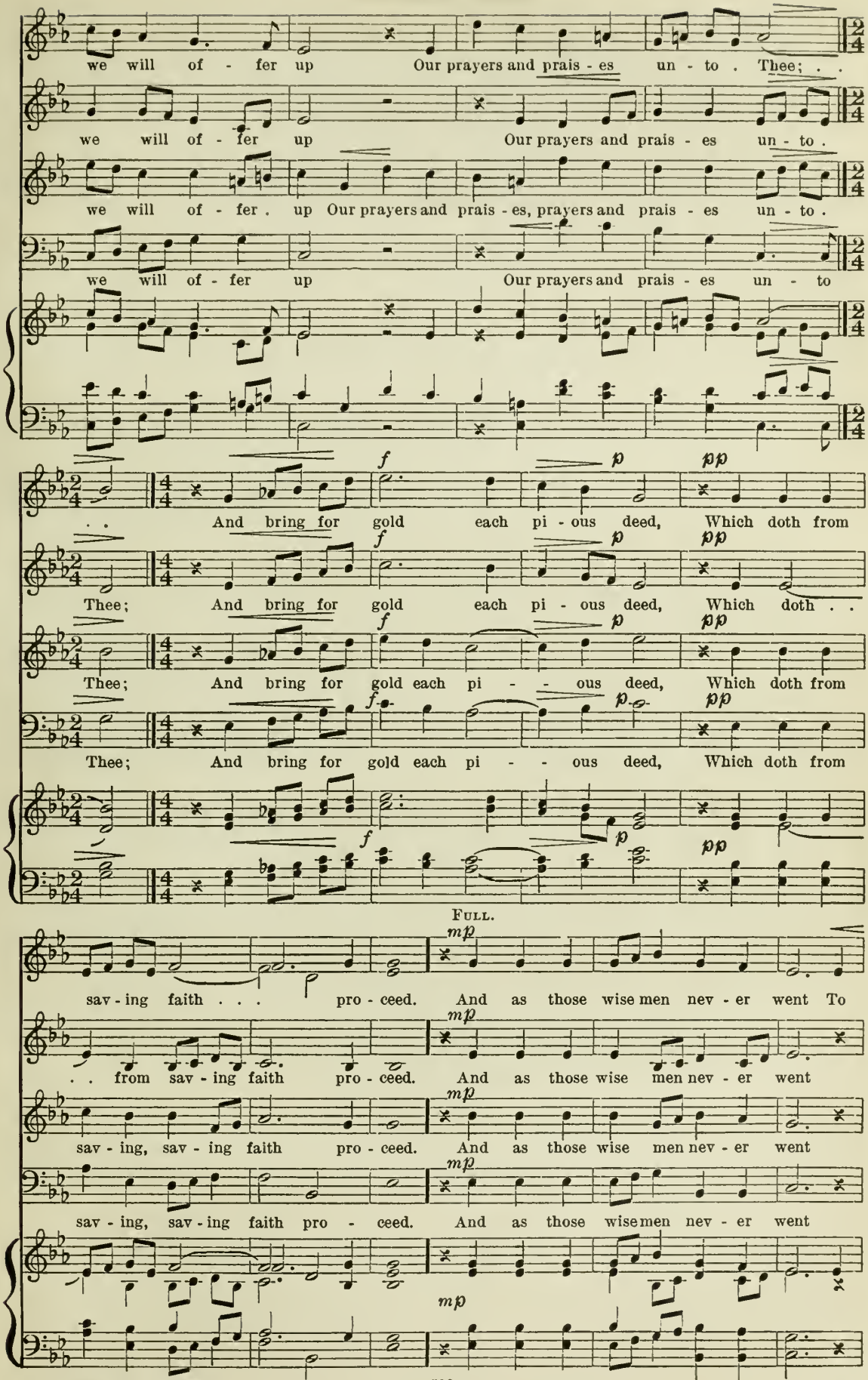
world be spread a - bout, The star ap - pear-ed in the East, Where - by the

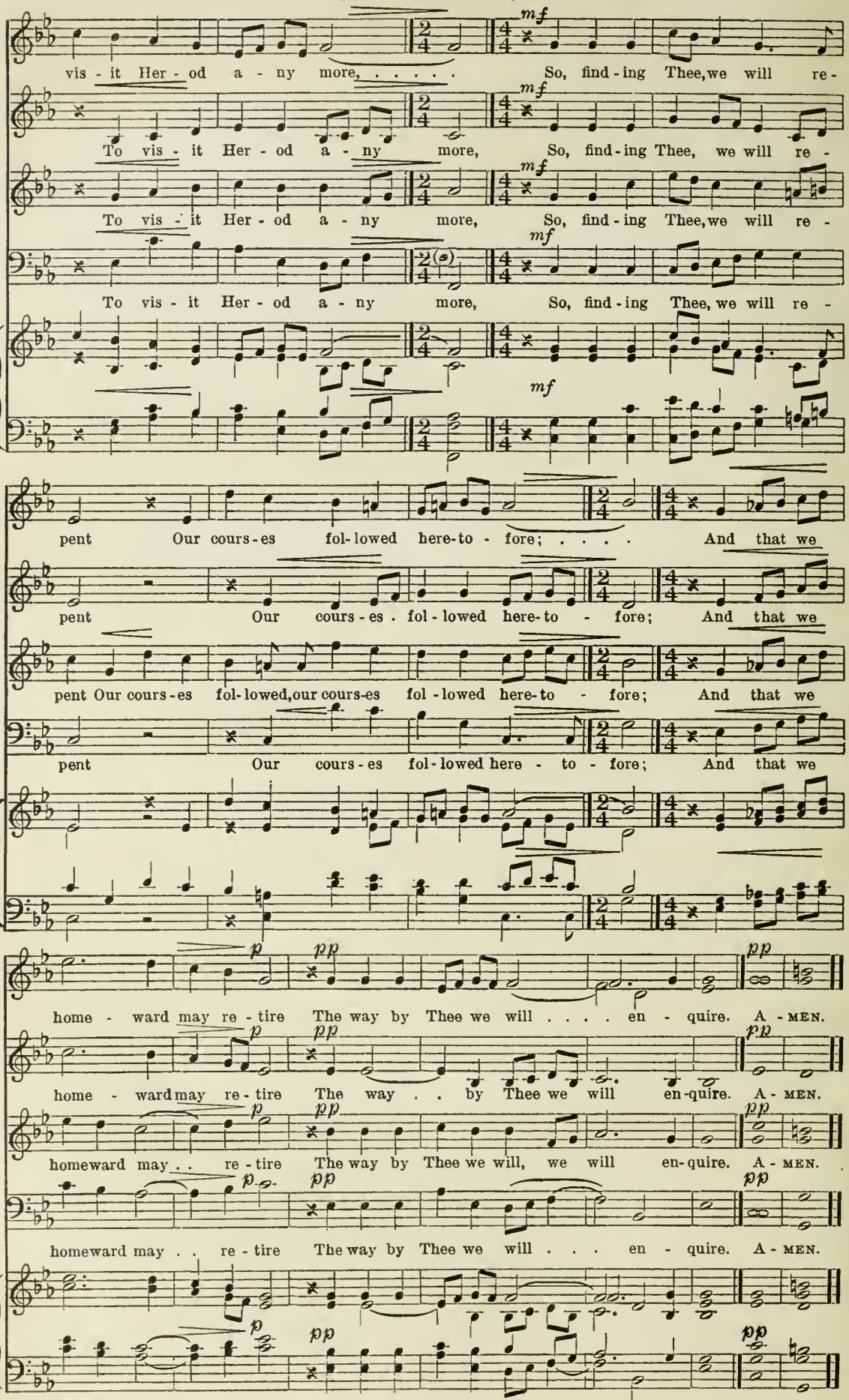
mf

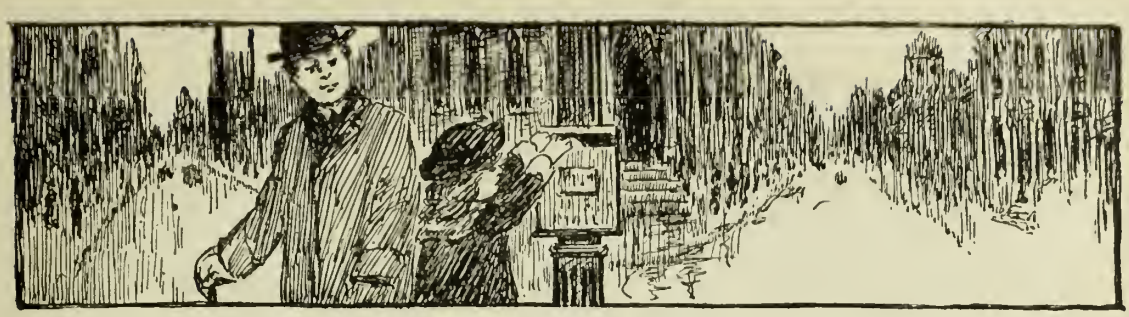
world be spread a - bout, The star ap - pear-ed in the East,

mf


by the Gen - tiles found Thee out; . . . . . And of - fered Thee Myrrh,
Where - by the Gen - tiles found Thee out; And of - fered Thee Myrrh,
Gen - tiles, where-by the Gen - tiles found Thee out; And of - fered Thee Myrrh, In -
Where - by the Gen - tiles found Thee out; And of - fered Thee Myrrh, In -
In - cense, Gold, Thy three - fold of - fice to . . . . . un - fold. Tears that from
In - cense, Gold, Thy three - fold of - fice to un - fold. Tears that from
- - cense, Gold, Thy three - fold, three - fold of - fice to un - fold. Tears that from
- - cense, Gold, Thy three - fold of - fice to . . . . . un - fold. Tears that from
true re - pen - tance drop, In - stead of Myrrh, pre - sent will we: . . . . . For In - cense
true re - pen - tance drop, In - stead of Myrrh pre - sent will we: For In - cense
true re - pen - tance drop, In - stead of Myrrh pre - sent will we: For In - cense
true re - pen - tance drop, In - stead of Myrrh pre - sent will we: For In - cense


we will of - fer up Our prayers and prais - es un - to . Thee; . .
we will of - fer up Our prayers and prais - es un - to .
we will of - fer . up Our prayers and prais - es, prayers and prais - es un - to .
we will of - fer up Our prayers and prais - es un - to
. . And bring for gold each pi - ous deed, Which doth from
Thee; And bring for gold each pi - ous deed, Which doth . .
Thee; And bring for gold each pi - - ous deed, Which doth from
Thee; And bring for gold each pi - - ous deed, Which doth from
f
p
pp
FULL.
mp
sav - ing faith . . . pro - ceed. And as those wise men nev - er went To
. . from sav - ing faith pro - ceed. And as those wise men nev - er went
sav - ing, sav - ing faith pro - ceed. And as those wise men nev - er went
sav - ing, sav - ing faith pro - ceed. And as those wise men nev - er went


vis - it Her - od a - ny more, ... So, find - ing Thee, we will re -
To vis - it Her - od a - ny more, So, find - ing Thee, we will re -
To vis - it Her - od a - ny more, So, find - ing Thee, we will re -
To vis - it Her - od a - ny more, So, find - ing Thee, we will re -
pent Our cours - es fol - lowed here - to - fore; . . . . And that we
pent Our cours - es . fol - lowed here - to - fore; And that we
pent Our cours - es fol - lowed, our cours - es fol - lowed here - to - fore; And that we
pent Our cours - es fol - lowed here - to - fore; And that we
home - ward may re - tire The way by Thee we will . . . . en - quire. A - MEN.
home - ward may re - tire The way . . by Thee we will en - quire. A - MEN.
homeward may . . re - tire The way by Thee we will, we will en - quire. A - MEN.
homeward may . . re - tire The way by Thee we will . . . en - quire. A - MEN.



All hail to the days.

Carol 636.

CHRISTMAS.

Words *Traditional.* *17th Century.*

1. All hail to the days that me - rit more praise Than all the rest of the year, And
2. This time of the year is spent in good cheer, And neigh-bours to - ge - ther do meet, To
3. When old Christ-mas-tide comes in like a bride, With ivy and green hol - ly clad, . Twelve

wel - come the nights that dou - ble de - lights As well for poor as for peer. . Good
sit by the fire, with friend - ly de - sire, Each other in love for to greet. Old
days in the year much mirth and good cheer In ev - e - ry house-hold is had. The

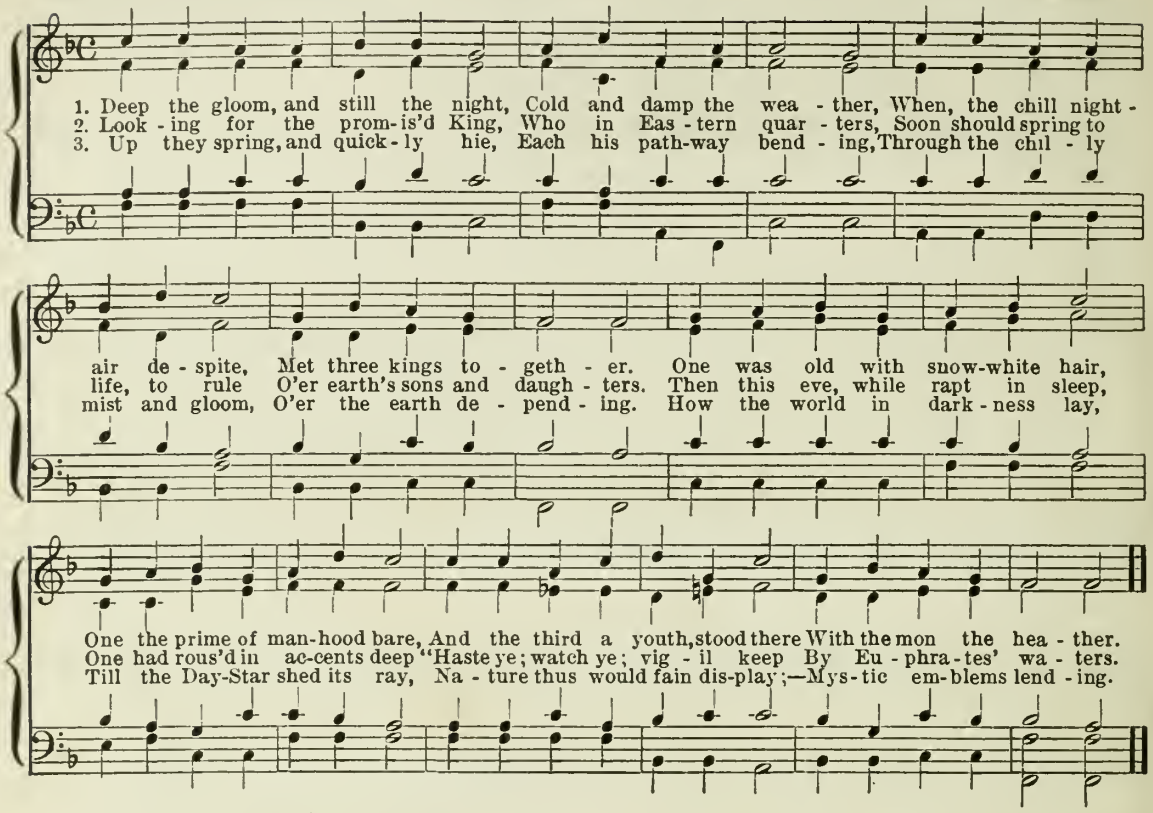
for - tune at - tend each mer - ry man's friend That doth but the best that he may, For -
grud - ges for - got, as put in the pot, And sor - rows a - side they all lay; The
coun - try-man's guise is then to de - vise Some gam - bols of Christ - mas play, Where

get - ting old wrongs in car - ols and songs, To drive the cold win - ter a - way.
old and the young do car - ol this song, To drive the cold win - ter a - way.
ev - 'ry young man does the best that he can To drive the cold win - ter a - way.

Deep the gloom and still the night.

Carol 637. CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.

Words by *Rev. G. P. Grantham.* *Rev. G. P. Grantham.*


1. Deep the gloom, and still the night, Cold and damp the wea - ther, When, the chill night -
2. Look - ing for the prom-is'd King, Who in Eas - tern quar - ters, Soon should spring to
3. Up they spring, and quick - ly hie, Each his path-way bend - ing, Through the chil - ly
air de - spite, Met three kings to - geth - er. One was old with snow-white hair,
life, to rule O'er earth's sons and daugh - ters. Then this eve, while rapt in sleep,
mist and gloom, O'er the earth de - pend - ing. How the world in dark - ness lay,
One the prime of man-hood bare, And the third a youth, stood there With the mon the hea - ther.
One had rous'd in ac-cents deep "Haste ye; watch ye; vig - il keep By Eu - phra - tes' wa - ters.
Till the Day-Star shed its ray, Na - ture thus would fain dis-play;—Mys - tic em-blems lend - ing.

4

Then the kings with solemn gaze
Looked on high beholding;
For the marvel yet to come,
Heav'n their spirits moulding,
When behold, with silent awe,
Suddenly the clouds they saw
Like a darkened veil withdraw,
Wonders more unfolding.

5

In a trice a star shone forth,
O! so brightly shining!—
Nearer, nearer yet it came,
Still towards earth inclining!
And 'twas shaped—O wondrous sight!
Like a child enthroned in light,
Crown'd, though yet, with sceptre bright
Victor—cross combining!*

6

Then one cried, "Behold the star
Of which seers have spoken,
Beaming on the land afar,
And of life the token!
Haste we, brothers! let us speed;
See, it moves! It comes to lead
To the Christ, of Judah's seed
Born of line unbroken!"

7

Up they rise, and bend their way,
Toil nor labour sparing,
Over mountain, hill and plain,
Costly treasures bearing.—
So do ye your off'rings make,
Fear no pain for Jesu's sake,
Ever strive heaven's road to take,
For your Lord preparing!

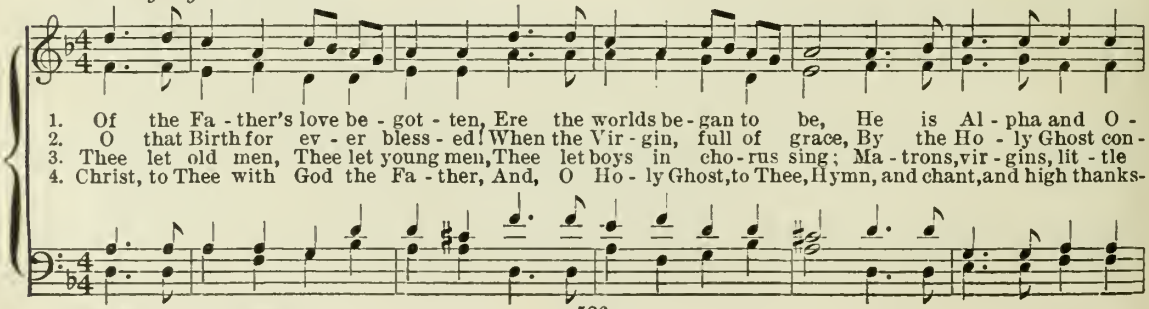
*An allusion to a legend, preserved in an ancient Commentary on St. Matthew, that the star, on its first appearance to the Magi, had the form of a radiant child, bearing a sceptre or cross.

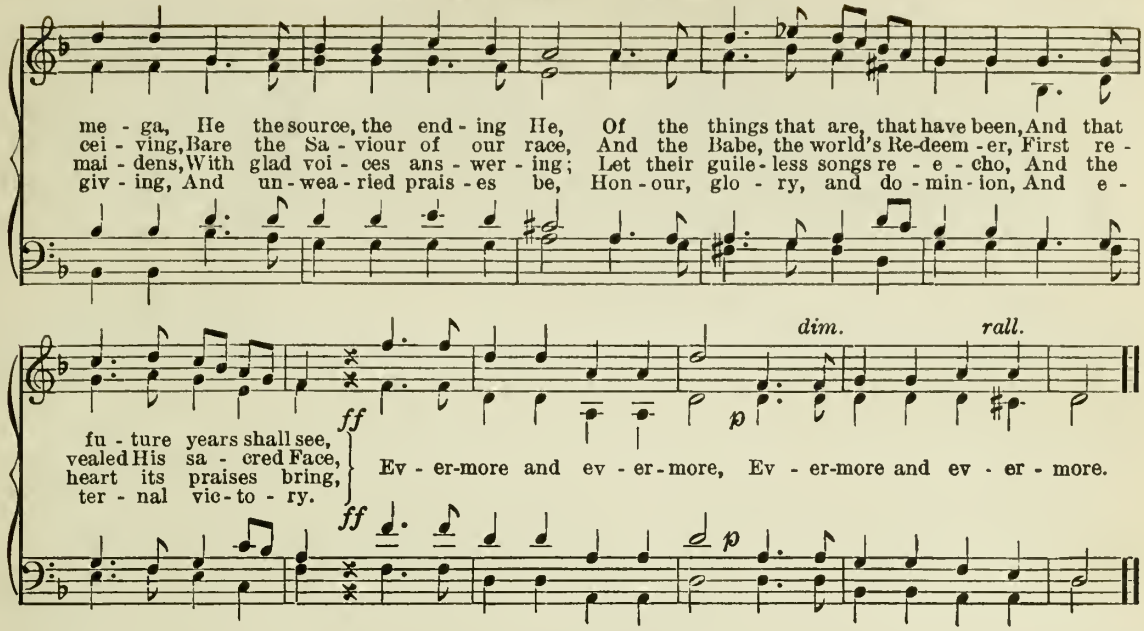
Of the Father's love begotten.

Carol 638. CHRISTMAS.

Words Tr. fr. Latin *Flemish Noël.*

With dignity. Rather slow.


1. Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be, He is Al - pha and O -
2. O that Birth for ev - er bless - ed! When the Vir - gin, full of grace, By the Ho - ly Ghost con -
3. Thee let old men, Thee let young men, Thee let boys in cho - rus sing; Ma - trons, vir - gins, lit - tle
4. Christ, to Thee with God the Fa - ther, And, O Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee, Hymn, and chant, and high thanks-

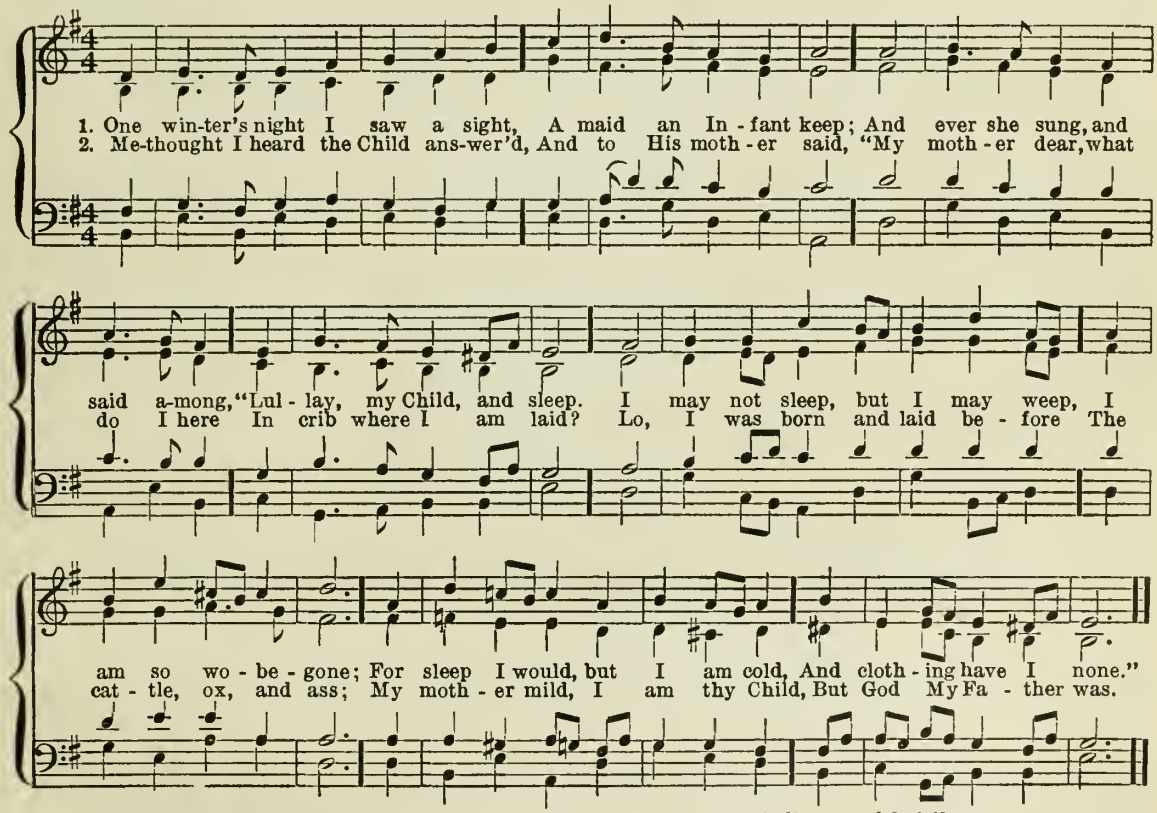

me - ga, He the source, the end - ing He, Of the things that are, that have been, And that
cei - ving, Bare the Sa - viour of our race, And the Babe, the world's Re-deem - er, First re -
mai - dens, With glad voi - ces ans - wer - ing; Let their guile - less songs re - e - cho, And the
giv - ing, And un - wea - ried prais - es be, Hon - our, glo - ry, and do - min - ion, And e -
dim.
rall.
ff
fu - ture years shall see,
vealed His sa - cred Face,
heart its praises bring,
ter - nal vic - to - ry.
Ev - er-more and ev - er - more, Ev - er-more and ev - er - more.
ff
p

One winter's night.

Carol 639.

CHRISTMAS.

Words Traditional. *Rev. L. J. T. Darwall.*


1. One win-ter's night I saw a sight, A maid an In - fant keep; And ever she sung, and
2. Me-thought I heard the Child ans-wer'd, And to His moth - er said, "My moth - er dear, what
said a-mong, "Lul - lay, my Child, and sleep. I may not sleep, but I may weep, I
do I here In crib where I am laid? Lo, I was born and laid be - fore The
am so wo - be - gone; For sleep I would, but I am cold, And cloth - ing have I none."
cat - tle, ox, and ass; My moth - er mild, I am thy Child, But God My Fa - ther was.

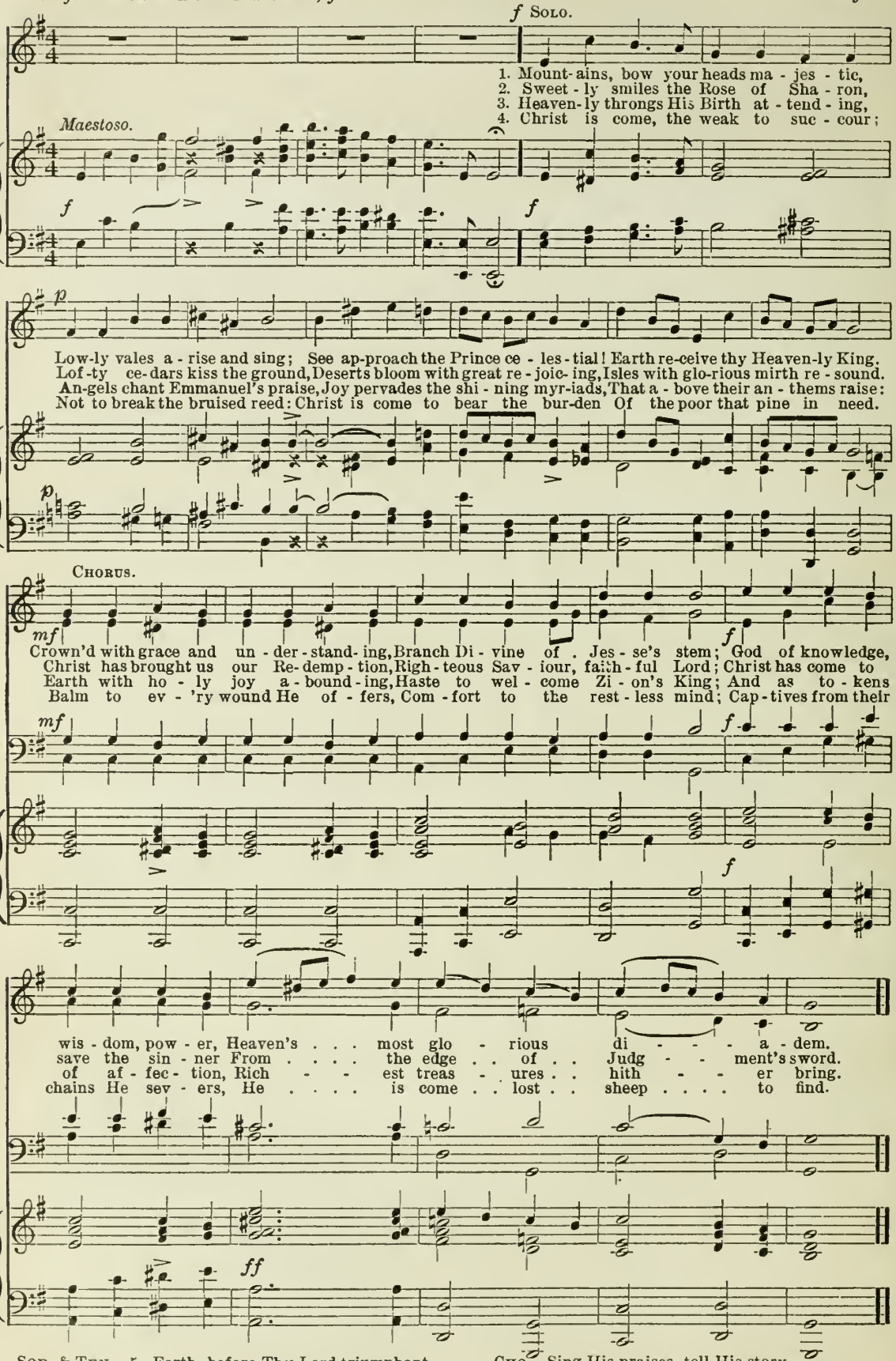
3 "Mankind was spilt by Adam's guilt,
That sin it grieved Me sore;
O man, for thee here I shall be
For thirty years and more.
A spear so sharp shall pierce My heart
For deeds I never have done;
Father of grace, hide not Thy face,
Forsake Thou not Thy Son.

4 "No pity shall my soul befall,
But death shall course full sore;
First man! I wys, this death it is
For thee and many more."
Then let us sing to heaven's high King,
And praise His wondrous love,
Since, man to save, His Son He gave,
That we might reign above.

Mountains, bow your heads majestic.

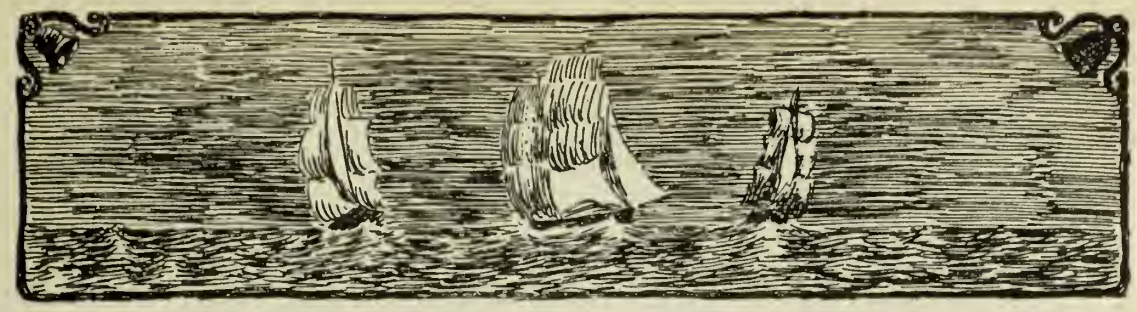
Carol 640. CHRISTMAS.

Solo for TENOR *in 1st & 3rd verses; for* SOPRANO *in 2nd & 4th verses.* *W. H. Cummings.*


f SOLO.
1. Mount-ains, bow your heads ma - jes - tic,
2. Sweet-ly smiles the Rose of Sha - ron,
3. Heaven-ly throngs His Birth at - tend - ing,
4. Christ is come, the weak to suc - cour;
Maestoso.
f
f
p
Low-ly vales a - rise and sing; See ap-proach the Prince ce - les-tial! Earth re-ceive thy Heaven-ly King.
Lof-ty ce-dars kiss the ground, Deserts bloom with great re - joic-ing, Isles with glo-rious mirth re - sound.
An-gels chant Emmanuel's praise, Joy pervades the shi - ning myr-iads, That a - bove their an - thems raise:
Not to break the bruised reed: Christ is come to bear the bur-den Of the poor that pine in need.
p
CHORUS.
mf
f
Crown'd with grace and un - der-stand-ing, Branch Di - vine of Jes - se's stem; God of knowledge,
Christ has brought us our Re-demp-tion, Righ-teous Sav - iour, faith-ful Lord; Christ has come to
Earth with ho - ly joy a-bound-ing, Haste to wel - come Zi - on's King; And as to - kens
Balm to ev - 'ry wound He of - fers, Com - fort to the rest - less mind; Cap-tives from their
mf
f
f
wis - dom, pow - er, Heaven's . . . most glo - rious di - - - - a - dem.
save the sin - ner From . . . . the edge . . of . . Judg - - - ment's sword.
of af - fec - tion, Rich - - - est treas - - ures . . hith - - - er bring.
chains He sev - ers, He . . . . is come . . lost . . sheep . . . . to find.
ff

SOP. & TEN. UNISON. 5 Earth, before Thy Lord triumphant
Bow the head and bend the knee,
Christ, that over death and Satan
Hath obtained the victory;

CHO. Sing His praises, tell His story,
Bid thy heart with rapture swell;
Let thine own remotest corners
Praise His conquest over hell.



I saw three ships.

Carol 641.

CHRISTMAS.

Words *Traditional.*

Traditional.

SOLO. VERSES 1, 3, 5, 7.

1. I saw three ships come sail - ing in, *On Christ-mas Day, on Christ-mas Day,* I
3. Our Sa - viour Christ and His La - dy, *On Christ-mas Day, on Christ-mas Day,* Our
5. O they sailed in - to Beth - le - hem, *On Christ-mas Day, on Christ-mas Day,* O
7. And all the Angels in Heav'n shall sing, *On Christ-mas Day, on Christ-mas Day,* And

1. saw three ships come sail - ing in, *On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.*
3. Sa - viour Christ and His La - dy, *On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.*
5. they sailed in - to Beth - le - hem, *On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.*
7. all the Angels in Heav'n shall sing, *On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.*

CHORUS. VERSES 2, 4, 6, 8. *Last verse Unison.*

2. And what was in those ships all three, On Christ - mas Day, on Christ - mas Day, And
4. Pray, whi - ther sailed those ships all three, On Christ - mas Day, on Christ - mas Day, Pray,
6. And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christ - mas Day, on Christ - mas Day, And
8. And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christ - mas Day, on Christ - mas Day, And
9. Then let us all re - joice a - main, On Christ - mas Day, on Christ - mas Day, Then

2. what was in those ships all three, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing?
4. whi - ther sailed those ships all three, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing?
6. all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.
8. all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.
9. let us all re - joice a - main, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.

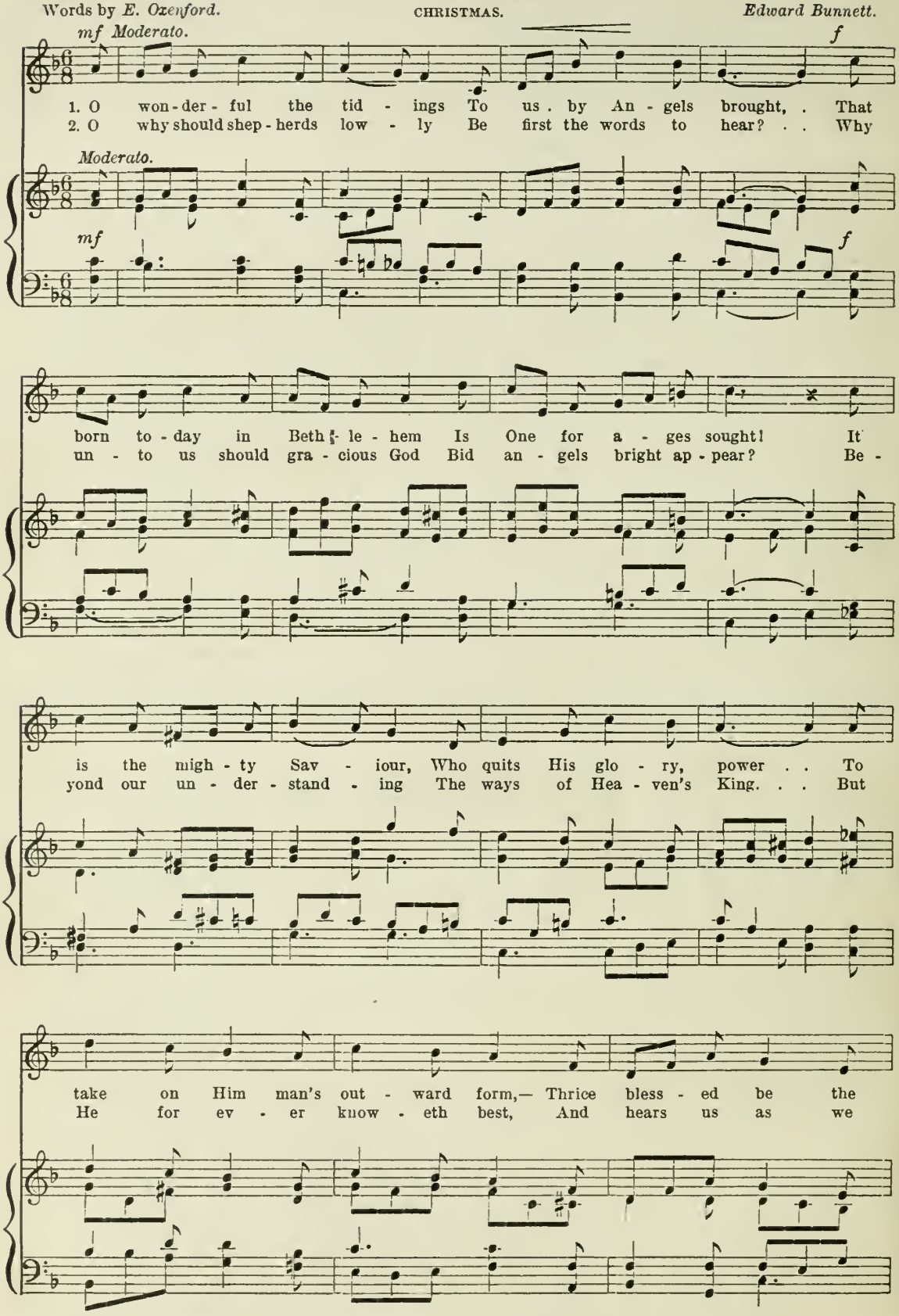
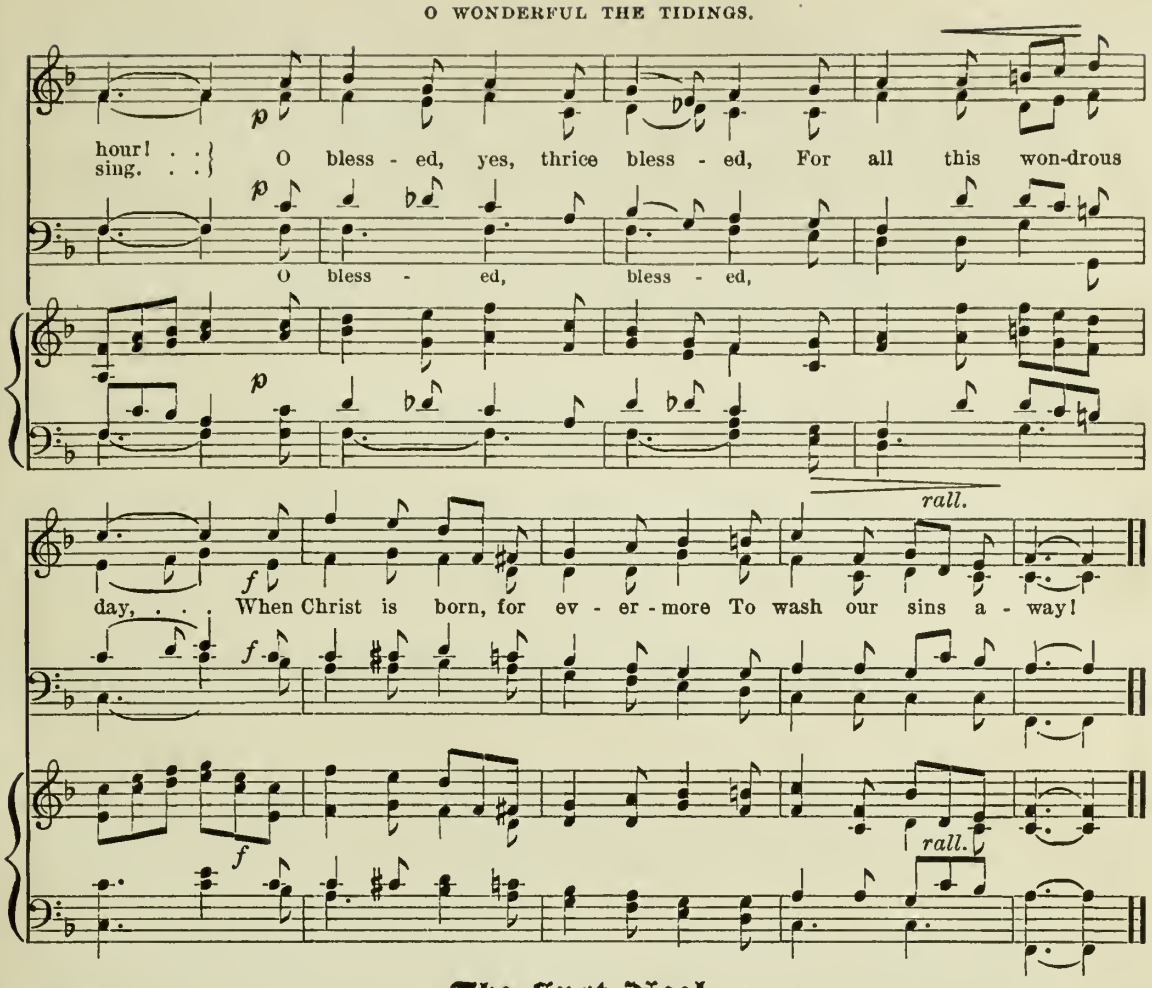
* For the sake of variety the small notes may be used in verses 1, 3, 5, and 7.

O wonderful the tidings.

Carol 642.

(Song of the Shepherds.)

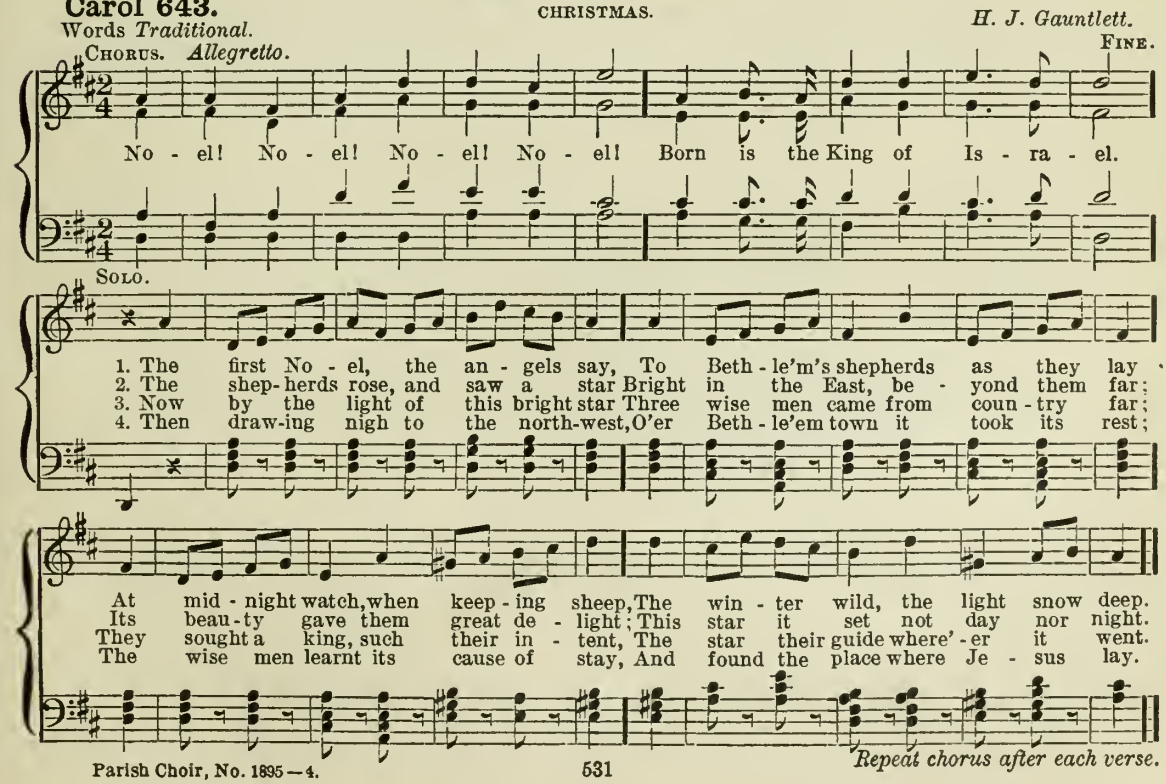
CHRISTMAS.

Words by *E. Ozenford.* *Edward Bunnett.*

mf Moderato.
f
1. O wonderful the tidings To us by Angels brought, That
2. O why should shepherds lowly Be first the words to hear? Why
Moderato.
mf
f
born today in Bethlehem Is One for ages sought! It
unto us should gracious God Bid angels bright appear? Be-
is the mighty Saviour, Who quits His glory, power To
yond our understanding The ways of Heaven's King. But
take on Him man's outward form,— Thrice blessed be the
He for ever knoweth best, And hears us as we

hour!
sing.
O bless - ed, yes, thrice bless - ed, For all this won-drous
O bless - ed, bless - ed,
rall.
day, When Christ is born, for ev - er - more To wash our sins a - way!
rall.

The first Noel.

Carol 643.

CHRISTMAS.

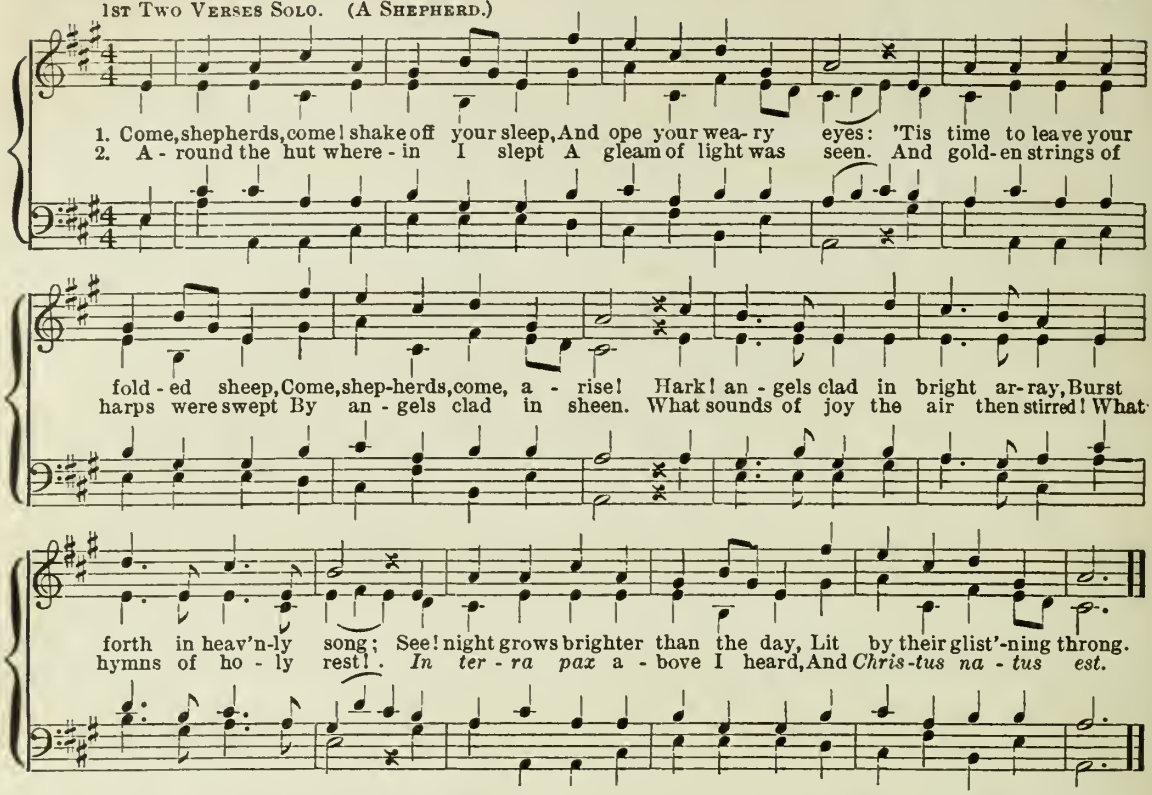
Words *Traditional.* *H. J. Gauntlett.*

Chorus. Allegretto.
Fine.
No - el! No - el! No - el! No - el! Born is the King of Is - ra - el.
Solo.
1. The first No - el, the an - gels say, To Beth - le'm's shepherds as they lay
2. The shep- herds rose, and saw a star Bright in the East, be - yond them far;
3. Now by the light of this bright star Three wise men came from coun - try far;
4. Then draw-ing nigh to the north-west, O'er Beth - le'em town it took its rest;
At mid - night watch, when keep - ing sheep, The win - ter wild, the light snow deep.
Its beau - ty gave them great de - light; This star it set not day nor night.
They sought a king, such their in - tent, The star their guide where' - er it went.
The wise men learnt its cause of stay, And found the place where Je - sus lay.

Repeat chorus after each verse.

Come, shepherds, come! shake off your sleep.

Carol 644. CHRISTMAS. *Tyrolese.*

1st Two Verses Solo. (A Shepherd.)


1. Come, shepherds, come! shake off your sleep, And ope your wea-ry eyes: 'Tis time to leave your
2. A-round the hut where-in I slept A gleam of light was seen. And gold-en strings of
fold-ed sheep, Come, shep-herds, come, a-rise! Hark! an-gels clad in bright ar-ray, Burst
harps were swept By an-gels clad in sheen. What sounds of joy the air then stirred! What
forth in heav'n-ly song; See! night grows brighter than the day, Lit by their glist'-ning throng.
hymns of ho-ly rest! *In ter-ra pax* a-bove I heard, And *Chris-tus na-tus est.*

3

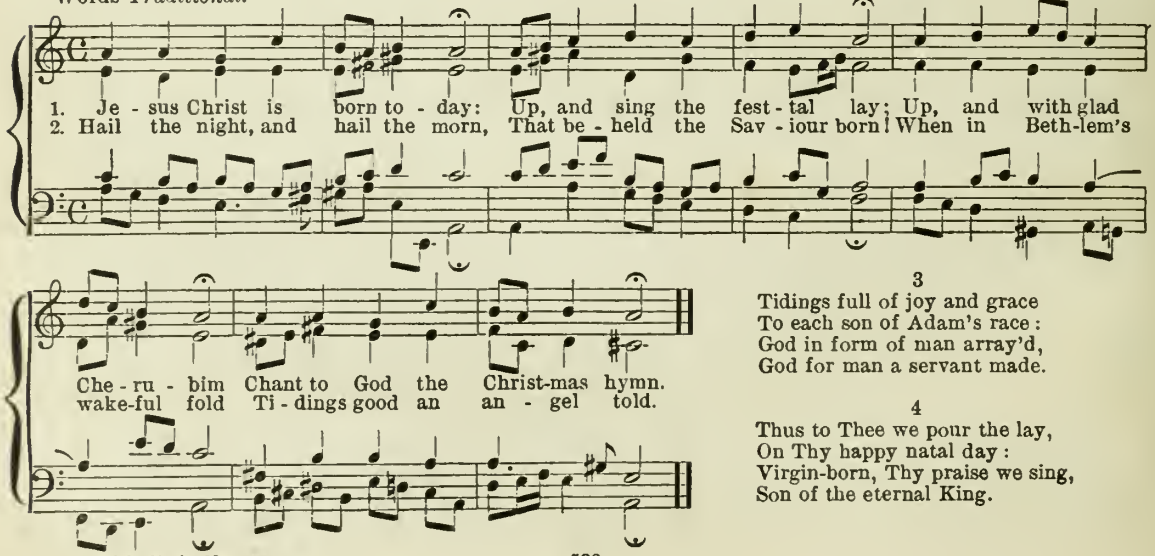
Cho. We, too, this welcome news did hear
From angels in the air,
They bade us cast away all fear,
And to the town repair.
We hastened to the humble stall,
The Holy Child we sought;
On bended knee each one did fall,
And humble offerings brought.

4

Cho. Then know, all friends, who wish to see
Your sweet Redeemer's face,
Though long, the way full short will be,
If ye but ask His grace.
No thorns your faithful steps shall stay
And light will shine around;
All doubts and fears will pass away
When Jesus Christ is found.

Jesus Christ is born to-day.

Carol 645.

Words *Traditional.* *German: Har. by Bach.*

1. Je-sus Christ is born to-day: Up, and sing the fest-tal lay; Up, and with glad
2. Hail the night, and hail the morn, That be-held the Sav-iour born! When in Beth-lem's
Che-ru-bim Chant to God the Christ-mas hymn.
wake-ful fold Ti-dings good an an-gel told.

3

Tidings full of joy and grace
To each son of Adam's race:
God in form of man array'd,
God for man a servant made.

4

Thus to Thee we pour the lay,
On Thy happy natal day:
Virgin-born, Thy praise we sing,
Son of the eternal King.

Wake all music's magic powers.

Carol 646. CHRISTMAS.

Tr. fr. Latin, by *H. R. Bramley.* *Sir J. Stainer.*

SEMI-CHORUS. *Allegro vivace.* CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS.

mf

1. Wake all mu-sic's ma-gic powers, On this bliss-ful morn-ing, Born to-day, the Child is ours,
2. Let this glo-rious hol-i-day Find such ho-ly spend-ing That the sim-ple-heart-ed may
3. O how bright is this day made, Day with ra-diance glow-ing, Which the Light of Light dis-played,
4. Risen to-day in splendour bright, Shi-ning to all a-ges, Beams the Sun, whose distant light

mf *ff* *mf*

CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

ff *mf* *ff*

Theme of Prophet's warn-ing: Gi-ant in the race He towers, Toil and dan-ger scorn-ing.
Joy with-out of-fend-ing, And sweet char-i-ty may stay, With our con-course blend-ing,
Light in darkness shew-ing; Chas-ing thus death's gloomy shade, Bright-ness o'er us throw-ing!
Touched the Prophet's pa-ges; Now, to end the reign of night, Christ His power en-ga-ges.

ff *mf* *ff*

CHORUS.

p

O that bless-ed go-ing out Which sal-va-tion brought a-bout.
O that bless-ed go-ing out, sal-va-tion brought a-bout.

p

ff

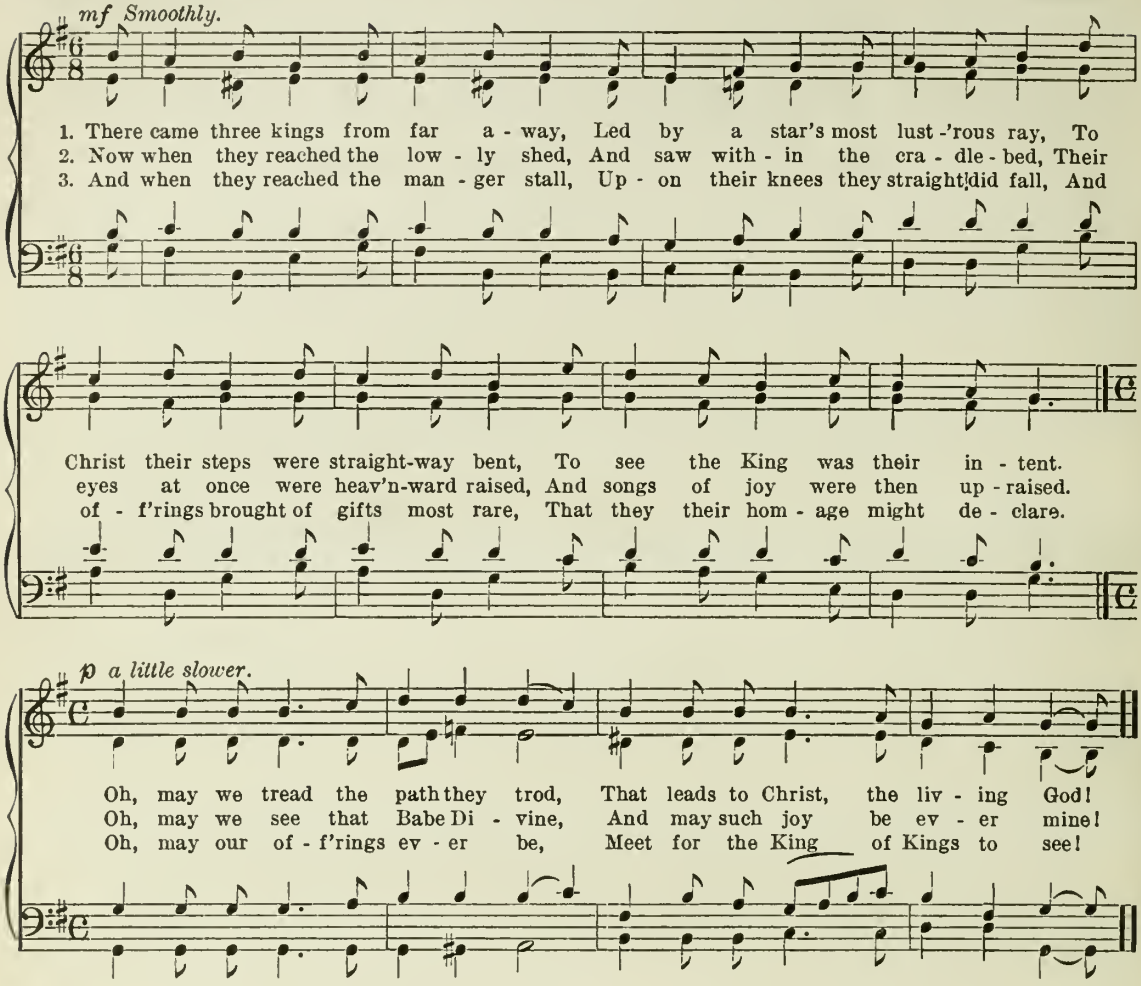
O that bless-ed go-ing out, . Which sal-va-tion brought a-bout.

ff

There came three kings from far away.

Carol 647. CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.

Words by *B. Cranston.* *G. F. Hayward.*


mf Smoothly.
1. There came three kings from far a - way, Led by a star's most lust-'rous ray, To
2. Now when they reached the low - ly shed, And saw with - in the cra - dle - bed, Their
3. And when they reached the man - ger stall, Up - on their knees they straight did fall, And
Christ their steps were straight-way bent, To see the King was their in - tent.
eyes at once were heav'n-ward raised, And songs of joy were then up - raised.
of - f'rings brought of gifts most rare, That they their hom - age might de - clare.
p a little slower.
Oh, may we tread the path they trod, That leads to Christ, the liv - ing God!
Oh, may we see that Babe Di - vine, And may such joy be ev - er mine!
Oh, may our of - f'rings ev - er be, Meet for the King of Kings to see!

4

They brought with them most costly things,
For that sweet Babe the King of Kings,
'Twas Frankincense, with Gold and Myrrh,
For Priest and King and Sad Martyr.
Oh, may we bring such offerings meet,
And lay them down at Jesu's feet!

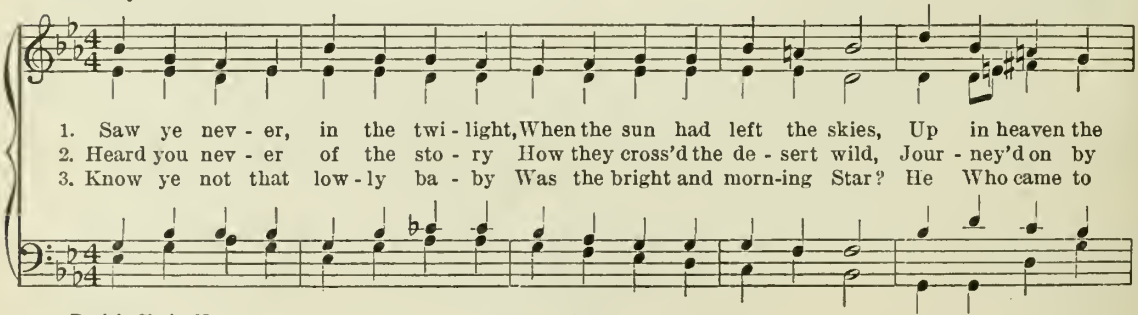
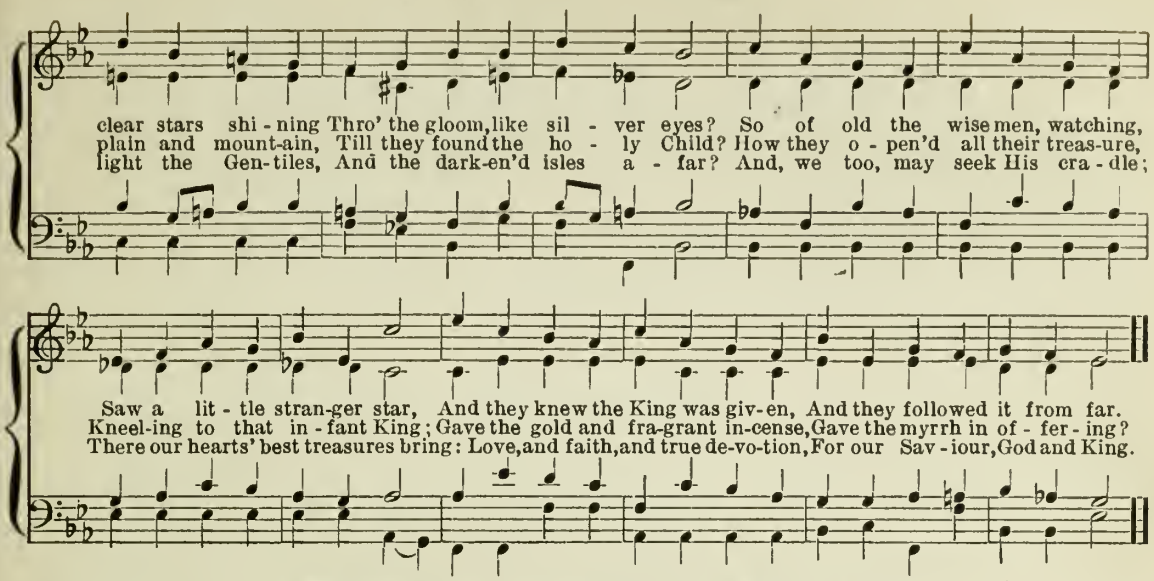
5

Oh, sing we then with voices clear,
Sweet carols to this Babe so dear,
And sing we too, these monarchs three,
Who journeyed far this Babe to see.
Oh, may our hearts most faithful be,
At this our glad Epiphany!

Saw ye never in the twilight.

Carol 648. CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.

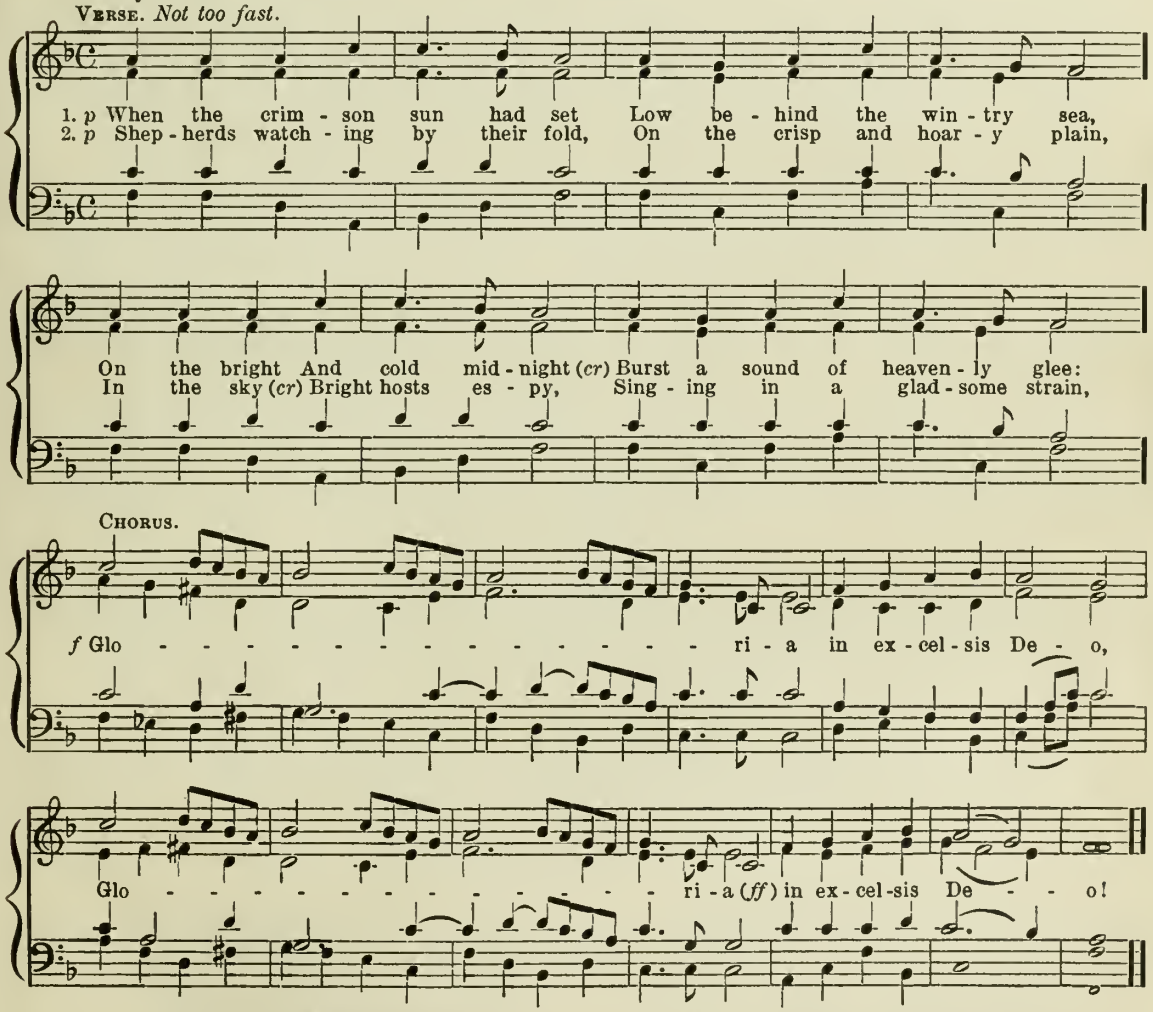
Words by *C. F. Alexander.* *B. Tours.*


1. Saw ye nev - er, in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies, Up in heaven the
2. Heard you nev - er of the sto - ry How they cross'd the de - sert wild, Jour - ney'd on by
3. Know ye not that low - ly ba - by Was the bright and morn-ing Star? He Who came to

clear stars shi - ning Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes? So of old the wise men, watching,
plain and mount-ain, Till they found the ho - ly Child? How they o - pen'd all their treas-ure,
light the Gen-tiles, And the dark-en'd isles a - far? And, we too, may seek His cra - dle;
Saw a lit - tle stran-ger star, And they knew the King was giv-en, And they followed it from far.
Kneel-ing to that in - fant King; Gave the gold and fra-grant in-cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing?
There our hearts' best treasures bring: Love, and faith, and true de-vo-tion, For our Sav - iour, God and King.

When the crimson sun had set.

Carol 649. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. G. P. Grantham.* *Rev. S. S. Greatheed.*

VERSE. *Not too fast.*

1. p When the crim - son sun had set Low be - hind the win - try sea,
2. p Shep - herds watch - ing by their fold, On the crisp and hoar - y plain,
On the bright And cold mid - night (cr) Burst a sound of heaven - ly glee:
In the sky (cr) Bright hosts es - py, Sing - ing in a glad - some strain,
CHORUS.
f Glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o,
Glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri - a (ff) in ex - cel - sis De - - - o!

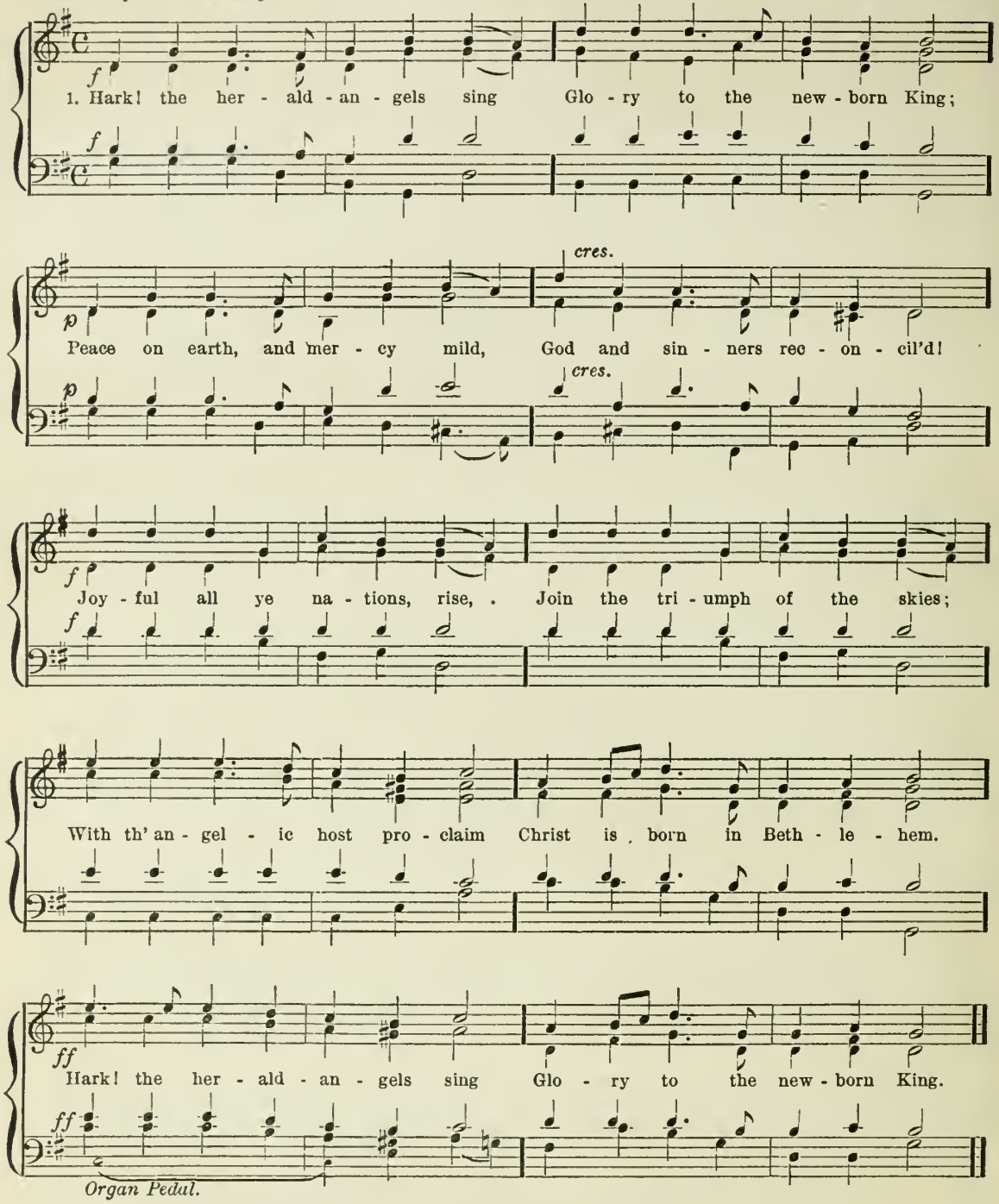
3 *p* Where the manger crib is laid,
In the city fair and free,
Hand in hand,
This shepherd band
pp Worship Christ on bended knee.
CHO.—Gloria, etc.

4 *f* Join with us in welcome song,
Ye who in Christ's Home abide,
Sing the Love
Of God above,
Shown at happy Christmas-tide.
ff CHO.—Gloria, etc.

Hark! the herald angels sing.

Carol 650.

CHRISTMAS.

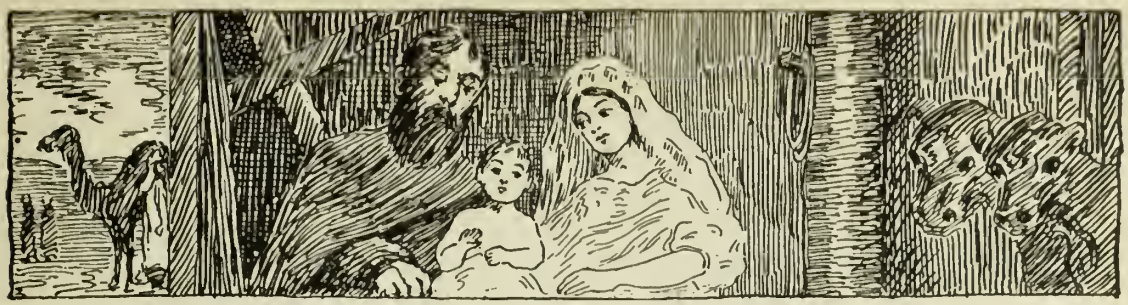
Words by *Rev. C. Wesley.* *Mendelssohn.*

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King;
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - cil'd!
cres.
Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King.
Organ Pedal.

2

f Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
dim Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
cr Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3

mf Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
cr Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
f Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!



Once in Bethlehem of Judah.

Carol 651.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Cecil F. Alexander.* *C. V. Stanford.*

1ST AND 2ND SOPRANOS.

1. Once in Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, Far a - way a - cross the sea, There was laid a lit - tle
2. It was not a state - ly pal - ace Where that lit - tle Ba - by lay, With His ser - vants to at -
3. But the ox - en stood a-round Him In a sta - ble low and dim; In the world He had cre -
4. For He left His Fa-ther's glo - ry, And the gold - en halls a - bove, And He took our hu - man
5. Of His in - fi - nite com-pas - sion He can feel our want and woe; For He suf - fer'd, and was
6. Still He stands and pleads in hea - ven For us weak and sin - de-filed; God who is a man for

p

CHORUS.

O Sa-viour, gen - tle Sa-viour, Hear Thy lit - tle chil - dren

cres.

Ba - by On a Vir - gin Mo-ther's knee.
tend Him, And with guards to keep the way.
a - ted, There was not a room for Him.
na - ture, In the great-ness of His love.
bur - ied, When He lived our life be - low.
ev - er, Je - sus, who was once a child.

O Sa - - - - viour, Hear Thy lit-tle children

cres.

sing; . The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King. . . . . .

mf

sing; . The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King.

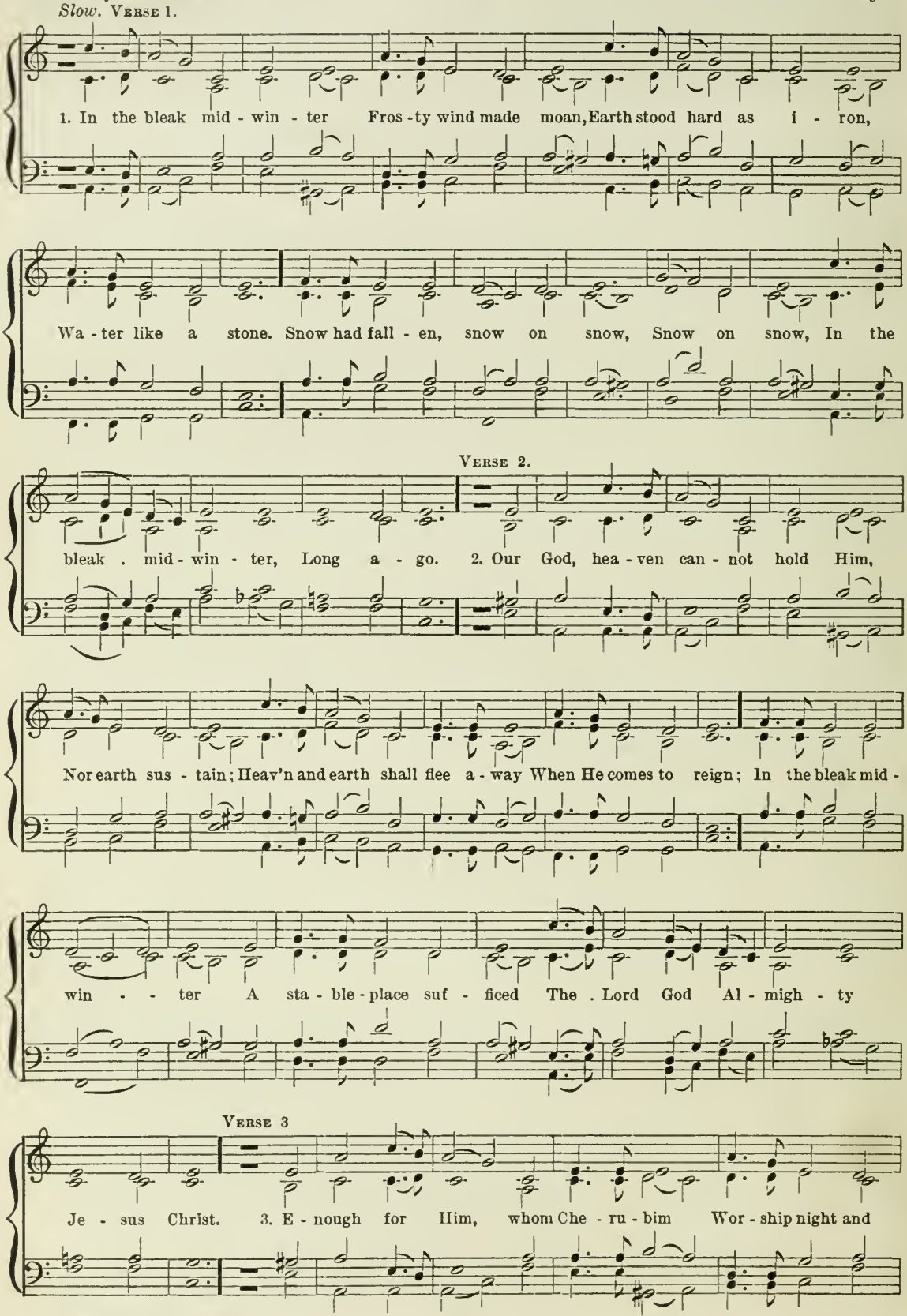
mf *f*

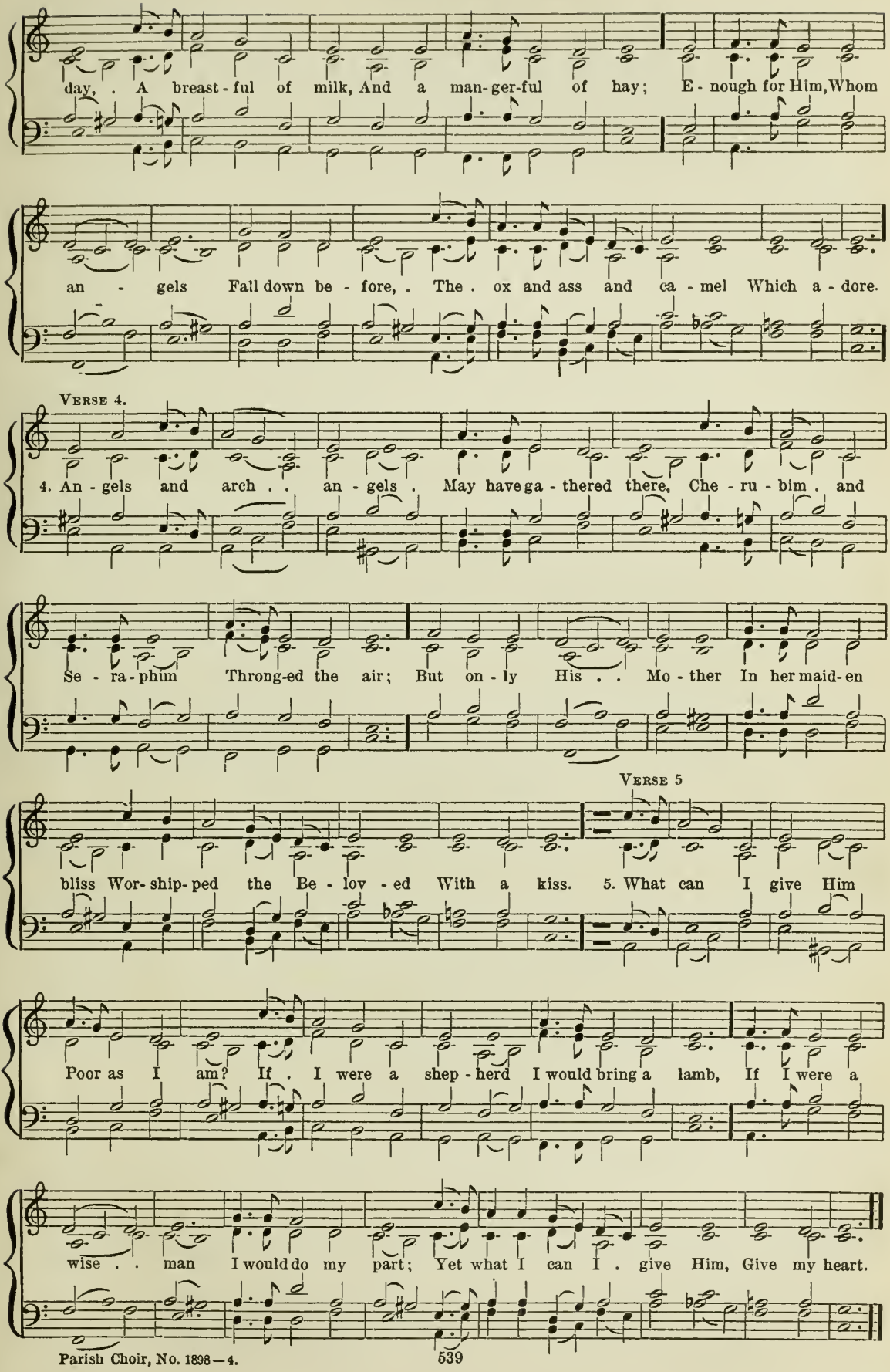
In the bleak midwinter.

Carol 652.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *C. G. Rossetti.* *Thomas B. Strong.*

Slow. VERSE 1.

1. In the bleak mid - win - ter Fros - ty wind made moan, Earth stood hard as i - ron,
Wa - ter like a stone. Snow had fall - en, snow on snow, Snow on snow, In the
VERSE 2.
bleak . mid - win - ter, Long a - go. 2. Our God, hea - ven can - not hold Him,
Nor earth sus - tain; Heav'n and earth shall flee a - way When He comes to reign; In the bleak mid -
win - - - ter A sta - ble - place suf - ficed The . Lord God Al - migh - ty
VERSE 3
Je - sus Christ. 3. E - nough for Him, whom Che - ru - bim Wor - ship night and

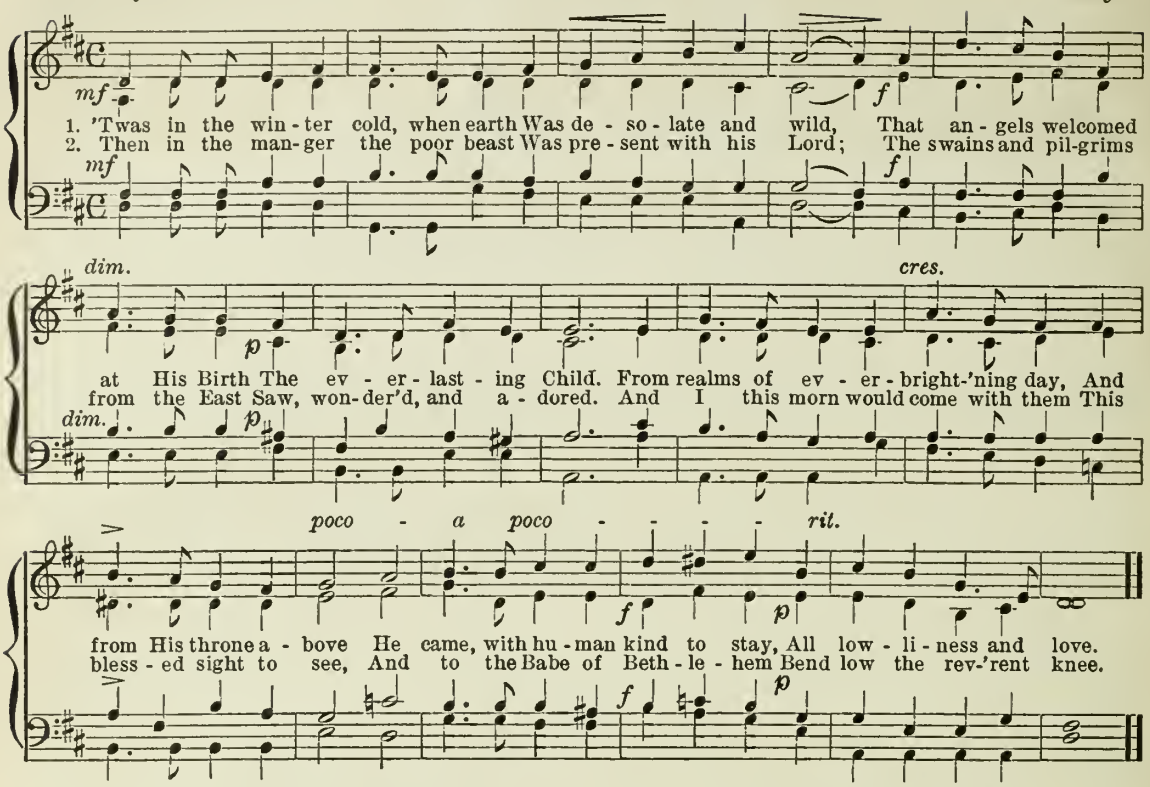

day, . A breast - ful of milk, And a man-ger-ful of hay; E - nough for Him, Whom
an - gels Fall down be - fore, . The . ox and ass and ca - mel Which a - dore.
Verse 4.
4. An - gels and arch . . an - gels . May have ga - thered there, Che - ru - bim . and
Se - ra - phim Throng-ed the air; But on - ly His . . Mo - ther In her maid-en
Verse 5
bliss Wor- ship-ped the Be - lov - ed With a kiss. 5. What can I give Him
Poor as I am? If . I were a shep - herd I would bring a lamb, If I were a
wise . . man I would do my part; Yet what I can I . give Him, Give my heart.

'Twas in the winter cold.

Carol 653.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Words by the *Rev. J. C. Black.* *J. Barnby.*


mf
1. 'Twas in the win - ter cold, when earth Was de - so - late and wild, That an - gels welcomed
2. Then in the man-ger the poor beast Was pre - sent with his Lord; The swains and pil-grims
dim.
cres.
at His Birth The ev - er - last - ing Child. From realms of ev - er - bright-'ning day, And
from the East Saw, won-der'd, and a - dored. And I this morn would come with them This
poco - a poco - - - - rit.
from His throne a - bove He came, with hu - man kind to stay, All low - li - ness and love.
bless - ed sight to see, And to the Babe of Beth - le - hem Bend low the rev-'rent knee.

3 But I have not, it makes me sigh,
One offering in my power;
'Tis winter all with me, and I
Have neither fruit nor flower.
O God, O Brother, let me give
My worthless self to Thee;
And that the years which I may live
May pure and spotless be.

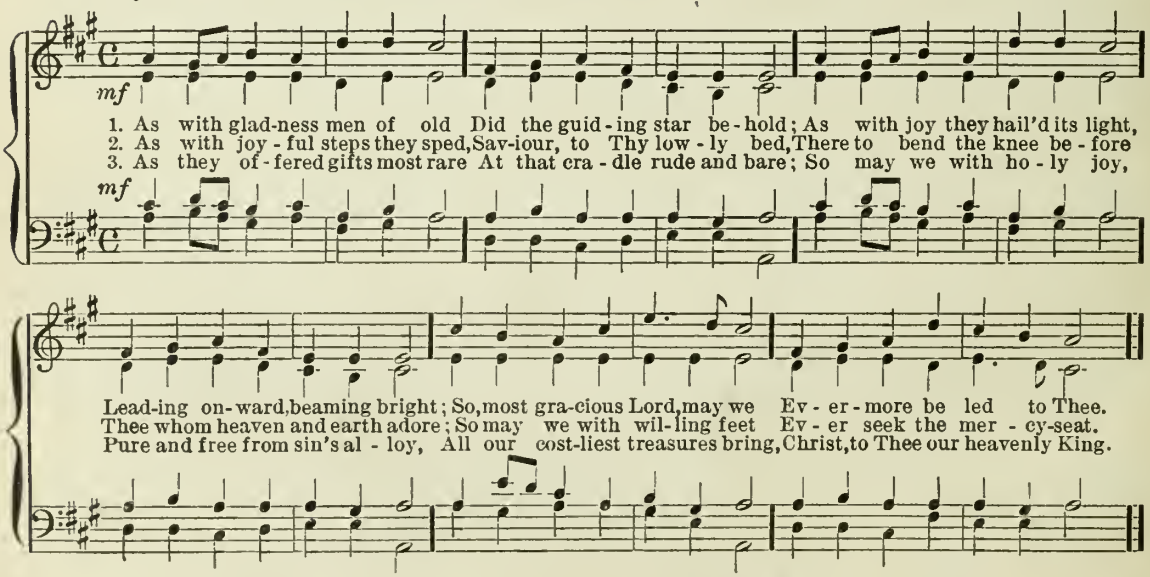
4 Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind,
The Spirit undefiled,
That I may be in heart and mind
As gentle as a child;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
As Thou Thyself hast trod,
And in the might of prayer and praise
Keep ever close to God.

As with gladness men of old.

Carol 654.

EPIPHANY.

Words by *W. C. Dix.* *C. Kocher.*


mf
1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold; As with joy they hail'd its light,
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped, Sav-iour, to Thy low - ly bed, There to bend the knee be - fore
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that cra - dle rude and bare; So may we with ho - ly joy,
Lead-ing on-ward, beaming bright; So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
Thee whom heaven and earth adore; So may we with wil-ling feet Ev - er seek the mer - cy-seat.
Pure and free from sin's al - loy, All our cost-liest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

The Christmas Tree.

Carol 655.

Words tr. fr. *P. Cornelius.* *P. Cornelius.*

Allegretto. *mf*

The

Allegretto. Joyfully.

mf *f*

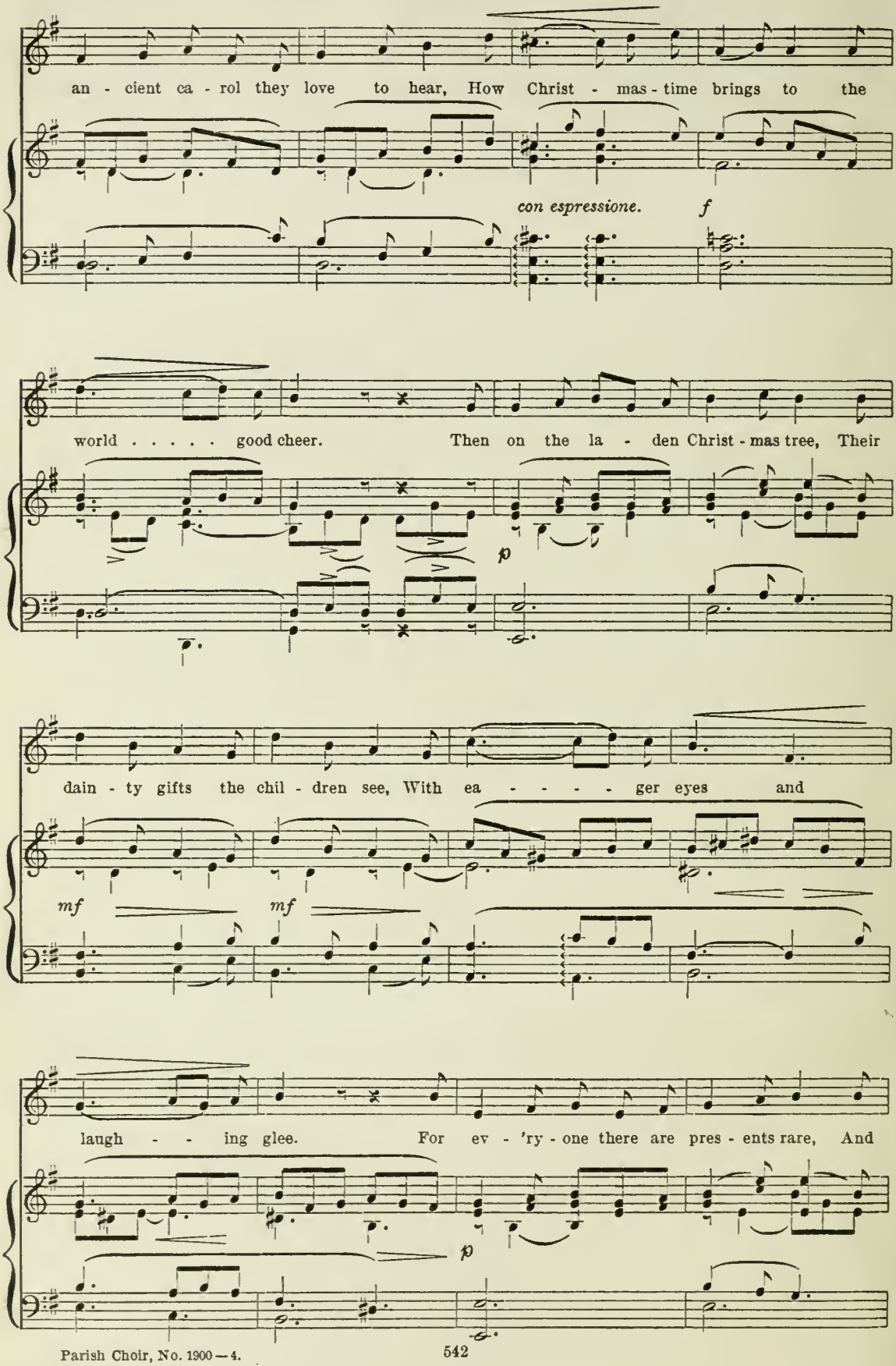
Christ - mas tree is spark-ling with light, The ta - pers twin-kle on fa - ces bright, O

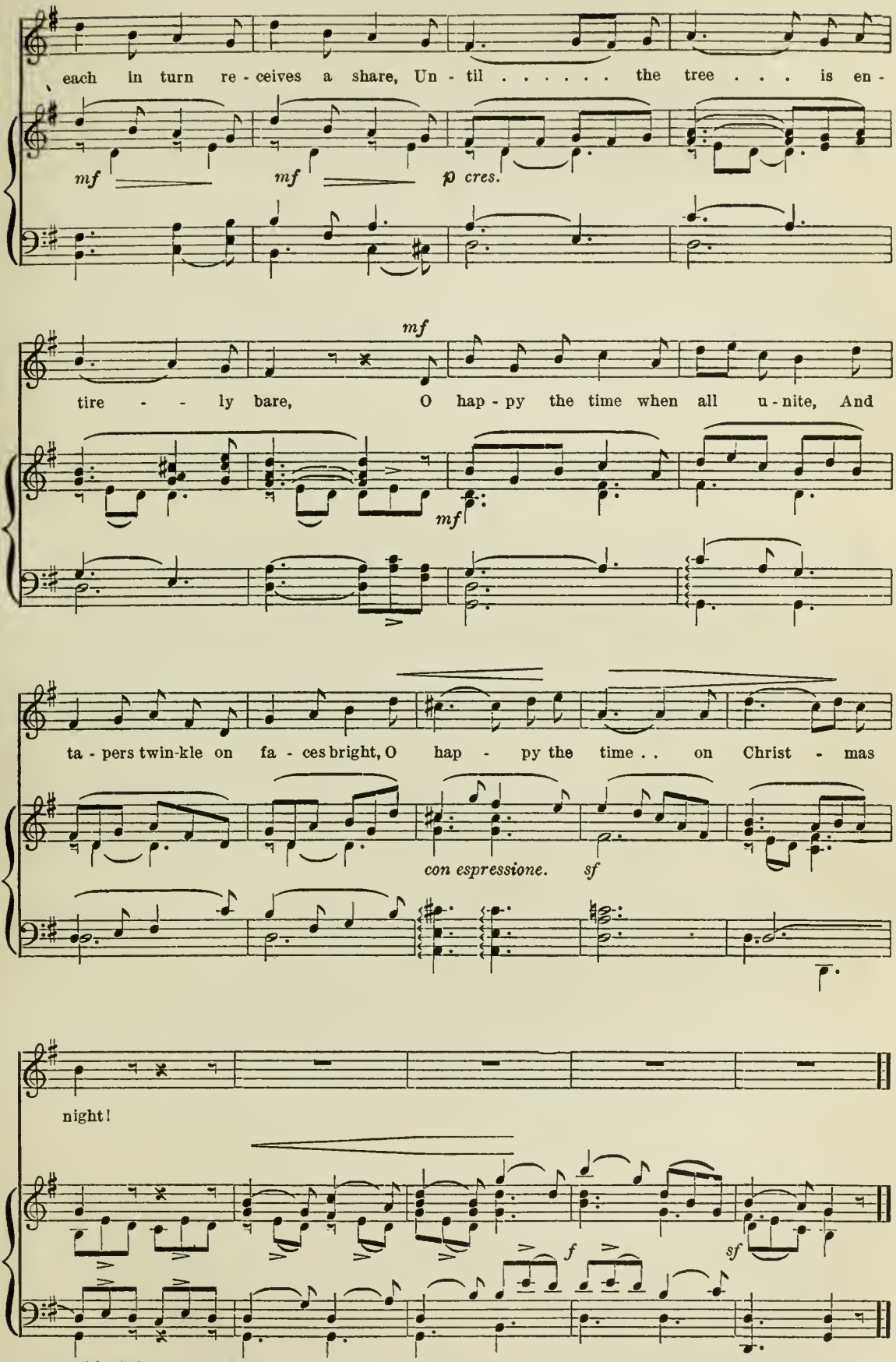
hap - py the time . . on Christ - mas night!

con espressione. *sf* *mf*

mf

The mo - ther sings to her chil - dren dear An

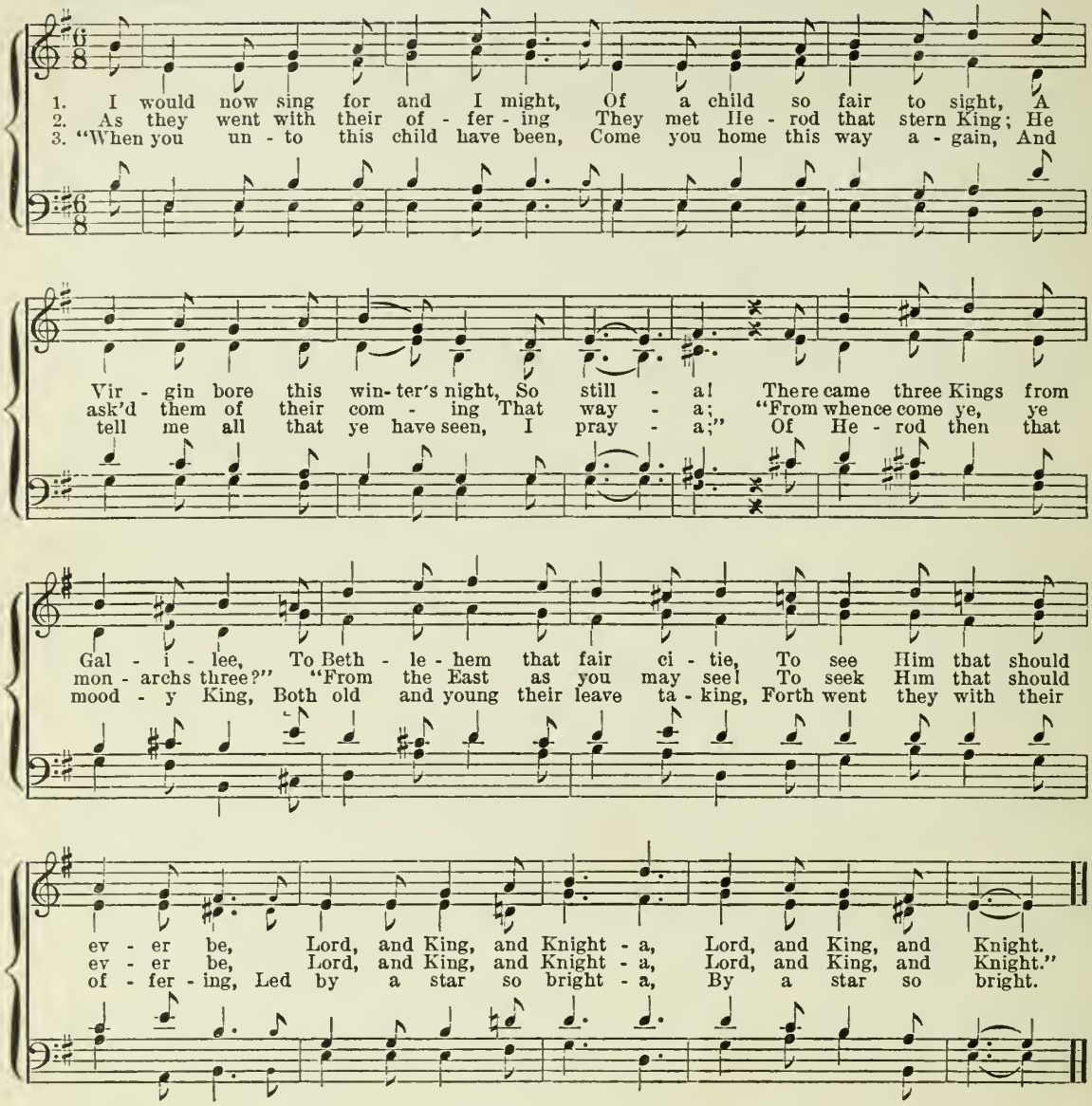
f *mf*

an - cient ca - rol they love to hear, How Christ - mas - time brings to the
con espressione.
f
world . . . . . good cheer. Then on the la - den Christ - mas tree, Their
p
dain - ty gifts the chil - dren see, With ea - - - - - ger eyes and
mf
mf
laugh - - ing glee. For ev - 'ry - one there are pres - ents rare, And
p


each in turn re - ceives a share, Un - til . . . . . the tree . . . is en -
mf
mf
p cres.
mf
tire - - ly bare, O hap - py the time when all u - nite, And
mf
ta - pers twin-kle on fa - ces bright, O hap - py the time . . on Christ - mas
con espressione.
sf
night!
f
sf

The Three Kings.

Carol 656.

CHRISTMAS.

Words *Traditional.* *H. Heale.*

1. I would now sing for and I might, Of a child so fair to sight, A
2. As they went with their of - fer - ing They met He - rod that stern King; He
3. "When you un - to this child have been, Come you home this way a - gain, And
Vir - gin bore this win- ter's night, So still - a! There came three Kings from
ask'd them of their com - ing That way - a; "From whence come ye, ye
tell me all that ye have seen, I pray - a;" Of He - rod then that
Gal - i - lee, To Beth - le - hem that fair ci - tie, To see Him that should
mon - archs three?" "From the East as you may see! To seek Him that should
mood - y King, Both old and young their leave ta - king, Forth went they with their
ev - er be, Lord, and King, and Knight - a, Lord, and King, and Knight.
ev - er be, Lord, and King, and Knight - a, Lord, and King, and Knight."
of - fer - ing, Led by a star so bright - a, By a star so bright.

4 Till they came to that blissful place,
Where Jesus with His Mother was,
They worship'd there with great solace,
In fere-a;
And when they had their offering made,
According as the Lord them bade,
Of all the treasures that they had,
Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh-a,
Frankincense and Myrrh.

5 Anon, as on their way they went,
God the Lord an angel sent
To those three Kings that made present,
To say-a;
The Lord doth warn you ev'ry one
To go not by King Herod home,
For if ye do ye are undone,
And woe will come full soon-a,
Woe will come full soon.

6 So forth they went another way
Through the might of God that day
As did the angel to them say,
Full right-a;
When they were come to their countree,
So glad and merry were all three
To tell the sight that they did see
By that star's shining light-a,
That star's shining light.

7 Now let us kneel all here adown,
To that Lord of great renown,
Who worthy is to wear the crown,
Full right-a;
Now is the time of Christmas come,
The Father, who, now with the Son,
And with the Holy Ghost, is One,
Send us a good new year-a,
Send us a good new year.

This joyful Easter-tide.

Carol 657.

From *David's Psalmen, 1685.*
Har. by *C. Wood.*

1. This joy - ful Eas - ter - tide, . . . A - way with sin and sor - - - -
2. My flesh in hope shall rest, . . . And for a sea - son slum - - - -
3. Death's flood hath lost his chill . . . Since Je - sus cross'd the riv - - - -

- - - - - row! My Love, the Cru - ci - fied, ... Hath sprung to life this
- - - - - ber: Till trump from east to west . . . . Shall wake the dead in
- - - - - er: Lov - er of souls, from ill . . . . My pass - ing soul de -

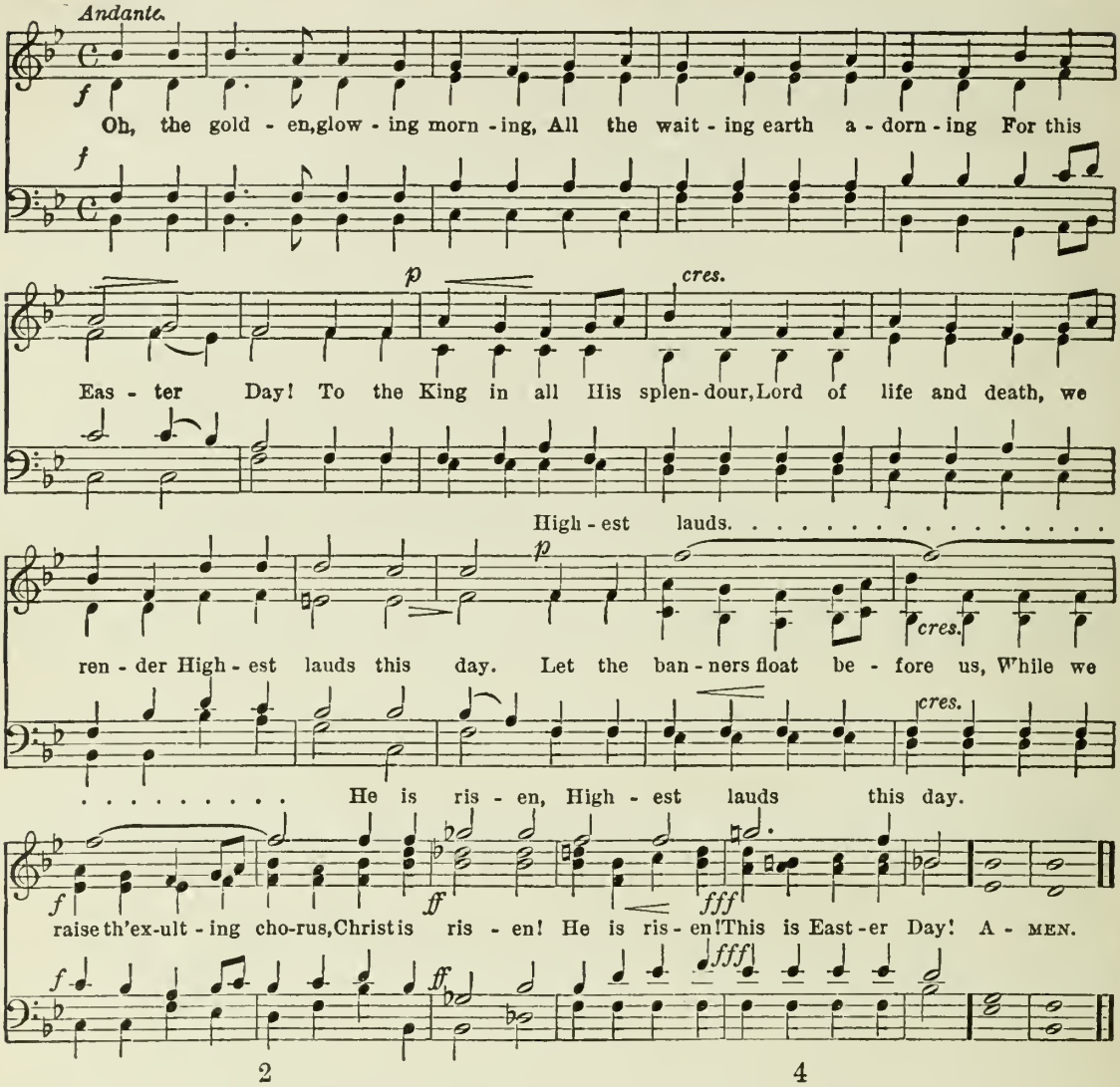
REFRAIN.

mor - - - - - - - row.
num - - - - - - - ber.
liv - - - - - - - - er.

Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst His three-day pris - on, Our faith had been in vain: But now hath Christ a - ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - - - - - - - en.

Oh, the golden, glowing morning.

(EASTER.)

Carol 658. *G. F. Le Jeune.*

Andante.
Oh, the gold - en, glow - ing morn - ing, All the wait - ing earth a - dorn - ing For this
Eas - ter Day! To the King in all His splen - dour, Lord of life and death, we
High - est lauds.
ren - der High - est lauds this day. Let the ban - ners float be - fore us, While we
He is ris - en, High - est lauds this day.
raise th' ex-ult - ing cho-rus, Christ is ris - en! He is ris - en! This is East - er Day! A - MEN.

2

Hark! the highest heavens ringing,
Hark! the quiring angels singing
"This is Easter Day!
No more grieving! no more sighing!
No more weeping! no more dying!
Christ is King this day!"
With the blessèd ones before us,
We will swell the heavenly chorus—
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

3

Shout aloud the wondrous story,
For the King in all His glory
Draweth nigh this day!
Vernal benediction giving—
Christ the Life — the Ever-living!
On this Easter Day
Let the banners float before us,
Send along the angel chorus—
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day.

4

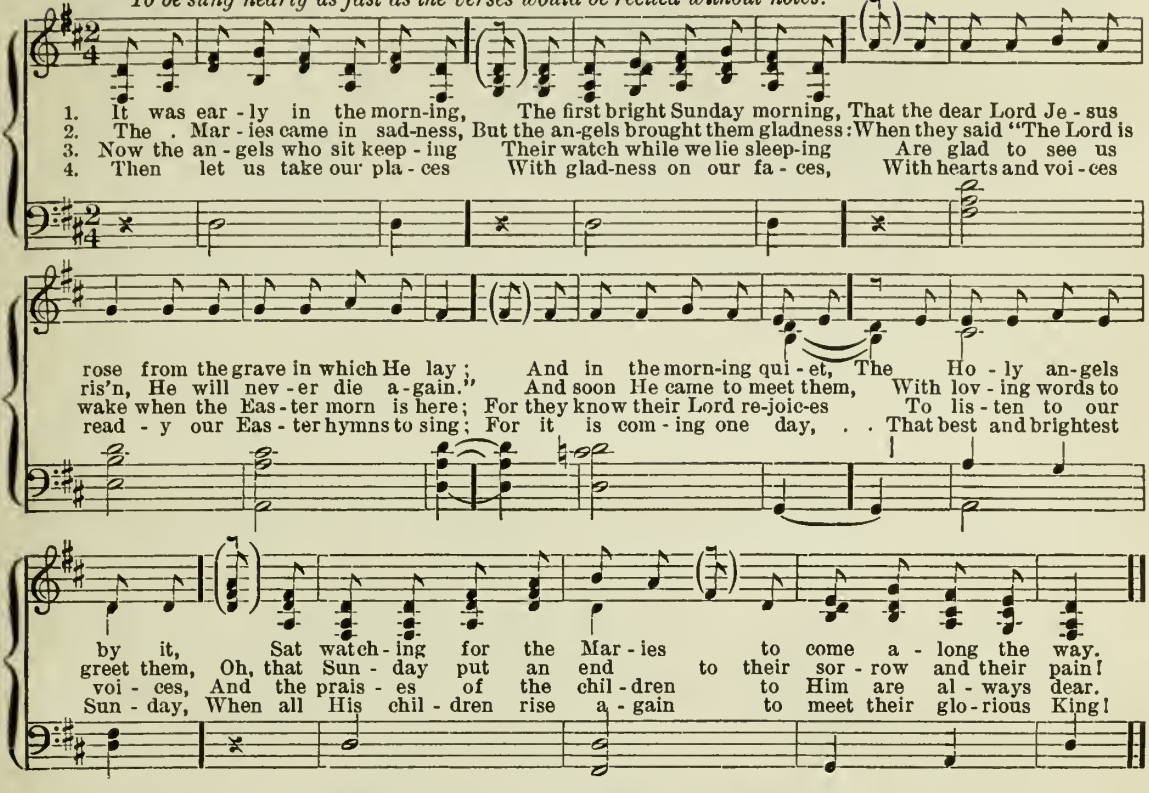
On the Festal Altar glowing
Lo! the Paschal Emblems — showing
Forth this Easter Day!
Come with garlands, come with treasure,
Come with anthems' raptest measure
For this Easter Day!
How the bells are chiming o'er us
While we join the heavenly chorus
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

5

Oh, that longed-for day of union,
When Thine own, in Thy communion,
Lord of Easter Day!
Into life eternal waking,
Celebrate — Thy love partaking —
Endless Easter Day!
For the joy that waits before us,
We will swell the angel chorus
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day.

It was early in the morning.

Carol 659. EASTER. *C. J. Ridsdale.*

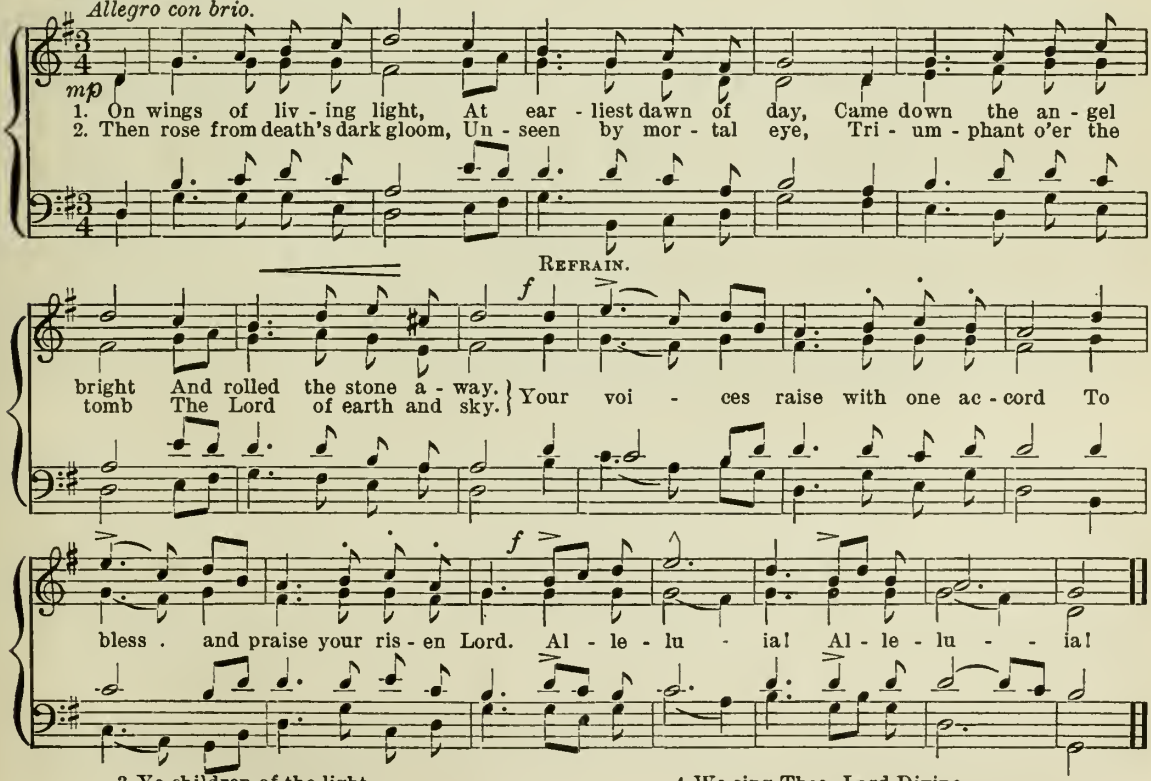
To be sung nearly as fast as the verses would be recited without notes.

1. It was ear - ly in the morn-ing, The first bright Sunday morning, That the dear Lord Je - sus
2. The Mar - ies came in sad-ness, But the an-gels brought them gladness: When they said "The Lord is
3. Now the an - gels who sit keep - ing Their watch while we lie sleep-ing Are glad to see us
4. Then let us take our pla - ces With glad-ness on our fa - ces, With hearts and voi - ces
rose from the grave in which He lay; And in the morn-ing qui - et, The Ho - ly an-gels
ris'n, He will nev - er die a-gain." And soon He came to meet them, With lov - ing words to
wake when the Eas - ter morn is here; For they know their Lord re-joic-es To lis - ten to our
read - y our Eas - ter hymns to sing; For it is com - ing one day, That best and brightest
by it, Sat watch - ing for the Mar - ies to come a - long the way.
greet them, Oh, that Sun - day put an end to their sor - row and their pain!
voi - ces, And the prais - es of the chil - dren to Him are al - ways dear.
Sun - day, When all His chil - dren rise a - gain to meet their glo - rious King!

On wings of Living Light.

Carol 660. EASTER.

Words by *Bishop W. W. How.* *French Church Melody.*

Allegro con brio.


mp
1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day, Came down the an - gel
2. Then rose from death's dark gloom, Un - seen by mor - tal eye, Tri - um - phant o'er the
REFRAIN.
f
bright And rolled the stone a - way.
tomb The Lord of earth and sky.
Your voi - ces raise with one ac - cord To
f
bless . and praise your ris - en Lord. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia!

3 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise;
See how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies!

4 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.

Golden harps are sounding.

Carol 661.

ASCENSION.

Words by *F. R. Havergal.* *A. Sullivan.*

Joyful.

mf

1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces sing, Pear - ly gates are o - pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glo - ry,
3. Plead - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry,

cres.

O - pened for the King! Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die,
Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre-par - ing, Faith - ful ones, for you;

f

Is gone up in tri - umph, To His throne a - bove.
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

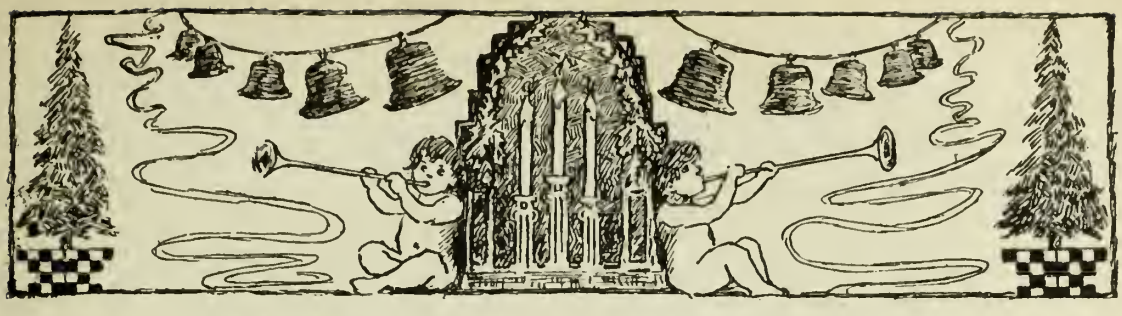
All His work is end - ed,

f

Ped.

Unison.

Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as-cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King.



Let Music break on this blest morn.

Carol 662.

CHRISTMAS.

J. B. Calkin.

mf

1. Let mu - sic break on this blest morn, And sweet - ly e - cho

mf

back to heav'n, For lo! the pro - mis'd Son is born, The long ex - pect - ed

One is giv'n. Of old the Pro - phets wrote of Him, Pre - dict - ing this most

rall.

a tempo.

f

glad e - vent, And we, in one u - ni - ted hymn, Now cel - e - brate the

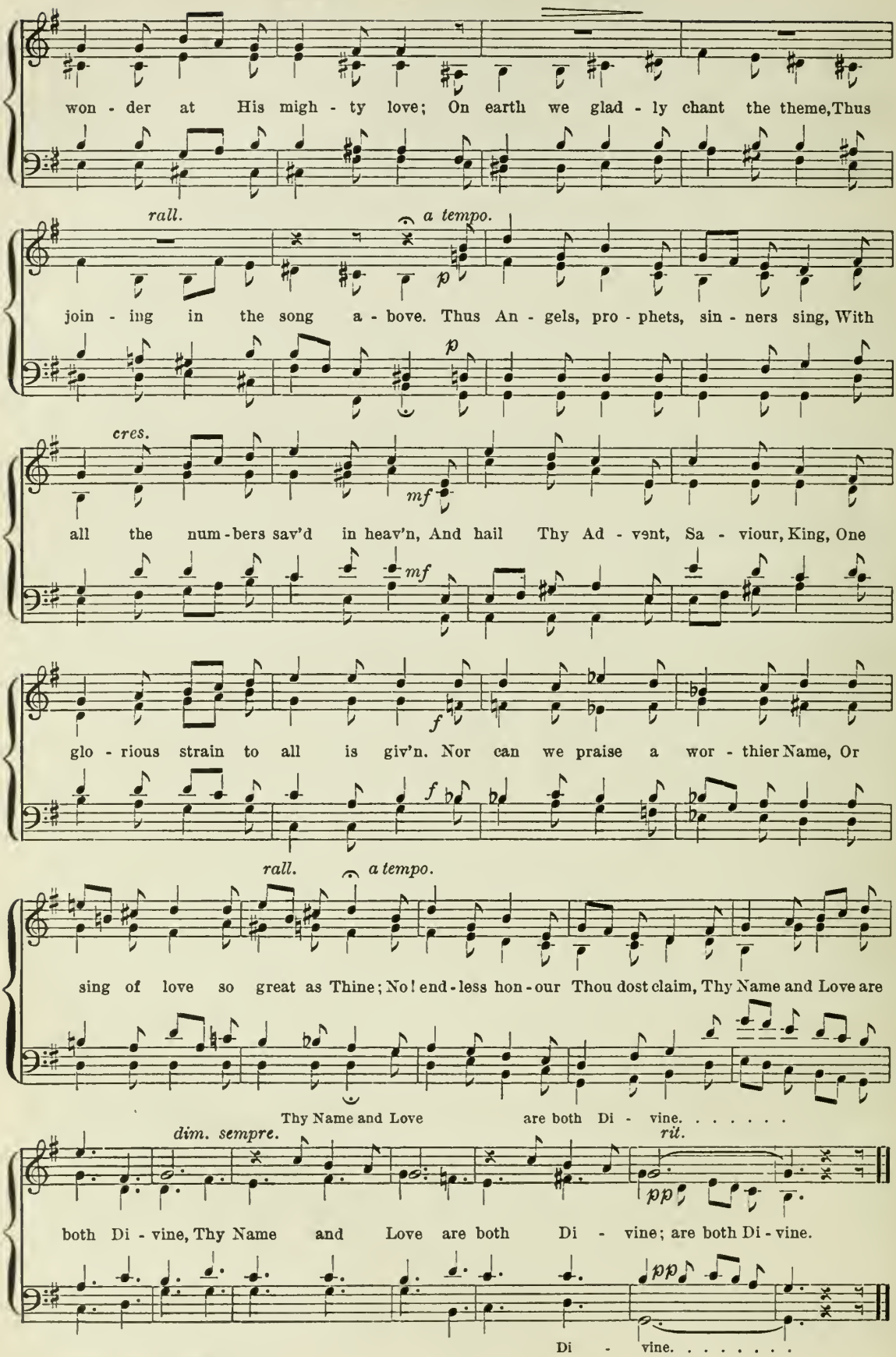
a tempo.

f

sent. . . . . .

Sa - viour sent, the Sa - viour sent. *In heav'n the An - gels sing of Him, And

* These two lines are to be sung by the Trebles only, if the Carol be accompanied.


won - der at His migh - ty love; On earth we glad - ly chant the theme, Thus
rall.
a tempo.
p
join - ing in the song a - bove. Thus An - gels, pro - phets, sin - ners sing, With
p
cres.
mf
all the num - bers sav'd in heav'n, And hail Thy Ad - vent, Sa - viour, King, One
mf
f
glo - rious strain to all is giv'n. Nor can we praise a wor - thier Name, Or
f
rall.
a tempo.
sing of love so great as Thine; No! end - less hon - our Thou dost claim, Thy Name and Love are
Thy Name and Love are both Di - vine. . . . . .
dim. sempre.
rit.
pp
both Di - vine, Thy Name and Love are both Di - vine; are both Di - vine.
pp
Di - vine. . . . . .

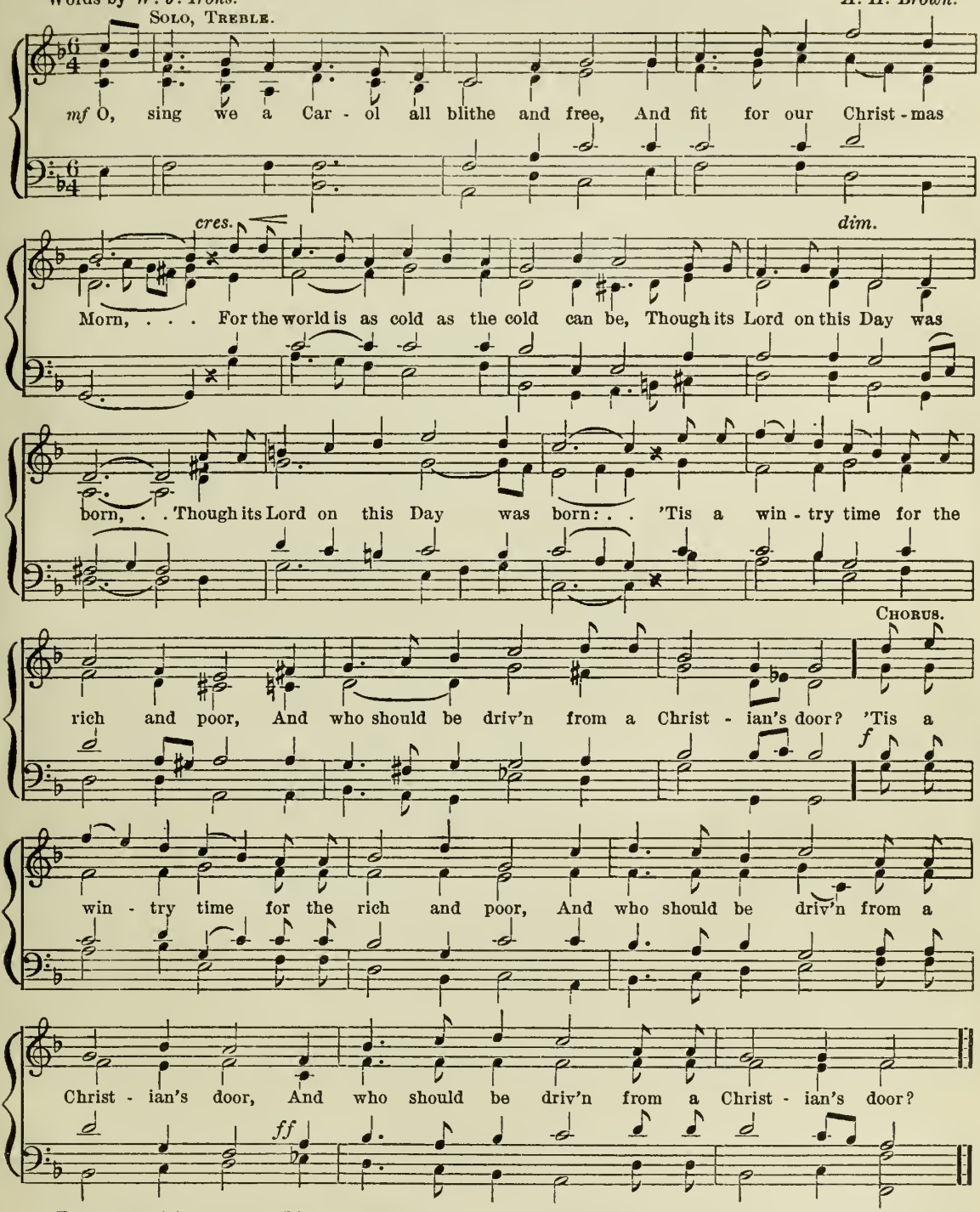
O sing we a Carol.

Carol 663.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *W. J. Irons.* *A. H. Brown.*

SOLO, TREBLE.


mf O, sing we a Car - ol all blithe and free, And fit for our Christ - mas
cres.
dim.
Morn, . . . For the world is as cold as the cold can be, Though its Lord on this Day was
born, . . Though its Lord on this Day was born: . . 'Tis a win - try time for the
CHORUS.
rich and poor, And who should be driv'n from a Christ - ian's door? 'Tis a
f
win - try time for the rich and poor, And who should be driv'n from a
Christ - ian's door, And who should be driv'n from a Christ - ian's door?
ff

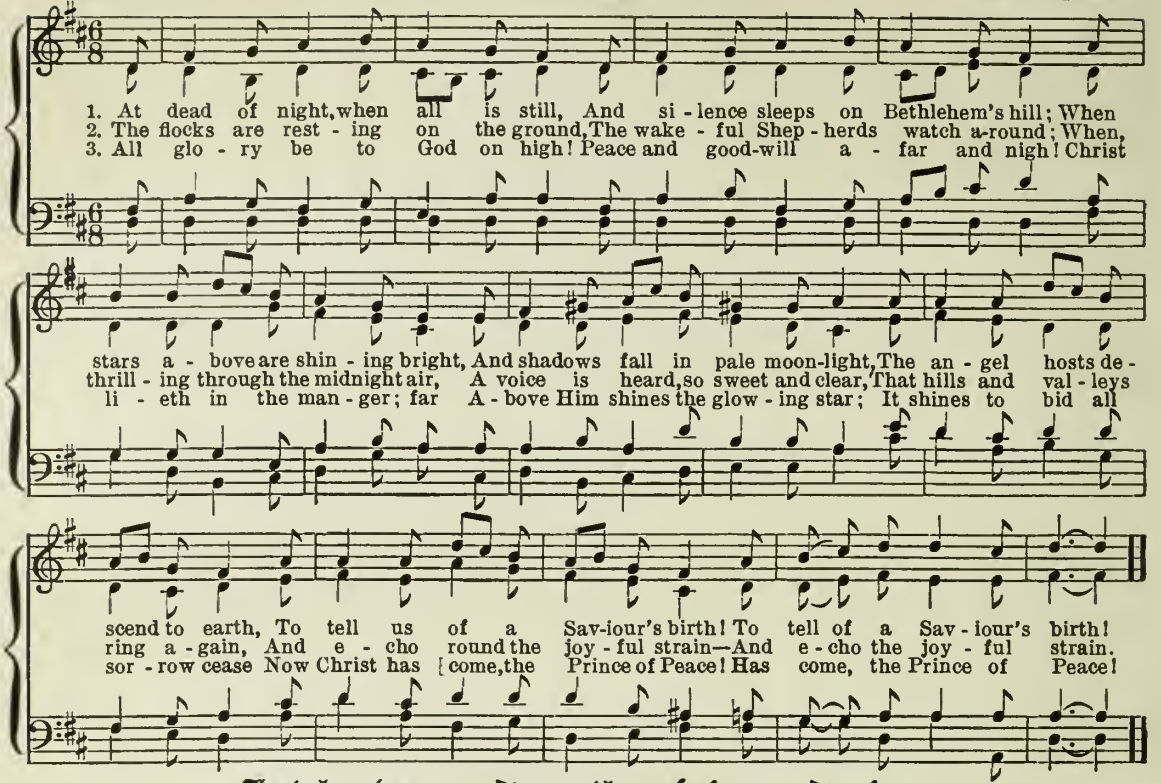
2 For the angels' song at the Birth of Christ
With tidings of joy began;
And it rang with a Glory to God in the Highest,
And a brotherhood true to man;
Yet 'twas winter time for the rich and poor,
When the shepherds came to Saint Mary's door.
CHO: Yet 'twas winter, etc.

3 True Sages were they who to Bethlehem led,
Brought frankincense, myrrh, and gold,—
Which they offered to Christ on his manger-bed,
With a reverent love untold;
But 'twas winter time for the rich and poor,
As the Wise Men knelt at Saint Mary's door.
CHO: But 'twas winter, etc.

4 So make we our offerings now to Christ's need,
When His poor all around we see:
Inasmuch as to them we have done the deed,
He will say, "Ye have done it to Me:"
'Tis a wintry time for the rich and poor,
Say who shall be driven from a Christian's door?
CHO: 'Tis a wintry, etc.

At dead of night, when all is still.

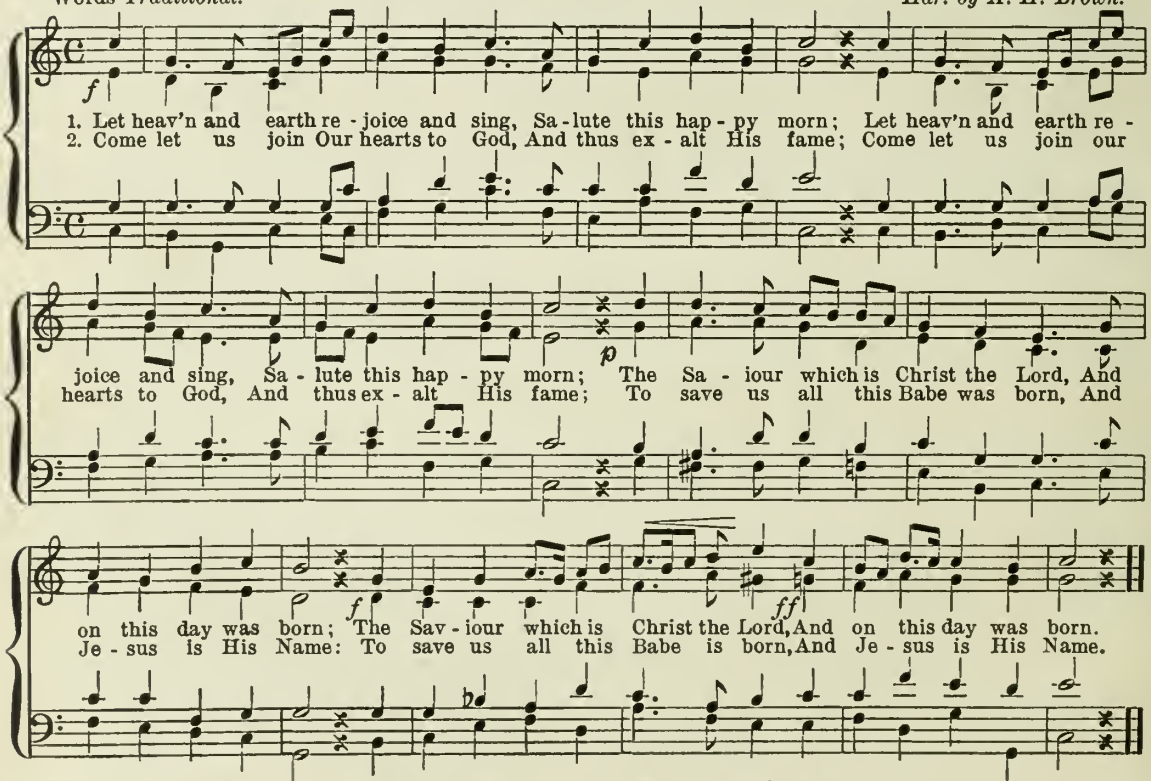
Carol 664. CHRISTMAS. *E. J. Hopkins.*


1. At dead of night, when all is still, And si - lence sleeps on Bethlehem's hill; When
2. The flocks are rest - ing on the ground, The wake - ful Shep - herds watch a-round; When,
3. All glo - ry be to God on high! Peace and good-will a - far and nigh! Christ
stars a - bove are shin - ing bright, And shadows fall in pale moon-light, The an - gel hosts de -
thrill - ing through the midnight air, A voice is heard, so sweet and clear, That hills and val - leys
li - eth in the man - ger; far A - bove Him shines the glow - ing star; It shines to bid all
scend to earth, To tell us of a Sav-iour's birth! To tell of a Sav - iour's birth!
ring a - gain, And e - cho round the joy - ful strain—And e - cho the joy - ful strain.
sor - row cease Now Christ has come, the Prince of Peace! Has come, the Prince of Peace!

Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.

Carol 665. CHRISTMAS. *Old Cornish Melody.*

Words *Traditional.* *Har. by A. H. Brown.*


1. Let heav'n and earth re - joice and sing, Sa - lute this hap - py morn; Let heav'n and earth re -
2. Come let us join Our hearts to God, And thus ex - alt His fame; Come let us join our
joice and sing, Sa - lute this hap - py morn; The Sa - iour which is Christ the Lord, And
hearts to God, And thus ex - alt His fame; To save us all this Babe was born, And
on this day was born; The Sav - iour which is Christ the Lord, And on this day was born.
Je - sus is His Name: To save us all this Babe is born, And Je - sus is His Name.

3 Wise men and kings rich gifts did bring
To Bethlehem straightway;
Wise men and kings rich gifts did bring
To Bethlehem straightway;
Conducted by a leading Star,
Where Christ our Saviour lay;
Conducted by a leading Star,
Where Christ our Saviour lay.

4 O Lord, to Thee all glory be,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
O Lord, to Thee all glory be,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
For our Redeemer we will praise,
This day and evermore;
For our Redeemer we will praise,
This day and evermore.

O lowly, sacred Stable.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 666.

Words by *Rev. Brian C. Roberts.* *A. Styler Houghton.*

In Pastoral style.

1. O low - ly, sa - cred sta - ble, Where light Di - vine is
2. O lit - tle Star, . out - shin - ing All worlds in splen - dour
3. O bless - ed Babe of Ma - ry, We wor - ship Thee our

shed; . . . . . O hum - ble lit - tle Man - - ger, Where
bright, ... O lit - tle Star, re - veal - - ing Where
King. . . . . O De - i - ty, In - car - - nate, To

rests that In - fant Head. . . . . Teach us thy old, old
rests In - car - nate Light. . . . . Now lead me to my
Thee our praise we sing. . . . . Ac - cept our heart's de -

sto - - ry, How Je - sus Christ was born, ... How
Child - King En - cra - dled here on earth, ... The
vo - - tion, Re - ceive our hom - age due, ... Be -

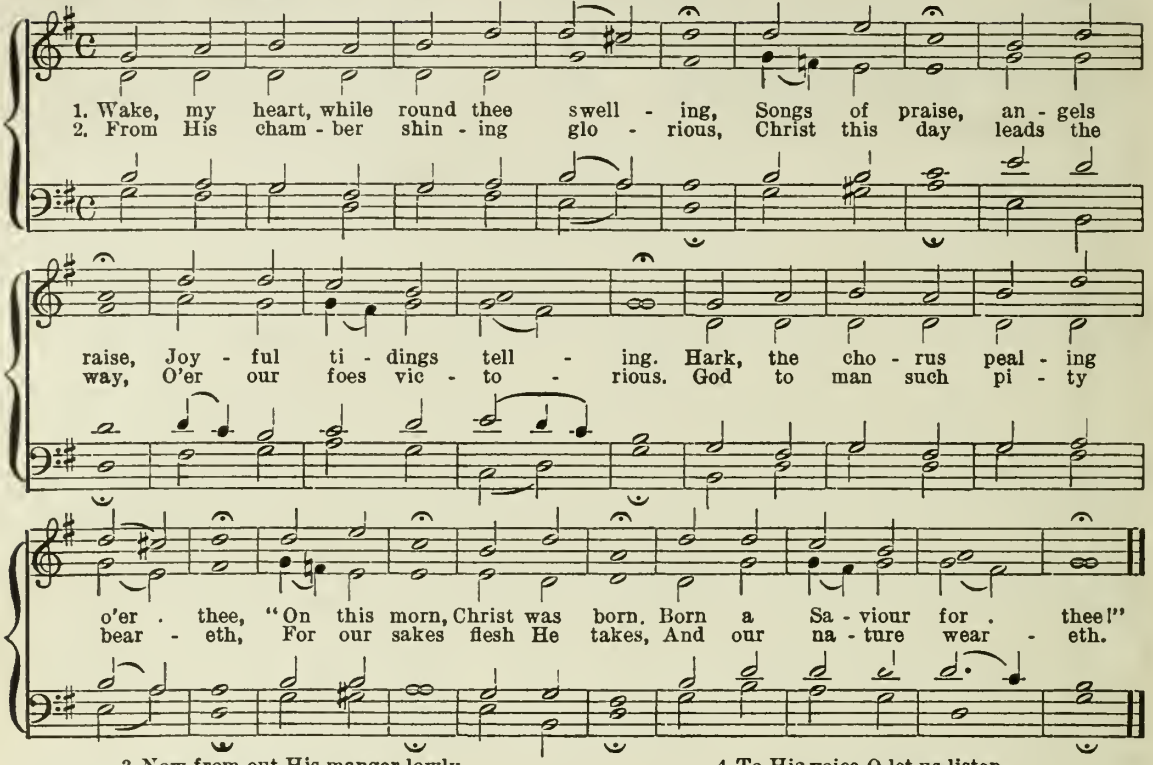
Rall.

an - gels sang their car - ols Up - on . that Christ - mas morn. . . . .
Ma - ker, Mon - arch, Sa - viour, The King of Heaven - ly Birth. . . . .
stow on us . Thy bless - ing, Cre - ate our hearts a - new. . . . .

Wake, my heart, while round thee swelling.

Carol 667.

CHRISTMAS.

Words tr. fr. *P. Gerhardt.* *J. Kruger.*

1. Wake, my heart, while round thee swell - ing, Songs of praise, an - gels
2. From His cham - ber shin - ing glo - rious, Christ this day leads the
raise, Joy - ful ti - dings tell - ing. Hark, the cho - rus peal - ing
way, O'er our foes vic - to - rious. God to man such pi - ty
o'er . thee, "On this morn, Christ was born. Born a Sa - viour for . thee!"
bear - eth, For our sakes flesh He takes, And our na - ture wear - eth.

3 Now from out His manger lowly,
Hark His call greets us all
With sweet accents holy:
"Mothers, come! I will restore you;
Cease your tears, griefs, and fears,
I bring comfort for you."

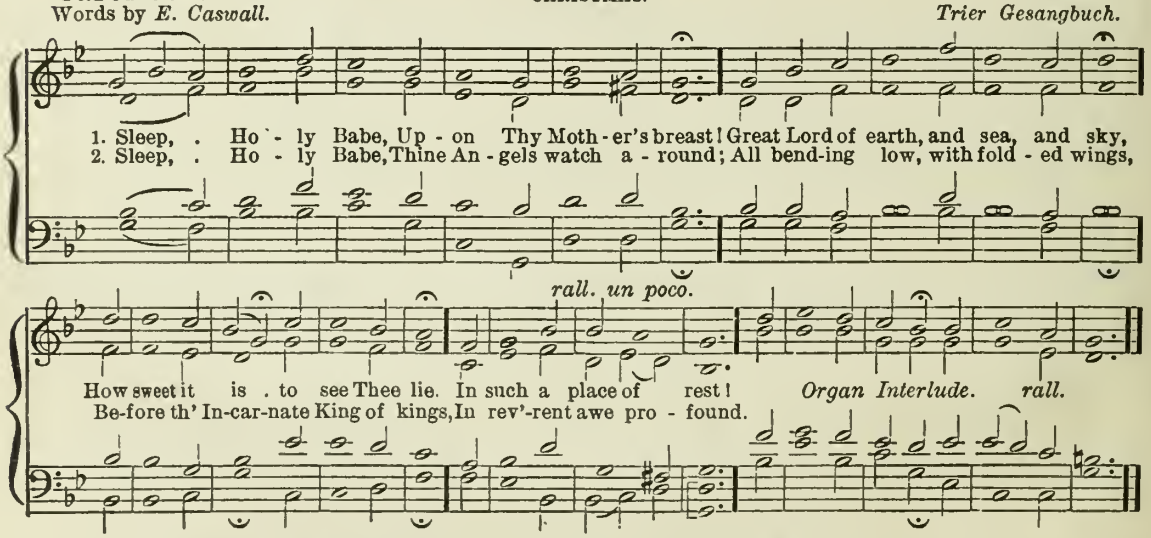
4 To His voice O let us listen,
High and low let us now
To this Saviour hasten:
Loving Him whose love invites us,
Let us gaze on the rays
Of the Star that lights us.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 668.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *E. Caswall.* *Trier Gesangbuch.*


1. Sleep, . Ho - ly Babe, Up - on Thy Moth - er's breast! Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
2. Sleep, . Ho - ly Babe, Thine An - gels watch a - round; All bend-ing low, with fold - ed wings,
rall. un poco.
How sweet it is . to see Thee lie. In such a place of rest! Organ Interlude. rall.
Be-fore th' In-car-nate King of kings, In rev'-rent awe pro - found.

3 Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there Divinely plays.

4 Sleep, Holy Babe!
Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

5 Then must that Brow
Its thorny Crown receive;
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drench'd with Blood, and marr'd with blows,
That I thereby may live.

6 O Father Blest!
Almighty, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To Thee, in causing Thy dear Son
Upon the Cross to die.

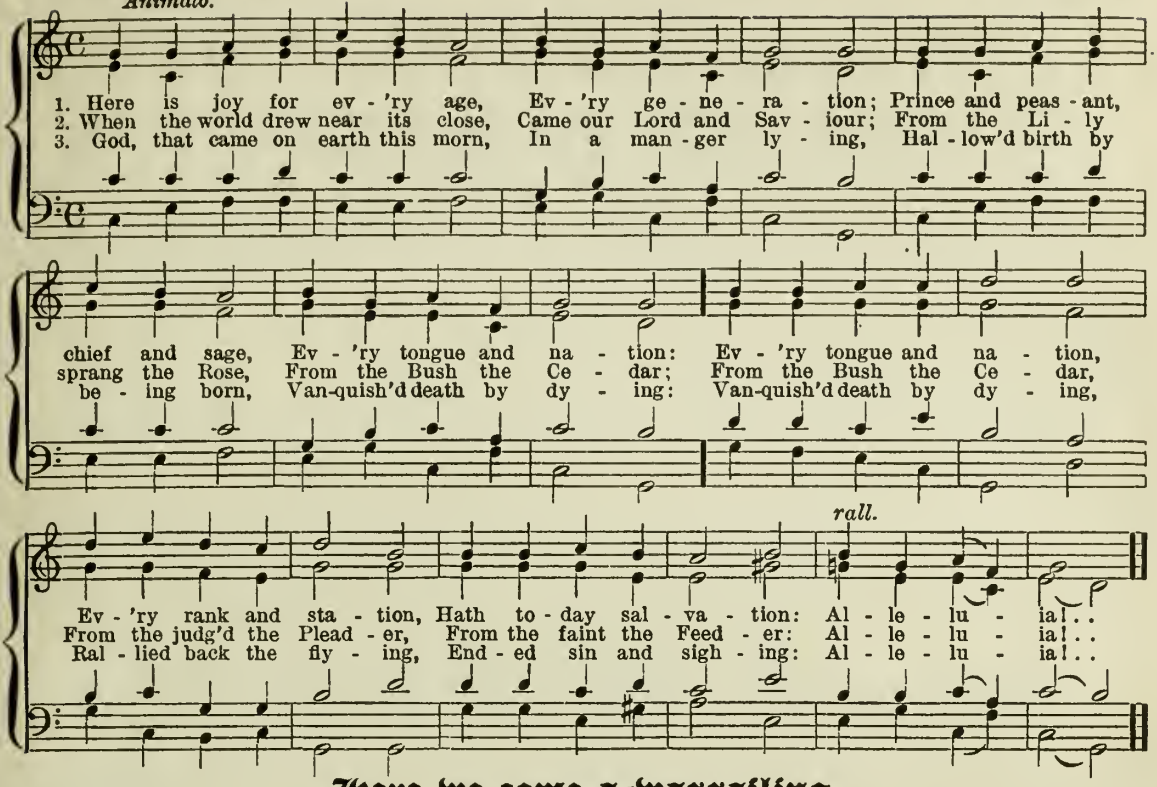
Here is joy for every age.

Carol 669.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. J. M. Neale.* *Rev. T. Helmore.*

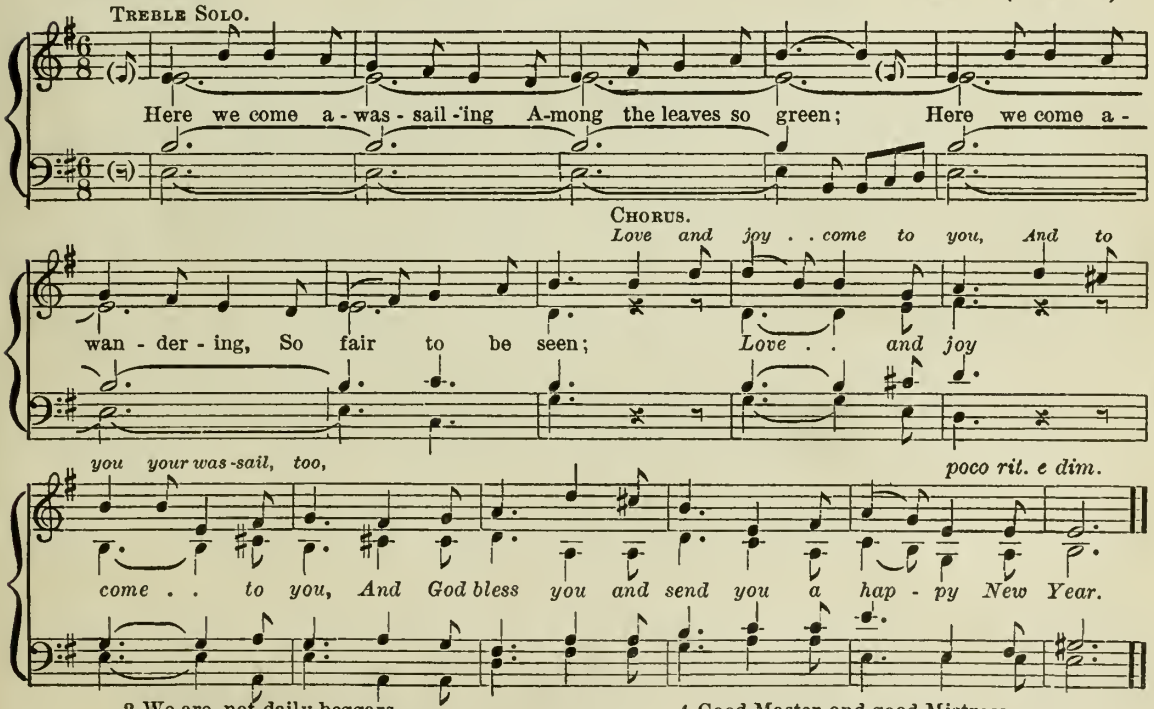
Animato.


1. Here is joy for ev - 'ry age, Ev - 'ry ge - ne - ra - tion; Prince and peas - ant,
2. When the world drew near its close, Came our Lord and Sav - iour; From the Li - ly
3. God, that came on earth this morn, In a man - ger ly - ing, Hal - low'd birth by
chief and sage, Ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion: Ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion,
sprang the Rose, From the Bush the Ce - dar; From the Bush the Ce - dar,
be - ing born, Van-quish'd death by dy - ing: Van-quish'd death by dy - ing,
rall.
Ev - 'ry rank and sta - tion, Hath to - day sal - va - tion: Al - le - lu - ia!..
From the judg'd the Plead - er, From the faint the Feed - er: Al - le - lu - ia!..
Ral - lied back the fly - ing, End - ed sin and sigh - ing: Al - le - lu - ia!..

Here we come a-wassailing.

Carol 670.

NEW YEAR.

Words *Traditional.* *Traditional* (Yorkshire).

Treble Solo.
Here we come a - was - sail - ing A-mong the leaves so green; Here we come a -
Chorus.
Love and joy . . come to you, And to
wan - der - ing, So fair to be seen; Love . . and joy
you your was-sail, too,
poco rit. e dim.
come . . to you, And God bless you and send you a hap - py New Year.

2 We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before.
Love and joy, etc.

3 We have got a little purse
Of stretching leather-skin;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
Love and joy, etc.

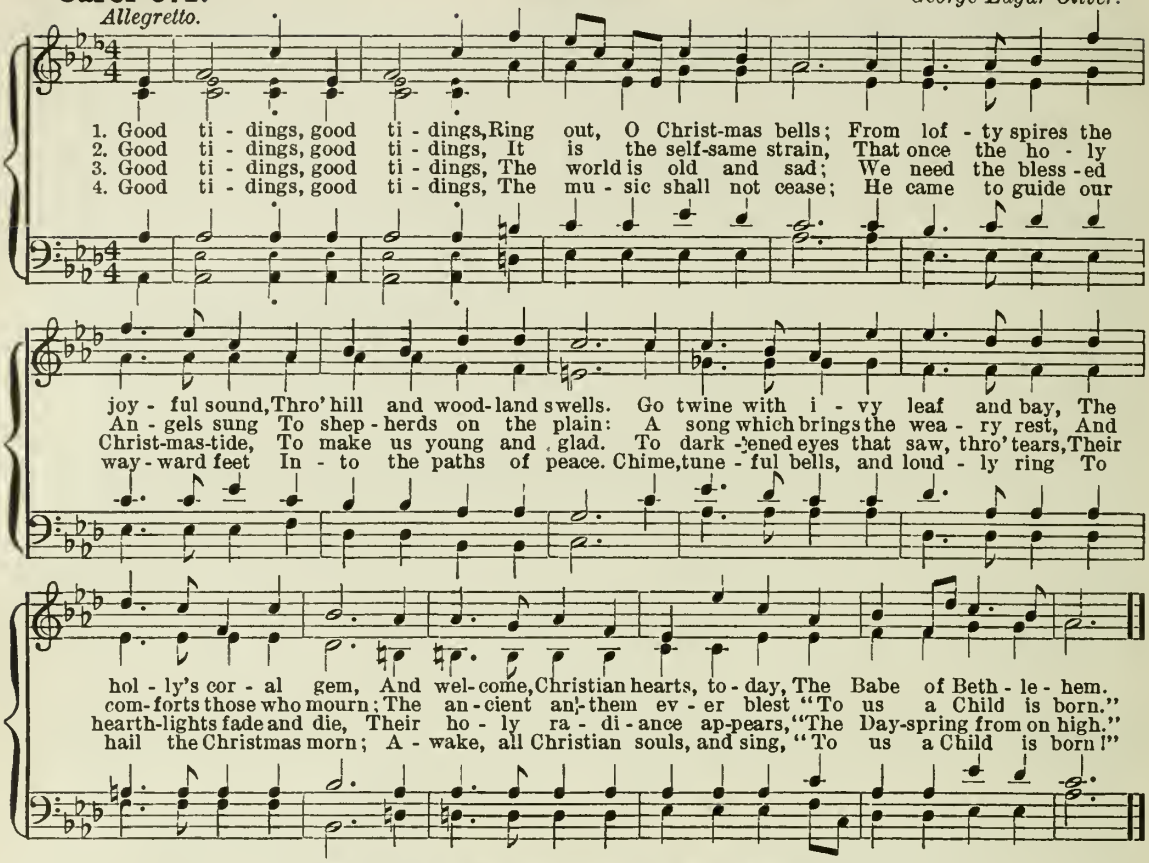
4 Good Master and good Mistress,
While sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
A-wandering in the mire.
Love and joy, etc.

5 God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the Mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy, etc.

Good tidings, good tidings.

Carol 671. CHRISTMAS. *George Edgar Oliver.*

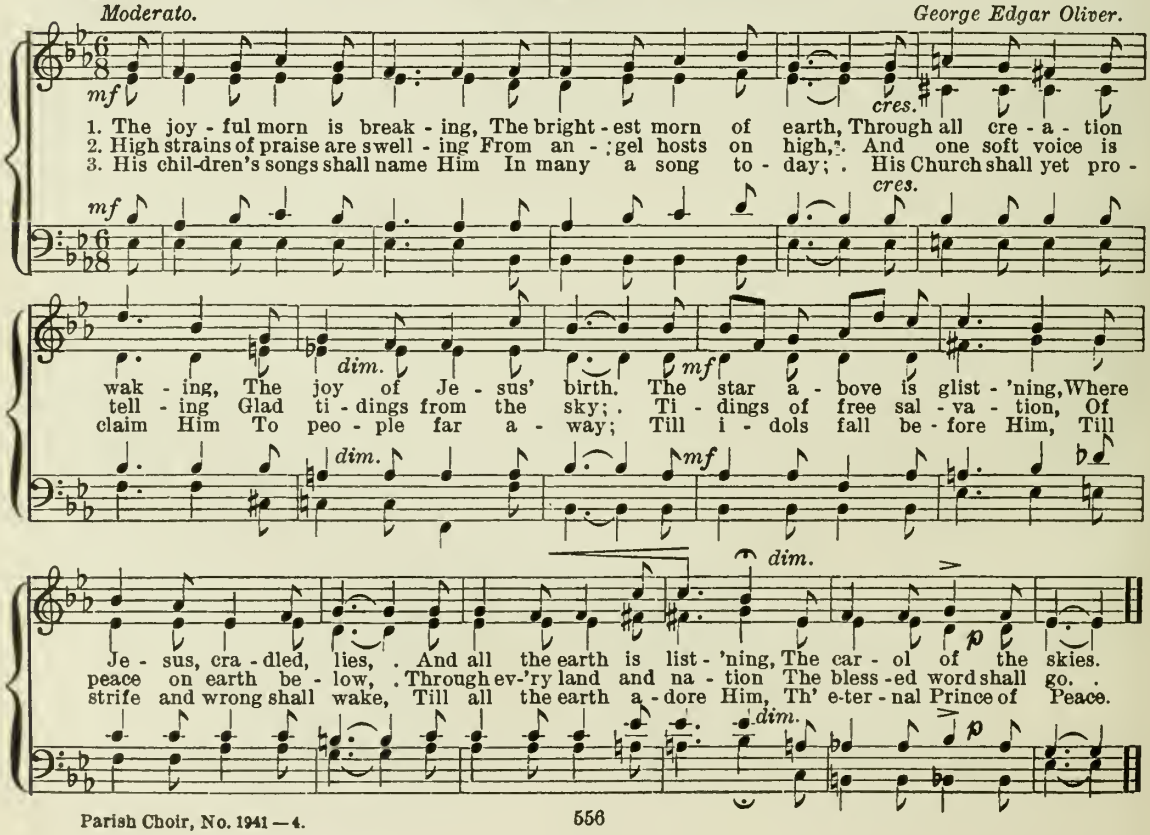
Allegretto.


1. Good ti - dings, good ti - dings, Ring out, O Christ-mas bells; From lof - ty spires the
2. Good ti - dings, good ti - dings, It is the self-same strain, That once the ho - ly
3. Good ti - dings, good ti - dings, The world is old and sad; We need the bless - ed
4. Good ti - dings, good ti - dings, The mu - sic shall not cease; He came to guide our
joy - ful sound, Thro' hill and wood-land swells. Go twine with i - vy leaf and bay, The
An - gels sung To shep - herds on the plain: A song which brings the wea - ry rest, And
Christ-mas-tide, To make us young and glad. To dark - ened eyes that saw, thro' tears, Their
way - ward feet In - to the paths of peace. Chime, tune - ful bells, and loud - ly ring To
hol - ly's cor - al gem, And wel - come, Christian hearts, to - day, The Babe of Beth - le - hem.
com - forts those who mourn; The an - cient an - them ev - er blest "To us a Child is born."
hearth-lights fade and die, Their ho - ly ra - di - ance ap-pears, "The Day-spring from on high."
hail the Christmas morn; A - wake, all Christian souls, and sing, "To us a Child is born!"

The joyful morn is breaking.

Carol 672. CHRISTMAS. *George Edgar Oliver.*

Moderato.


mf
cres.
1. The joy - ful morn is break - ing, The bright - est morn of earth, Through all cre - a - tion
2. High strains of praise are swell - ing From an - gel hosts on high, And one soft voice is
3. His chil-dren's songs shall name Him In many a song to - day; His Church shall yet pro -
mf
cres.
dim.
mf
wak - ing, The joy of Je - sus' birth. The star a - bove is glist - 'ning, Where
tell - ing Glad ti - dings from the sky; Ti - dings of free sal - va - tion, Of
claim Him To peo - ple far a - way; Till i - dols fall be - fore Him, Till
dim.
mf
dim.
Je - sus, cra - dled, lies, And all the earth is list - 'ning, The car - ol of the skies.
peace on earth be - low, Through ev - 'ry land and na - tion The bless - ed word shall go.
strife and wrong shall wake, Till all the earth a - dore Him, Th' e-ter - nal Prince of Peace.
dim.
p

THE YULE LOGS.

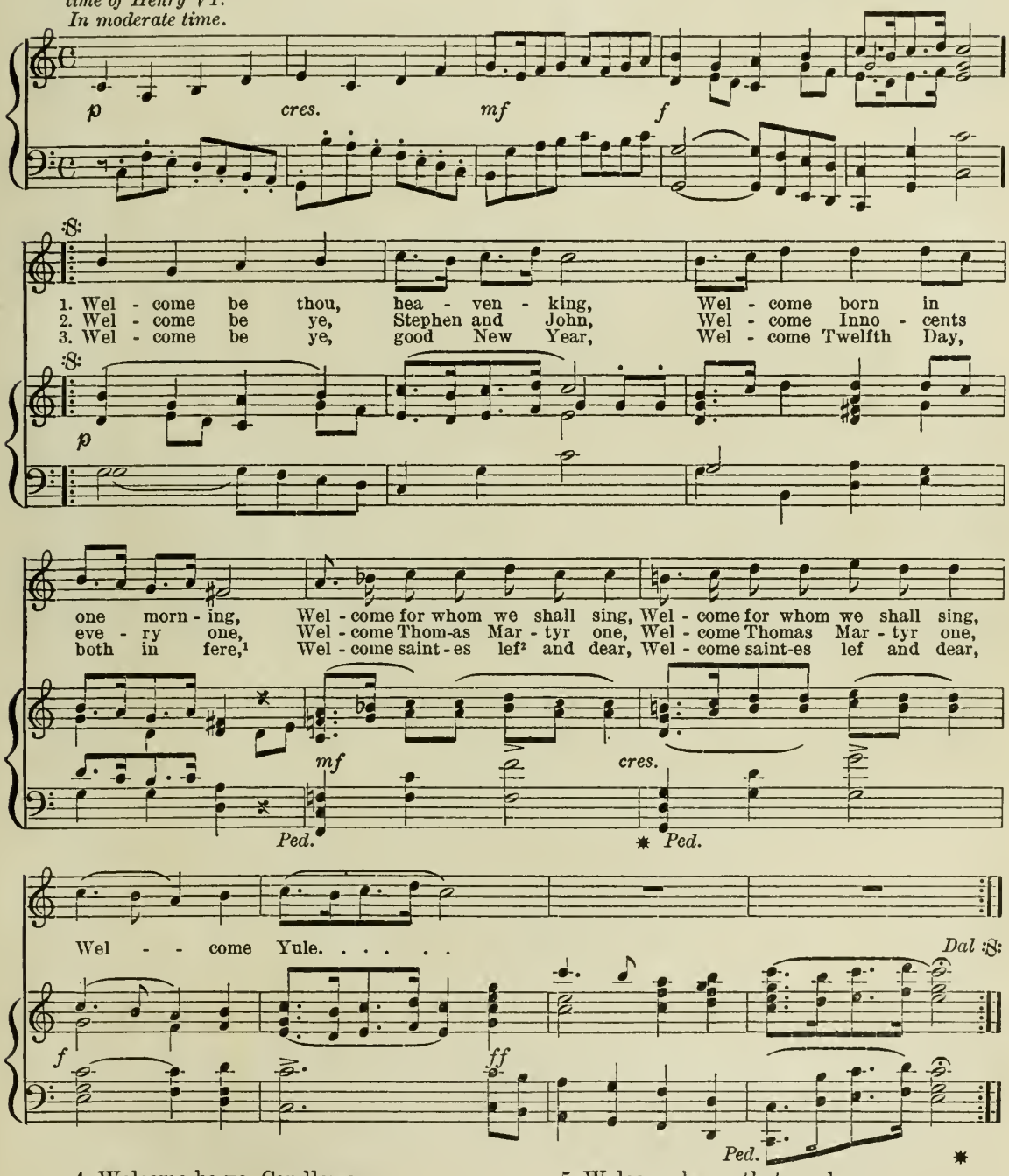
Welcome Yule.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 673.

Words from *Sloane MS, time of Henry VI.*

Air from *Deuteromelia, 1609.*

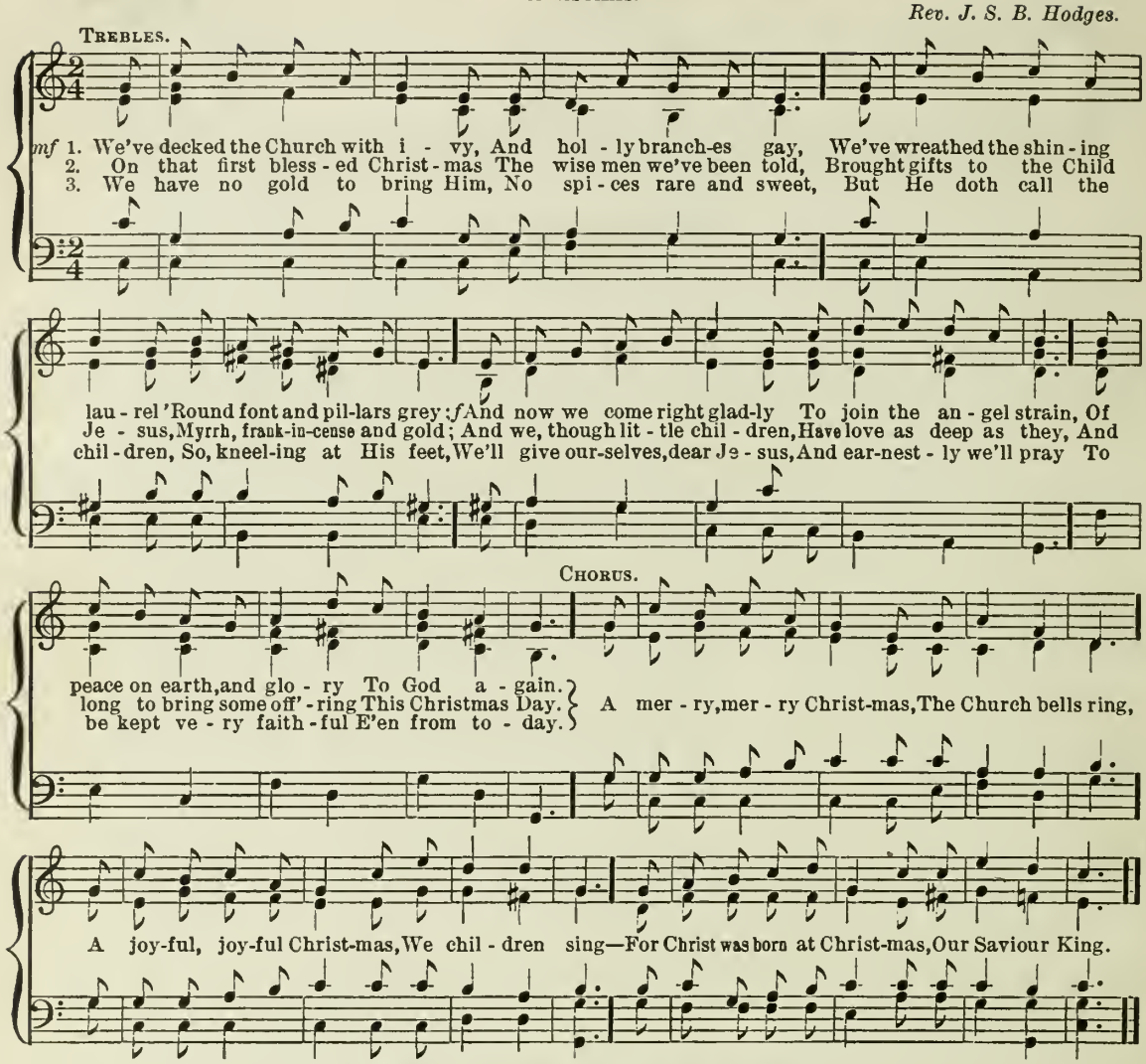
In moderate time.

p
cres.
mf
f
1. Wel - come be thou, hea - ven - king, Wel - come born in
2. Wel - come be ye, Stephen and John, Wel - come Inno - cents
3. Wel - come be ye, good New Year, Wel - come Twelfth Day,
p
one morn - ing, Wel - come for whom we shall sing, Wel - come for whom we shall sing,
eve - ry one, Wel - come Thom-as Mar - tyr one, Wel - come Thomas Mar - tyr one,
both in fere,[1] Wel - come saint - es lef[2] and dear, Wel - come saint-es lef and dear,
mf
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
Wel - - come Yule. . . . . .
Dal :S:
f
ff
Ped.

4 Welcome be ye, Candlemas,
Welcome be ye, Queen of Bliss,
Welcome both to more and less,
Welcome Yule.

5 Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer;
Welcome all, another year,
Welcome Yule.

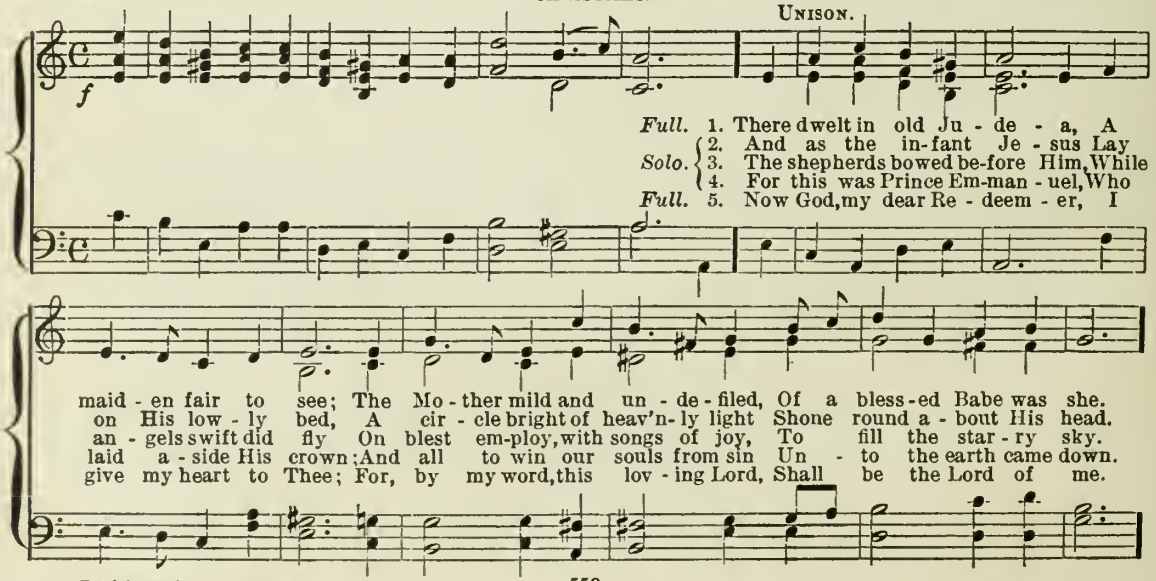
We've decked the Church with ivy.

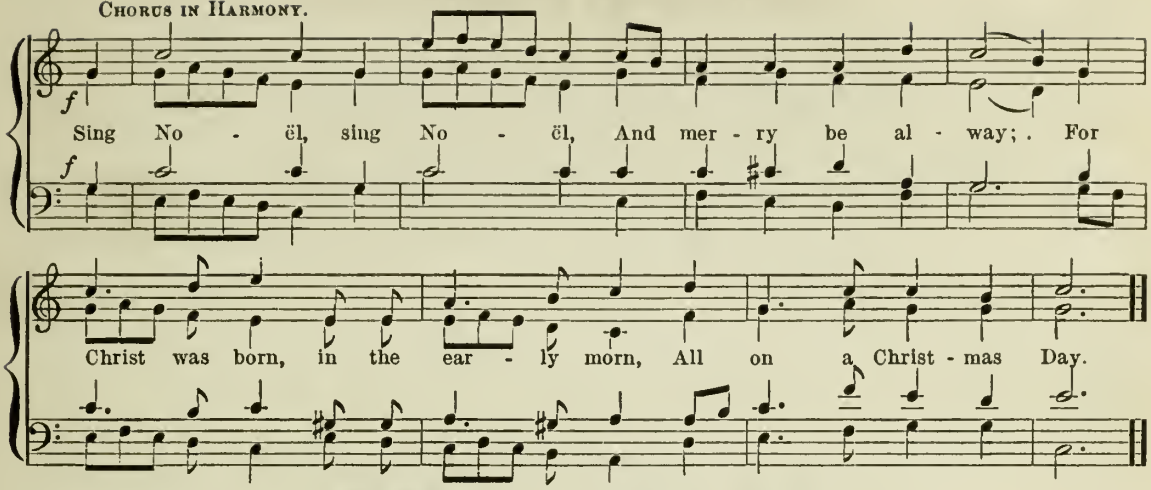
Carol 674. CHRISTMAS. *Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.*


TREBLES.
mf 1. We've decked the Church with i - vy, And hol - ly branch-es gay, We've wreathed the shin - ing
2. On that first bless - ed Christ - mas The wise men we've been told, Brought gifts to the Child
3. We have no gold to bring Him, No spi - ces rare and sweet, But He doth call the
lau - rel 'Round font and pil-lars grey: f And now we come right glad-ly To join the an - gel strain, Of
Je - sus, Myrrh, frank-in-cense and gold; And we, though lit - tle chil - dren, Have love as deep as they, And
chil - dren, So, kneel-ing at His feet, We'll give our-selves, dear Je - sus, And ear-nest - ly we'll pray To
CHORUS.
peace on earth, and glo - ry To God a - gain.
long to bring some off' - ring This Christmas Day.
be kept ve - ry faith - ful E'en from to - day.
A mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas, The Church bells ring,
A joy-ful, joy-ful Christ-mas, We chil - dren sing—For Christ was born at Christ-mas, Our Saviour King.

There dwelt in old Judea.

Carol 675. CHRISTMAS. *R. Jackson.*


UNISON.
f
Full. 1. There dwelt in old Ju - de - a, A
Solo. 2. And as the in-fant Je - sus Lay
3. The shepherds bowed be-fore Him, While
4. For this was Prince Em-man - uel, Who
Full. 5. Now God, my dear Re - deem - er, I
maid - en fair to see; The Mo - ther mild and un - de - filed, Of a bless-ed Babe was she.
on His low - ly bed, A cir - cle bright of heav'n - ly light Shone round a - bout His head.
an - gels swift did fly On blest em-ploy, with songs of joy, To fill the star - ry sky.
laid a - side His crown; And all to win our souls from sin Un - to the earth came down.
give my heart to Thee; For, by my word, this lov - ing Lord, Shall be the Lord of me.

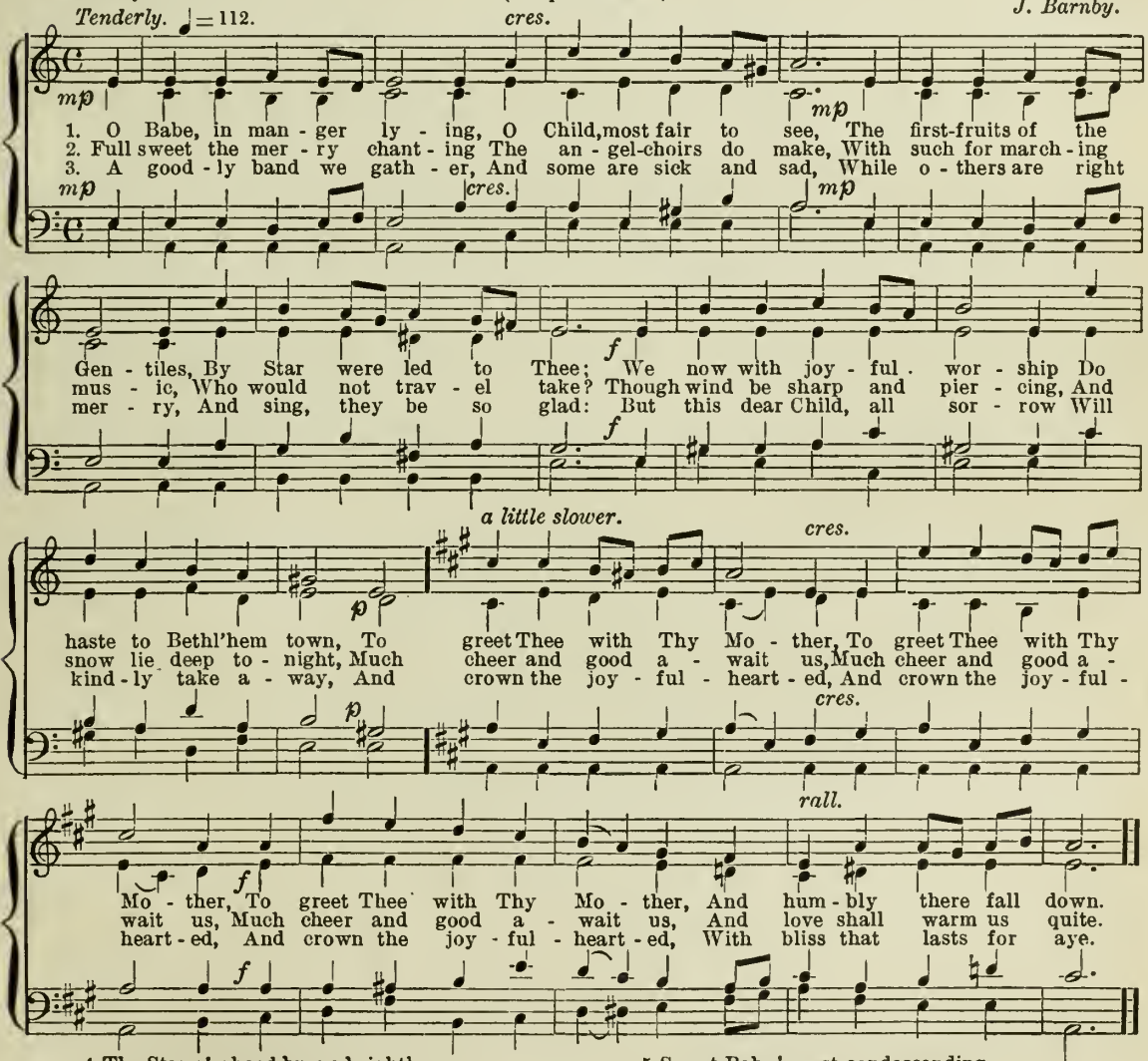
CHORUS IN HARMONY.

O Babe! in manger lying.

Carol 676.

Words by *W. C. Dix.*

CHRISTMAS.

(An open-air Carol.)

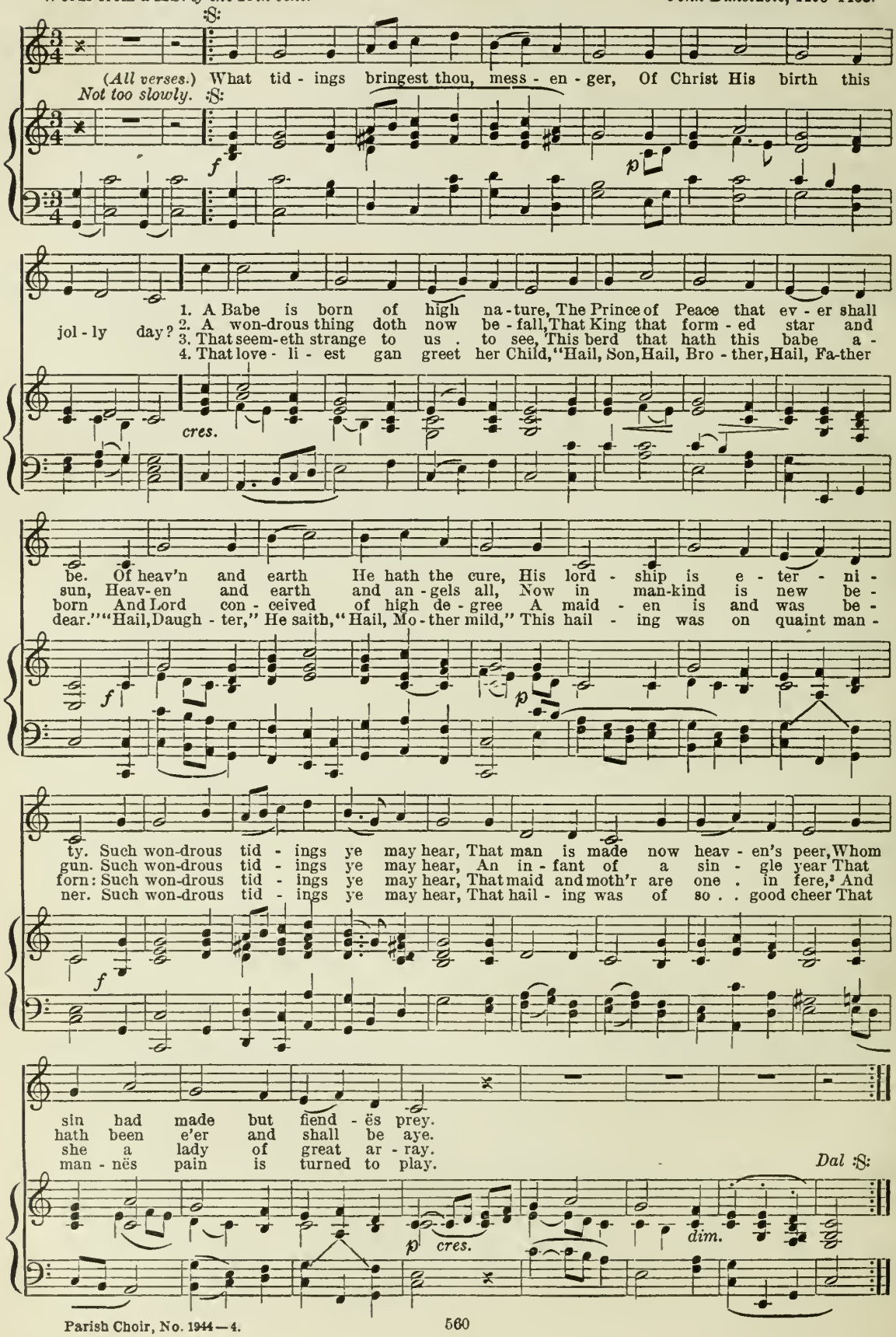
J. Barnby.

Tenderly. ♩ = 112.
cres.
1. O Babe, in man - ger ly - ing, O Child, most fair to see, The first-fruits of the
2. Full sweet the mer - ry chant - ing The an - gel-choirs do make, With such for march - ing
3. A good - ly band we gath - er, And some are sick and sad, While o - thers are right
Gen - tiles, By Star were led to Thee; We now with joy - ful . wor - ship Do
mus - ic, Who would not trav - el take? Though wind be sharp and pier - cing, And
mer - ry, And sing, they be so glad: But this dear Child, all sor - row Will
a little slower.
cres.
haste to Bethl'hem town, To greet Thee with Thy Mo - ther, To greet Thee with Thy
snow lie deep to - night, Much cheer and good a - wait us, Much cheer and good a -
kind - ly take a - way, And crown the joy - ful - heart - ed, And crown the joy - ful -
rall.
Mo - ther, To greet Thee with Thy Mo - ther, And hum - bly there fall down.
wait us, Much cheer and good a - wait us, And love shall warm us quite.
heart - ed, And crown the joy - ful - heart - ed, With bliss that lasts for aye.

4 The Star o'erhead burns brightly,
And we go on apace;
And presently, are spying
A mean and shameful place.
There come, we make low knocking,
The shepherds ope the door,
And straightway Christ our Saviour
We worship and adore.

5 Sweet Babe! most condescending,
O by Thy spotless Birth,
Let Light arise in darkness,
And Peace come to the earth:
Rest for the heavy-laden,
And Joy for those who weep,
In Bethlehem of Jewry,
Our God doth always keep.

What tidings bringest thou?

Carol 677. CHRISTMAS.

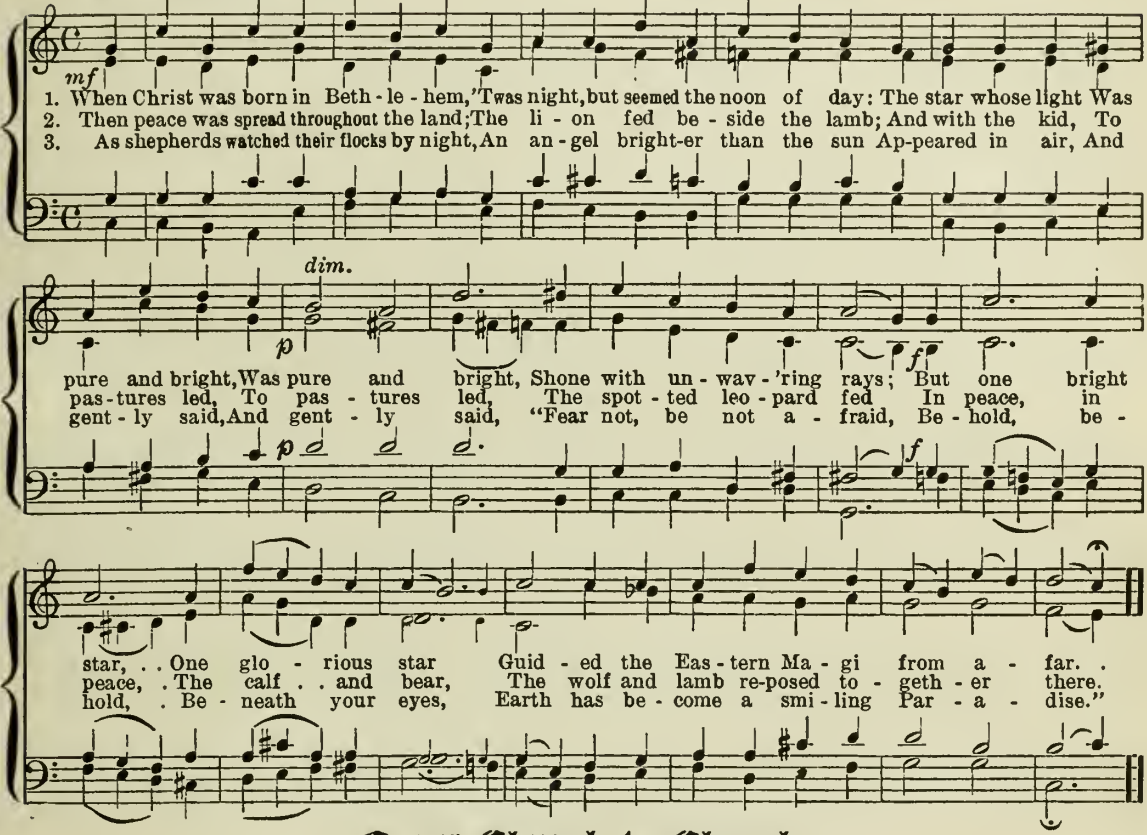
Words from a *MS. of the 15th cent.* *John Dunstable*, 1400–1453.

(All verses.) What tid - ings bringest thou, mess - en - ger, Of Christ His birth this
Not too slowly.
jol - ly day?
1. A Babe is born of high na - ture, The Prince of Peace that ev - er shall
2. A won-drous thing doth now be - fall, That King that form - ed star and
3. That seem-eth strange to us . to see, This berd that hath this babe a -
4. That love - li - est gan greet her Child, "Hail, Son, Hail, Bro - ther, Hail, Fa-ther
cres.
be. Of heav'n and earth He hath the cure, His lord - ship is e - ter - ni -
sun, Heav-en and earth and an - gels all, Now in man-kind is new be -
born And Lord con - ceived of high de - gree A maid - en is and was be -
dear." "Hail, Daugh - ter," He saith, "Hail, Mo - ther mild," This hail - ing was on quaint man -
ty. Such won-drous tid - ings ye may hear, That man is made now heav - en's peer, Whom
gun. Such won-drous tid - ings ye may hear, An in - fant of a sin - gle year That
forn: Such won-drous tid - ings ye may hear, That maid and moth'r are one . in fere,[3] And
ner. Such won-drous tid - ings ye may hear, That hail - ing was of so . . good cheer That
sin had made but fiend - ës prey.
hath been e'er and shall be aye.
she a lady of great ar - ray.
man - nës pain is turned to play.
Dal :S:
cres.
dim.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Carol 678. CHRISTMAS.

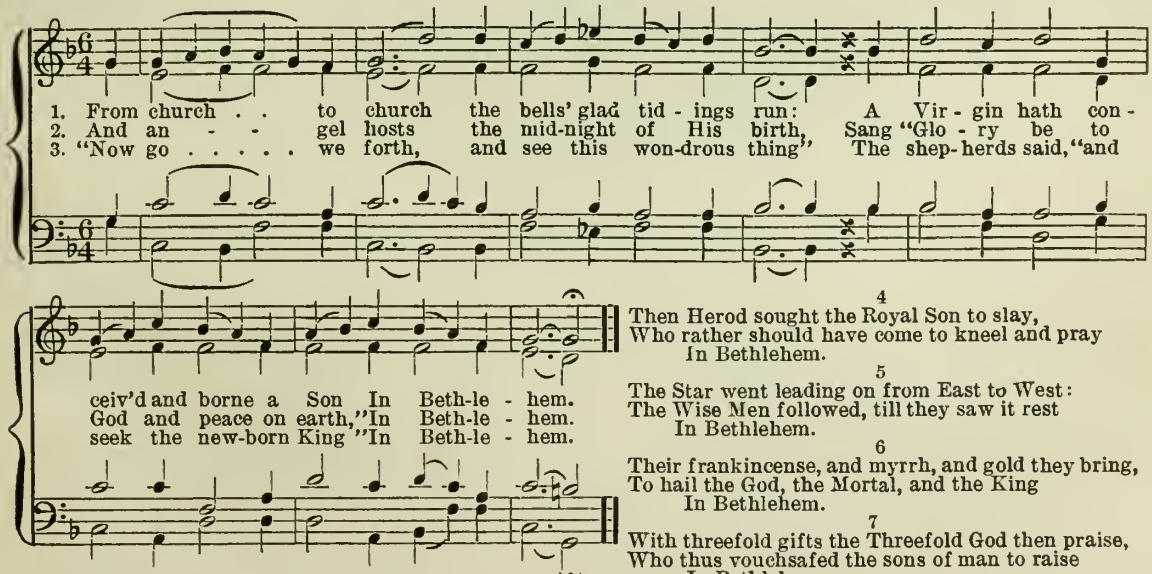
Words Tr. from the *Neapolitan.* *W. F. Taylor.*

Moderato and joyfully.


mf
1. When Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, 'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day: The star whose light Was
2. Then peace was spread throughout the land; The li - on fed be - side the lamb; And with the kid, To
3. As shepherds watched their flocks by night, An an - gel bright-er than the sun Ap-peared in air, And
dim.
p
pure and bright, Was pure and bright, Shone with un - wav - 'ring rays; But one bright
pas-tures led, To pas - tures led, The spot - ted leo - pard fed In peace, in
gent - ly said, And gent - ly said, "Fear not, be not a - fraid, Be - hold, be -
f
star, . . One glo - rious star Guid - ed the Eas - tern Ma - gi from a - far. .
peace, . The calf . . and bear, The wolf and lamb re-posed to - geth - er there.
hold, . Be - neath your eyes, Earth has be - come a smi - ling Par - a - dise."

From Church to Church.

Carol 679. CHRISTMAS.

Words from *MS. of 11th Cent.* *Hypo-Dorian Mode.*

1. From church . . to church the bells' glad tid - ings run: A Vir - gin hath con -
2. And an - - - gel hosts the mid-night of His birth, Sang "Glo - ry be to
3. "Now go . . . . . we forth, and see this won-drous thing" The shep-herds said, "and
ceiv'd and borne a Son In Beth-le - hem.
God and peace on earth," In Beth-le - hem.
seek the new-born King "In Beth-le - hem.

4
Then Herod sought the Royal Son to slay,
Who rather should have come to kneel and pray
In Bethlehem.

5
The Star went leading on from East to West:
The Wise Men followed, till they saw it rest
In Bethlehem.

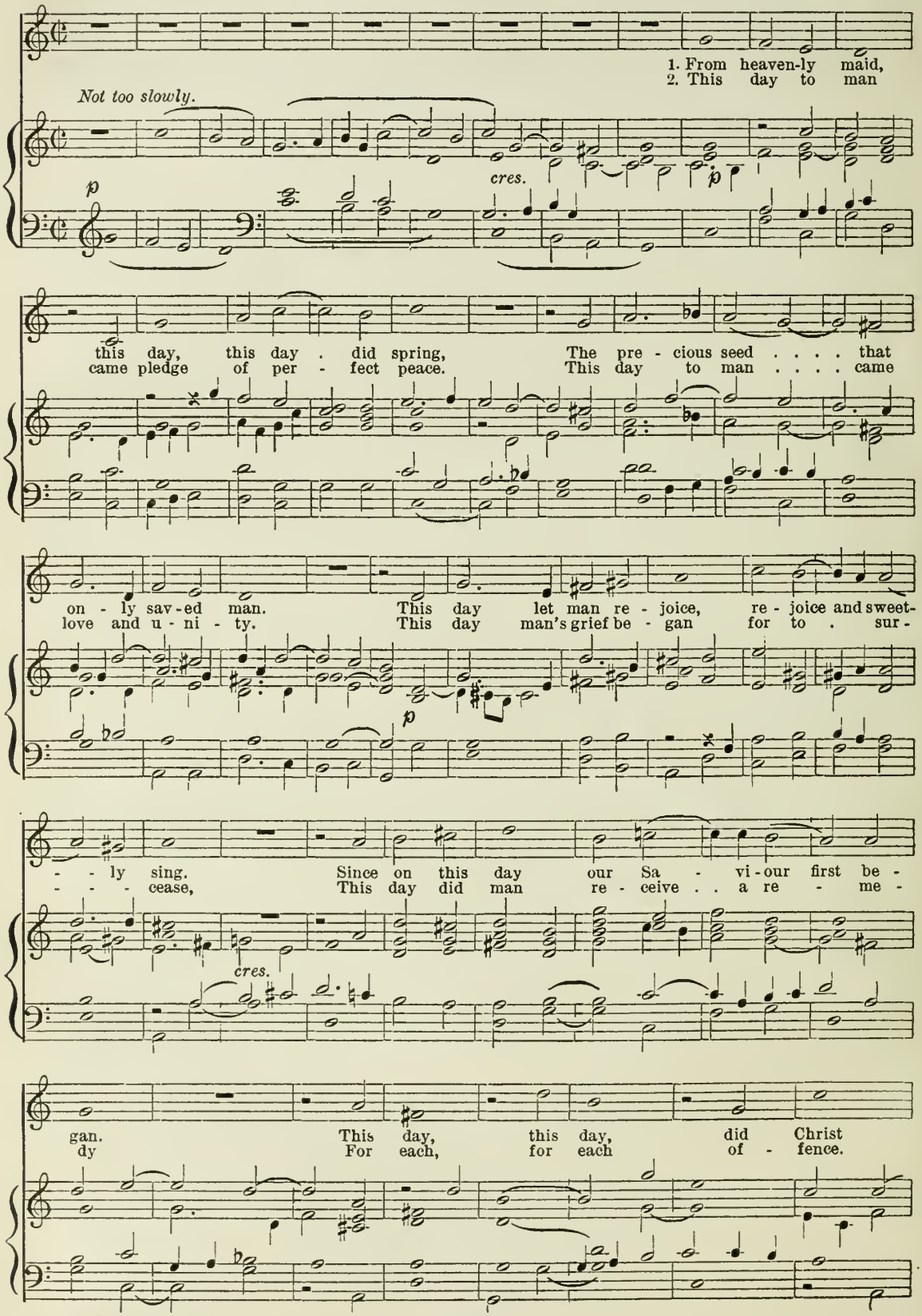
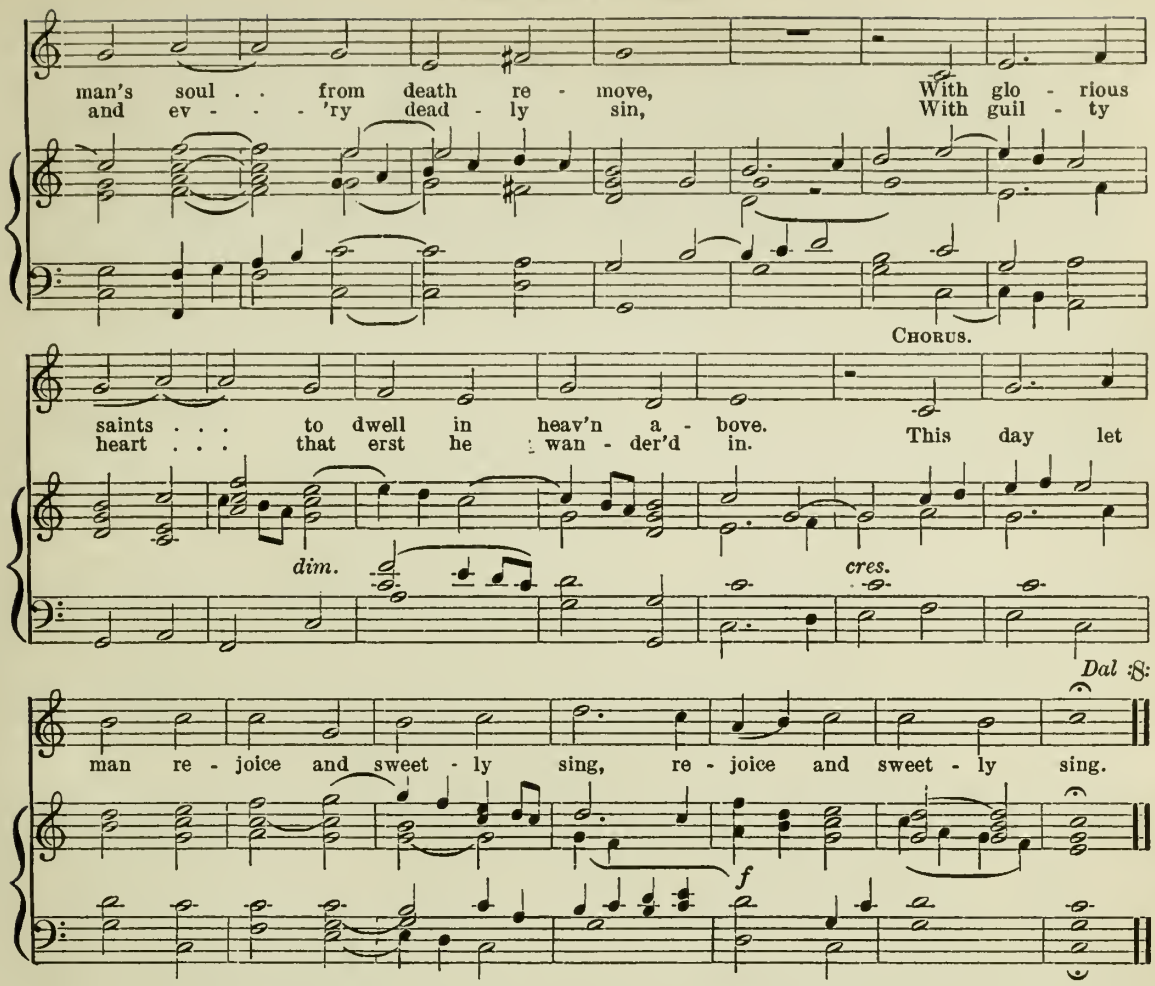
6
Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring,
To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King
In Bethlehem.

7
With threefold gifts the Threefold God then praise,
Who thus vouchsafed the sons of man to raise
In Bethlehem.

From Heavenly Maid.

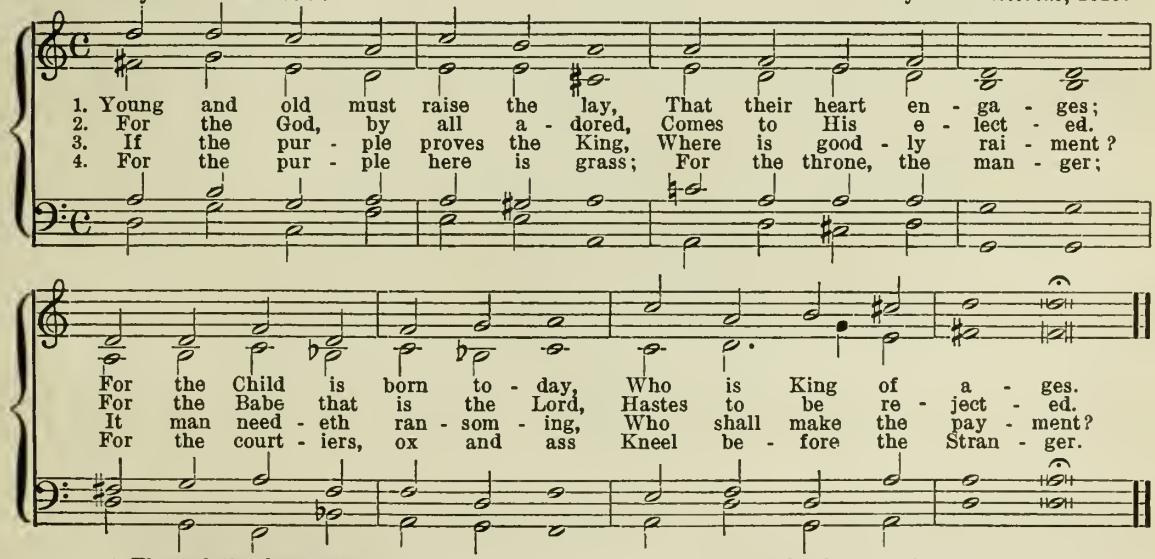
Carol 680. CHRISTMAS.

Words from "*Songs of Sundry Natures*" (1589). *William Byrd*, (1538–1623)


1. From heaven-ly maid,
2. This day to man
Not too slowly.
cres.
this day, this day . did spring, The pre - cious seed . . . . that
came pledge of per - fect peace. This day to man . . . . came
on - ly sav-ed man. This day let man re - joice, re - joice and sweet-
love and u - ni - ty. This day man's grief be - gan for to . sur -
- - ly sing. Since on this day our Sa - vi-our first be -
- - - cease, This day did man re - ceive . . a re - me -
cres.
gan. This day, this day, did Christ
dy For each, for each of - fence.

man's soul . . from death re - move, With glo - rious
and ev - - - 'ry dead - ly sin, With guil - ty
CHORUS.
saints . . . to dwell in heav'n a - bove.
heart . . . that erst he wan - der'd in.
This day let
dim.
cres.
Dal :S:
man re - joice and sweet - ly sing, re - joice and sweet - ly sing.
f

Young and old must raise the lay.

Carol 681. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. J. M. Neale.* *Old Melody*, Har. by *M. Praetorius, 1610.*

1. Young and old must raise the lay, That their heart en - ga - ges;
2. For the God, by all a - dored, Comes to His e - lect - ed.
3. If the pur - ple proves the King, Where is good - ly rai - ment?
4. For the pur - ple here is grass; For the throne, the man - ger;
For the Child is born to - day, Who is King of a - ges.
For the Babe that is the Lord, Hastes to be re - ject - ed.
It man need - eth ran - som - ing, Who shall make the pay - ment?
For the court - iers, ox and ass Kneel be - fore the Stran - ger.

5 Through the desert as we go
Sorrowful and fearing,
From the Rock the waters flow
That shall work our cheering.

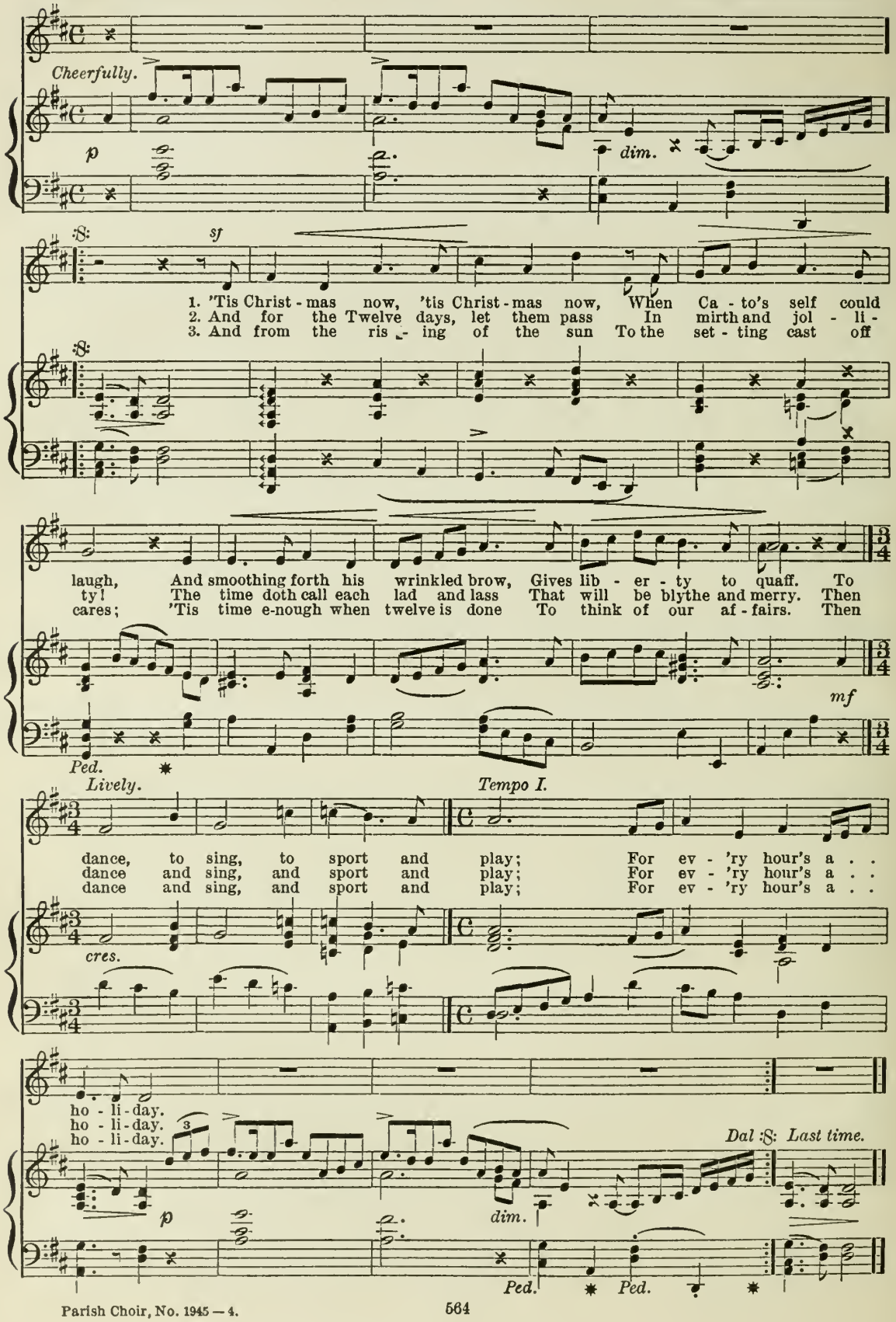
6 Manna, wherewith all are fed,
Comes for our salvation;
Born in Bethlehem, House of Bread,
By interpretation.

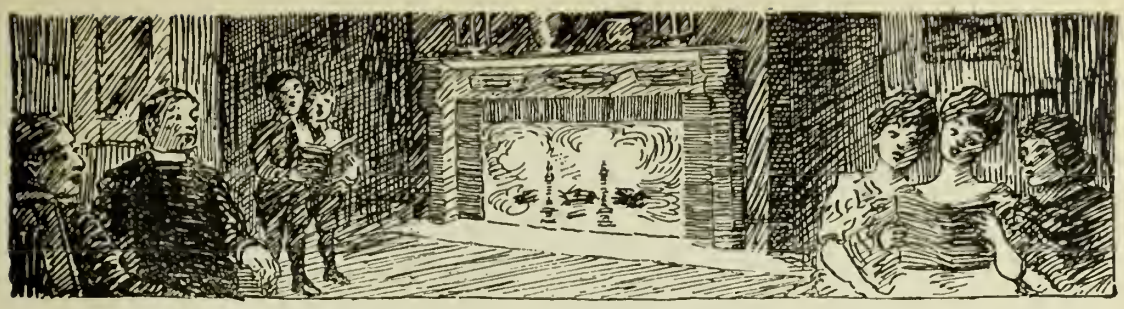
7 Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages;
For the Child is born to-day
Who is King of ages.

8 Young and old their deeds so frame,
That as He came hither,
They, when He their lives shall claim,
May to Him go thither.

'Tis Christmas now.

Carol 682.

Words from *Playford's Select Ayres and Dialogues.* *Henry Lawes, 1595–1662.*

Cheerfully.
p
dim.
sf
1. 'Tis Christ - mas now, 'tis Christ - mas now, When Ca - to's self could
2. And for the Twelve days, let them pass In mirth and jol - li -
3. And from the ris - ing of the sun To the set - ting cast off
laugh, And smoothing forth his wrinkled brow, Gives lib - er - ty to quaff. To
ty! The time doth call each lad and lass That will be blythe and merry. Then
cares; 'Tis time e-nough when twelve is done To think of our af - fairs. Then
mf
Ped.
Lively.
Tempo I.
dance, to sing, to sport and play; For ev - 'ry hour's a . .
dance and sing, and sport and play; For ev - 'ry hour's a . .
dance and sing, and sport and play; For ev - 'ry hour's a . .
cres.
ho - li - day.
ho - li - day.
ho - li - day.
3
Dal 𝄋 Last time.
p
dim.
Ped.
Ped.



A Tale of the Olden Time.

Carol 683. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. Gerard Moultrie.* Melody by *Rev. B. W. J. Trevaldwyn.*
Solo or Semi-Chorus. Har. by *T. W. Staniforth.*

1. I'll tell you a tale of the old - en time, While the Yule log burns bright, and the
2. The beasts of the mea - dows bowed down their head All un - der the moon-light so
3. O who are these mas - ters of an - cient mould? O these are the shep-herds the

Full.

Church bells chime.
soft - ly shed.
lords of the fold;

Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis De - - o.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

There sate a fair Prin - cess in joy on her throne, And there in her arms her In-fant was shown:
They wor-ship'd the King of Cre - a - tion . there In the arms of the Moth - er so pass-ing fair.
They have heard from the sky of the birth of their King, They have heard all the sky with the harmo - ny ring,

Full. *cres.*

mf *ff*

Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis, Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis, Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis De - - o.

p *mf* *ff*

4

The Kings of the East in number three,
All worship the Monarch of high degree;
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Their tribute they offer, their heads they bow,
And clearer and clearer is echoing now,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

5

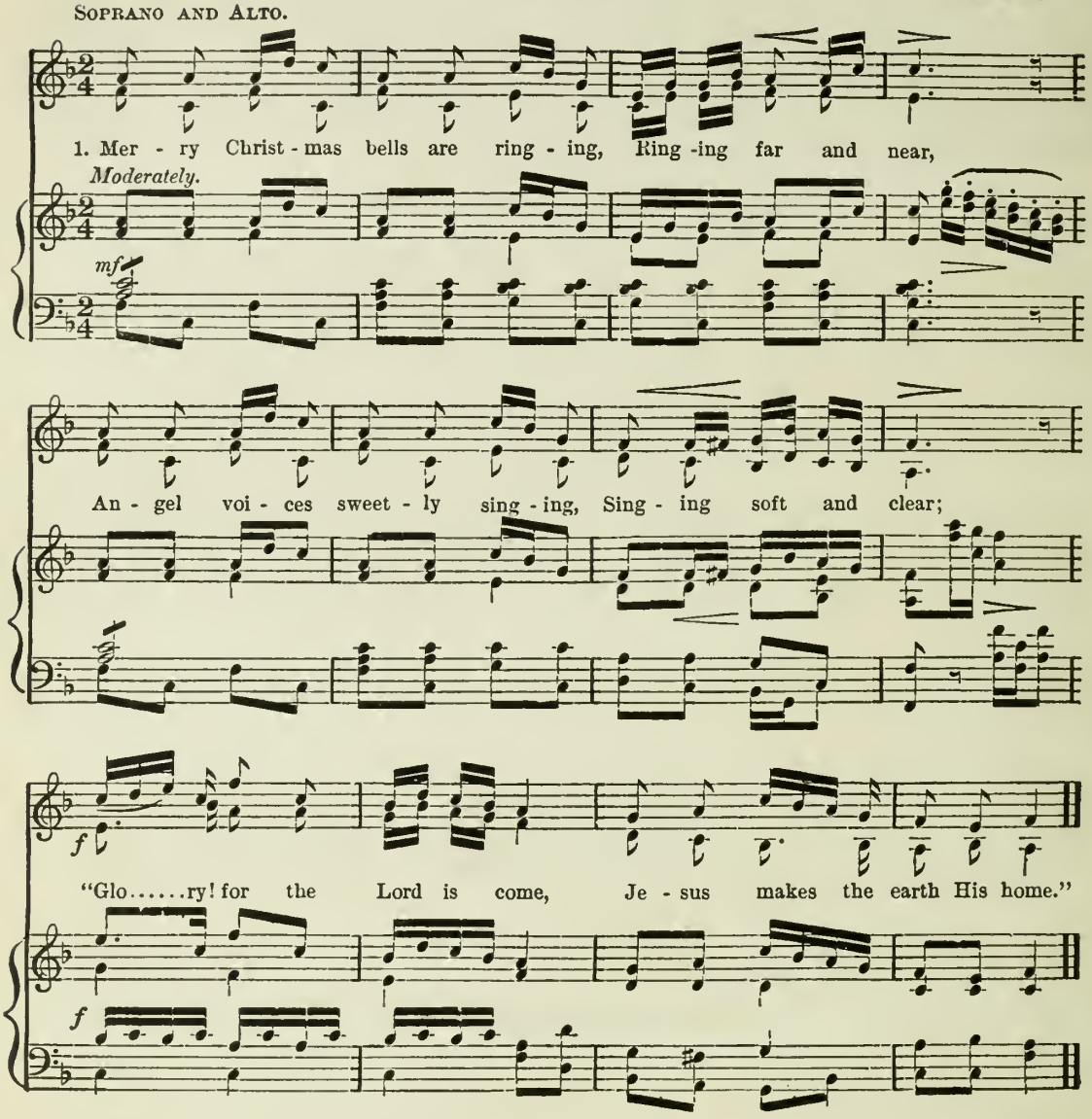
For all the zenith is blazing with light,
And musical voices enrapture the night:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
O this is the carol of peace and goodwill
From the voices celestial, the zenith that fill;
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Merry Christmas bells are ringing.

Carol 684.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

H. Kotzschmar.


1. Mer - ry Christ - mas bells are ring - ing, Ring -ing far and near,
Moderately.
mf
An - gel voi - ces sweet - ly sing - ing, Sing - ing soft and clear;
f
"Glo.....ry! for the Lord is come, Je - sus makes the earth His home."
f

2

Happy voices catch the echo
Of the angels' song;
Grand old chant, and joyous carol,
Ring the aisles along.
Let our lips their homage pay
To the Saviour, born to-day.

3

Graceful Christmas greens are wreathing
Column, choir and nave;
While their cross-tipped boughs say ever,
"Jesus comes to save."
And the spicy fir's perfume
Breathes its welcome:— "Christ is come!"

4

In our souls let glad obedience,—
Faith and love entwine,—
Yielding Christmas odors sweeter
Than the fragrant pine:
So our hearts shall homage pay
To the Saviour, born to-day.

5

Precious Christmas gifts are gladdening
Many a heart and home;
But the "Gift all gifts excelling,"
Christ, Himself, is come;
In your hearts make speedy room,
For the Christ, the Lord is come!

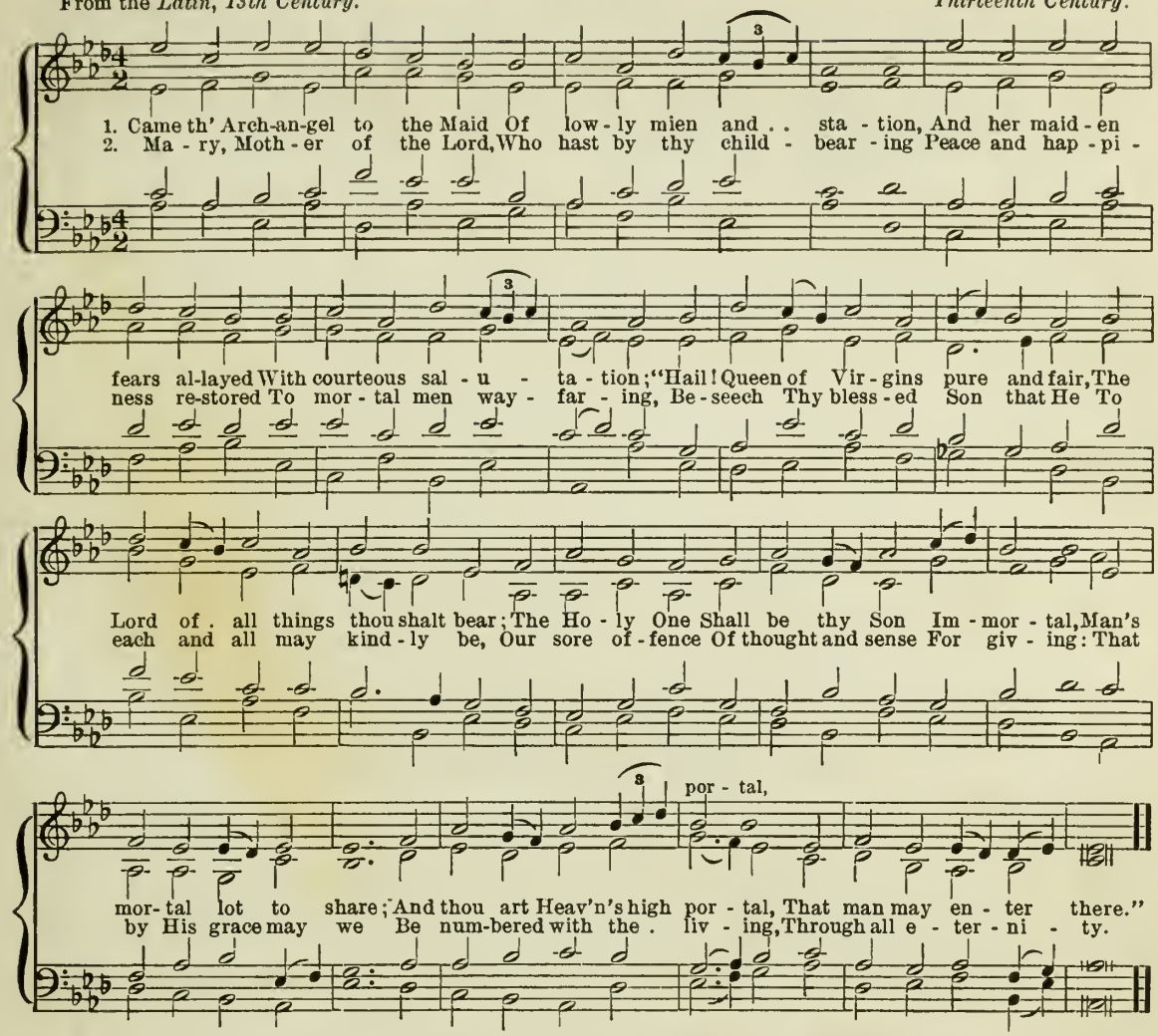
6

And have we no gifts to offer
To our Lord and King?
Lord, "ourselves, our souls and bodies"
Unto Thee we bring.
With our lives glad homage pay
To the Saviour, born to-day!

Angelus ad Virginem.

Carol 685.

CHRISTMAS.

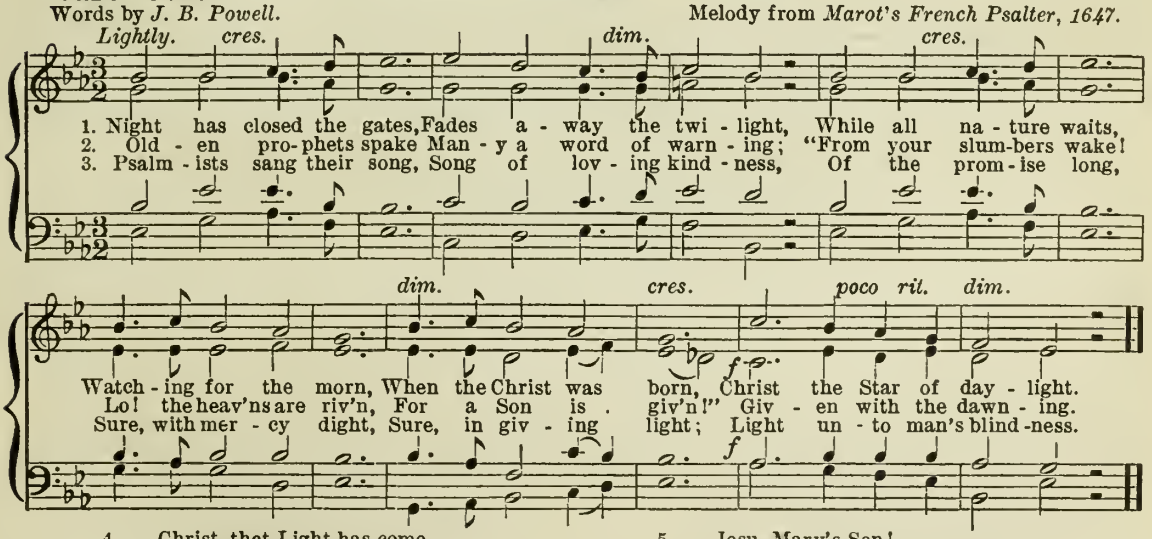
From the *Latin, 13th Century.* *Thirteenth Century.*

1. Came th' Arch-an-gel to the Maid Of low-ly mien and . . sta-tion, And her maid-en
2. Ma-ry, Moth-er of the Lord, Who hast by thy child-bear-ing Peace and hap-pi-
fears al-layed With courteous sal-u-ta-tion; "Hail! Queen of Vir-gins pure and fair, The
ness re-stored To mor-tal men way-far-ing, Be-seech Thy bless-ed Son that He To
Lord of . all things thou shalt bear; The Ho-ly One Shall be thy Son Im-mor-tal, Man's
each and all may kind-ly be, Our sore of-fence Of thought and sense For giv-ing: That
por-tal,
mor-tal lot to share; And thou art Heav'n's high por-tal, That man may en-ter there."
by His grace may we Be num-bered with the . liv-ing, Through all e-ter-ni-ty.

Night has closed the gates.

Carol 686.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *J. B. Powell.* Melody from *Marot's French Psalter, 1647.*


Lightly.
cres.
dim.
cres.
1. Night has closed the gates, Fades a-way the twi-light, While all na-ture waits,
2. Old-en pro-phets spake Man-y a word of warn-ing; "From your slum-bers wake!
3. Psalm-ists sang their song, Song of lov-ing kind-ness, Of the prom-ise long,
dim.
cres.
poco rit.
dim.
Watch-ing for the morn, When the Christ was born, Christ the Star of day-light.
Lo! the heav'ns are riv'n, For a Son is . giv'n!" Giv-en with the dawn-ing.
Sure, with mer-cy dight, Sure, in giv-ing light; Light un-to man's blind-ness.

4 Christ, that Light has come,
Christ, true mercy bringing,
Earth is heaven's home,
Earth, where angels' cry,
"Praise to God on high,"
Through the night is ringing.

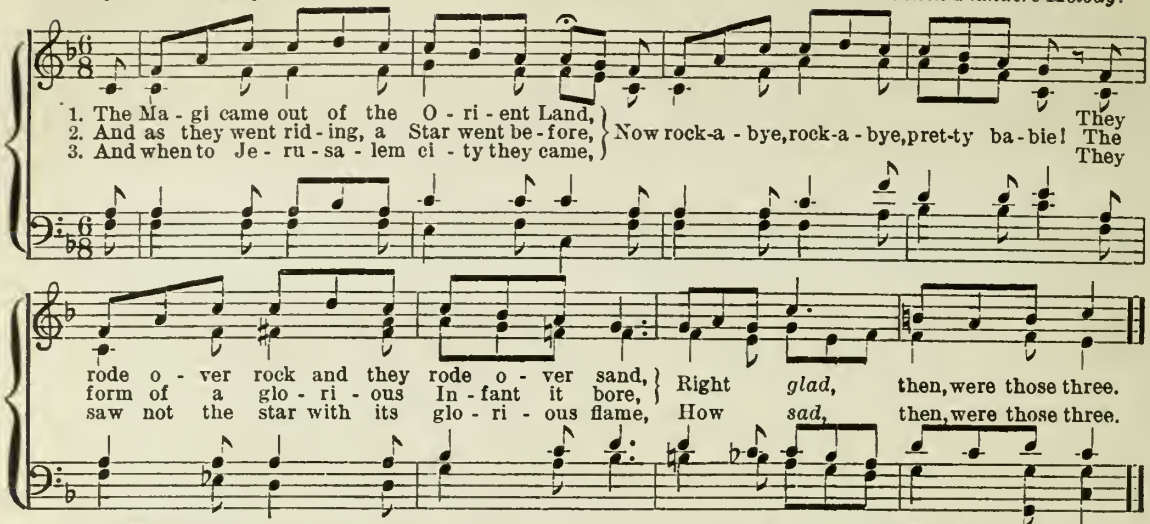
5 Jesu, Mary's Son!
Born for every nation,
By the grace Thou'st won,
Shed from heaven's height,
Mercy, truth, and light,
In the end, salvation.

Three Kings' Song.

Carol 687.

CHRISTMAS.

Tr. by *Rev. S. Baring-Gould.* *French Flanders Melody.*


1. The Ma - gi came out of the O - ri - ent Land,
2. And as they went rid - ing, a Star went be - fore,
3. And when to Je - ru - sa - lem ci - ty they came,
Now rock-a - bye, rock-a - bye, pret-ty ba - bie! The They
rode o - ver rock and they rode o - ver sand,
form of a glo - ri - ous In - fant it bore,
saw not the star with its glo - ri - ous flame,
Right *glad*, then, were those three.
How *sad*, then, were those three.

4 And as they were sitting at dinner one day,
Now rock, etc.
An angel of heaven appeared and did say,
Right *glad*, etc.

5 "Go, Magi, once more from the town to the wild,"
Now rock, etc.
"For Herod is seeking the life of the Child,"
How *sad*, then, etc.

6 But when from the city they hastened in fear,
Now rock, etc.
The Star went before, shining brightly and clear,
Right *glad*, etc.

7 They came to the stable at Bethlehem town,
Now rock, etc.
They pour'd out their treasures, and lowly kneel'd [down,
Right *glad*, etc.

8 For there in the stable, enthroned on the knee,
Now rock, etc.
Of Mary the Virgin, Messiah they see,
Right *glad*, etc.

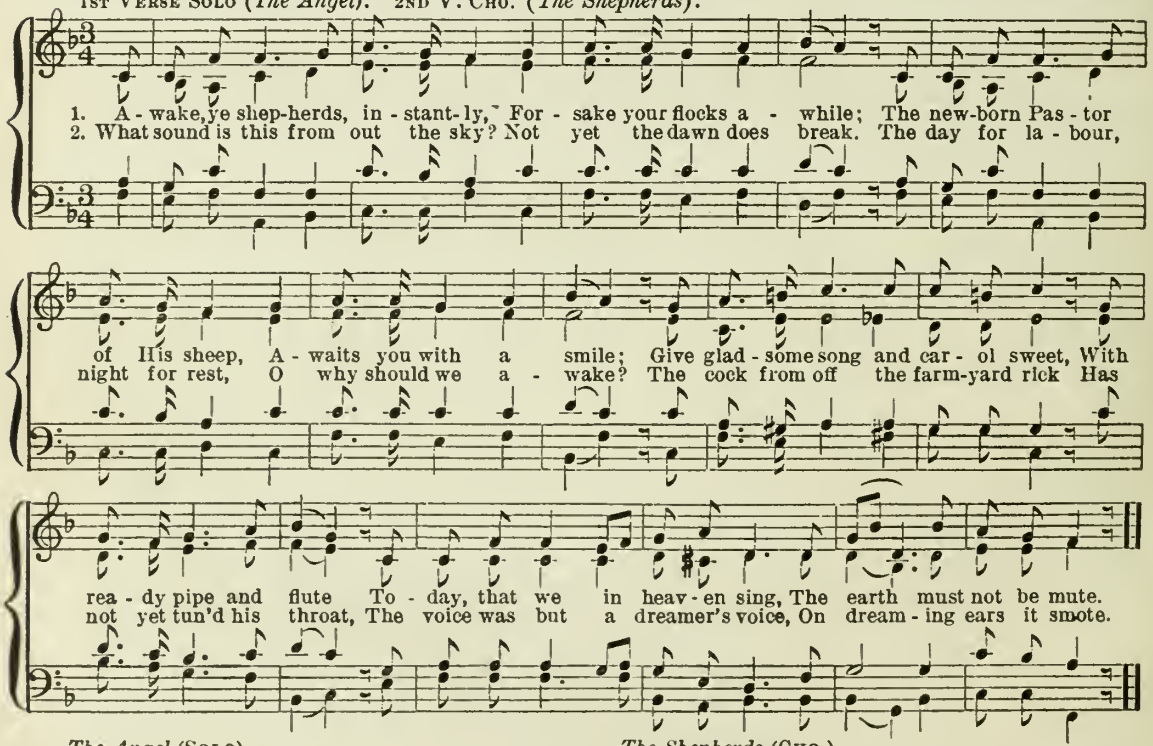
The Angel and the shepherds.

Carol 688.

CHRISTMAS.

Tr. by *Rev. S. Baring-Gould.* *French Flanders Melody.*

1st Verse Solo (*The Angel*). 2nd V. Cho. (*The Shepherds*).


1. A - wake, ye shep-herds, in - stant - ly, For - sake your flocks a - while; The new-born Pas - tor
2. What sound is this from out the sky? Not yet the dawn does break. The day for la - bour,
of His sheep, A - waits you with a smile; Give glad - some song and car - ol sweet, With
night for rest, O why should we a - wake? The cock from off the farm-yard rick Has
rea - dy pipe and flute To - day, that we in heav - en sing, The earth must not be mute.
not yet tun'd his throat, The voice was but a dreamer's voice, On dream - ing ears it smote.

The Angel (Solo).

3 O shepherds, wake and rise betimes;
The darkness rolls away,
The dawn is kindling in the East—
The dawn of perfect day.
To those who long in darkness strayed
Awakes the Gospel dawn,
To all who wandering sheep have been
The Shepherd true is born.

The Shepherds (Cho.).

4 Arise, arise, bring tabret, lute,
And shepherds haste away,
We'll tune, as we to Bethlehem speed,
A gallant roundelay.
The shepherds' feast of feasts is come,
We'll dance and pipe and sing,—
The Holy Child that's born will be
The shepherds' Holy King.

This new Christmas Carol.

Carol 689.

Words *Traditional.* *Traditional.*

1. This new Christ - mas Ca - rol Let us cheer - ful - ly sing, In hon - our and glo - ry Of our Heaven - ly King, Who was born of a Vir - gin, Bless - ed Ma - ry by name; For poor sin - ners' re - demp-tion To the world here He came.
2. Now the proud may come hi - ther And may per - fect - ly see The most ex - cel - lent pat - tern Of hu - mil - i - ty; For in - stead of a cra - dle, Deck'd with or - na - ments gay, Here the great King of Glo - ry In a man - ger He lay.
3. As the shep - herds were feed - ing Of their flocks in the field, The sweet birth of our Sa - viour Un - to them was re - vealed By blest an - gels of glo - ry, Who these ti - dings did bring, And di - rect - ed the shep - herds To their Hea - ven - ly King.

4

When the wise men discovered
This bright heavenly Star,
Then with gold and rich spices
Straight they came from afar,
In obedience to worship
With a heavenly mind,
Knowing that He was born
All for the good of mankind.

5

Let us learn of those sages
Who were wise to obey;
May we find through all ages
They have honoured this day,
Ever since our Redeemer's
Blest nativity,
Who was born of a Virgin
To set poor sinners free.

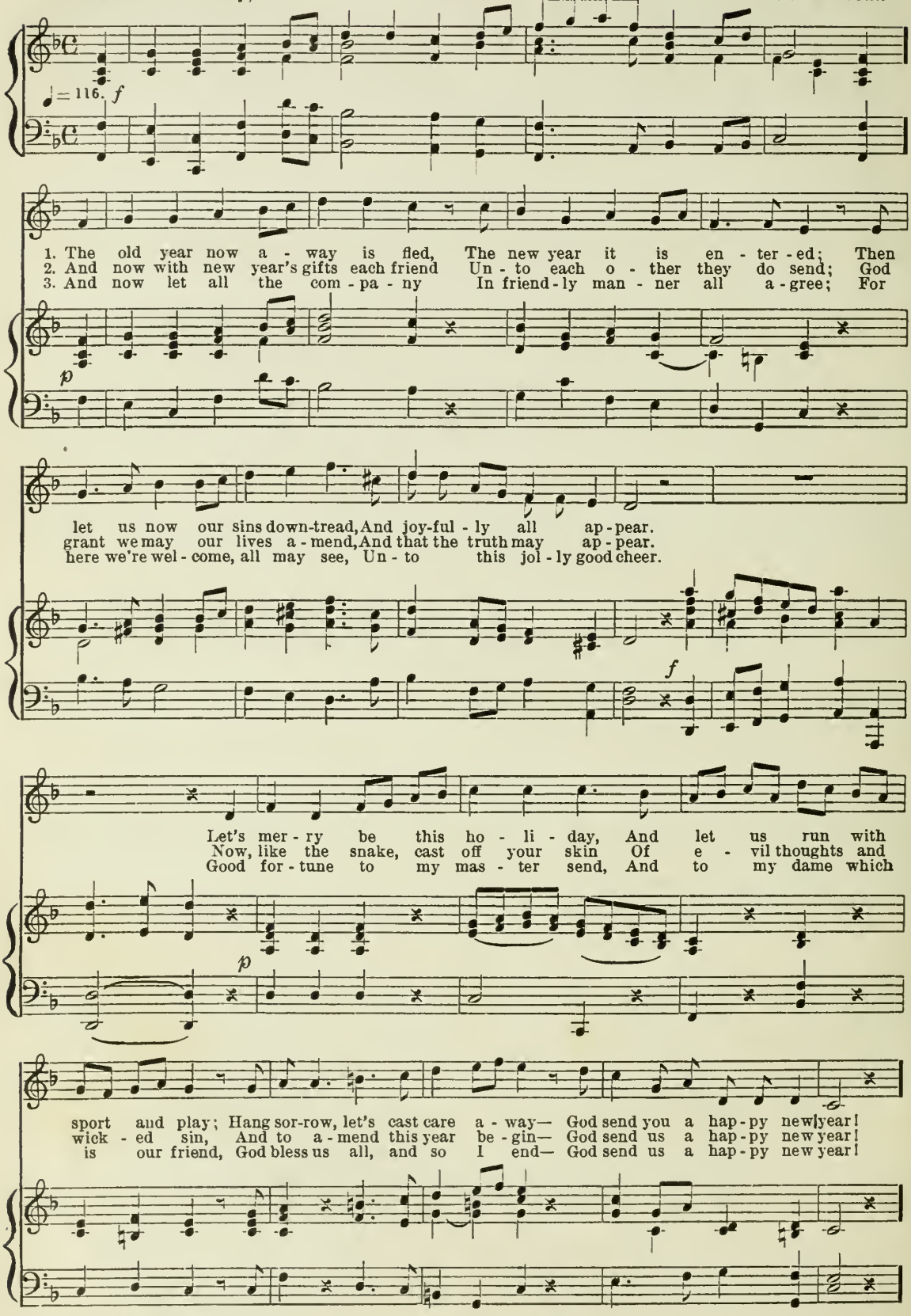
The old year now away has fled.

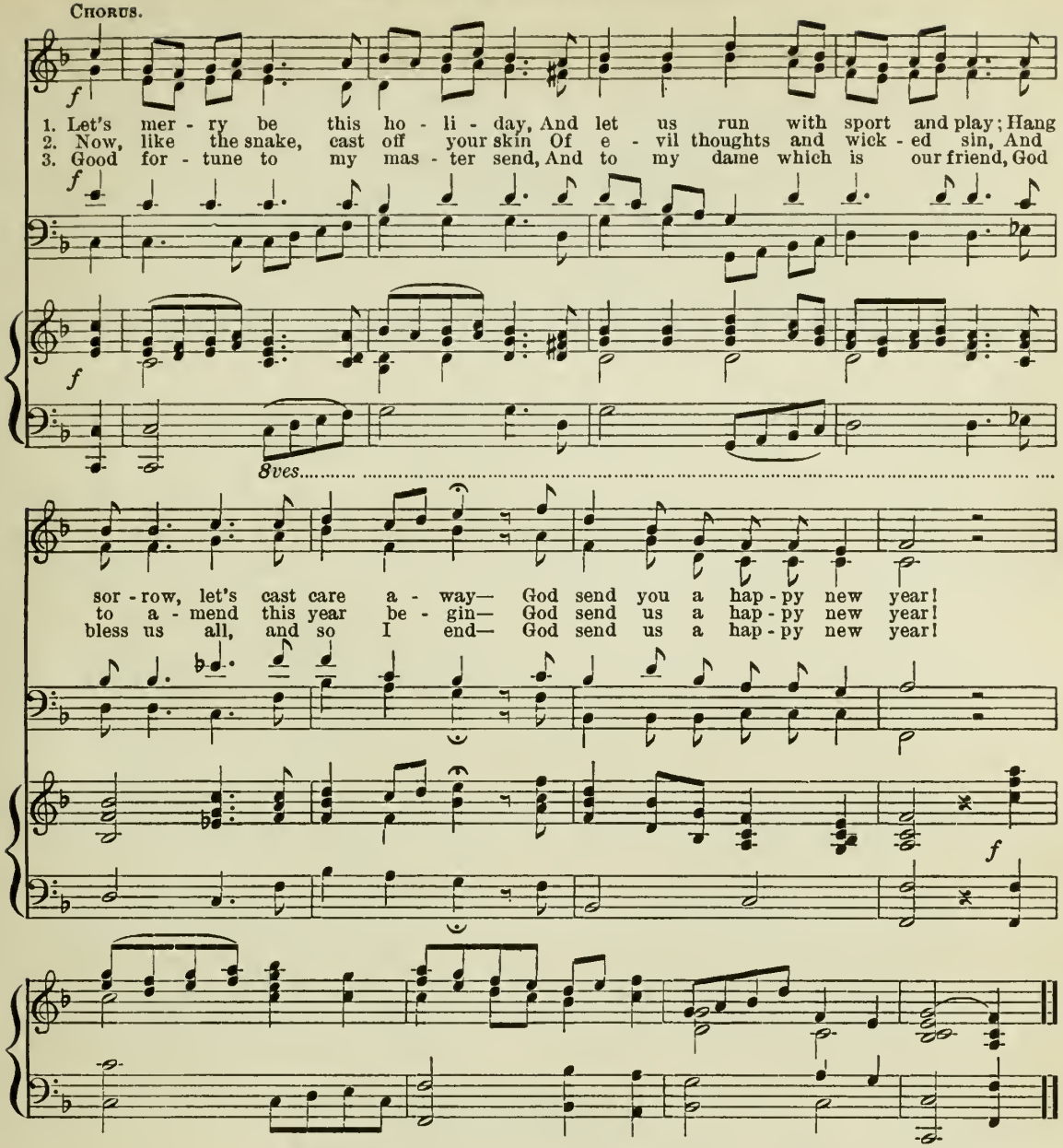
Carol 690.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

From a Black Letter Collection, 1642,
in the Ashmolean Library, Oxford.

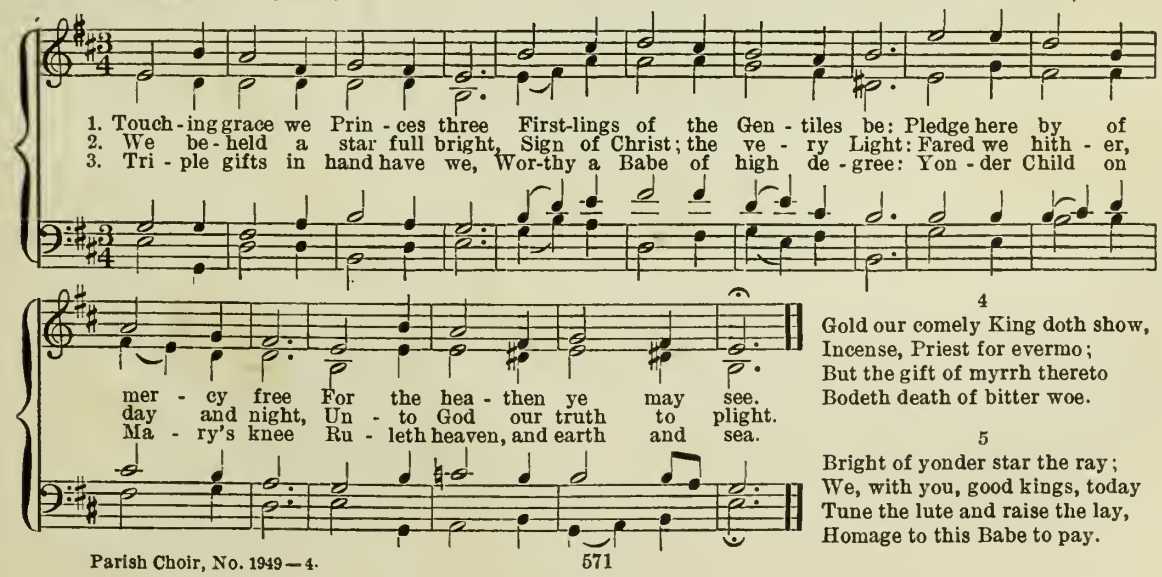
Arthur H. Brown.


♩= 116. f
1. The old year now a - way is fled, The new year it is en - ter - ed; Then
2. And now with new year's gifts each friend Un - to each o - ther they do send; God
3. And now let all the com - pa - ny In friend - ly man - ner all a - gree; For
p
let us now our sins down-tread, And joy-ful - ly all ap - pear.
grant we may our lives a - mend, And that the truth may ap - pear.
here we're wel - come, all may see, Un - to this jol - ly good cheer.
f
Let's mer - ry be this ho - li - day, And let us run with
Now, like the snake, cast off your skin Of e - vil thoughts and
Good for - tune to my mas - ter send, And to my dame which
p
sport and play; Hang sor-row, let's cast care a - way— God send you a hap - py new year!
wick - ed sin, And to a - mend this year be - gin— God send us a hap - py new year!
is our friend, God bless us all, and so I end— God send us a hap - py new year!


Chorus.
1. Let's mer - ry be this ho - li - day, And let us run with sport and play; Hang
2. Now, like the snake, cast off your skin Of e - vil thoughts and wick - ed sin, And
3. Good for - tune to my mas - ter send, And to my dame which is our friend, God
8ves.
sor - row, let's cast care a - way— God send you a hap - py new year!
to a - mend this year be - gin— God send us a hap - py new year!
bless us all, and so I end— God send us a hap - py new year!

Touching grace, we Princes three.

Carol 691.

From the *Marbach Hymner, 12th cent.* *Bohemian Brothers' Book*, 1566.

1. Touch - ing grace we Prin - ces three First-lings of the Gen - tiles be: Pledge here by of
2. We be - held a star full bright, Sign of Christ; the ve - ry Light: Fared we hith - er,
3. Tri - ple gifts in hand have we, Wor-thy a Babe of high de - gree: Yon - der Child on
mer - cy free For the hea - then ye may see.
day and night, Un - to God our truth to plight.
Ma - ry's knee Ru - leth heaven, and earth and sea.

4

Gold our comely King doth show,
Incense, Priest for evermo;
But the gift of myrrh thereto
Bodeth death of bitter woe.

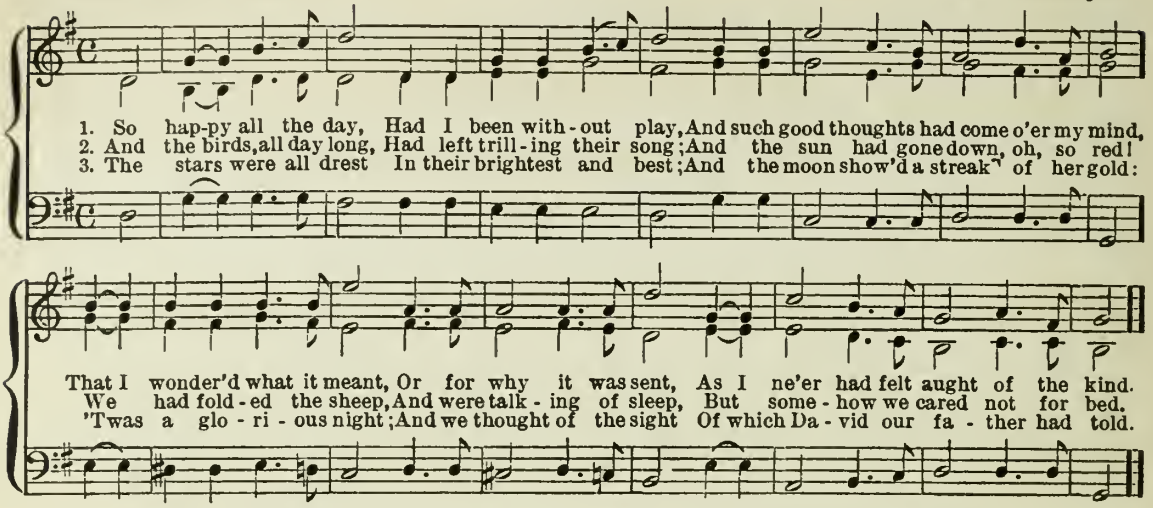
5

Bright of yonder star the ray;
We, with you, good kings, today
Tune the lute and raise the lay,
Homage to this Babe to pay.

The Bethlehem Shepherd-Boy's Tale.

Carol 692. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *W. H. Havergal.* *W. H. Havergal.*


1. So hap-py all the day, Had I been with-out play, And such good thoughts had come o'er my mind,
2. And the birds, all day long, Had left trill-ing their song; And the sun had gone down, oh, so red!
3. The stars were all drest In their brightest and best; And the moon show'd a streak of her gold:
That I wonder'd what it meant, Or for why it was sent, As I ne'er had felt aught of the kind.
We had fold-ed the sheep, And were talk-ing of sleep, But some-how we cared not for bed.
'Twas a glo-ri-ous night; And we thought of the sight Of which Da-vid our fa-ther had told.

4 A sound struck our ear,
Sweet, joyous, and clear,
It seemed like a musical breeze:
But, ere we could gaze,
We were all in a blaze,
And found ourselves down on our knees.

5 A bright one then said,
('Twas like life from the dead,)
"Good tidings, good tidings I bring!
Messiah's come down;
In your own little town
You will find Him a Babe and a King!"

6 And then the whole choir,
Rising higher and higher,
Sang of "glory, sweet peace and good-will";
The sheep seemed to dance,
And the mountains to prance,
And the stars could no longer stand still.

7 Then onward we sped,
To find out the bed,
Where the Saviour in lowliness lay;
Near Bethlehem's inn,
(Oh shame on their sin!)
We found Him midst cattle and hay.

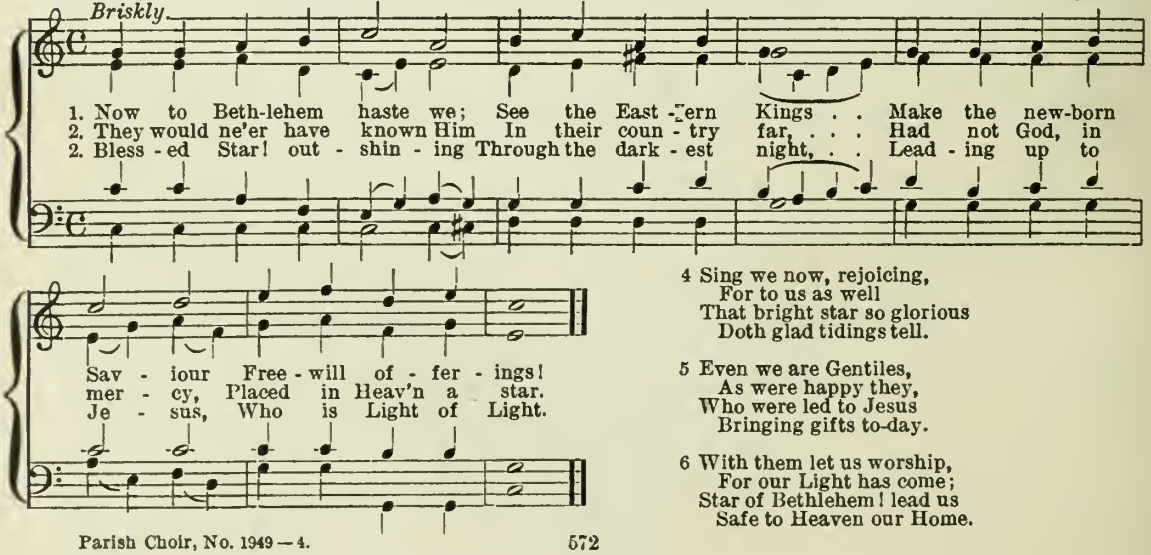
8 But we saw the blest sight;
'Twas our Judah's delight;
And Mary and Joseph were there:
And soon we made known
To all in the town
What we heard the good angel declare.

9 And now every day,
I sing and I pray
To the Babe who is Saviour and all:
May His wonderful birth
Be known through the earth,
And cheer both the great and the small!

Now to Bethlehem haste we.

Carol 693. CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.

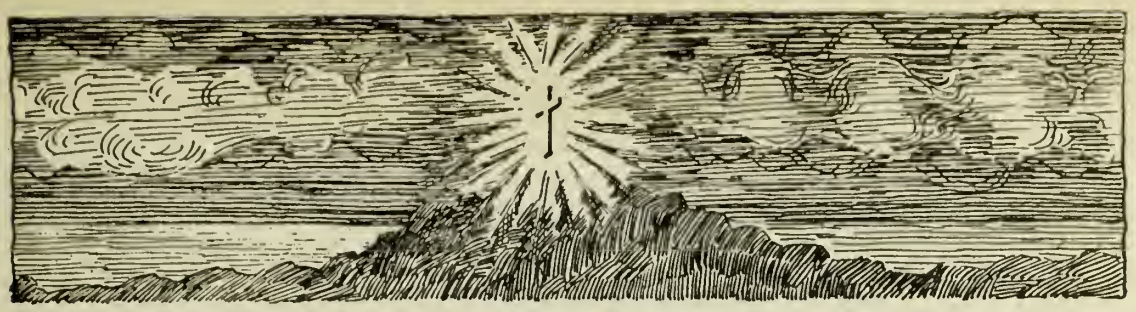
Words by *C. F. Hernaman.* *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

Briskly

1. Now to Beth-lehem haste we; See the East-ern Kings . . Make the new-born
2. They would ne'er have known Him In their coun-try far, . . Had not God, in
2. Bless-ed Star! out-shin-ing Through the dark-est night, . . Lead-ing up to
Sav-iour Free-will of-fer-ings!
mer-cy, Placed in Heav'n a star.
Je-sus, Who is Light of Light.

4 Sing we now, rejoicing,
For to us as well
That bright star so glorious
Doth glad tidings tell.

5 Even we are Gentiles,
As were happy they,
Who were led to Jesus
Bringing gifts to-day.

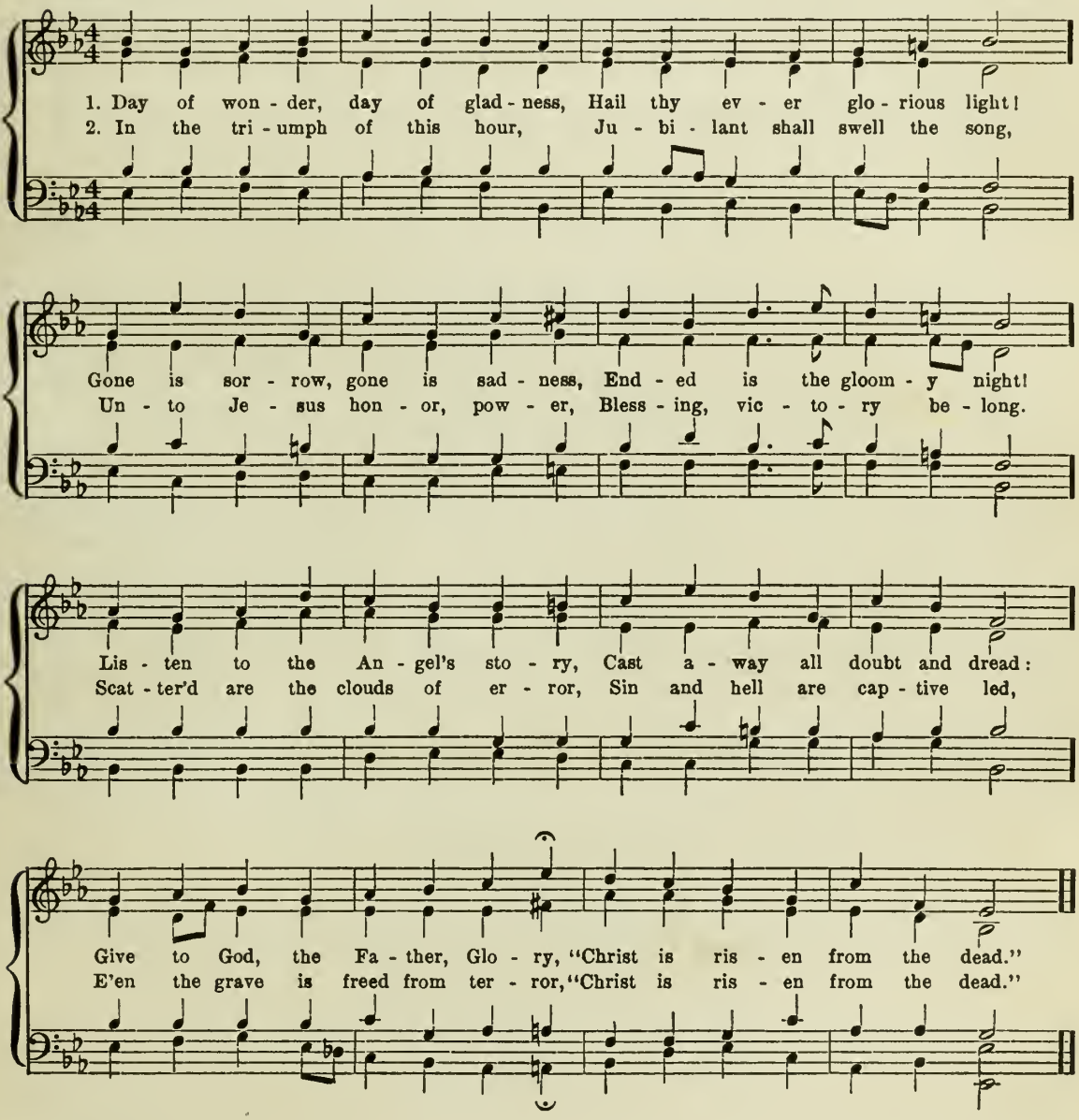
6 With them let us worship,
For our Light has come;
Star of Bethlehem! lead us
Safe to Heaven our Home.



Day of wonder, day of gladness.

EASTER.

Carol 694

Words by *B. H. Hall.* *W. W. Rosseau.*

1. Day of won - der, day of glad - ness, Hail thy ev - er glo - rious light!
2. In the tri - umph of this hour, Ju - bi - lant shall swell the song,
Gone is sor - row, gone is sad - ness, End - ed is the gloom - y night!
Un - to Je - sus hon - or, pow - er, Bless - ing, vic - to - ry be - long.
Lis - ten to the An - gel's sto - ry, Cast a - way all doubt and dread:
Scat - ter'd are the clouds of er - ror, Sin and hell are cap - tive led,
Give to God, the Fa - ther, Glo - ry, "Christ is ris - en from the dead."
E'en the grave is freed from ter - ror, "Christ is ris - en from the dead."

3 Every people, every nation
Soon shall hear the gladsome sound,
Joyous tidings of salvation
Borne to earth's remotest bound.
Then shall rise in tones excelling,
Praise for grace so freely shed,
And the Easter hymn be swelling,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

4 Victor now, to Heaven ascended,
Seated on the Father's throne,
Christ, in whom our nature blended,
Will His blessed children own.
If above, in glory meeting,
We the heavenly courts should tread,
Sweeter then will sound the greeting,
"Christ is risen from the dead."

Parish Choir, No. 1510—4.

Come forth and bring your garlands.

Carol 695.

EASTER.

Words by *Mrs. J. W. Anderson.* *H. Kotzschmar.*

Moderato.

1. Come forth and bring your gar - lands, Come forth with praise and song; En-wreath the al - tars with your flow'rs, And to the tem-ples throng; For 'tis the glo - rious Eas - ter! A day for pray'r and praise, When all who love the Sav - iour May join our glad-some lays. . .
2. We know that sin and sor - row At times must shad - ow all; And Death's dark man - tle cov - er The earth, as with a pall; Yet still— as o'er our Sav - iour—Bright an - gels vig - ils keep With - in the tomb, and hov - er Where our be - loved ones sleep! .
3. And as our Lord and Sav - iour Came forth from out the tomb, And walk - ing in the gar-den's shade, Dis - pelled its som - bre gloom, So now we feel His Pres - ence, And still we hear His voice, Who said to Ma - ry "Do not fear! Be - hold Me and re - joice!" .
4. Yea! Christ the Lord is ris - en! Oh! grace and truth Di - vine! En - fold us in Thy pres - ence, With - in our spir - its shine; Up - hold, and cheer, and guide us! That we may *tru - ly* say:— "To us the Lord is ris'n indeed," This glo-rious Eas-ter Day! . .

mf *f* *f* *ff* *ff*

Sing we Alleluia.

Carol 696.

EASTER.

Briskly. *G. H. Westbury.*

1. Sing we Al - le - lu - ia On this joy - ful day, Je - sus Christ is ris - en, Men and An - gels say.
2. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, He who once was slain, From the grave a - ris - ing Rose to life a - gain.
3. Now He lives for ev - er, And He hears us sing; By His Res - ur- rec - tion Death has lost its sting.

After each verse.

f *f*

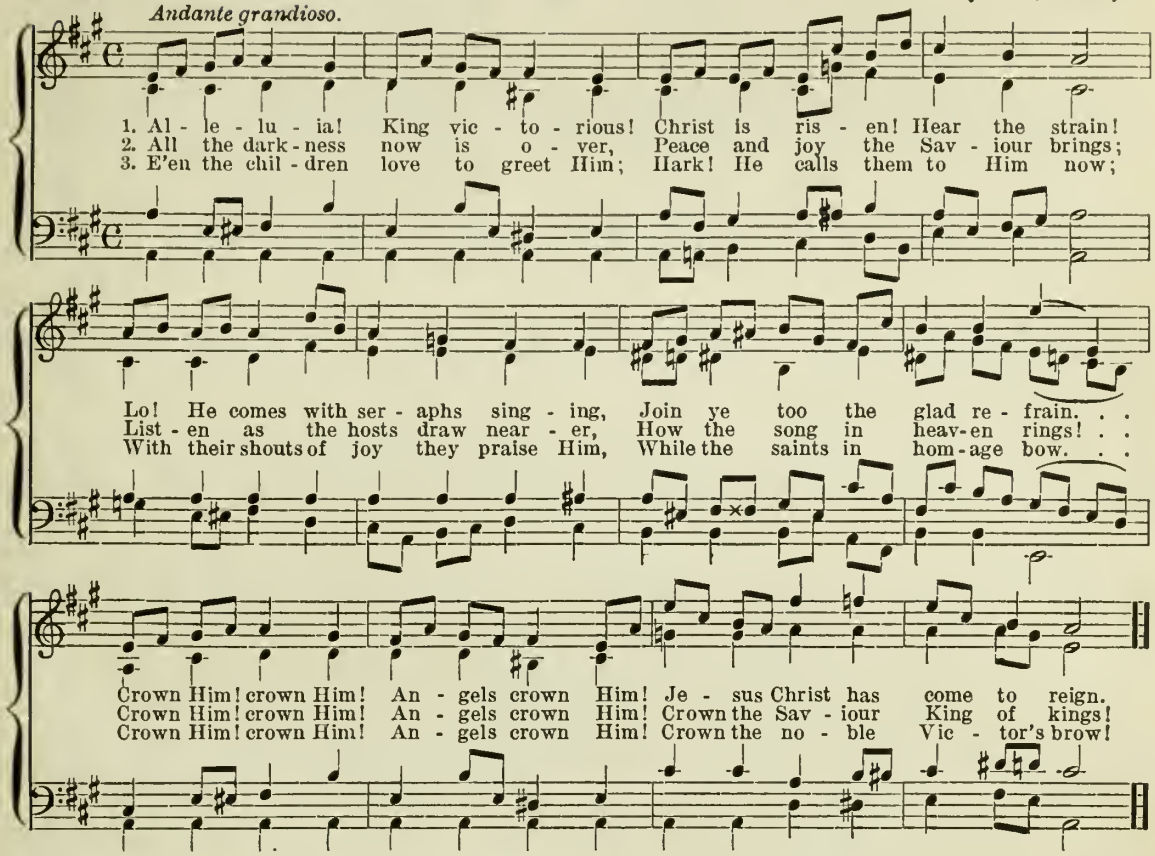
Hap-py, hap-py Eas - ter, Loud and clear we sing, Je-sus Christ is ris - en, Je-sus Christ is King.

Alleluia! King victorious.

EASTER.

Carol 697.

Words and music by *S. C. Umlauf.*

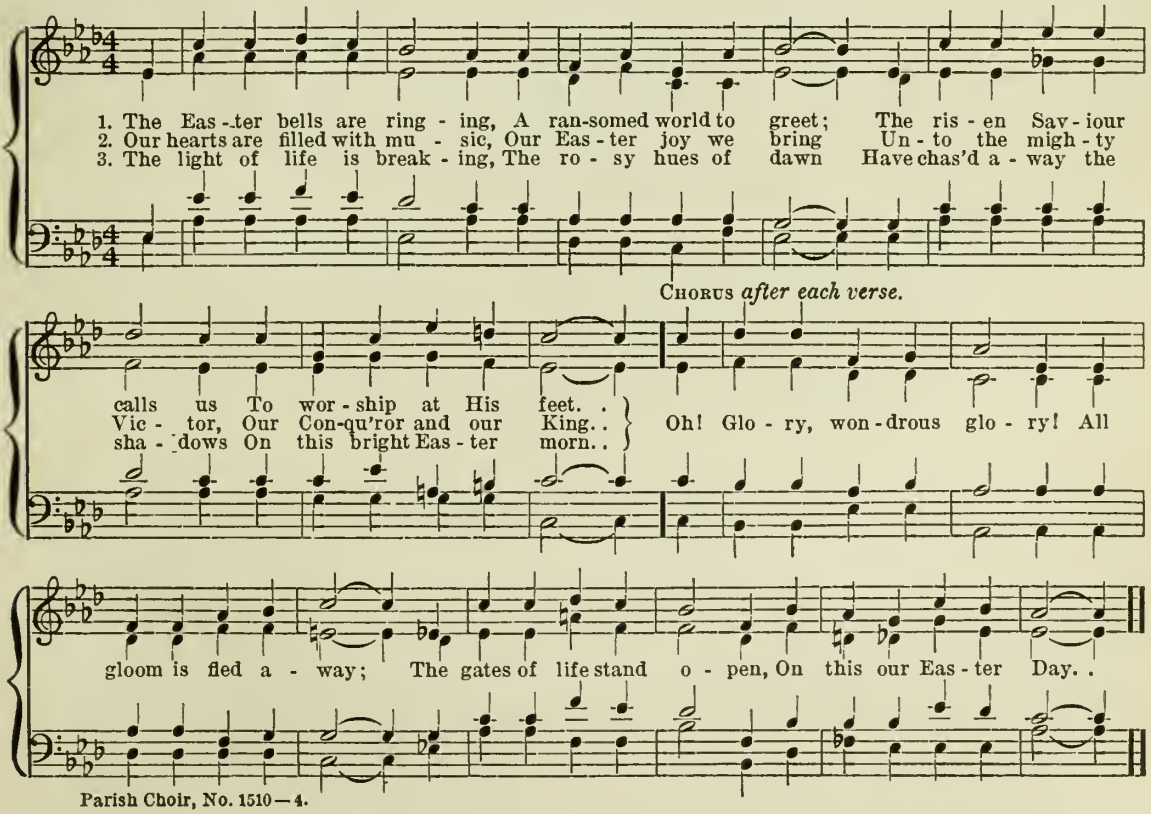
Andante grandioso.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! King vic - to - rious! Christ is ris - en! Hear the strain!
2. All the dark - ness now is o - ver, Peace and joy the Sav - iour brings;
3. E'en the chil - dren love to greet Him; Hark! He calls them to Him now;
Lo! He comes with ser - aphs sing - ing, Join ye too the glad re - frain. . .
List - en as the hosts draw near - er, How the song in heav - en rings! . .
With their shouts of joy they praise Him, While the saints in hom - age bow. . .
Crown Him! crown Him! An - gels crown Him! Je - sus Christ has come to reign.
Crown Him! crown Him! An - gels crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour King of kings!
Crown Him! crown Him! An - gels crown Him! Crown the no - ble Vic - tor's brow!

Carol 698.

The Easter bells are ringing.

Words by *Margaret Ford.*

H. A. Farnsworth.

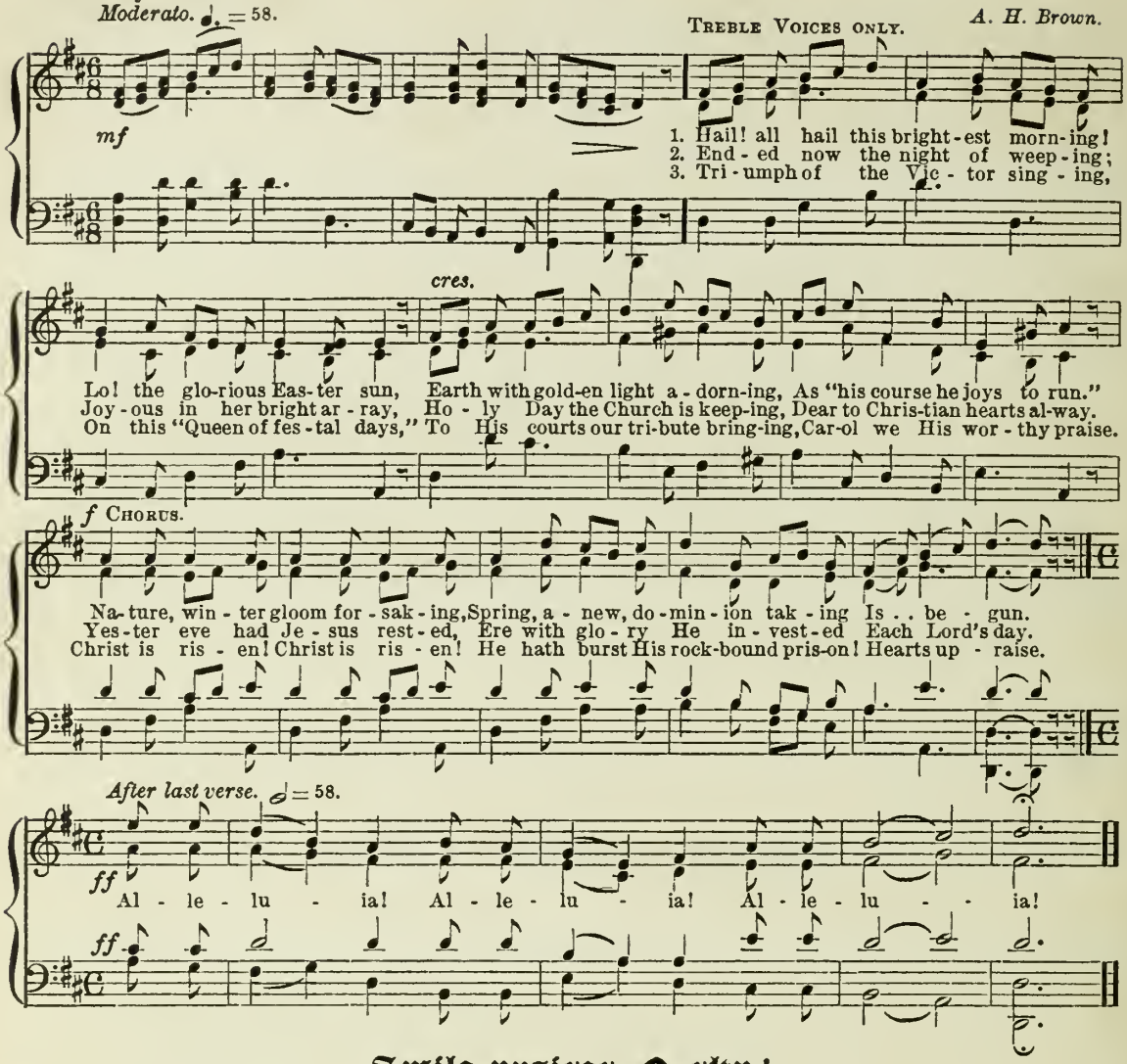

1. The Eas - ter bells are ring - ing, A ran-somed world to greet; The ris - en Sav - iour
2. Our hearts are filled with mu - sic, Our Eas - ter joy we bring Un - to the migh - ty
3. The light of life is break - ing, The ro - sy hues of dawn Have chas'd a - way the
Chorus *after each verse.*
calls us To wor - ship at His feet. .
Vic - tor, Our Con-qu'ror and our King. .
sha - dows On this bright Eas - ter morn. .
Oh! Glo - ry, won - drous glo - ry! All
gloom is fled a - way; The gates of life stand o - pen, On this our Eas - ter Day. .

Hail! all hail this brightest morning.

Carol 699. EASTER.

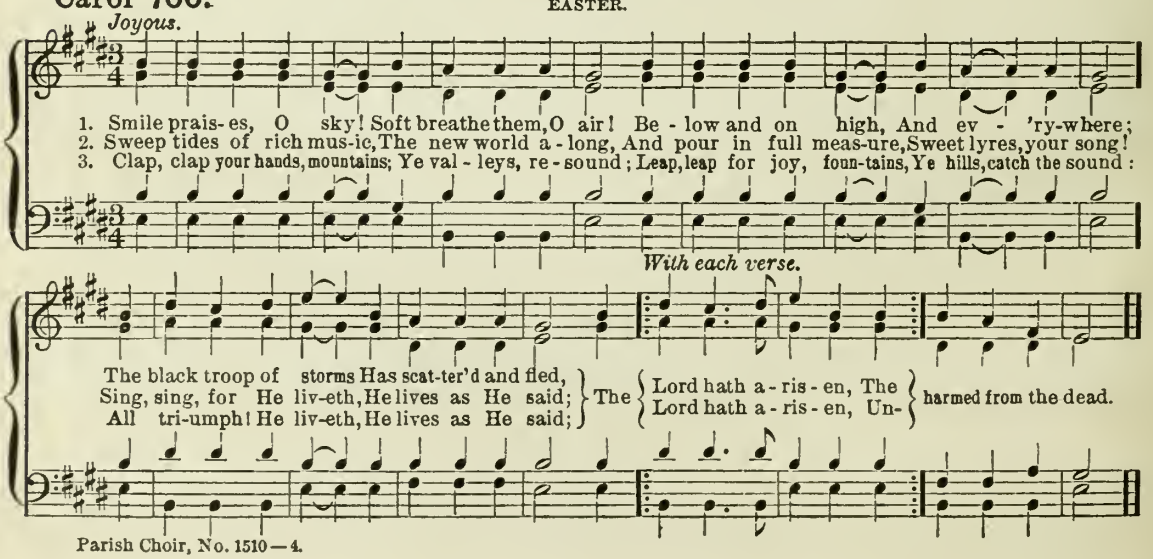
Words by *S. Childs Clarke.*

Moderato. ♩. = 58. TREBLE VOICES ONLY. *A. H. Brown.*


mf
1. Hail! all hail this bright-est morn-ing!
2. End-ed now the night of weep-ing;
3. Tri-umph of the Vic-tor sing-ing,
cres.
Lo! the glo-rious Eas-ter sun, Earth with gold-en light a-dorn-ing, As "his course he joys to run."
Joy-ous in her bright ar-ray, Ho-ly Day the Church is keep-ing, Dear to Chris-tian hearts al-way.
On this "Queen of fes-tal days," To His courts our tri-bute bring-ing, Car-ol we His wor-thy praise.
f CHORUS.
Na-ture, win-ter gloom for-sak-ing, Spring, a-new, do-min-ion tak-ing Is . . be-gun.
Yes-ter eve had Je-sus rest-ed, Ere with glo-ry He in-vest-ed Each Lord's day.
Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His rock-bound pris-on! Hearts up-raise.
After last verse. 𝅗𝅥 = 58.
ff
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
ff

Smile praises, O sky!

Carol 700. EASTER.

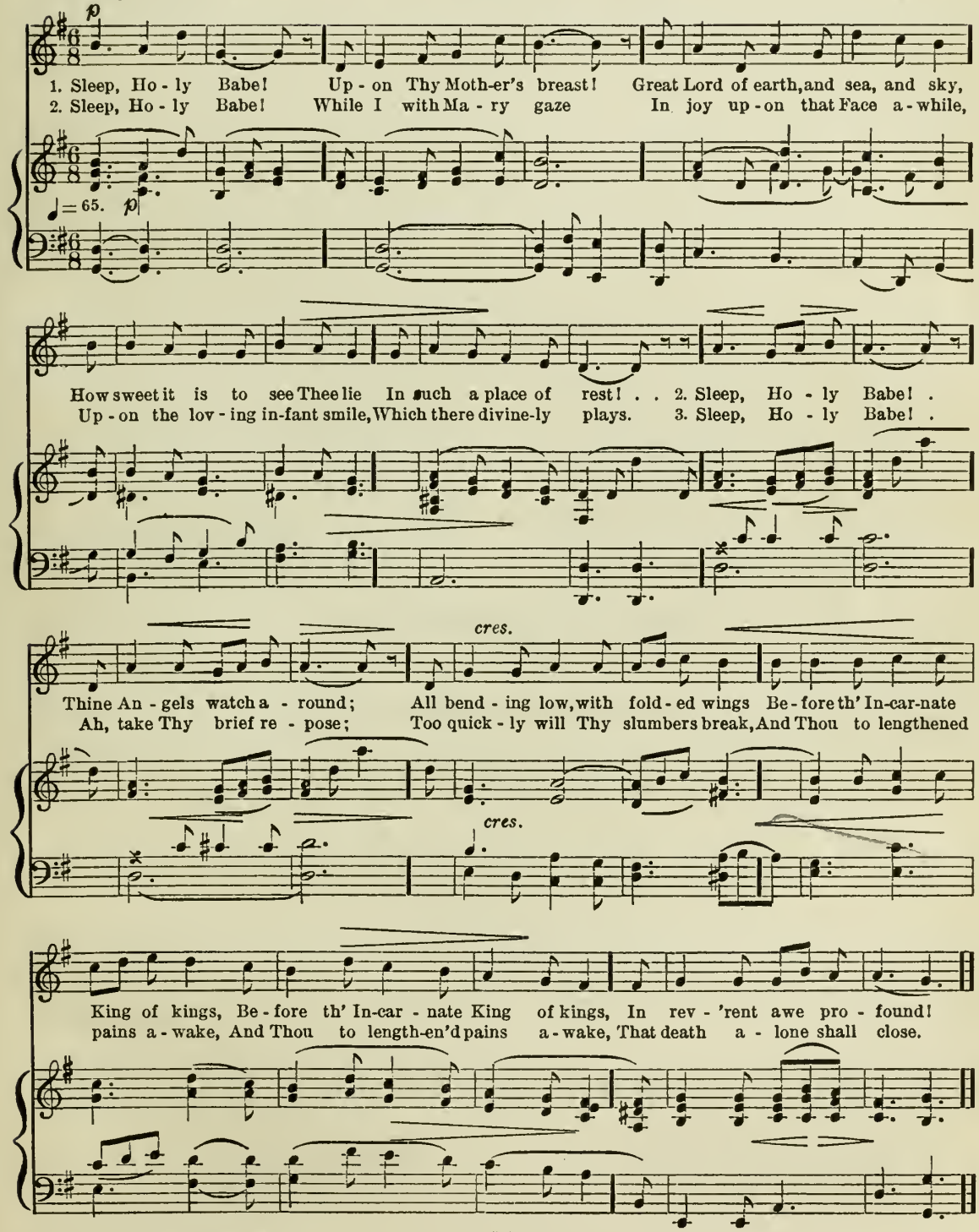

Joyous.
1. Smile prais-es, O sky! Soft breathe them, O air! Be-low and on high, And ev-'ry-where;
2. Sweep tides of rich mus-ic, The new world a-long, And pour in full meas-ure, Sweet lyres, your song!
3. Clap, clap your hands, mountains; Ye val-leys, re-sound; Leap, leap for joy, foun-tains, Ye hills, catch the sound:
With each verse.
The black troop of storms Has scat-ter'd and fled,
Sing, sing, for He liv-eth, He lives as He said;
All tri-umph! He liv-eth, He lives as He said;
The Lord hath a-ris-en, The Lord hath a-ris-en, Un-harmed from the dead.

Sleep, Holy Babe!

Carol 701.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Rev. E. Caswall.* *W. Austin.*

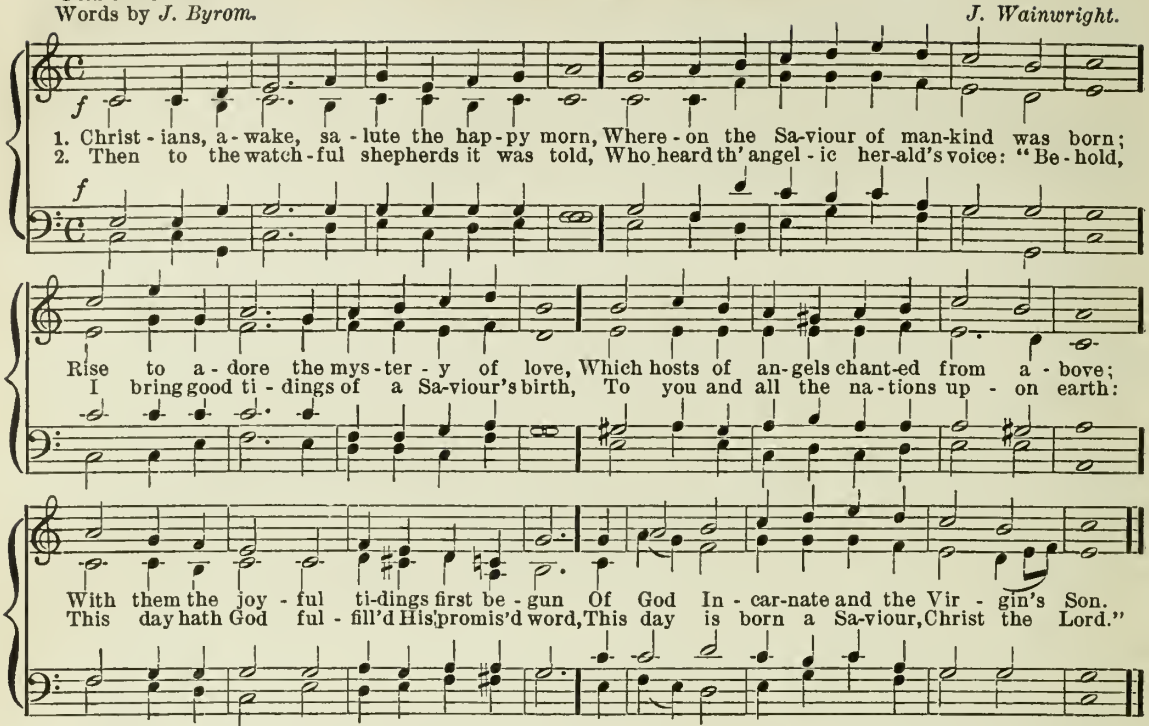

p
1. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Up - on Thy Moth-er's breast! Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
2. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! While I with Ma - ry gaze In joy up - on that Face a - while,
♩ = 65. p
How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest! . . 2. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! .
Up - on the lov - ing in-fant smile, Which there divine-ly plays. 3. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! .
cres.
Thine An - gels watch a - round; All bend - ing low, with fold - ed wings Be - fore th' In-car-nate
Ah, take Thy brief re - pose; Too quick - ly will Thy slumbers break, And Thou to lengthened
cres.
King of kings, Be - fore th' In-car - nate King of kings, In rev - 'rent awe pro - found!
pains a - wake, And Thou to length-en'd pains a - wake, That death a - lone shall close.

Christians, awake.

Carol 702.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *J. Byrom.* *J. Wainwright.*


1. Christ - ians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sa-viour of man-kind was born;
Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love, Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove;
With them the joy - ful ti-dings first be - gun Of God In - car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
2. Then to the watch - ful shepherds it was told, Who heard th' angel - ic her-ald's voice: "Be - hold,
I bring good ti - dings of a Sa-viour's birth, To you and all the na - tions up - on earth:
This day hath God ful - fill'd His promis'd word, This day is born a Sa-viour, Christ the Lord."

mf 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
cr In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
f And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
dim Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

mf 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
dim To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
cr Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

mf 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

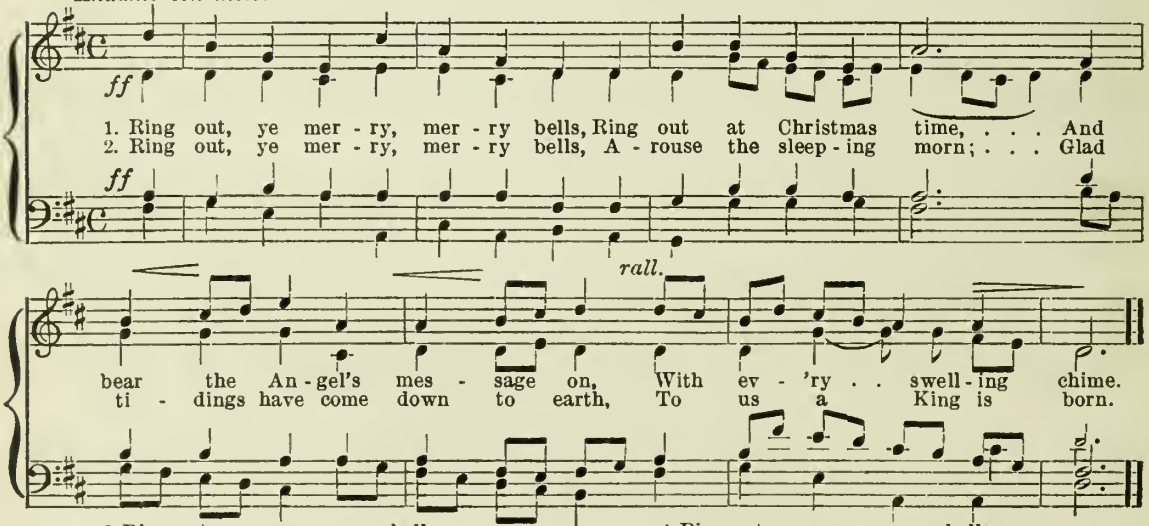
cr 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
f To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Ring out, ye merry bells.

Carol 703.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *A. Gaskell.* *E. Lèmare.*

Andante con moto.

1. Ring out, ye mer - ry, mer - ry bells, Ring out at Christmas time, . . . And
2. Ring out, ye mer - ry, mer - ry bells, A - rouse the sleep - ing morn; . . . Glad
rall.
bear the An - gel's mes - sage on, With ev - 'ry . . swell - ing chime.
ti - dings have come down to earth, To us a King is born.

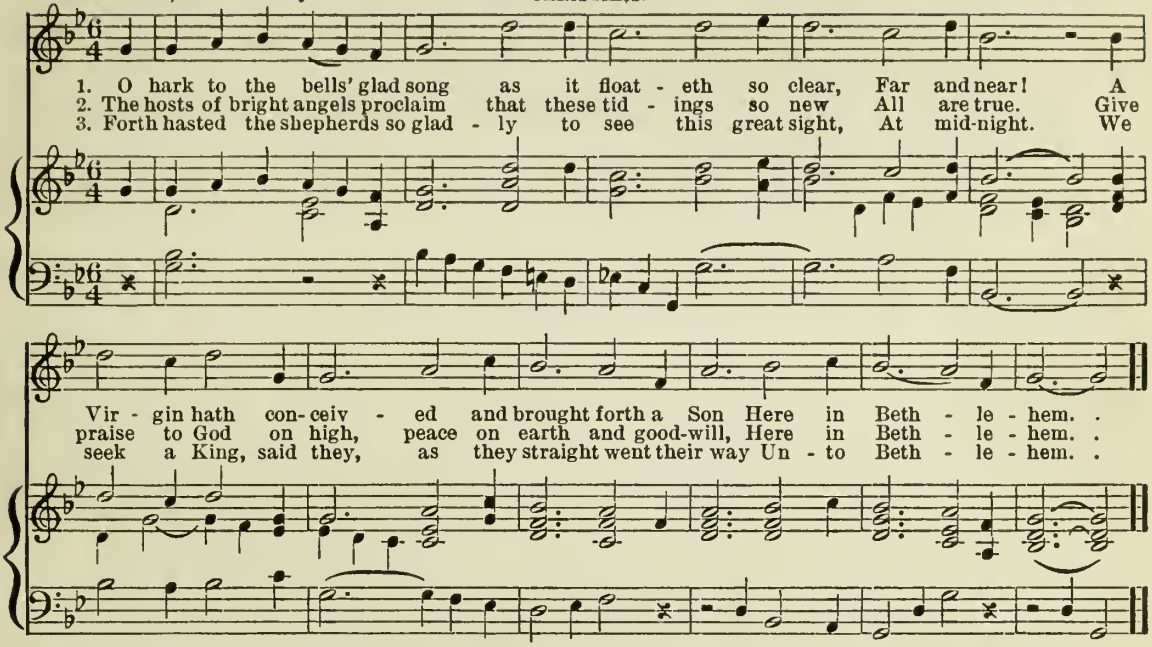
3 Ring out, ye merry, merry bells,
Proclaim a Saviour's birth;
With joy and hope your music swells,
Peace and good-will to earth.

4 Ring out, ye merry, merry bells,
To us a Son is given;
And all the hosts of Angels bow
To that one Name in heaven.

Carol 704. O hark to the bells' glad song.

(*Congaudeat turba fidelium.*)

Latin words, 11th Century. CHRISTMAS. *Piae Cantiones.*


1. O hark to the bells' glad song as it float - eth so clear, Far and near! A
2. The hosts of bright angels proclaim that these tid - ings so new All are true. Give
3. Forth hasted the shepherds so glad - ly to see this great sight, At mid-night. We
Vir - gin hath con- ceiv - ed and brought forth a Son Here in Beth - le - hem.
praise to God on high, peace on earth and good-will, Here in Beth - le - hem.
seek a King, said they, as they straight went their way Un - to Beth - le - hem.

4 The Star in the East now leads them with heavenly light,—
Wondrous bright!
It resteth o'er the manger where lies in His state
Christ of Bethlehem.

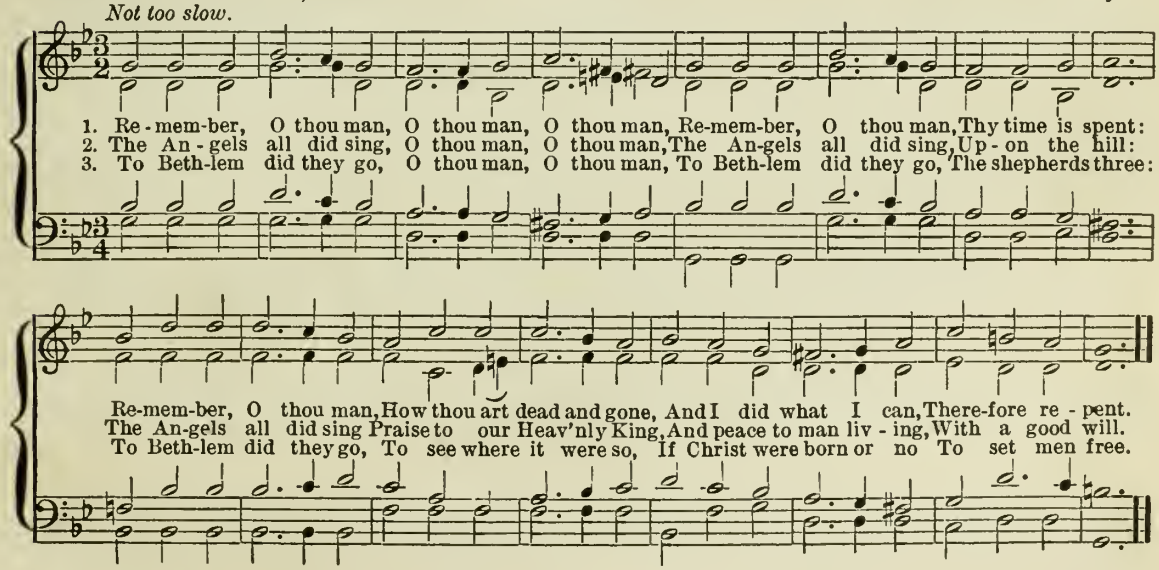
5 Their gifts great kings are bringing to lay at His feet—
Offering meet!
O man, give thou thine heart unto Christ, heaven's King,
Born at Bethlehem.

Remember, O thou man.

Carol 705. CHRISTMAS.

Words from "*Melismata*," 1611. *Thomas Ravenscroft.*

Not too slow.


1. Re-mem-ber, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man, Re-mem-ber, O thou man, Thy time is spent:
2. The An-gels all did sing, O thou man, O thou man, The An-gels all did sing, Up-on the hill:
3. To Beth-lem did they go, O thou man, O thou man, To Beth-lem did they go, The shepherds three:
Re-mem-ber, O thou man, How thou art dead and gone, And I did what I can, There-fore re-pent.
The An-gels all did sing Praise to our Heav'nly King, And peace to man liv-ing, With a good will.
To Beth-lem did they go, To see where it were so, If Christ were born or no To set men free.

4

In Bethlem He was born,
O thou man, O thou man,
In Bethlem He was born,
For mankind's sake:
In Bethlem He was born
For us that were forlorn,
And therefore took no scorn,
Our flesh to take.

5

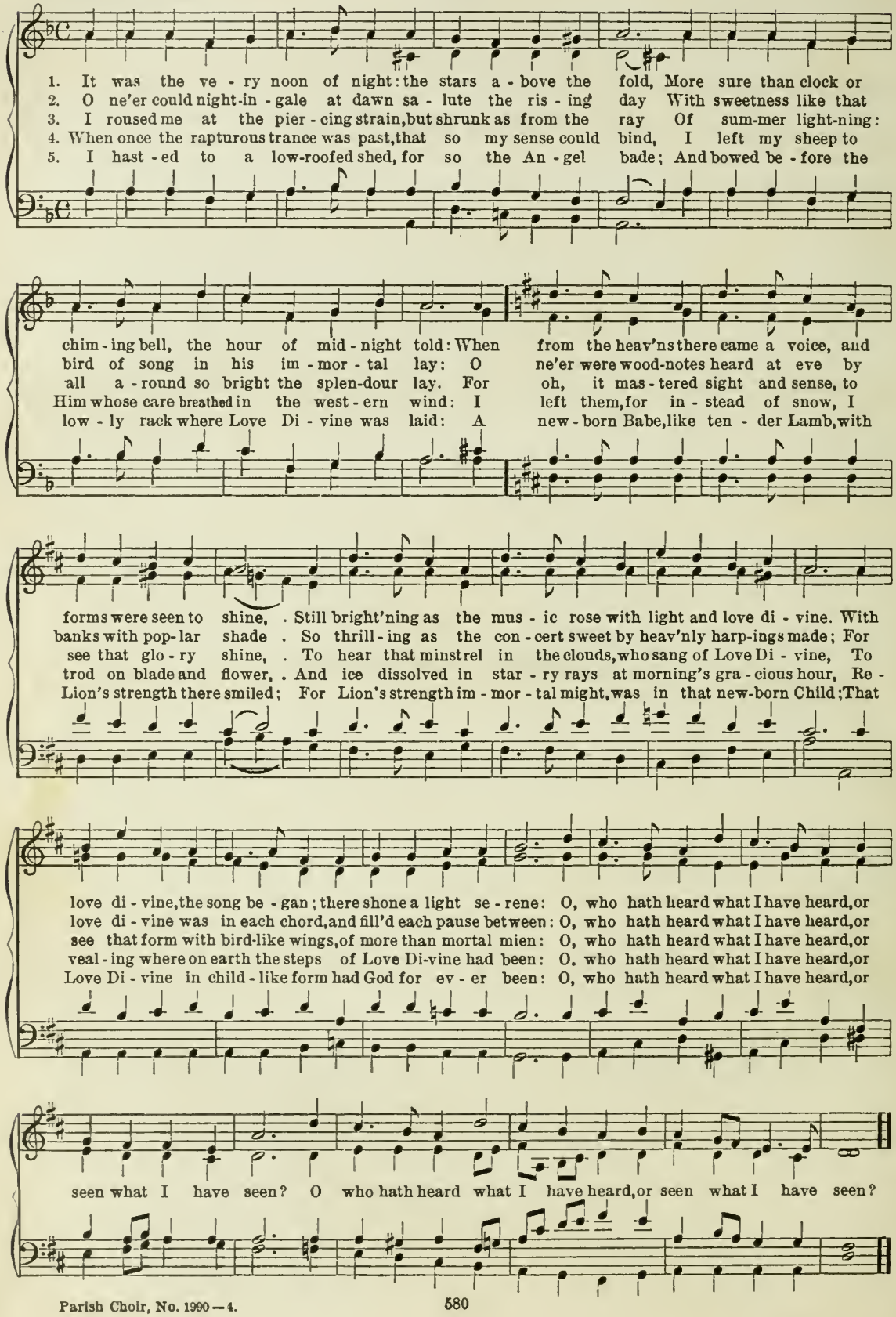
Give thanks to God alway,
O thou man, O thou man,
Give thanks to God alway,
Most joyfully:
Give thanks to God alway
For this our happy day,
Let all men sing and say,
Holy, holy.

The Story of the Shepherd.

Carol 706.

CHRISTMAS.

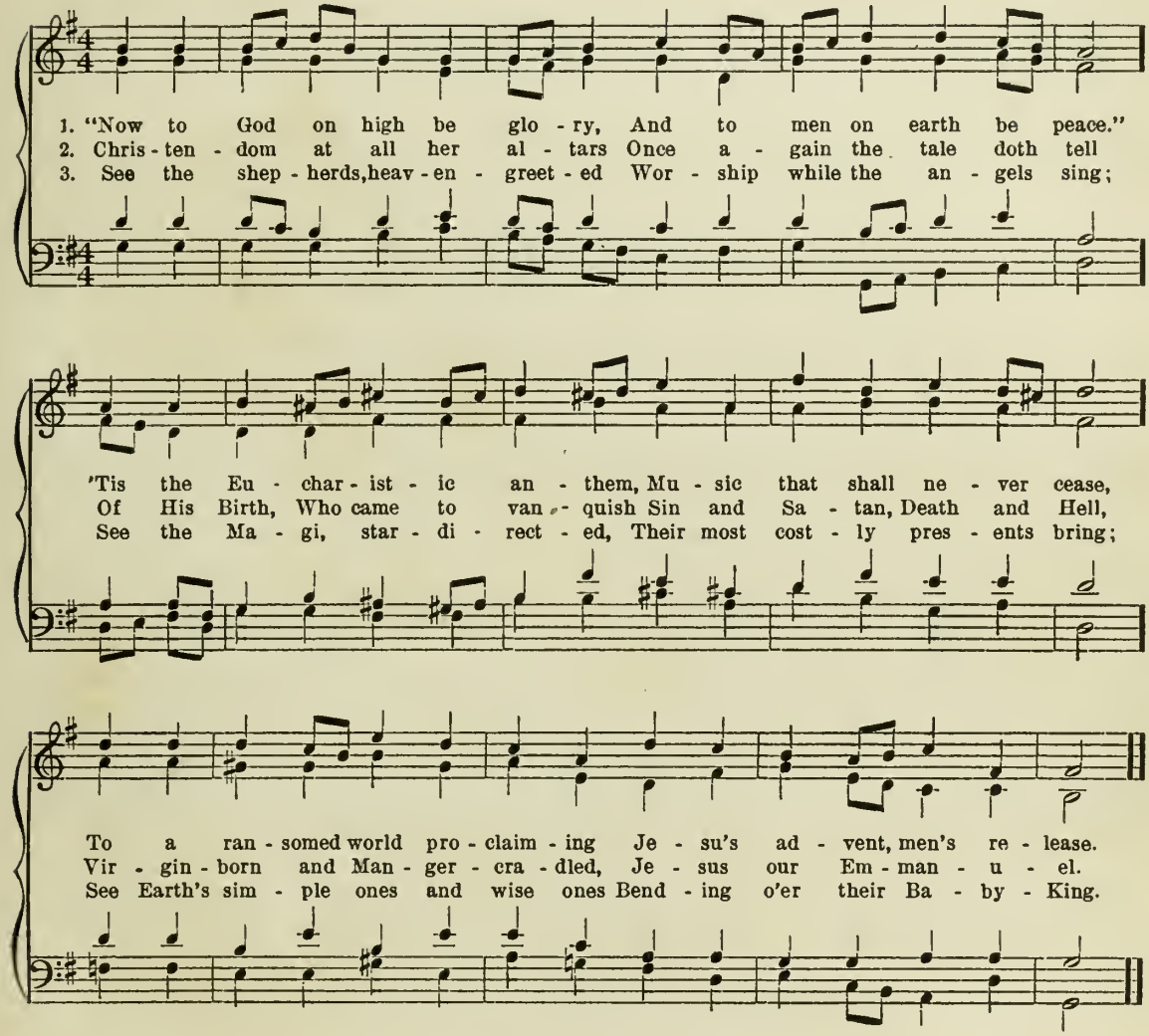
Tr. from the *Spanish*. *J. Barnby.*


1. It was the ve - ry noon of night: the stars a - bove the fold, More sure than clock or
2. O ne'er could night-in - gale at dawn sa - lute the ris - ing day With sweetness like that
3. I roused me at the pier - cing strain, but shrunk as from the ray Of sum-mer light-ning:
4. When once the rapturous trance was past, that so my sense could bind, I left my sheep to
5. I hast - ed to a low-roofed shed, for so the An - gel bade; And bowed be - fore the
chim - ing bell, the hour of mid - night told: When from the heav'ns there came a voice, and
bird of song in his im - mor - tal lay: O ne'er were wood-notes heard at eve by
all a - round so bright the splen-dour lay. For oh, it mas - tered sight and sense, to
Him whose care breathed in the west - ern wind: I left them, for in - stead of snow, I
low - ly rack where Love Di - vine was laid: A new - born Babe, like ten - der Lamb, with
forms were seen to shine, . Still bright'ning as the mus - ic rose with light and love di - vine. With
banks with pop - lar shade . So thrill - ing as the con - cert sweet by heav'nly harp-ings made; For
see that glo - ry shine, . To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Di - vine, To
trod on blade and flower, . And ice dissolved in star - ry rays at morning's gra - cious hour, Re -
Lion's strength there smiled; For Lion's strength im - mor - tal might, was in that new-born Child; That
love di - vine, the song be - gan; there shone a light se - rene: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or
love di - vine was in each chord, and fill'd each pause between: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or
see that form with bird-like wings, of more than mortal mien: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or
veal - ing where on earth the steps of Love Di-vine had been: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or
Love Di - vine in child - like form had God for ev - er been: O, who hath heard what I have heard, or
seen what I have seen? O who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

Now to God on high be glory.

Carol 707. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *J. H. Gurney.* *E. Prout.*


1. "Now to God on high be glo - ry, And to men on earth be peace."
2. Chris - ten - dom at all her al - tars Once a - gain the tale doth tell
3. See the shep - herds, heav - en - greet - ed Wor - ship while the an - gels sing;
'Tis the Eu - char - ist - ic an - them, Mu - sic that shall ne - ver cease,
Of His Birth, Who came to van - quish Sin and Sa - tan, Death and Hell,
See the Ma - gi, star - di - rect - ed, Their most cost - ly pres - ents bring;
To a ran - somed world pro - claim - ing Je - su's ad - vent, men's re - lease.
Vir - gin - born and Man - ger - cra - dled, Je - sus our Em - man - u - el.
See Earth's sim - ple ones and wise ones Bend - ing o'er their Ba - by - King.

4

Happy Mother, ever Virgin,
Mary clasps Him to her breast,
All succeeding generations
Speaking of her call her blest,
And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
In the homage of the rest.

5

Now, dear Lord, Thy Birth-day keeping,
As we bend before the shrine,
Find Thee life and health bestowing
Veiled beneath the Bread and Wine,
Make us like Thee, child-like, God-like,
Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

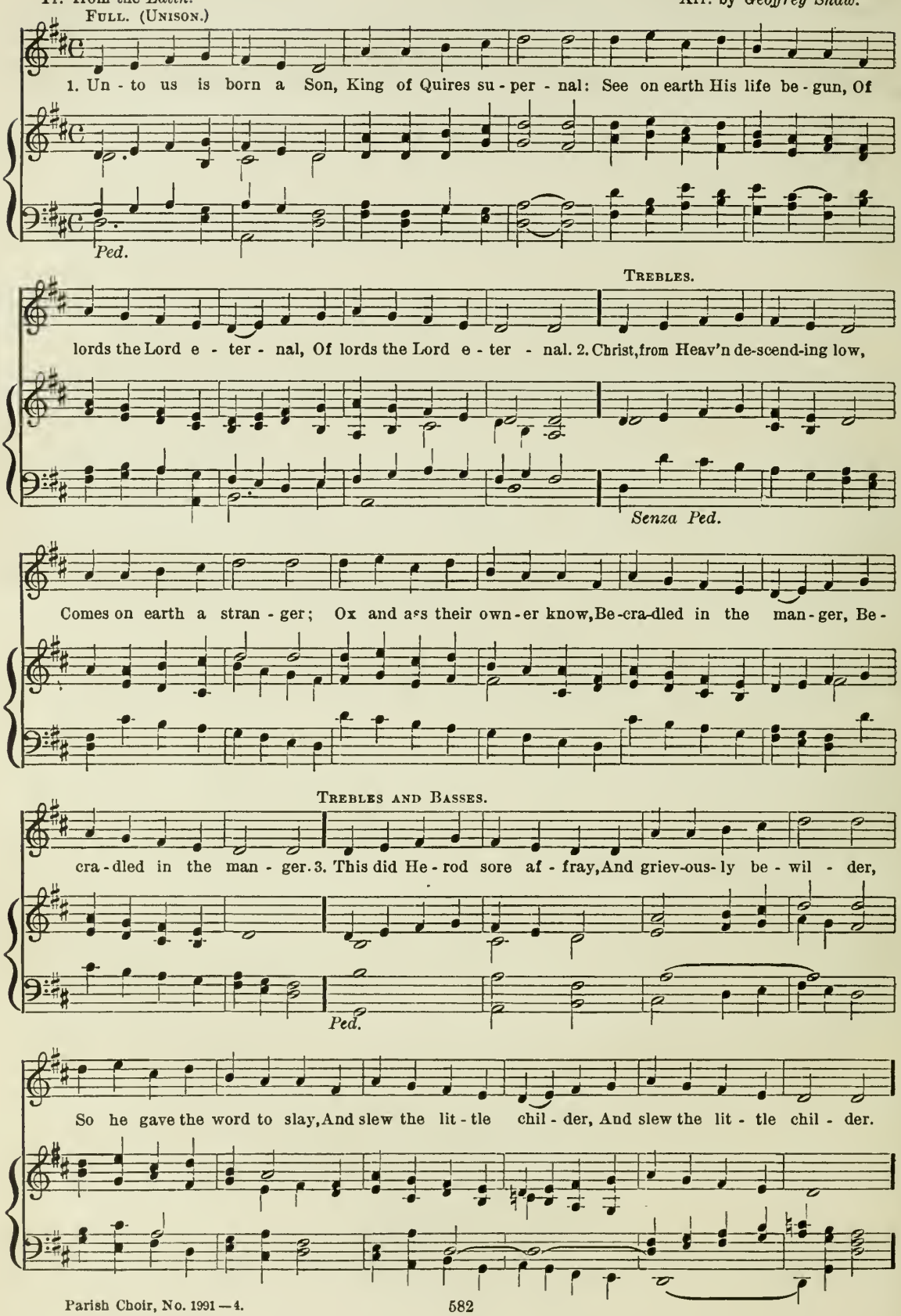
Unto us is born a Son.

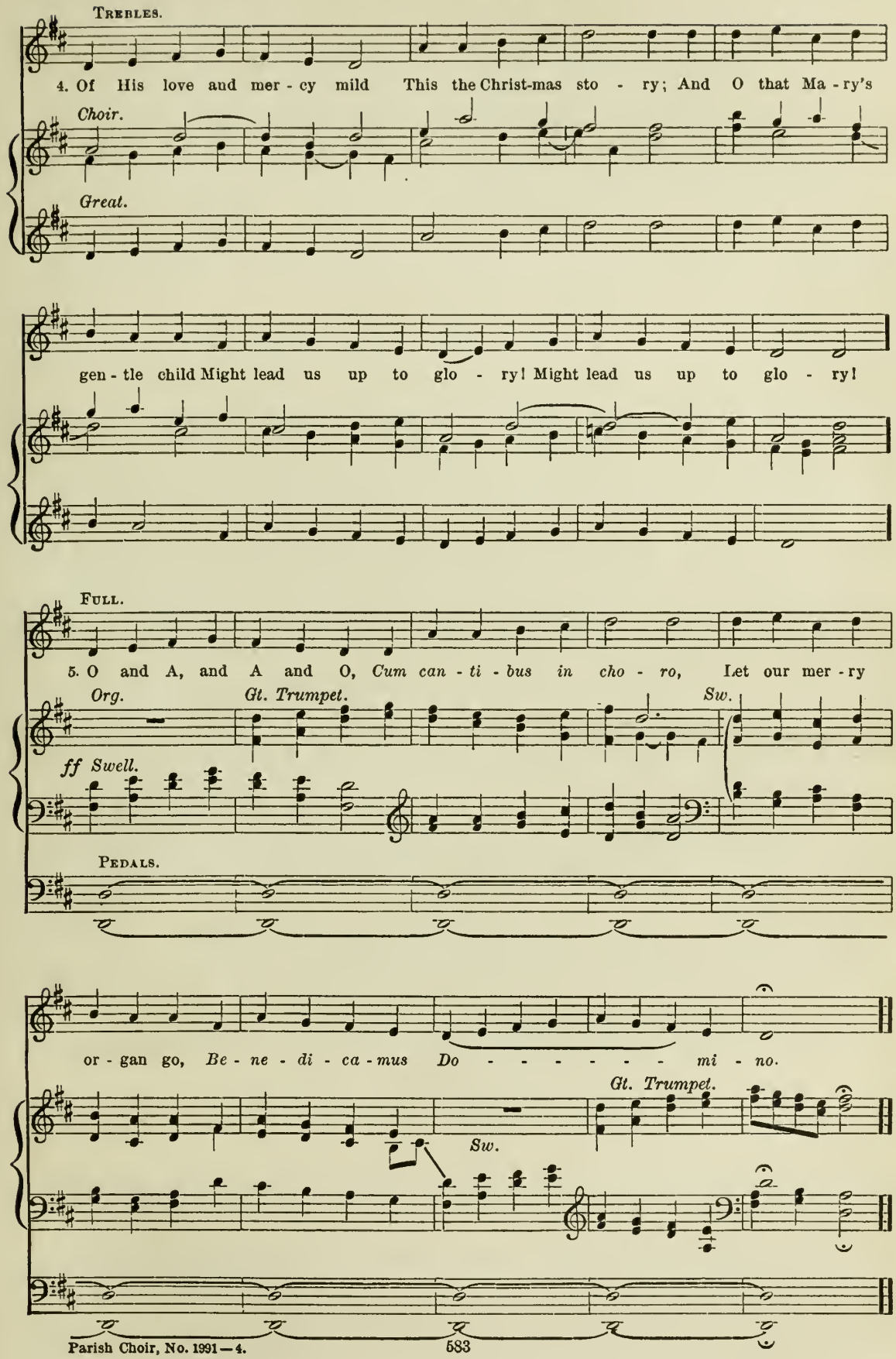
Carol 708.

CHRISTMAS.

Tr. from the *Latin.*

From *Piae Cantiones, 1582.*
Arr. by *Geoffrey Shaw.*

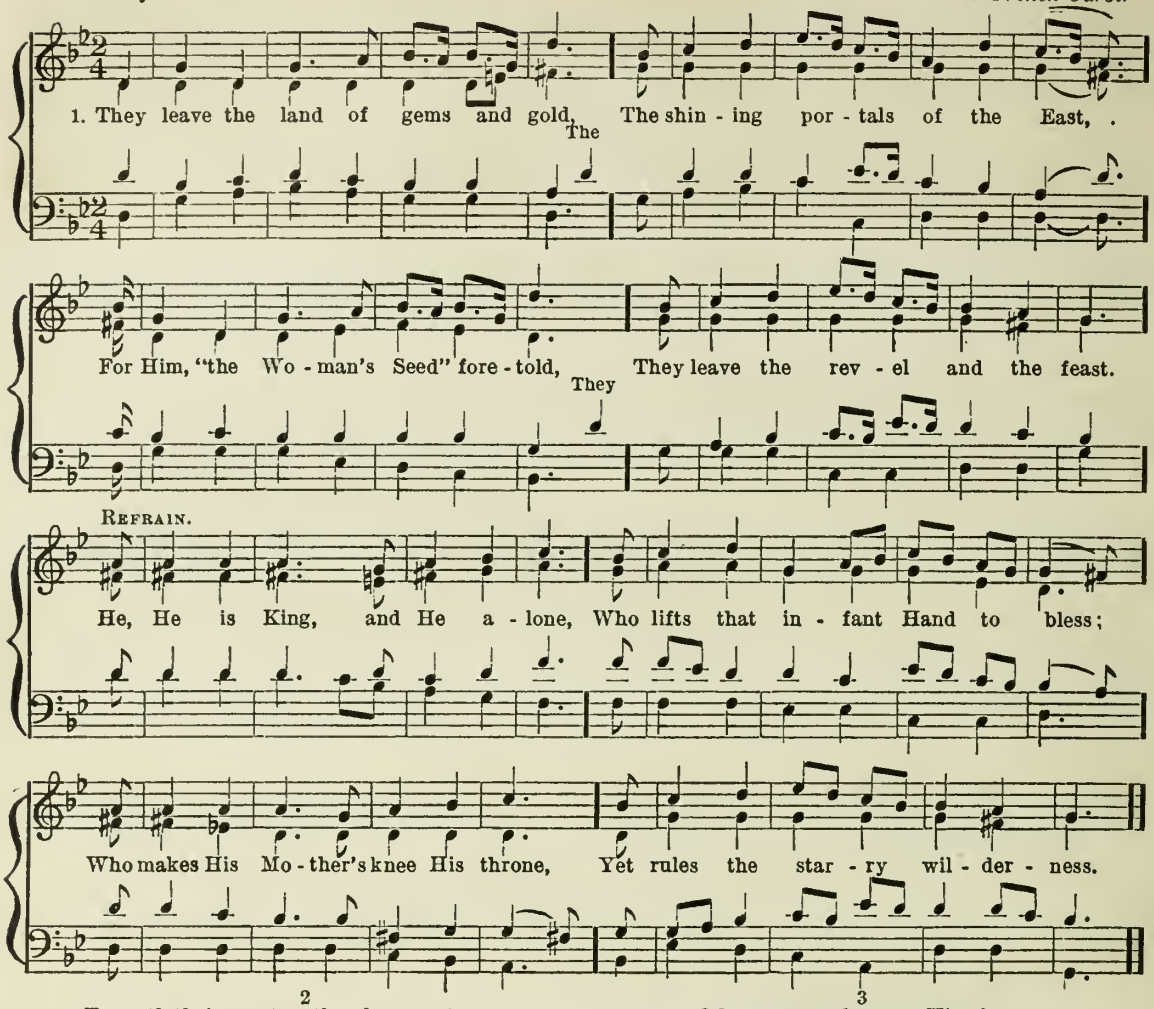

Full. (Unison.)
1. Un - to us is born a Son, King of Quires su - per - nal: See on earth His life be - gun, Of
Ped.
Trebles.
lords the Lord e - ter - nal, Of lords the Lord e - ter - nal. 2. Christ, from Heav'n de-scend-ing low,
Senza Ped.
Comes on earth a stran - ger; Ox and ass their own - er know, Be-cra-dled in the man - ger, Be -
Trebles and Basses.
cra - dled in the man - ger. 3. This did He - rod sore af - fray, And griev-ous-ly be - wil - der,
Ped.
So he gave the word to slay, And slew the lit - tle chil - der, And slew the lit - tle chil - der.


Trebles.
4. Of His love and mer - cy mild This the Christ-mas sto - ry; And O that Ma - ry's
Choir.
Great.
gen - tle child Might lead us up to glo - ry! Might lead us up to glo - ry!
Full.
5. O and A, and A and O, Cum can - ti - bus in cho - ro, Let our mer - ry
Org.
Gt. Trumpet.
Sw.
ff Swell.
Pedals.
or - gan go, Be - ne - di - ca - mus Do - - - - - - - mi - no.
Gt. Trumpet.
Sw.

They leave the land of gems and gold.

Carol 709. EPIPHANY.

Words by *A. de Vere.* *Old French Carol.*


1. They leave the land of gems and gold, The shin - ing por - tals of the East,
For Him, "the Wo - man's Seed" fore - told, They leave the rev - el and the feast.
REFRAIN.
He, He is King, and He a - lone, Who lifts that in - fant Hand to bless;
Who makes His Mo - ther's knee His throne, Yet rules the star - ry wil - der - ness.

2

To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe new-born.
REF. He, He is King, etc.

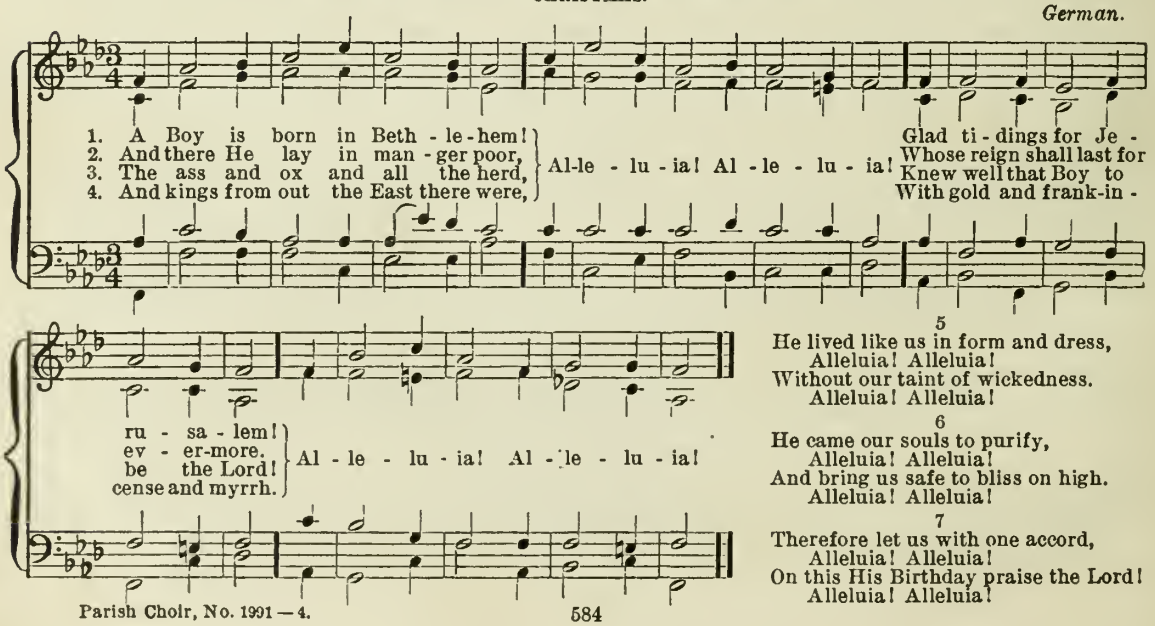
3

O happy eyes that saw Him first:
O happy lips that kissed His feet!
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst:
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.
REF. He, He is King, etc.

A Boy is born in Bethlehem.

Carol 710. CHRISTMAS.

German.


1. A Boy is born in Beth - le - hem!
2. And there He lay in man - ger poor,
3. The ass and ox and all the herd,
4. And kings from out the East there were,
Al-le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Glad ti - dings for Je -
Whose reign shall last for
Knew well that Boy to
With gold and frank-in -
ru - sa - lem!
ev - er-more.
be the Lord!
cense and myrrh.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

5

He lived like us in form and dress,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Without our taint of wickedness.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

6

He came our souls to purify,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
And bring us safe to bliss on high.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

7

Therefore let us with one accord,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
On this His Birthday praise the Lord!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Good people, give ear.

Carol 711.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by *J. Barmby.* *John Swire.*

♩ = 96.

1. Good peo - ple, give ear, As we sing loud and clear Our song of a Christ-mas morn - ing.
2. O list, young and old, As we sing in the cold Our song of a Christ-mas morn - ing.
3. A - wake ye, and hear For your sol - ace and cheer, Our song of a Christ-mas morn - ing.

♩ = 112.

In Jew - ry of old, As the pro - phets fore - told, A glo - ry came down to the earth: And an - gels on high Sang loud from the sky, So we may have glad-ness and mirth.
It was cold on the plains, Where a few sil - ly swains Were watch - ing their flocks in the night; But a glo - ry shone round, And sweet mu - sic did sound, And the wel-kin was fill'd with de - light.
A - non were they 'ware That an an - gel stood there, And 'Fear not,' said he, 'nor be sad; For a Sav - iour is born To a world that was lorn, And there-fore ye all may be glad.'

rall.

NOTE.—The C in last bar of minor refrain is intentionally *natural.*

4

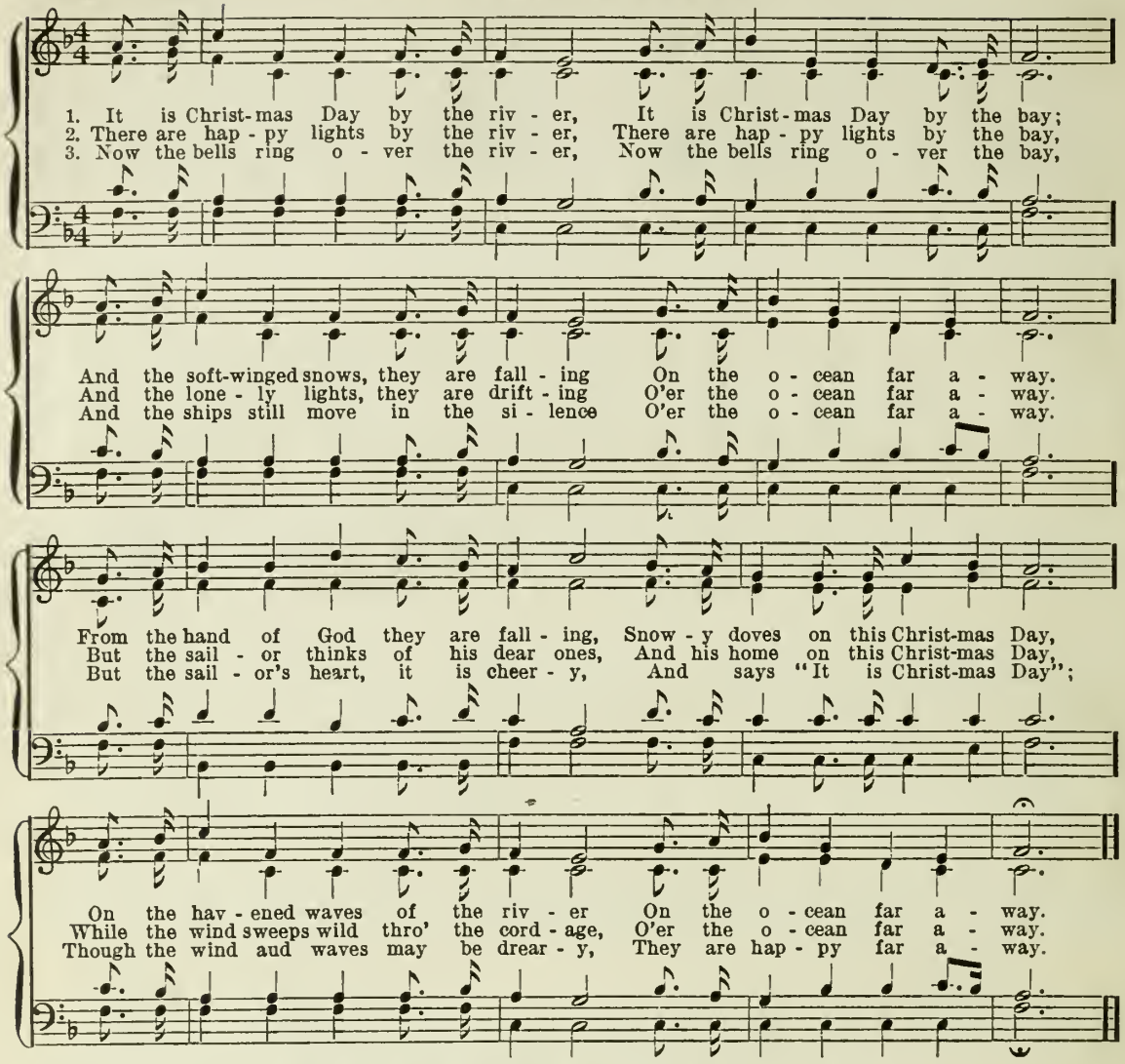
O hear, great and small,—
And God bless you all,—
Our song of a Christmas morning.
There came in due time
From a far eastern clime
Certain wise men led on by a star;
Their gifts they unroll'd,
Myrrh, incense, and gold,
And bore the glad tidings afar.

5

Now peace to you all
And deliv'rance from thrall
On this blessed Christmas morning.
Our story is told,
Ye have heard it of old,
We sing the same song every year:
But it ever is new
To hearts that are true:
May God of His grace send you cheer!

It is Christmas Day.

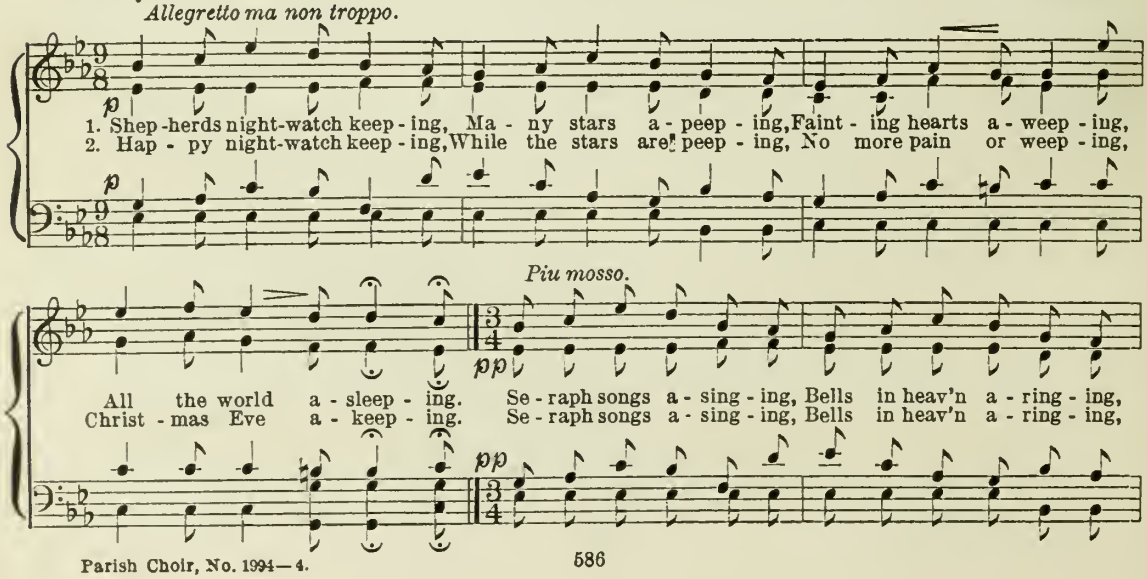
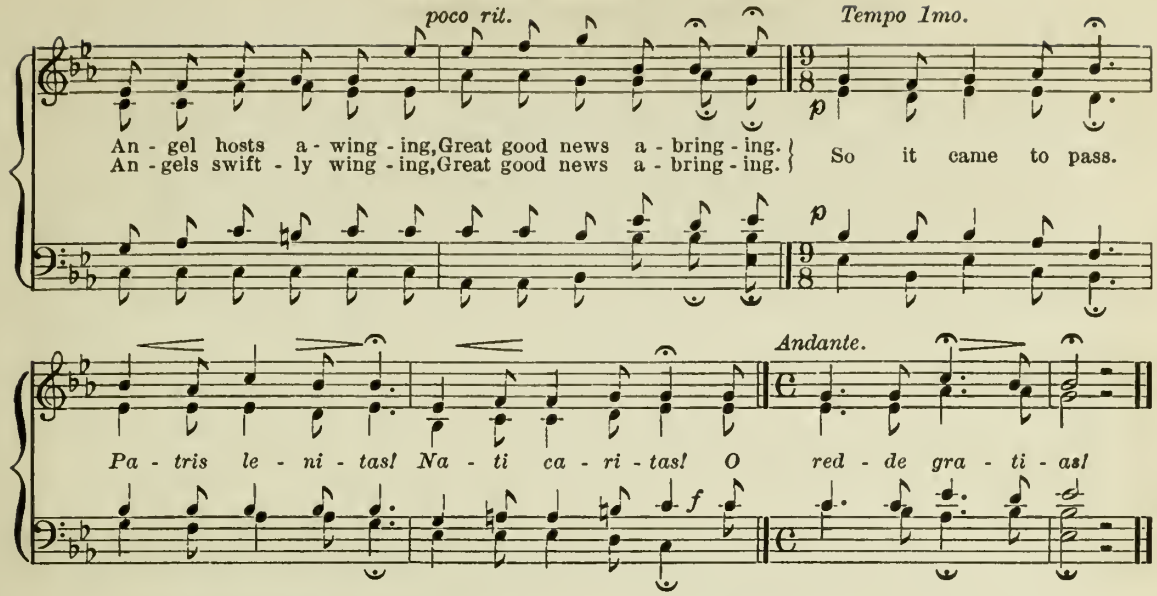
Carol 712.

As sung every Christmas at Christ Church, Oyster Bay, L. I.

1. It is Christ-mas Day by the riv - er, It is Christ-mas Day by the bay;
2. There are hap - py lights by the riv - er, There are hap - py lights by the bay,
3. Now the bells ring o - ver the riv - er, Now the bells ring o - ver the bay,
And the soft-winged snows, they are fall - ing On the o - cean far a - way.
And the lone - ly lights, they are drift - ing O'er the o - cean far a - way.
And the ships still move in the si - lence O'er the o - cean far a - way.
From the hand of God they are fall - ing, Snow - y doves on this Christ-mas Day,
But the sail - or thinks of his dear ones, And his home on this Christ-mas Day,
But the sail - or's heart, it is cheer - y, And says "It is Christ-mas Day";
On the hav - ened waves of the riv - er On the o - cean far a - way.
While the wind sweeps wild thro' the cord - age, O'er the o - cean far a - way.
Though the wind aud waves may be drear - y, They are hap - py far a - way.

Shepherds night-watch keeping.

Carol 713.

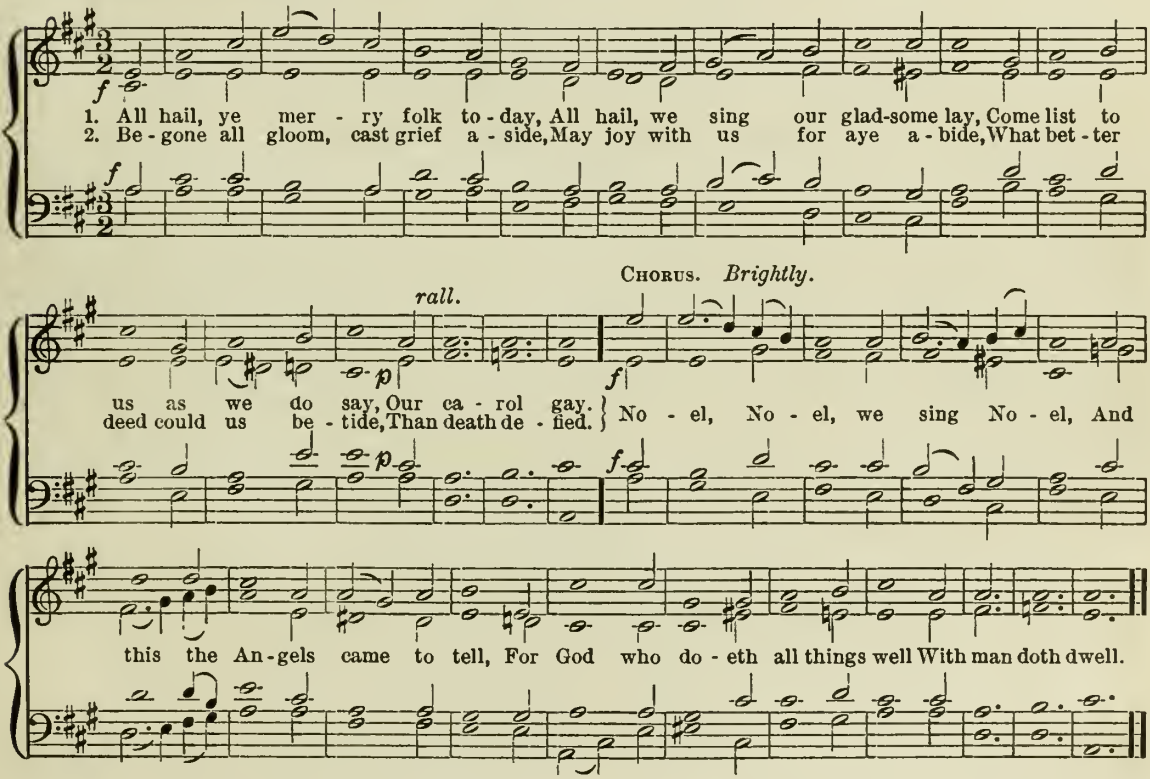
CHRISTMAS.

Words by *M. E. Browne.* *C. E. Deffell.*

Allegretto ma non troppo.
p
1. Shep-herds night-watch keep - ing, Ma - ny stars a - peep - ing, Faint - ing hearts a - weep - ing,
2. Hap - py night-watch keep - ing, While the stars are peep - ing, No more pain or weep - ing,
Piu mosso.
pp
All the world a - sleep - ing. Se - raph songs a - sing - ing, Bells in heav'n a - ring - ing,
Christ - mas Eve a - keep - ing. Se - raph songs a - sing - ing, Bells in heav'n a - ring - ing,

poco rit.
Tempo 1mo.
An - gel hosts a - wing - ing, Great good news a - bring - ing.
An - gels swift - ly wing - ing, Great good news a - bring - ing.
So it came to pass.
Andante.
Pa - tris le - ni - tas! Na - ti ca - ri - tas! O red - de gra - ti - as!

All hail, ye merry folk to-day.

Carol 714. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *H. G. Rosedale.* *G. F. Terry.*


1. All hail, ye mer - ry folk to - day, All hail, we sing our glad-some lay, Come list to
2. Be - gone all gloom, cast grief a - side, May joy with us for aye a - bide, What bet - ter
Chorus. Brightly.
rall.
us as we do say, Our ca - rol gay.
deed could us be - tide, Than death de - fied.
No - el, No - el, we sing No - el, And
this the An - gels came to tell, For God who do - eth all things well With man doth dwell.

3
Come let us seek the Infant King,
And homage pay, and to Him bring
Our hearts as fittest offering,
And to Him sing.
CHO. Noel, Noel, etc.

4
Seek not ye palace rich or grand,
Nor with the greatest men to stand,
But join a lowly pilgrim band
In Israel's land.
CHO. Noel, Noel, etc.

5
Lo! there we find Him, greatest, best,
Who in a manger deigns to rest,
Who by His Life ye world hath blest,
Most welcome guest.
CHO. Noel, Noel, etc.

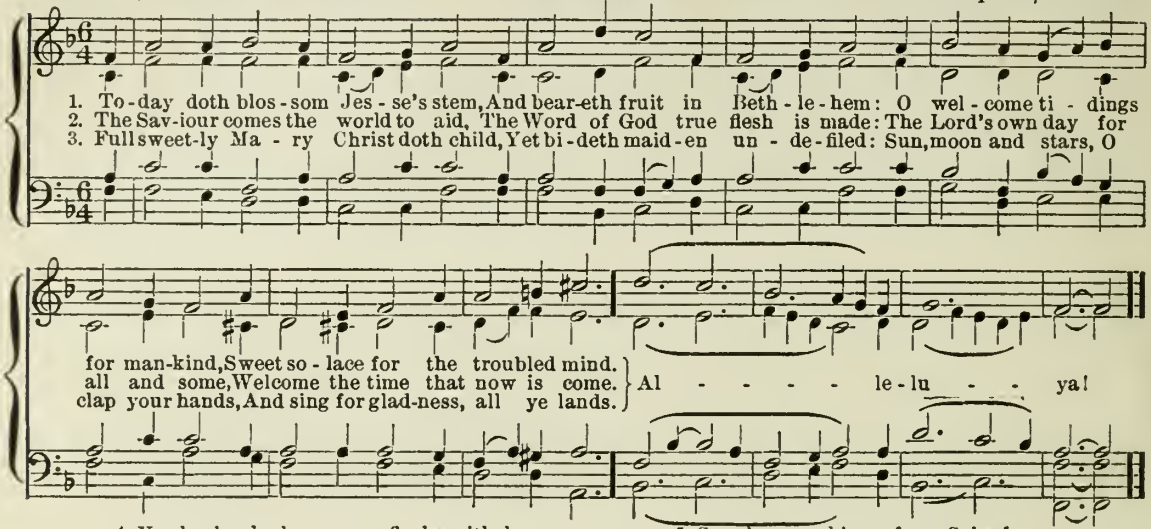
6
With us your happy songs unite,
Within your hearts to dwell, invite
The God who doeth all things right,
Your soul to light.
CHO. Noel, Noel, etc.

To-day doth blossom Jesse's stem.

Carol 715.

("Jam Radix.")

Words by *Rev. G. R. Woodward.* CHRISTMAS. *E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.*


1. To-day doth blos-som Jes-se's stem, And bear-eth fruit in Beth-le-hem: O wel-come ti-dings
2. The Sav-iour comes the world to aid, The Word of God true flesh is made: The Lord's own day for
3. Full sweet-ly Ma-ry Christ doth child, Yet bi-deth maid-en un-de-filed: Sun, moon and stars, O
for man-kind, Sweet so-lace for the troubled mind.
all and some, Welcome the time that now is come.
clap your hands, And sing for glad-ness, all ye lands.
Al - - - - le-lu - - ya!

4 Ye shepherds, leave your flocks withal,
And hasten to the manger-stall:
See there in crib the new-born King!
And with th' angelic chorus sing
Alleluya!

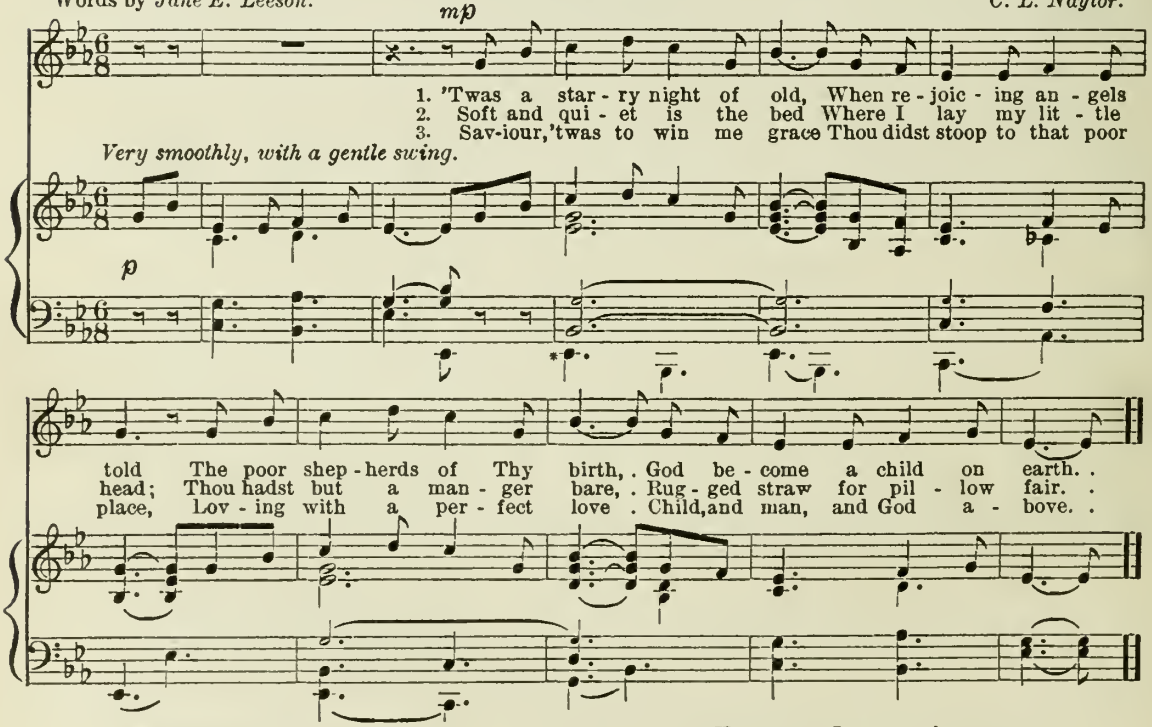
5 Speed on, ye kings, from Saba far,
Follow the guidance of the star:
With bended knee and loving cheer
Give presents to that Babe so dear.
Alleluya!

6 Then bless we holy Trinity,
The which hath dealt so lovingly;
To Jesus, Son of Mary maid,
By every tongue be homage paid.
Alleluya!

'Twas a starry night of old.

Carol 716.

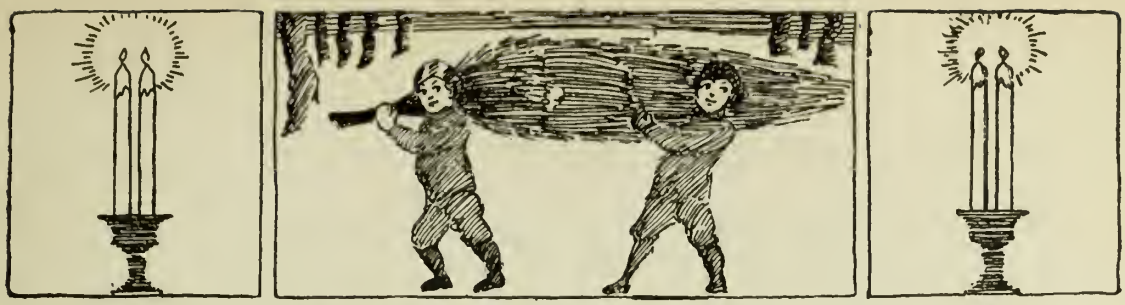
CHRISTMAS.
(For child on going to bed.)

Words by *Jane E. Leeson.* *C. L. Naylor.*

mp
1. 'Twas a star-ry night of old, When re-joic-ing an-gels
2. Soft and qui-et is the bed Where I lay my lit-tle
3. Sav-iour, 'twas to win me grace Thou didst stoop to that poor
Very smoothly, with a gentle swing.
p
told The poor shep-herds of Thy birth, . God be-come a child on earth. .
head; Thou hadst but a man-ger bare, . Rug-ged straw for pil-low fair. .
place, Lov-ing with a per-fect love . Child, and man, and God a-bove. .

4 If my slumbers broken be,
Waking let me think of Thee;
Darkness cannot make me fear,
If I feel that Thou art near.

5 Happy now I turn to sleep;
Thou wilt watch around me keep.
Him no danger e'er can harm
Who lies cradled on Thine arm.

*On the organ the five bass notes following must be played an octave higher, the upper notes being played by the L. H. just as written.



Awake, arise, good Christians.

Carol 717. CHRISTMAS.

Words from the "*Parish Visitor.*" *Fred. Schilling.*

1. A - wake, a - rise, good Chris-tians, Let no - thing you dis - may, Re - mem - ber Christ our
2. Came down on clouds of glo - ry, Ar - rayed in shi - ning light, Un - to the shep-herd -
3. Fear not, we bring good ti-dings, For, on this hap - py morn, The prom-ised One, the

Sav - iour Was born up - on this day! The self-same moon was shin - ing, That
peo - ple, Who watch'd their flocks by night. And through the mid-night si - lence The
Sav - iour, In Beth - le - hem is born!" Up rose the sim - ple shep - herds All

now is in the sky, When a ho - ly band of an - gels Came down from God on
heav'n-ly host be - gan: "Glo - ry be to God the High - est; On earth, good will to
with a joy - ful mind; "And let us go with speed," said they, "This ho - ly child to

high! When a ho - ly band of an - gels Came down from God on high.
man! Glo - ry be to God the High - est; On earth good will to man!"
find; And let us go with speed" said they, "This ho - ly Child to find."

4

Not in a kingly palace
The Son of God they fonnd,
Bnt in a lowly manger
Where oxen fed around.
The glorious King of Heaven,
The Lord of all the earth,
In mercy condescended
To be of humble birth.

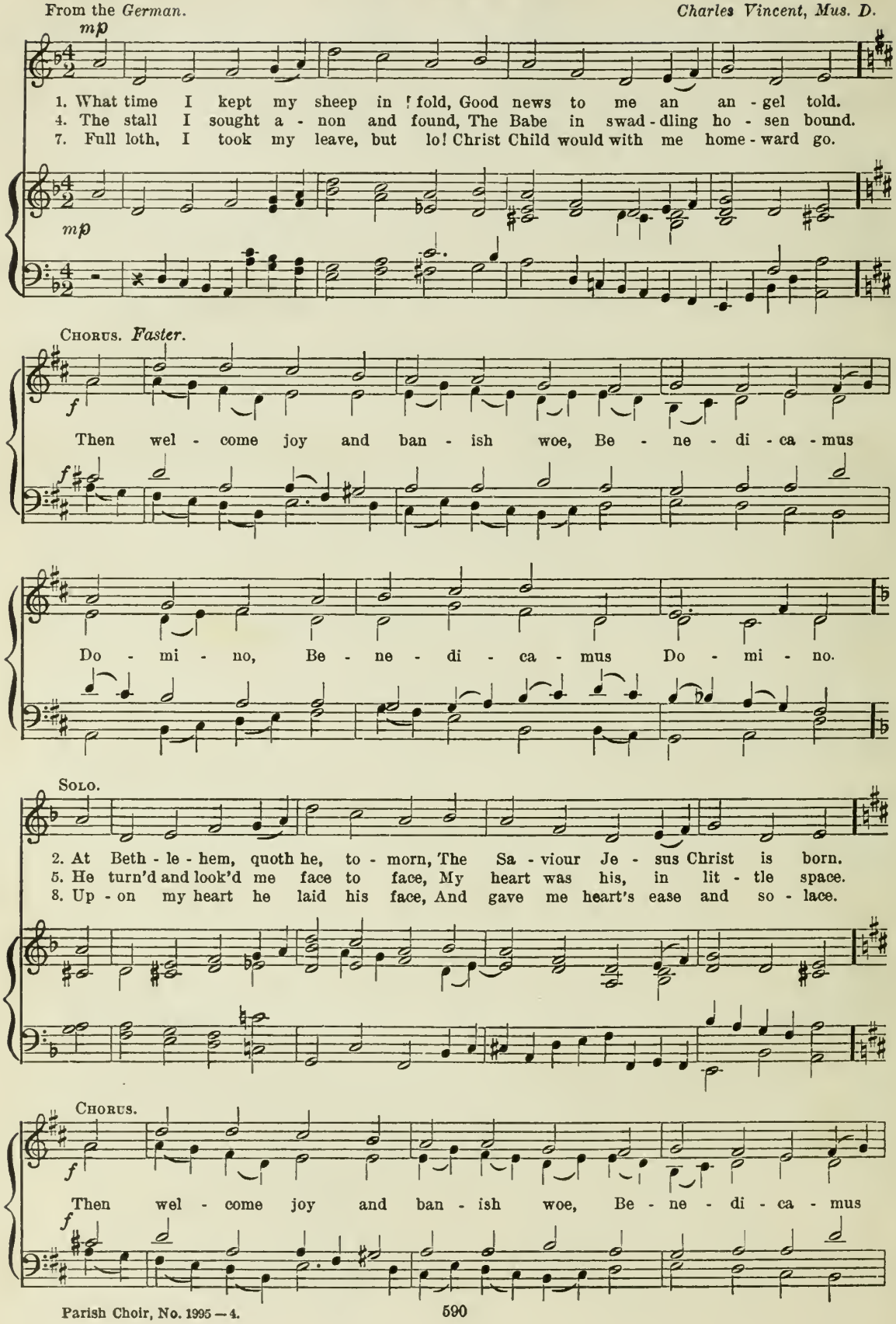
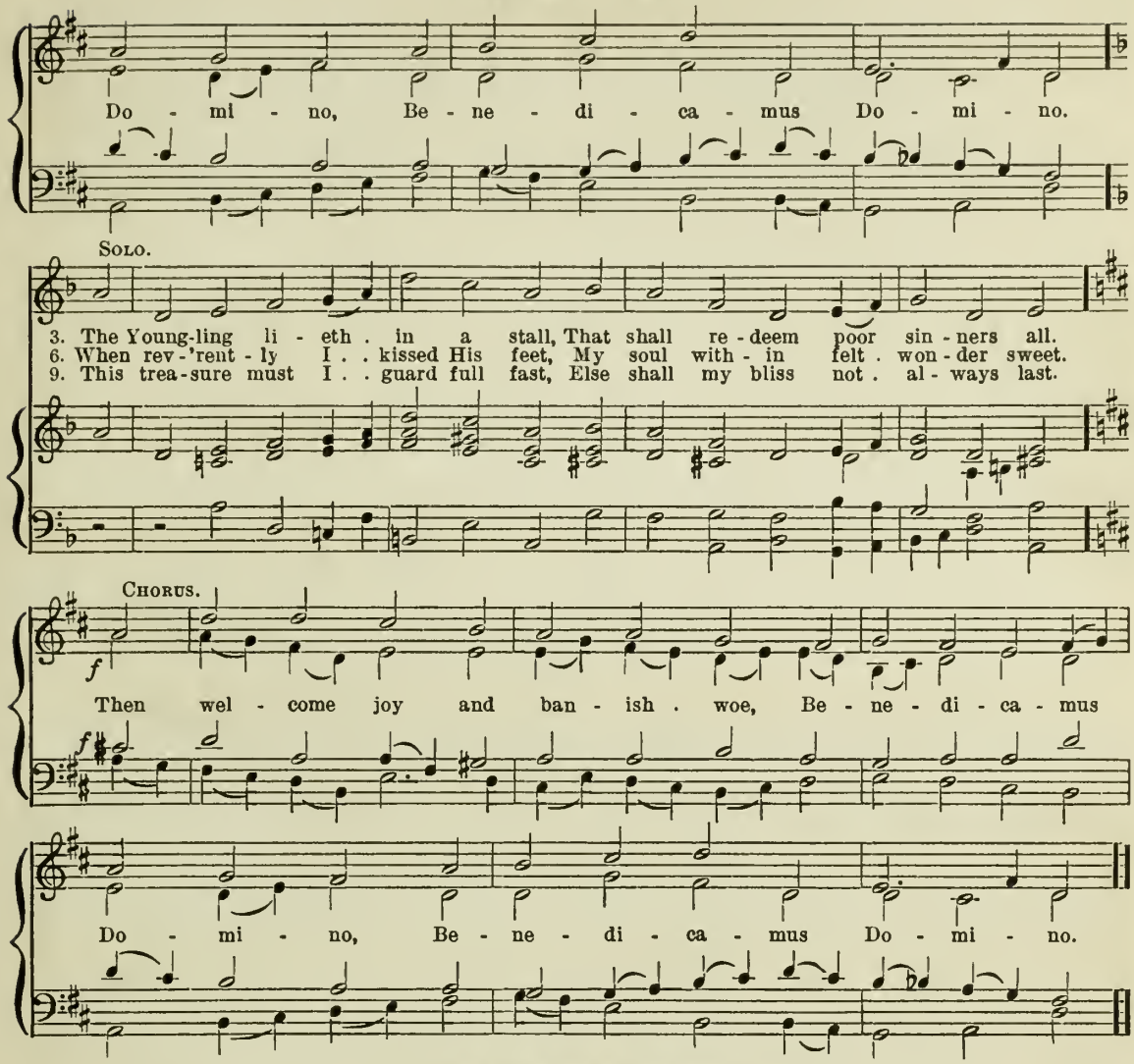
5

Long looked the simple shepherds,
With holy wonder stirred,
Then praisèd God for all the things
Which they had seen and heard.
And homeward went rejoicing,
Upon that Christmas morn,
Declaring unto every one
That Jesus Christ was born.

Benedicamus Domino.

Carol 718.

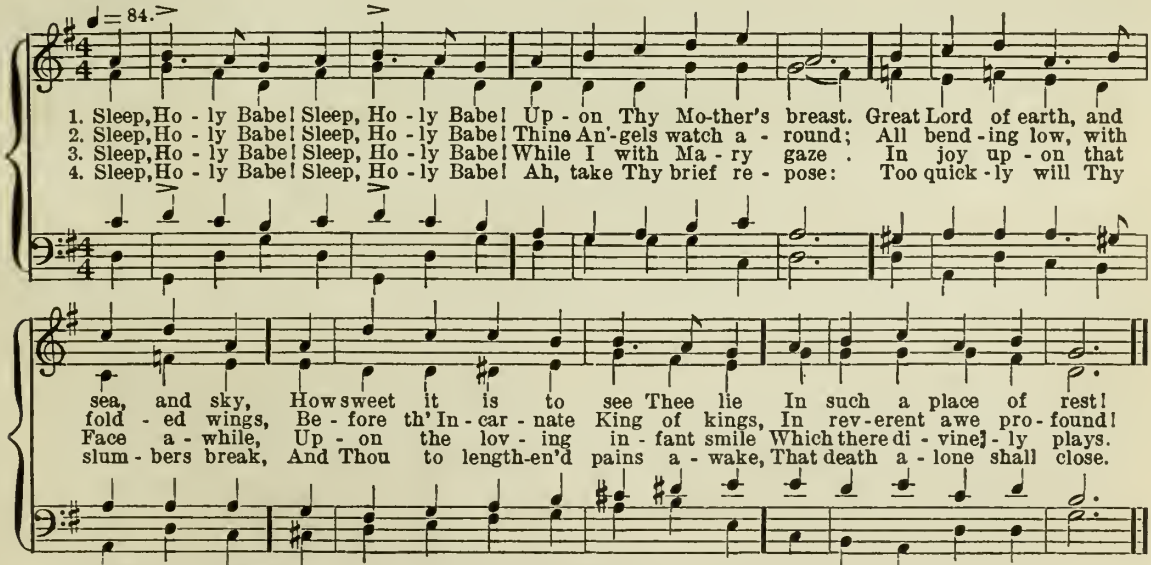
CHRISTMAS.

From the *German*. *Charles Vincent, Mus. D.*

mp
1. What time I kept my sheep in fold, Good news to me an an - gel told.
4. The stall I sought a - non and found, The Babe in swad - dling ho - sen bound.
7. Full loth, I took my leave, but lo! Christ Child would with me home - ward go.
mp
Chorus. Faster.
f
Then wel - come joy and ban - ish woe, Be - ne - di - ca - mus
f
Do - mi - no, Be - ne - di - ca - mus Do - mi - no.
Solo.
2. At Beth - le - hem, quoth he, to - morn, The Sa - viour Je - sus Christ is born.
5. He turn'd and look'd me face to face, My heart was his, in lit - tle space.
8. Up - on my heart he laid his face, And gave me heart's ease and so - lace.
Chorus.
f
Then wel - come joy and ban - ish woe, Be - ne - di - ca - mus
f

Do - mi - no, Be - ne - di - ca - mus Do - mi - no.
Solo.
3. The Young-ling li - eth . in a stall, That shall re - deem poor sin - ners all.
6. When rev - 'rent - ly I . . kissed His feet, My soul with - in felt . won - der sweet.
9. This trea - sure must I . . guard full fast, Else shall my bliss not . al - ways last.
Chorus.
f
Then wel - come joy and ban - ish . woe, Be - ne - di - ca - mus
Do - mi - no, Be - ne - di - ca - mus Do - mi - no.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

CHRISTMAS.

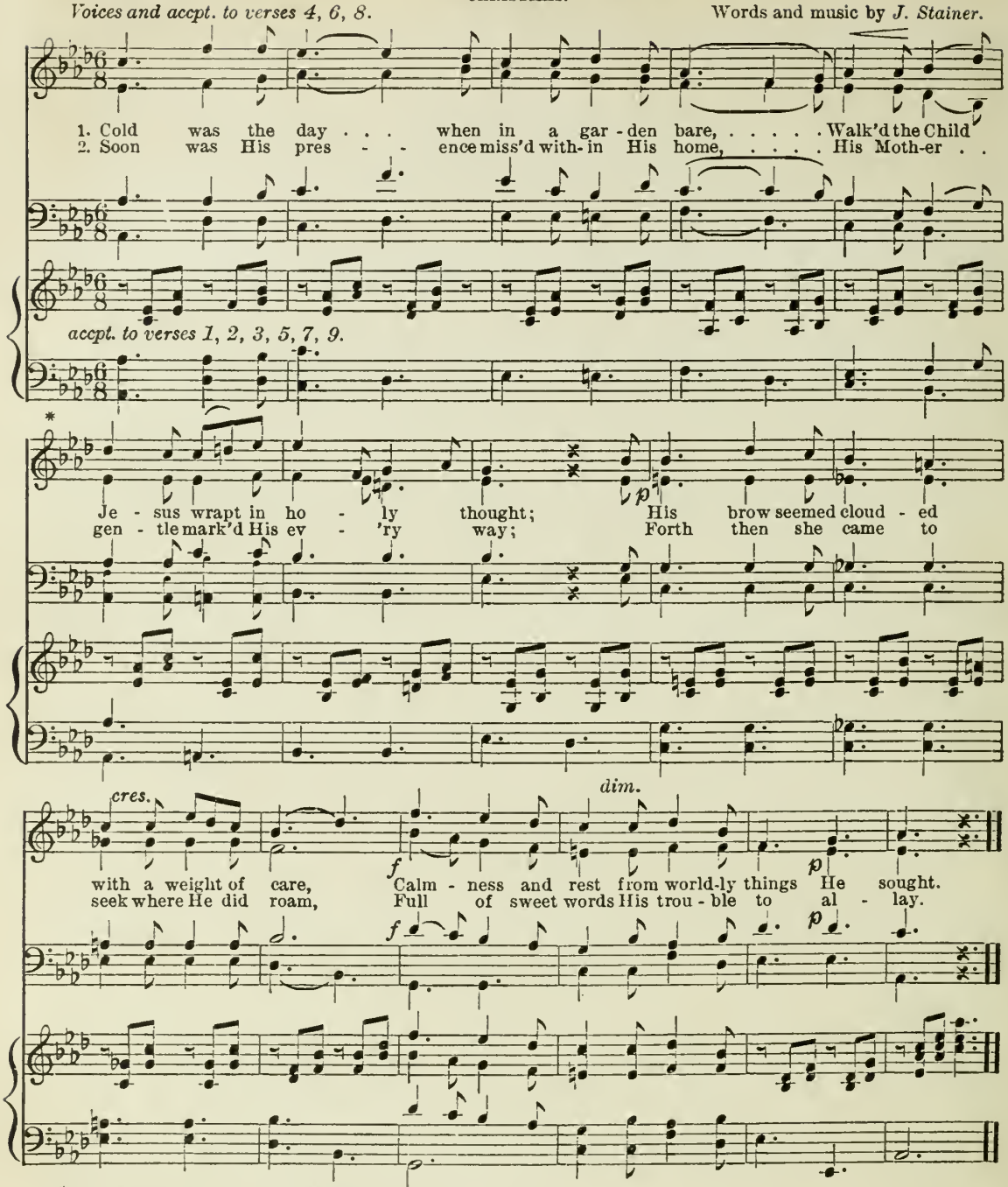
Carol 719.

Words by *E. Caswall.* *Ancient Melody.*

♩ = 84.
1. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Up - on Thy Mo-ther's breast. Great Lord of earth, and
2. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Thine An'-gels watch a - round; All bend - ing low, with
3. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! While I with Ma - ry gaze . In joy up - on that
4. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Ah, take Thy brief re - pose: Too quick - ly will Thy
sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest!
fold - ed wings, Be - fore th' In - car - nate King of kings, In rev-erent awe pro - found!
Face a - while, Up - on the lov - ing in - fant smile Which there di - vine - ly plays.
slum - bers break, And Thou to length-en'd pains a - wake, That death a - lone shall close.

The Child Jesus in the garden.

Carol 720. CHRISTMAS.

Voices and accpt. to verses 4, 6, 8. Words and music by *J. Stainer.*


1. Cold was the day . . . when in a gar - den bare, ... Walk'd the Child
2. Soon was His pres - - ence miss'd with-in His home, ... His Moth-er . .
accpt. to verses 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9.
*
Je - sus wrapt in ho - ly thought; His brow seemed cloud - ed
gen - tle mark'd His ev - 'ry way; Forth then she came to
cres.
dim.
with a weight of care, Calm - ness and rest from world-ly things He sought.
seek where He did roam, Full of sweet words His trou - ble to al - lay.

*When sung as a Tenor Solo, small notes may be sung.

3 (*Solo*)

"Speak, gentle Lord;" she cried with reverent love,
"Tell me, I pray, what griefs around Thee press,
Though I of earth, and Thou from Heaven above,
I am Thy Mother; what doth Thee distress?"

4 (*Cho.*)

pp Sweet was her face as o'er His head she bent;
Longing to melt His look of saddest grief,
With lifted eyes His ear to her He lent;
Her kindly solace brought His soul relief.

5

f Then did He smile, a smile of love so deep,
Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow,
From drooping branches scented blossoms peep,
Up springs the grass, the sealèd fountains flow.

6

Summer and spring did each with other vie,
Offering to Him the fragrance of their store;
Chanting sweet notes the birds around Him fly,
Wondering why earth had chequered so her floor.

7 (*Solo.*)

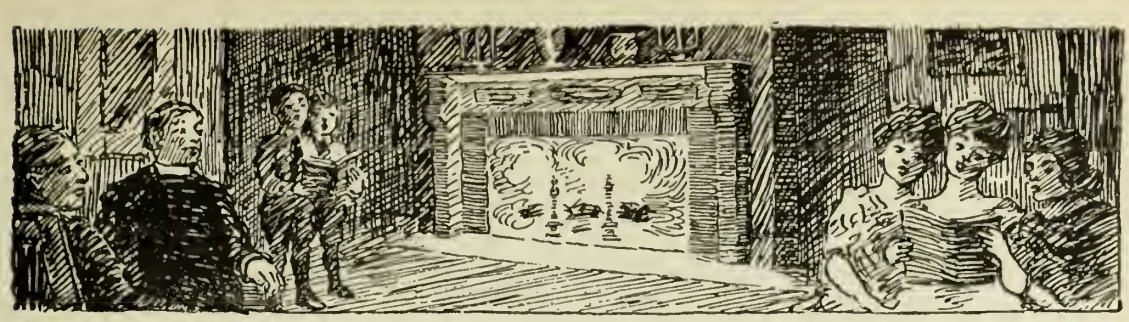
pp Then round his Mother lilies white entwined,
Fresh as her love, and chaste as she was pure;
About His head the Passion-flowers did bind,
Type of the sufferings He must soon endure.

8 (*Cho.*)

Hid in the wreath was many a cruel thorn;
Yet on His brow He placed it, full of joy:
Full well He knew why He on earth was born,
How by His Blood He should our woes destroy.

9

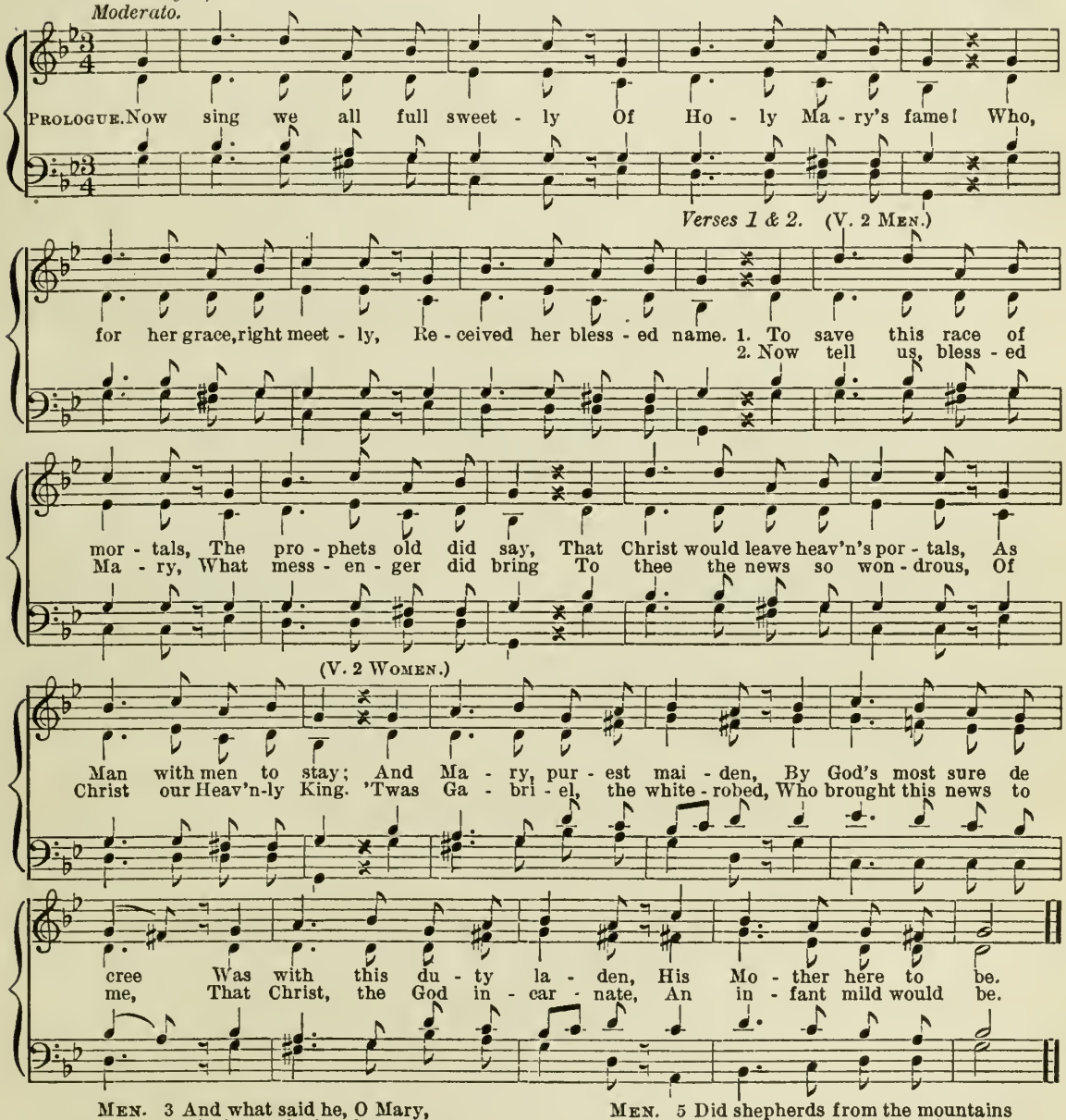
f Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas hours,
Sorrow, like snow, will melt if He but smile;
And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,
Amidst thy mirth, think on His thorns awhile.



Now sing we all full sweetly.

Carol 721. CHRISTMAS.

Lucas Le Moigne, 1520. *Poitou.*

Moderato.

Prologue. Now sing we all full sweet - ly Of Ho - ly Ma - ry's fame! Who,
Verses 1 & 2. (V. 2 Men.)
for her grace, right meet - ly, Re - ceived her bless - ed name. 1. To save this race of
2. Now tell us, bless - ed
mor - tals, The pro - phets old did say, That Christ would leave heav'n's por - tals, As
Ma - ry, What mess - en - ger did bring To thee the news so won - drous, Of
(V. 2 Women.)
Man with men to stay; And Ma - ry, pur - est mai - den, By God's most sure de
Christ our Heav'n-ly King. 'Twas Ga - bri - el, the white - robed, Who brought this news to
cree Was with this du - ty la - den, His Mo - ther here to be.
me, That Christ, the God in - car - nate, An in - fant mild would be.

Men. 3 And what said he, O Mary,
This angel when he spake,
When he foretold that Jesus
On earth our form should take?

Women. He said, "The Lord be with thee,
For full of grace thou art,
And thon art highly favoured,
Thon meek and pure of heart."

Men. 4 Now tell us, blessed Mary,
Say where didst thou abide
When Gabriel did promise
This first great Chistmas-tide.

Women. In Galilee I rested,
In holy love and fear,
And in my meditation
The Angel did appear.

Men. 5 Did shepherds from the mountains
In humble garb and meek,
With joyous exultation
The Holy Infant seek?

Women. They sought the humble manger,
And soon as they did see
The new-born Prince of Glory,
They sank on bended knee.

Chorus. 6 We humbly trust, O Mary,
That God will give us grace
To love this Holy Infant
And ever seek His face;
So at the last great Advent,
When He as Judge shall stand,
We may amongst the blessed,
Be placed on His right hand.

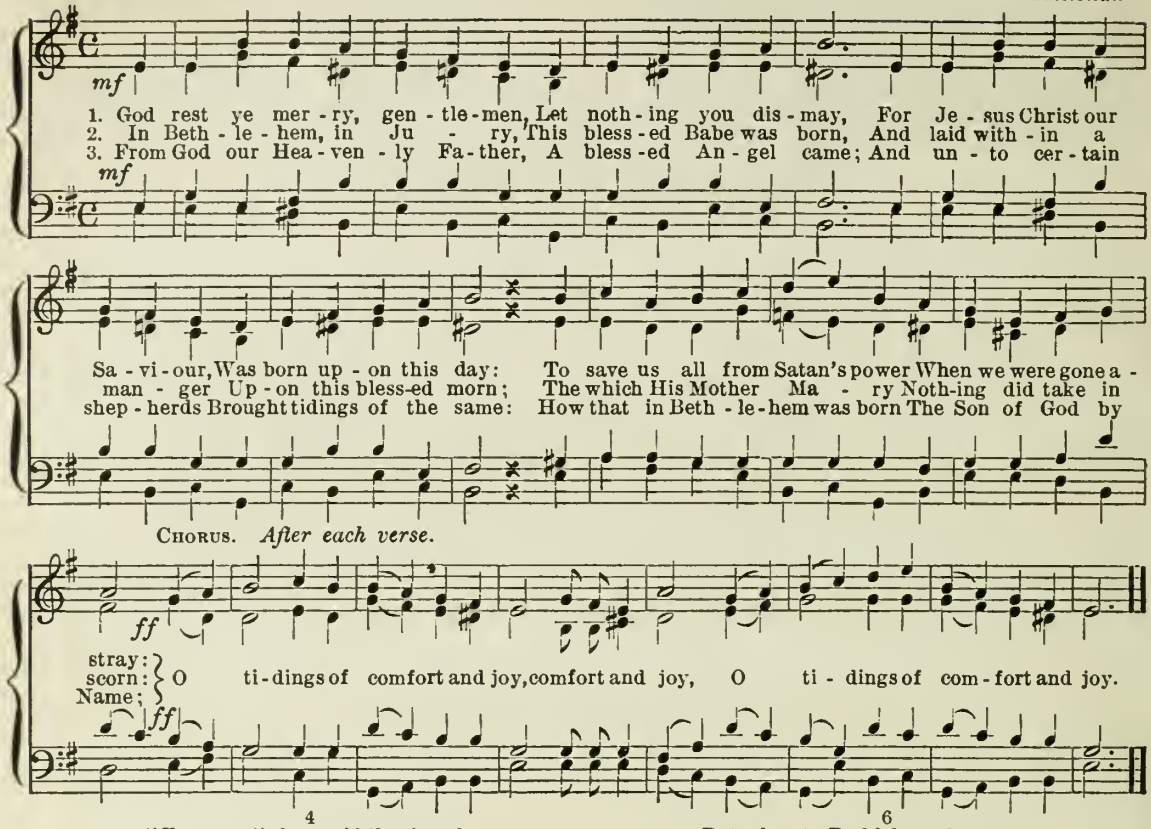
Note.—The Prologue (first four lines) should be sung by a single bass or tenor volce (unaccompanied) to the first four lines of the melody. Then all commence *verse* 1, in chorus and in harmony. The men, when singing alone should of course sing the melody, and the women likewise. In each of these cases the accompaniment may carry the harmonies.

God rest ye merry, gentlemen.

Carol 722.

CHRISTMAS.

Words *Traditional.* *Traditional.*


mf
1. God rest ye mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may, For Je - sus Christ our
2. In Beth - le - hem, in Ju - ry, This bless - ed Babe was born, And laid with - in a
3. From God our Hea - ven - ly Fa - ther, A bless - ed An - gel came; And un - to cer - tain
Sa - vi - our, Was born up - on this day: To save us all from Satan's power When we were gone a -
man - ger Up - on this bless-ed morn; The which His Mother Ma - ry Noth-ing did take in
shep - herds Brought tidings of the same: How that in Beth - le - hem was born The Son of God by
Chorus. After each verse.
ff
stray:
scorn:
Name;
O ti - dings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

4

"Fear not," then said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might:"
O tidings, etc.

5

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Blessèd Babe to find:
O tidings, etc.

6

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where this dear Infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray:
O tidings, etc.

7

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface:
O tidings, etc.

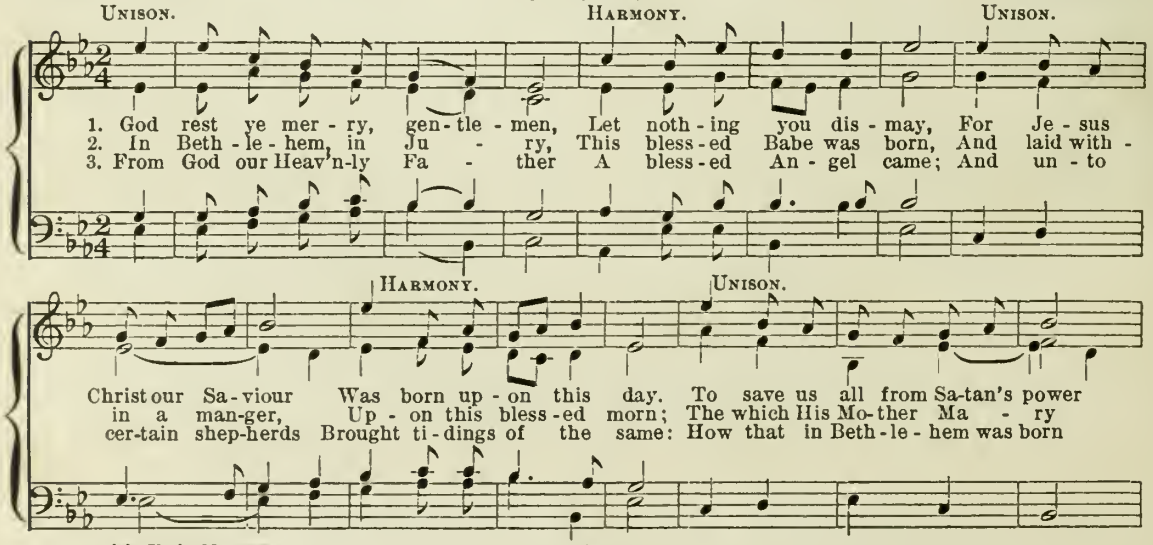
God rest ye merry, gentlemen.

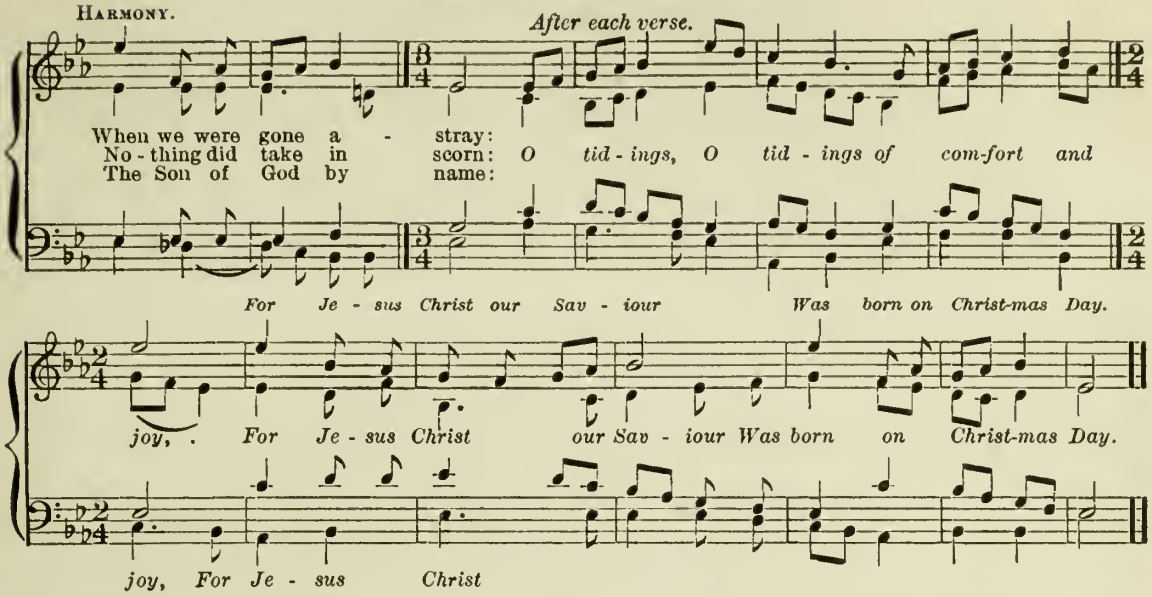
Carol 723.

(Another setting.)

CHRISTMAS.

Words *Traditional.* *Traditional.*

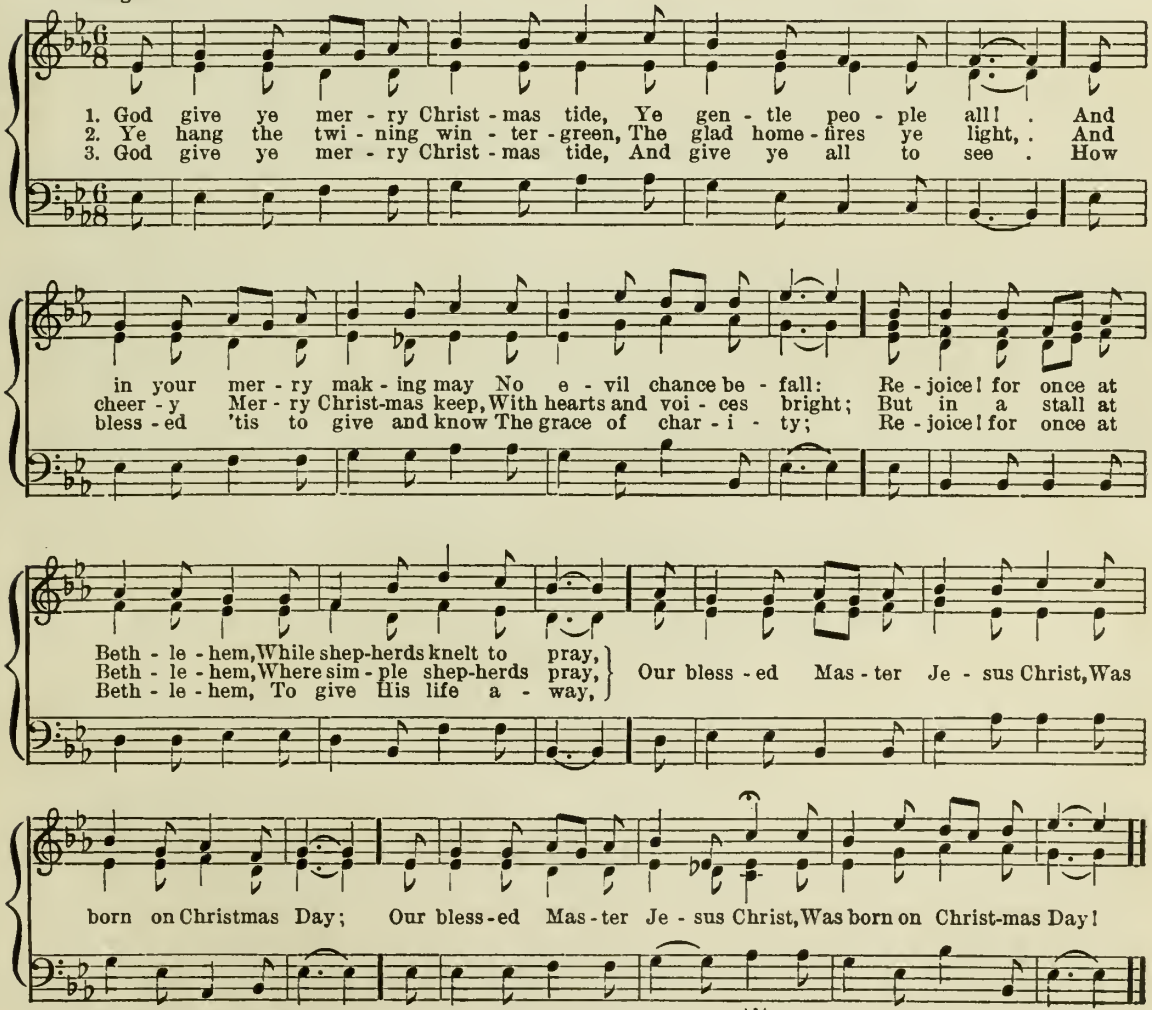

Unison.
Harmony.
Unison.
1. God rest ye mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may, For Je - sus
2. In Beth - le - hem, in Ju - ry, This bless - ed Babe was born, And laid with -
3. From God our Heav'n-ly Fa - ther A bless - ed An - gel came; And un - to
Harmony.
Unison.
Christ our Sa - viour Was born up - on this day. To save us all from Sa-tan's power
in a man-ger, Up - on this bless - ed morn; The which His Mo-ther Ma - ry
cer-tain shep-herds Brought ti - dings of the same: How that in Beth - le - hem was born

HARMONY.

After each verse.
When we were gone a - stray:
No - thing did take in scorn: O tid - ings, O tid - ings of com-fort and
The Son of God by name:
For Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour Was born on Christ-mas Day.
joy, For Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour Was born on Christ-mas Day.
joy, For Je - sus Christ

God give ye merry Christmas tide.

Carol 724.

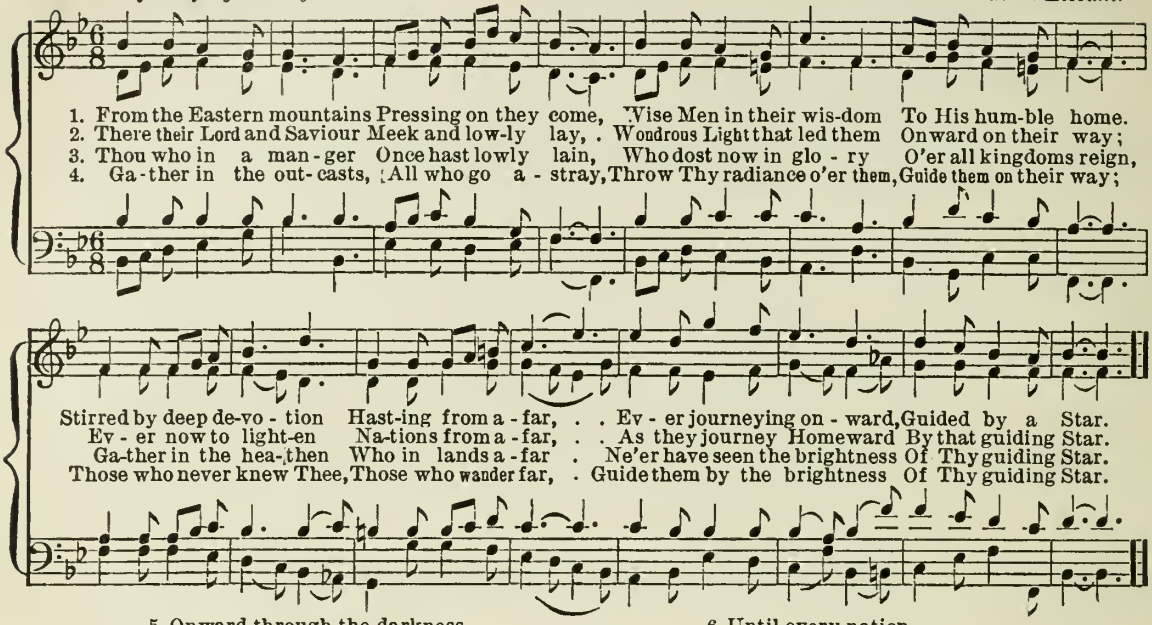
Old English. *Traditional.*


1. God give ye mer - ry Christ - mas tide, Ye gen - tle peo - ple all! And
2. Ye hang the twi - ning win - ter - green, The glad home - fires ye light, And
3. God give ye mer - ry Christ - mas tide, And give ye all to see How
in your mer - ry mak - ing may No e - vil chance be - fall: Re - joice! for once at
cheer - y Mer - ry Christ-mas keep, With hearts and voi - ces bright; But in a stall at
bless - ed 'tis to give and know The grace of char - i - ty; Re - joice! for once at
Beth - le - hem, While shep-herds knelt to pray,
Beth - le - hem, Where sim - ple shep-herds pray,
Beth - le - hem, To give His life a - way,
Our bless - ed Mas - ter Je - sus Christ, Was
born on Christmas Day; Our bless-ed Mas - ter Je - sus Christ, Was born on Christ-mas Day!

From the Eastern mountains.

Carol 725. EPIPHANY.

Words by *Godfrey Thring.* *G. B. Lissant.*


1. From the Eastern mountains Pressing on they come, Wise Men in their wis-dom To His hum-ble home.
2. There their Lord and Saviour Meek and low-ly lay, Wondrous Light that led them Onward on their way;
3. Thou who in a man-ger Once hast lowly lain, Who dost now in glo - ry O'er all kingdoms reign,
4. Ga-ther in the out-casts, All who go a - stray, Throw Thy radiance o'er them, Guide them on their way;
Stirred by deep de-vo - tion Hast-ing from a - far, Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guided by a Star.
Ev - er now to light-en Na-tions from a - far, As they journey Homeward By that guiding Star.
Ga-ther in the hea-then Who in lands a - far Ne'er have seen the brightness Of Thy guiding Star.
Those who never knew Thee, Those who wander far, Guide them by the brightness Of Thy guiding Star.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy Guiding Star.

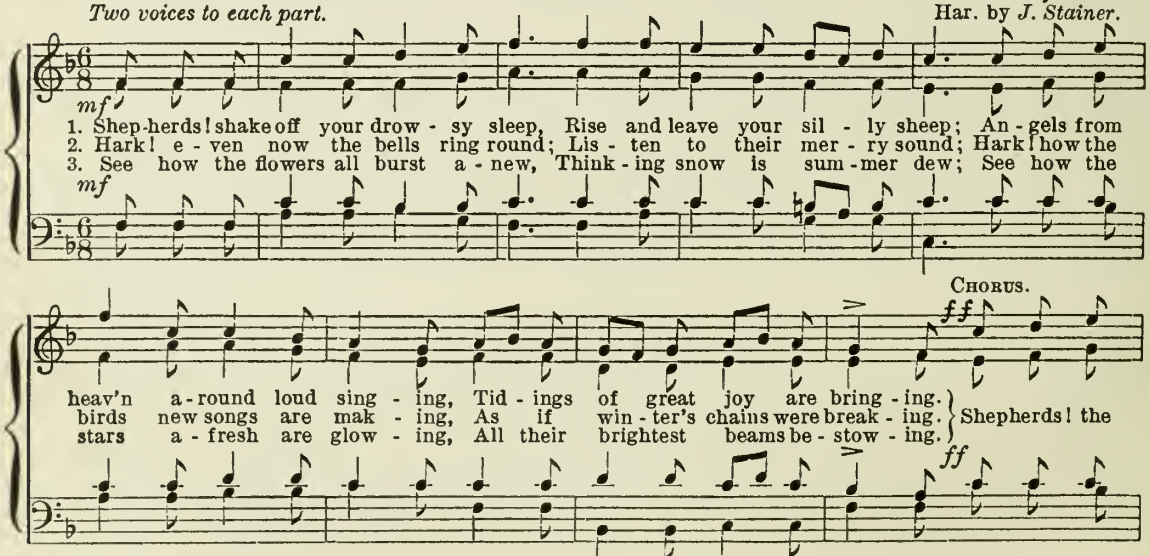
6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

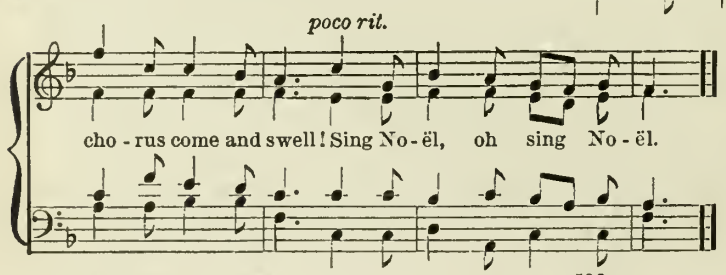
Shepherds, shake off your drowsy sleep.

Carol 726. CHRISTMAS.

Vivace. *Besançon.*

Two voices to each part. Har. by *J. Stainer.*


mf
1. Shep-herds! shake off your drow - sy sleep, Rise and leave your sil - ly sheep; An - gels from
2. Hark! e - ven now the bells ring round; Lis - ten to their mer - ry sound; Hark! how the
3. See how the flowers all burst a - new, Think - ing snow is sum - mer dew; See how the
mf
Chorus.
ff
heav'n a - round loud sing - ing, Tid - ings of great joy are bring - ing.
birds new songs are mak - ing, As if win - ter's chains were break - ing.
stars a - fresh are glow - ing, All their brightest beams be - stow - ing.
Shepherds! the
ff



4
Cometh at length the age of peace,
Strife and sorrow now shall cease;
Prophets foretold the wondrous story
Of this Heaven-born Prince of Glory.
Cho. Shepherds! etc.

5
Shepherds! then up and quick away,
Seek the Babe ere break of day;
He is the hope of every nation,
All in Him shall find salvation.
Cho. Shepherds! etc.

THE SHEPHERDS.

The Shepherds.

Carol 727.

CHRISTMAS.

Tr. fr. the German of *P. Cornèlius.*

P. Cornelius.

p Piacevole.

pp

Shep-herds watch-ing their sheep; Night - ly vig - ils they

p *pp*

Ped. *

poco cres.

keep; Lone in the meadows the shepherds are wa - king, the

pp

poco cres.

Ped.

shep herds are watching and wa - king.

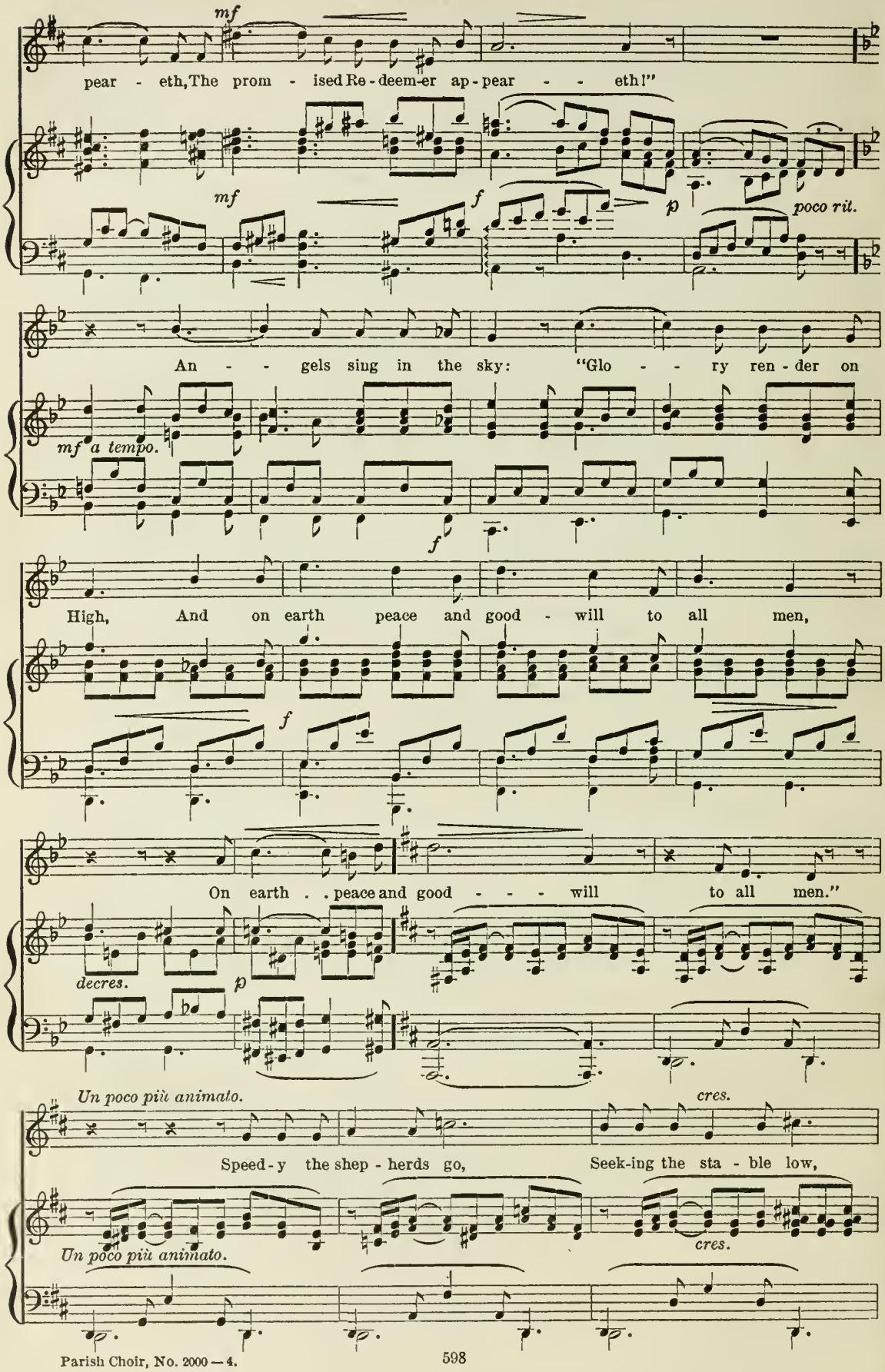
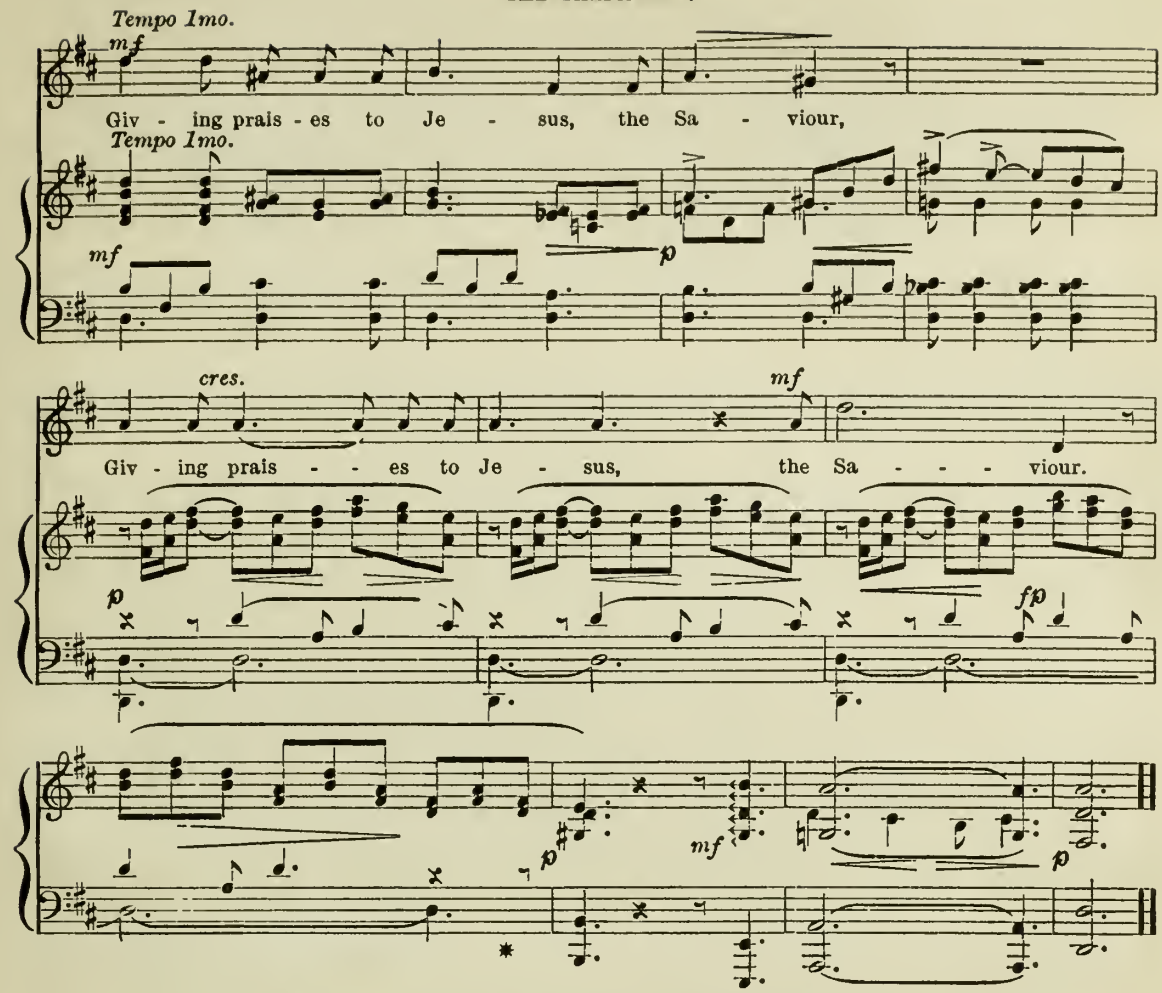
mf *p*

poco . . a . . poco . . . . . cres.

There an an-gel of light Brought the glad tidings that night: "Christ, the promised Redeemer ap-

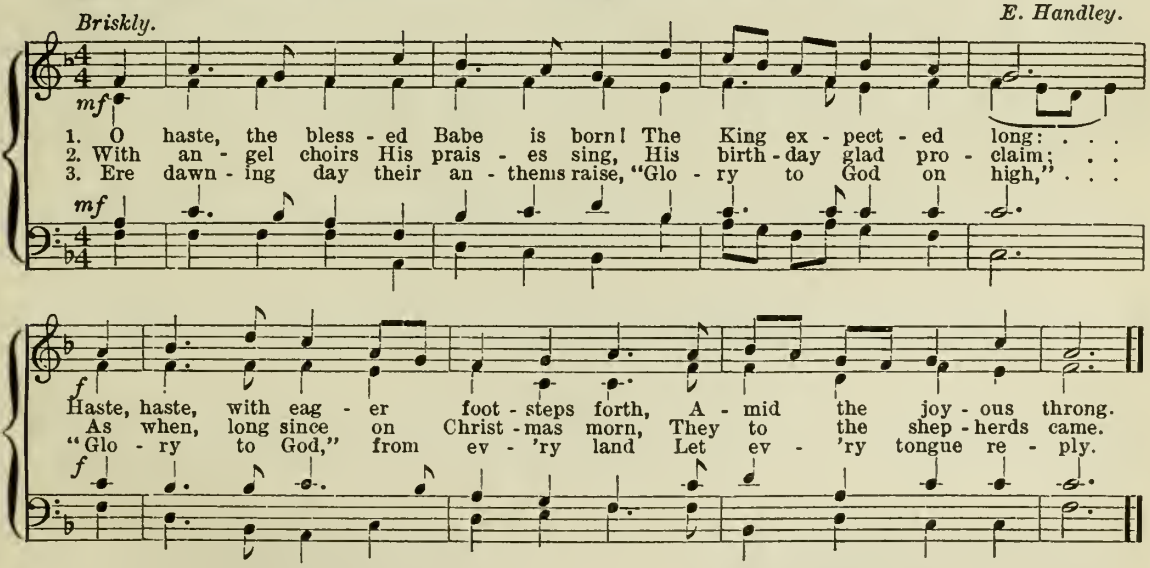
p

poco . . a . . poco . . . . . cres.


mf
pear - eth, The prom - ised Re - deem-er ap - pear - - - eth!"
mf
f
p
poco rit.
An - - gels sing in the sky: "Glo - - ry ren - der on
mf a tempo.
f
High, And on earth peace and good - will to all men,
f
On earth . . peace and good - - - will to all men."
decres.
p
Un poco più animato.
cres.
Speed - y the shep - herds go, Seek-ing the sta - ble low,
Un poco più animato.
cres.

O haste, the blessed Babe is born!

Carol 728.

CHRISTMAS.

E. Handley.

Briskly.
mf
1. O haste, the bless - ed Babe is born! The King ex - pect - ed long: . . .
2. With an - gel choirs His prais - es sing, His birth - day glad pro - claim; . . .
3. Ere dawn - ing day their an - thems raise, "Glo - ry to God on high," . . .
mf
f
Haste, haste, with eag - er foot - steps forth, A - mid the joy - ous throng.
As when, long since on Christ - mas morn, They to the shep - herds came.
"Glo - ry to God," from ev - 'ry land Let ev - 'ry tongue re - ply.
f

4

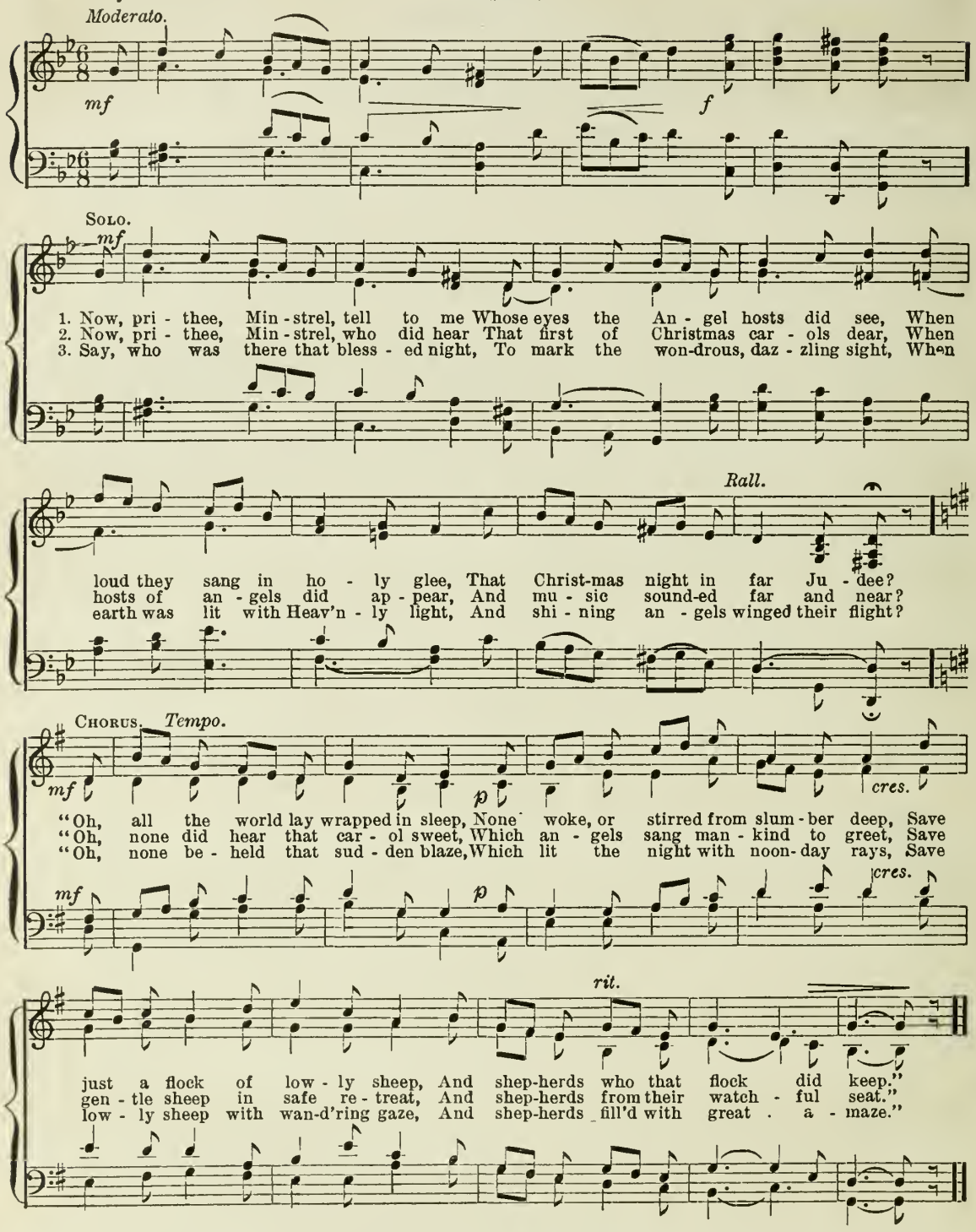
For "unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;"
To raise us from our fallen state,
He stooped to earth from Heaven.

5

Then gladly hail this festal day,
Your joyous voices raise;
On this our holy Christmas morn
Let all men sound His praise.

Carol 729. Now, prithee, Minstrel, tell to me.

Words by *E. Mabel Dawson.* CHRISTMAS. *Arthur H. Brown.*

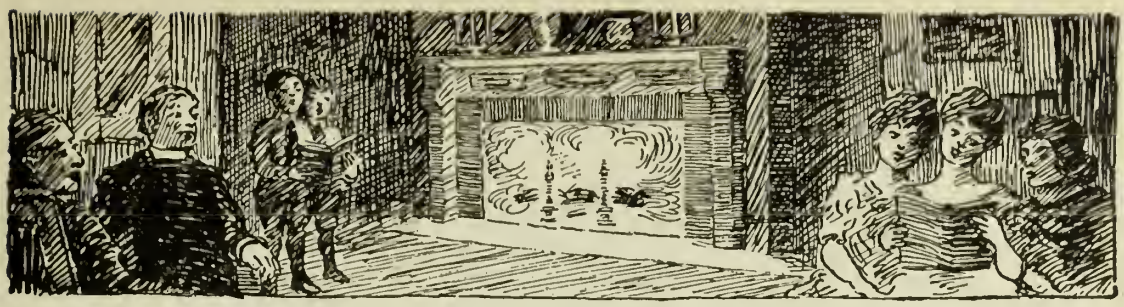

Moderato.
mf
f
Solo.
mf
1. Now, pri - thee, Min - strel, tell to me Whose eyes the An - gel hosts did see, When
2. Now, pri - thee, Min - strel, who did hear That first of Christmas car - ols dear, When
3. Say, who was there that bless - ed night, To mark the won-drous, daz - zling sight, When
Rall.
loud they sang in ho - ly glee, That Christ-mas night in far Ju - dee?
hosts of an - gels did ap - pear, And mu - sic sound-ed far and near?
earth was lit with Heav'n - ly light, And shi - ning an - gels winged their flight?
Chorus.
Tempo.
mf
p
cres.
"Oh, all the world lay wrapped in sleep, None woke, or stirred from slum - ber deep, Save
"Oh, none did hear that car - ol sweet, Which an - gels sang man - kind to greet, Save
"Oh, none be - held that sud - den blaze, Which lit the night with noon - day rays, Save
mf
p
cres.
rit.
just a flock of low - ly sheep, And shep-herds who that flock did keep."
gen - tle sheep in safe re - treat, And shep-herds from their watch - ful seat."
low - ly sheep with wan-d'ring gaze, And shep-herds fill'd with great . a - maze."

4

Now, prithee, Minstrel, tell me why
To sheep and shepherds God on High
Did bid the herald Angels fly,
Proclaiming where the Babe did lie?
Cho. "'Twas meet that Angel hosts were seen
By gentle sheep in pastures green,
For ere the world was made, I ween,
Dear Christ, *the Lamb of God*, hath been."

5

'Twas meet that shepherds should behold,
And hear the blessed tidings told,
For Christ, true Shepherd of His Fold,
Was come to earth that winter cold."
Cho. O Lamb, O Shepherd, we would be
Thy sheep enfolded safe by Thee;
Now with the shepherds joyfully,
At Manger-Throne we bend the knee!



Would'st thou magnify the story.

Carol 730.

CHRISTMAS.

Tr. from *P. Gerhardt.* *J. E. Ebeling, 1667.*

1. Would'st thou mag - ni - fy the sto - ry Of . the Babe, the King of glo - ry?

E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya!

Stand and heark - en, good my bro - ther, To the song . of Je - su's mo - ther,

Nigh the cra - dle of her Son: "E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya!

E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! E - ya! Sleep and slum-ber, sleep, sleep, Je - su, dar - ling mine.

2

"Sleep, my Bridegroom, Son, nay rather
Son of God th' eternal Father:
Eya! Eya!
See, Thy cradle I have made Thee,
On Thy pillow gently laid Thee—
Sleep, Thou beautifullest Child.
Eya! Eya! sleep and slumber;
Sleep, my Saviour and my Babe.

3

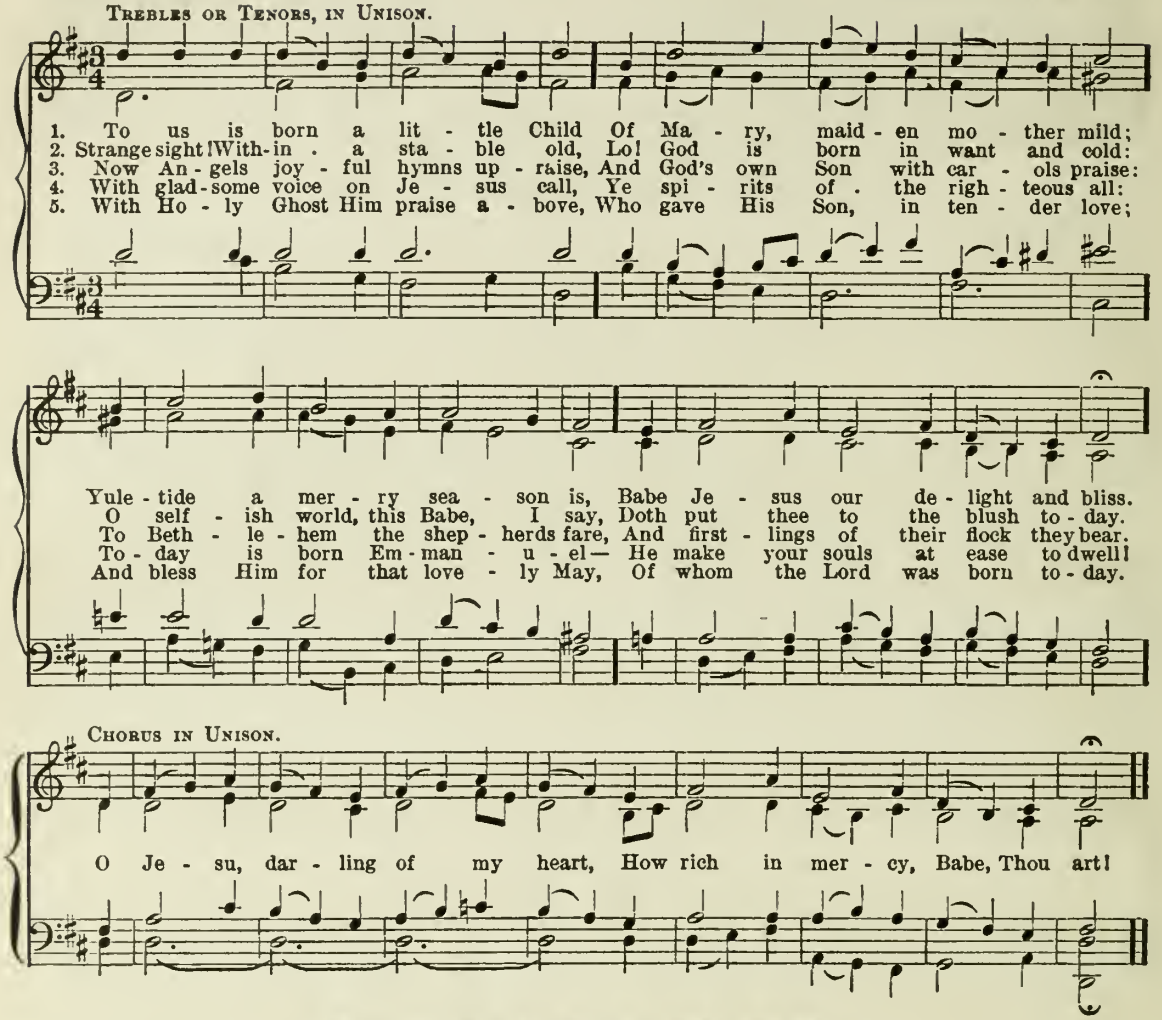
"Sleep, Thou best of dowries golden;
Sleep, Thou Pearl of price untolden;
Eya! Eya!
Sleep, my Solace, passing metre,
Than the milk and honey sweeter:
Sleep, of hearts Thou noble Guest.
Eya! Eya! sleep and slumber;
Sleep, Thou matchless Lily-flower."

To us is born a little Child.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 731.

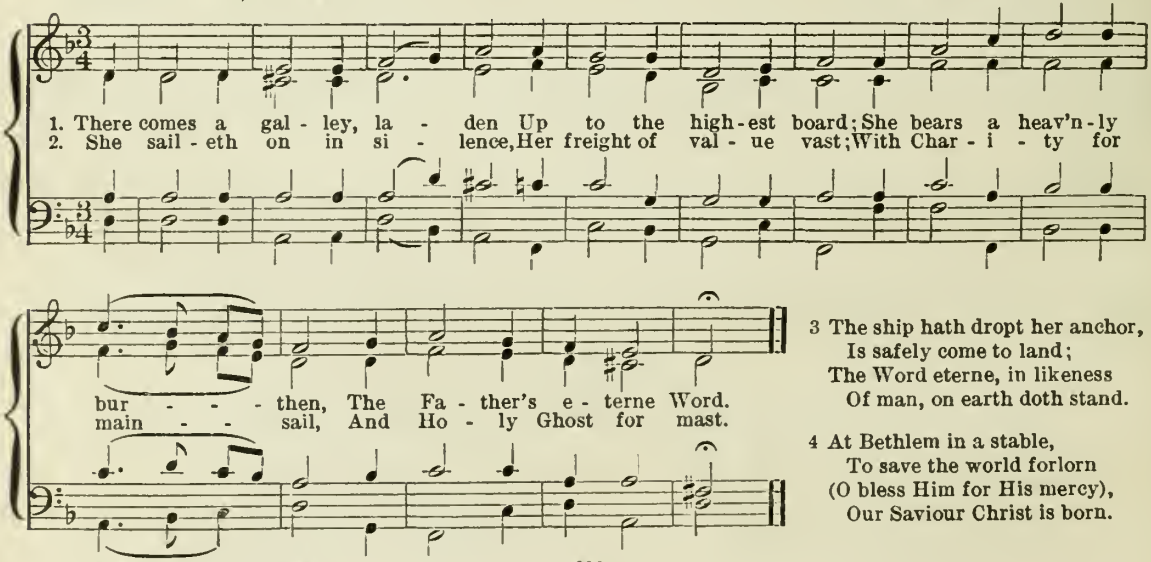
Köln Gesangbuch. *15th Century Melody.*


Trebles or Tenors, in Unison.
1. To us is born a lit - tle Child Of Ma - ry, maid - en mo - ther mild;
2. Strange sight! With-in . a sta - ble old, Lo! God is born in want and cold:
3. Now An - gels joy - ful hymns up - raise, And God's own Son with car - ols praise:
4. With glad-some voice on Je - sus call, Ye spi - rits of . the righ - teous all:
5. With Ho - ly Ghost Him praise a - bove, Who gave His Son, in ten - der love;
Yule - tide a mer - ry sea - son is, Babe Je - sus our de - light and bliss.
O self - ish world, this Babe, I say, Doth put thee to the blush to - day.
To Beth - le - hem the shep - herds fare, And first - lings of their flock they bear.
To - day is born Em - man - u - el— He make your souls at ease to dwell!
And bless Him for that love - ly May, Of whom the Lord was born to - day.
Chorus in Unison.
O Je - su, dar - ling of my heart, How rich in mer - cy, Babe, Thou art!

There comes a galley, laden.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 732.

Tr. from *J. Tauler, ab. 1340.* *Catholick Gesangbuch, 1608.*

1. There comes a gal - ley, la - den Up to the high-est board; She bears a heav'n-ly
2. She sail - eth on in si - lence, Her freight of val - ue vast; With Char - i - ty for
bur - - - - then, The Fa - ther's e - terne Word.
main - - sail, And Ho - ly Ghost for mast.

3 The ship hath dropt her anchor,
Is safely come to land;
The Word eterne, in likeness
Of man, on earth doth stand.

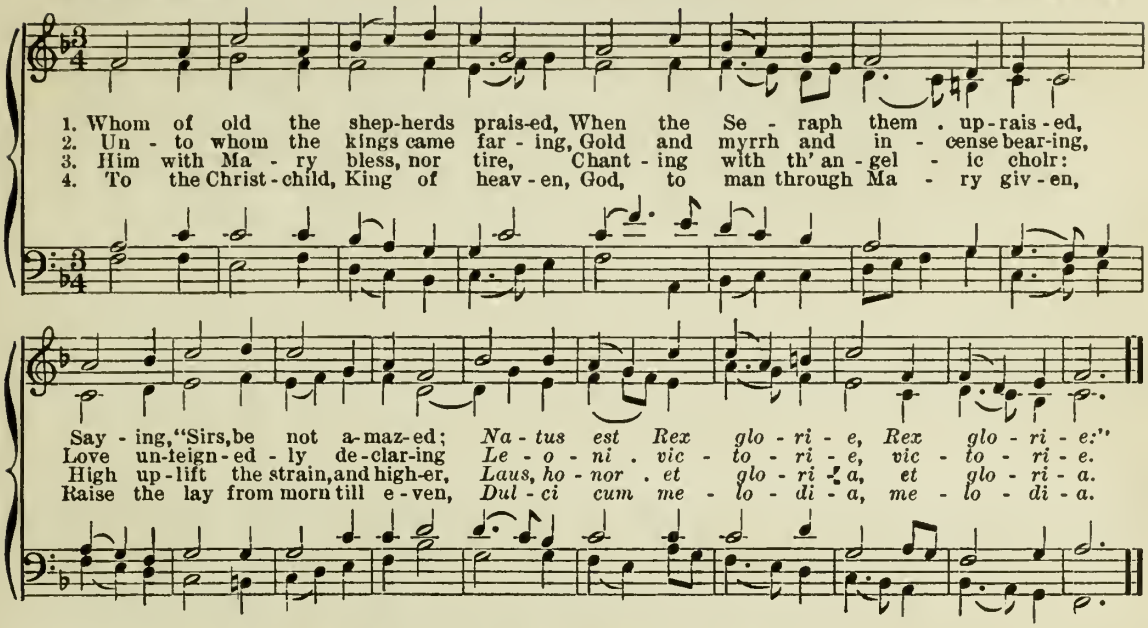
4 At Bethlem in a stable,
To save the world forlorn
(O bless Him for His mercy),
Our Saviour Christ is born.

Whom of old the shepherds.

Carol 733.
Words Traditional.

CHRISTMAS.

14th Century Melody.

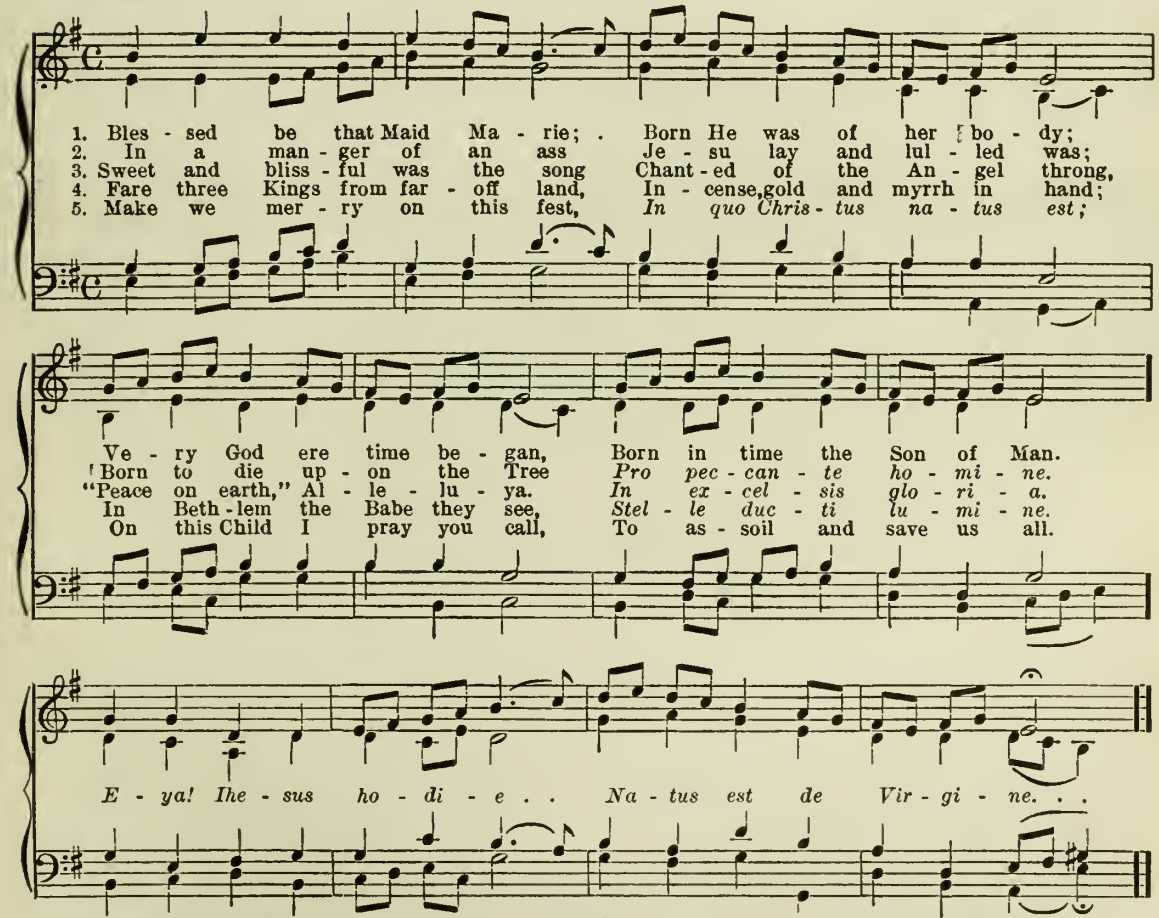

1. Whom of old the shep-herds prais-ed, When the Se - raph them . up-rais-ed,
2. Un - to whom the kings came far - ing, Gold and myrrh and in - cense bear-ing,
3. Him with Ma - ry bless, nor tire, Chant - ing with th' an - gel - ic cholr:
4. To the Christ-child, King of heav-en, God, to man through Ma - ry giv-en,
Say - ing, "Sirs, be not a-maz-ed; Na - tus est Rex glo - ri - e, Rex glo - ri - e:"
Love un-teign-ed - ly de-clar-ing Le - o - ni . vic - to - ri - e, vic - to - ri - e.
High up-lift the strain, and high-er, Laus, ho - nor . et glo - ri - a, et glo - ri - a.
Raise the lay from morn till e-ven, Dul - ci cum me - lo - di - a, me - lo - di - a.

Blessed be that Maid Marie.

Carol 734.
Old English.

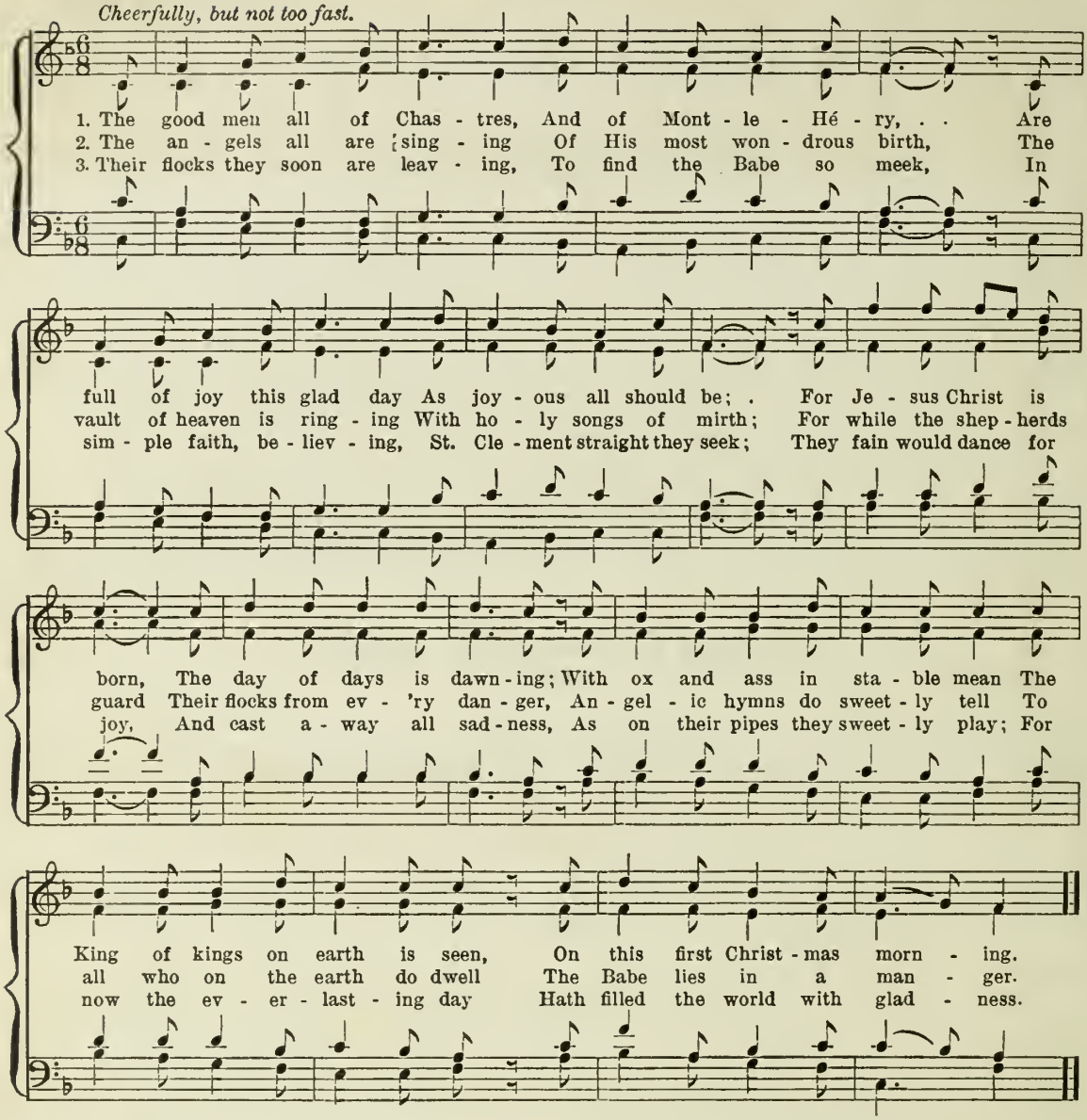
CHRISTMAS.

From *Ballet's Lute Book.*


1. Bles - sed be that Maid Ma - rie; . Born He was of her bo - dy;
2. In a man - ger of an ass Je - su lay and lul - led was;
3. Sweet and bliss - ful was the song Chant - ed of the An - gel throng,
4. Fare three Kings from far - off land, In - cense, gold and myrrh in hand;
5. Make we mer - ry on this fest, In quo Chris - tus na - tus est;
Ve - ry God ere time be - gan, Born in time the Son of Man.
Born to die up - on the Tree Pro pec - can - te ho - mi - ne.
"Peace on earth," Al - le - lu - ya. In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a.
In Beth - lem the Babe they see, Stel - le duc - ti lu - mi - ne.
On this Child I pray you call, To as - soil and save us all.
E - ya! Ihe - sus ho - di - e . . Na - tus est de Vir - gi - ne. . .

The good men all of Chastres.

Carol 735. CHRISTMAS. *Arpajon Carol, 16th cent.*

Cheerfully, but not too fast.

1. The good men all of Chas - tres, And of Mont - le - Hé - ry, . . Are
2. The an - gels all are sing - ing Of His most won - drous birth, The
3. Their flocks they soon are leav - ing, To find the Babe so meek, In
full of joy this glad day As joy - ous all should be; . For Je - sus Christ is
vault of heaven is ring - ing With ho - ly songs of mirth; For while the shep - herds
sim - ple faith, be - liev - ing, St. Cle - ment straight they seek; They fain would dance for
born, The day of days is dawn - ing; With ox and ass in sta - ble mean The
guard Their flocks from ev - 'ry dan - ger, An - gel - ic hymns do sweet - ly tell To
joy, And cast a - way all sad - ness, As on their pipes they sweet - ly play; For
King of kings on earth is seen, On this first Christ - mas morn - ing.
all who on the earth do dwell The Babe lies in a man - ger.
now the ev - er - last - ing day Hath filled the world with glad - ness.

4 The men of St. Germain,
When they the news did hear,
That Christ had come to reign,
Unto the town drew near;
Loud Noëls fill the air.
Away with tears and sighing!
For all things old have passed away,
Now breaks the long-expected day,
And death itself is dying.

5 The good men all of Boissy
Did from their dreams awake,
And sailors from Bretigny
Their presents too did take;
Best offerings from the sea,
As fishermen they bring Him,
They see the tender, holy Child,
And Joseph and the Mother mild,
On bended knees beside Him.

6 The rev'rend Vicar Guyot
Of wine the best doth bring,
While all his youthful scholars
Their simplest notes do sing;
A song, though weak and poor,
Will open wide heaven's portals;
"Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, la, la,
Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, la, la,"
Will blessings bring on mortals.

7 Now joy to Holy Mary,
And God's all-blessed Son
Who left the realms of heaven
Our earthly course to run;
It never can grow old,
This faithful shepherds' story;
Then sing we all with hearts of joy
The Noël which can never cloy,
"O Christ, to Thee be glory."

Cradled all lowly.

(THE SHEPHERDS' NATIVITY HYMN.)

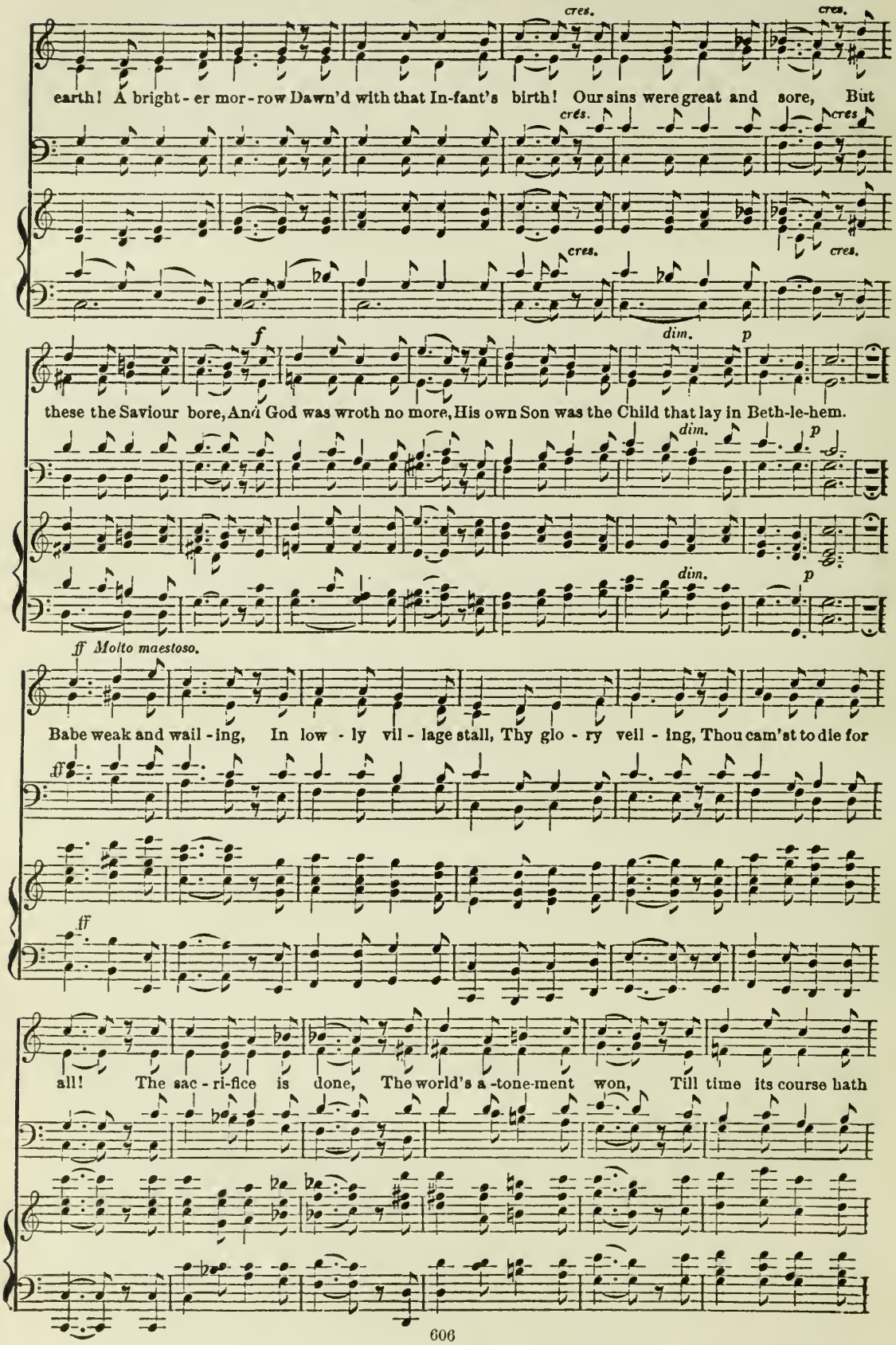
(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

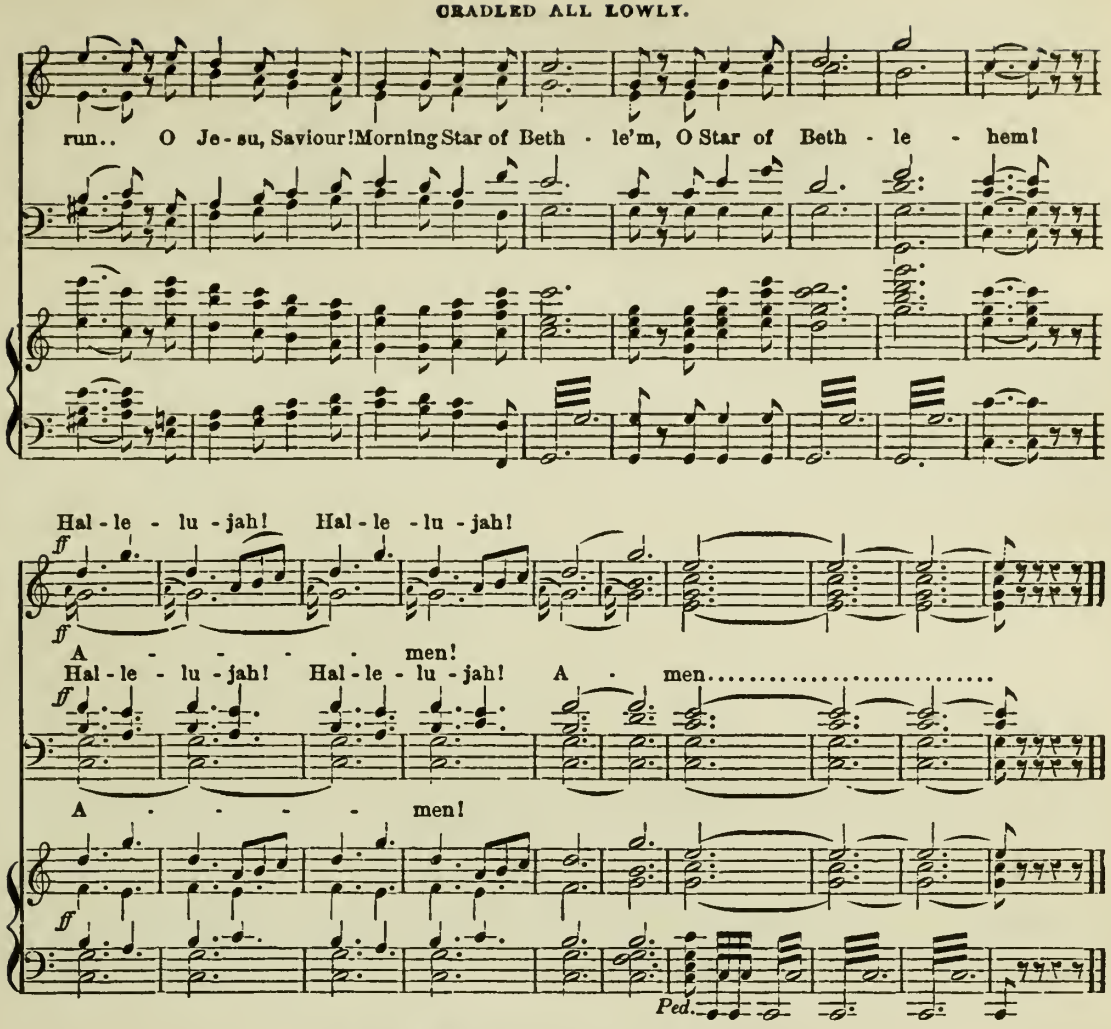
Carol 736. *Charles Gounod.*

Cra - dled all low - ly, Be-hold the Saviour Child, A Be - ing ho - ly In dwell - ing rude and

wild! Ne'er yet was re - gal state, Of monarch proud and great, Who grasp'd a na - tion's fate. So

glorious as the manger bed of Beth-le - hem! No long-er sor - row, As with-out hope, oh,


cres.
earth! A bright - er mor - row Dawn'd with that In-fant's birth! Our sins were great and sore, But
f
dim.
p
these the Saviour bore, And God was wroth no more, His own Son was the Child that lay in Beth-le-hem.
ff Molto maestoso.
Babe weak and wail - ing, In low - ly vil - lage stall, Thy glo - ry veil - ing, Thou cam'st to die for
all! The sac - ri-fice is done, The world's a - tone-ment won, Till time its course hath

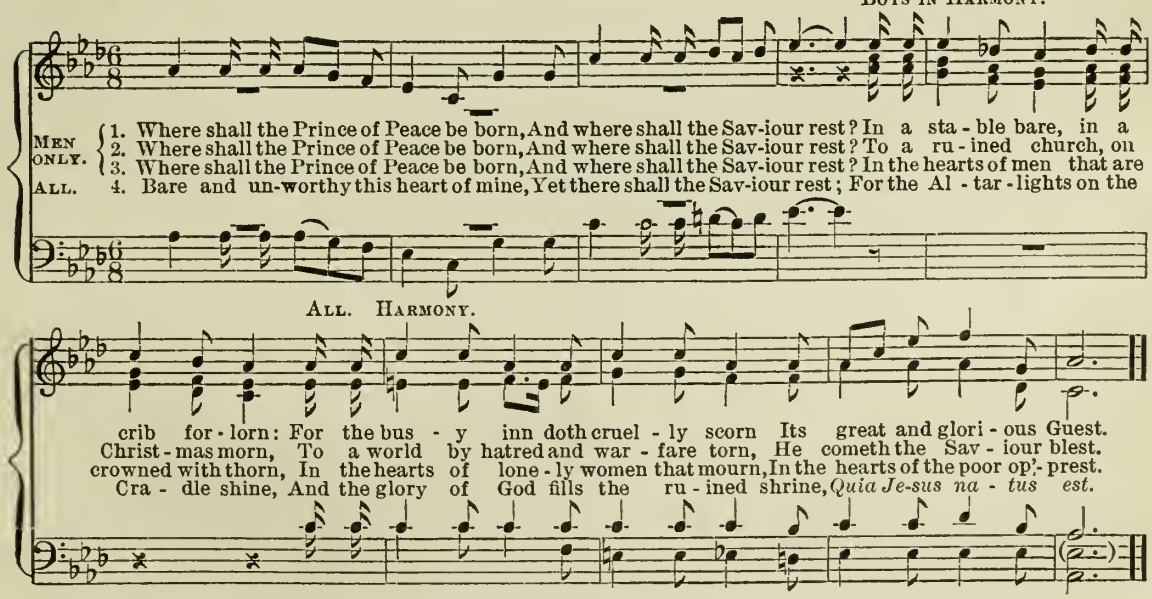

run.. O Je - su, Saviour! Morning Star of Beth - le'm, O Star of Beth - le - hem!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
A - - - - men!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.....
A - - - - men!
Ped.

The Crib and the Cross.

Carol 737. CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Ben C. Boulter.* *Bertha C. Boulter.*

BOYS IN HARMONY.


MEN ONLY.
ALL.
1. Where shall the Prince of Peace be born, And where shall the Sav-iour rest? In a sta - ble bare, in a
2. Where shall the Prince of Peace be born, And where shall the Sav-iour rest? To a ru - ined church, on
3. Where shall the Prince of Peace be born, And where shall the Sav-iour rest? In the hearts of men that are
4. Bare and un-worthy this heart of mine, Yet there shall the Sav-iour rest; For the Al - tar - lights on the
ALL. HARMONY.
crib for - lorn: For the bus - y inn doth cruel - ly scorn Its great and glori - ous Guest.
Christ - mas morn, To a world by hatred and war - fare torn, He cometh the Sav - iour blest.
crowned with thorn, In the hearts of lone - ly women that mourn, In the hearts of the poor op'- prest.
Cra - dle shine, And the glory of God fills the ru - ined shrine, *Quia Je-sus na - tus est.*

O come, all ye faithful.

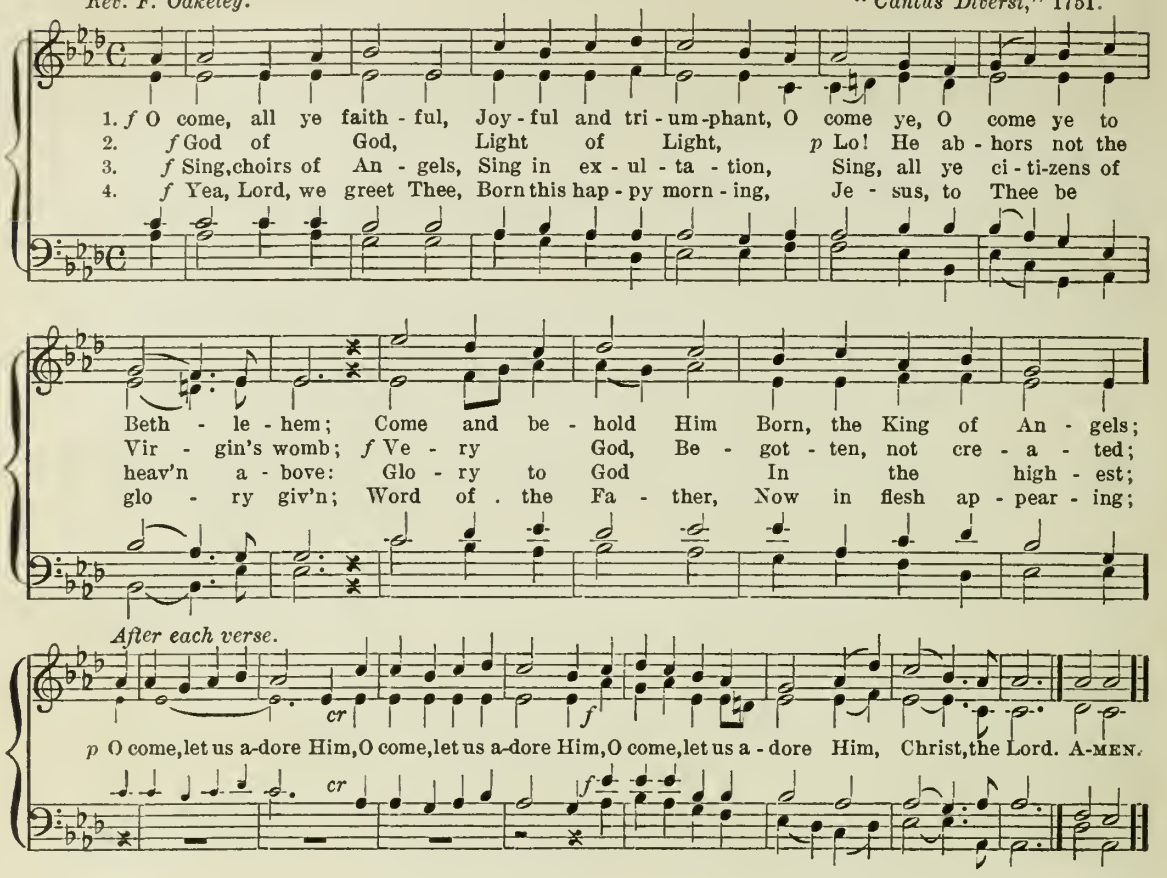
Carol 738.

ADESTE FIDELES.

CHRISTMAS.

Tr. from Latin by *Rev. F. Oakeley.*

J. F. Ward's "*Cantus Diversi,*" 1751.


1. f O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. f God of God, Light of Light, p Lo! He ab - hors not the
3. f Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye ci - ti-zens of
4. f Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to Thee be
Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born, the King of An - gels;
Vir - gin's womb; f Ve - ry God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God In the high - est;
glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
After each verse.
cr
f
p O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-MEN.
cr
f

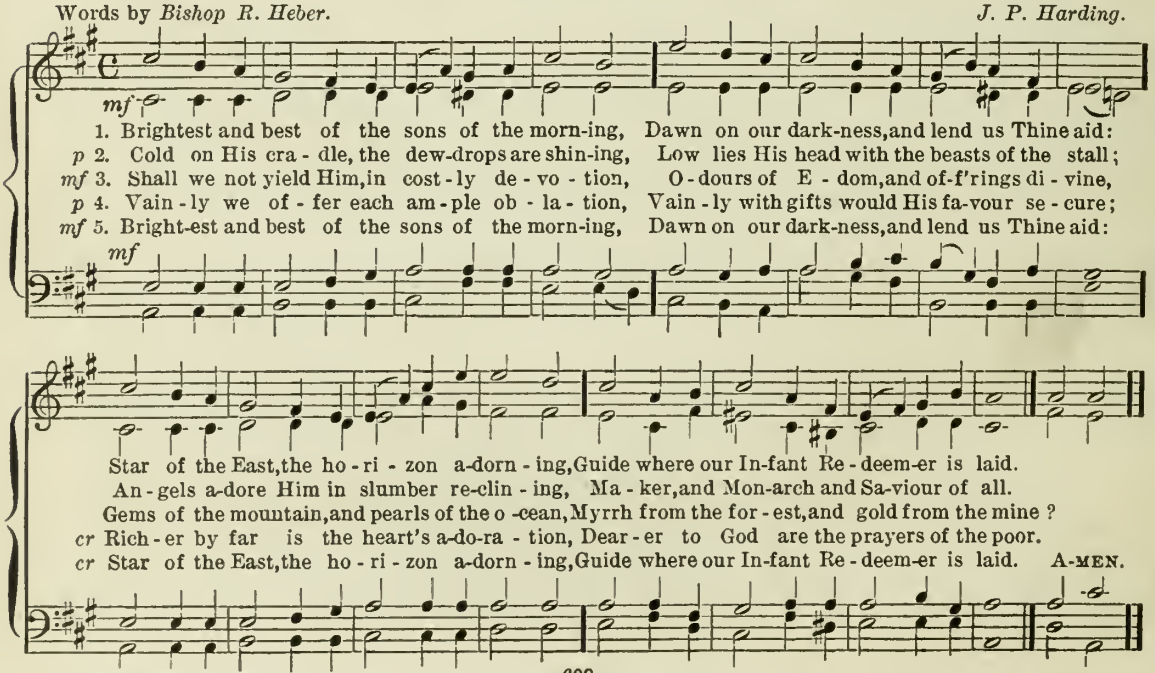
Brightest and best.

Carol 739.

EPIPHANY.

Words by *Bishop R. Heber.*

J. P. Harding.


mf
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid:
p 2. Cold on His cra - dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
mf 3. Shall we not yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dours of E - dom, and of-f'rings di - vine,
p 4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with gifts would His fa-vour se - cure;
mf 5. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid:
mf
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a-dorn - ing, Guide where our In-fant Re - deem-er is laid.
An - gels a-dore Him in slumber re-clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon-arch and Sa-viour of all.
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
cr Rich - er by far is the heart's a-do-ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.
cr Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a-dorn - ing, Guide where our In-fant Re - deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

Nazareth.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 740.

C. Gounod.

Andantino.

* MEN'S VOICES.

p

Though poor be the

p

Andantino.

Sw. Diap.

p *cres.* *dim.* *p* *Gt. Stopped Diap.*

Sw. 8 & 16 ft. Peds.

dim.

cham - ber, Come here, come and a - dore: . . *sf* Lo! the Lord of Heav - en

sf

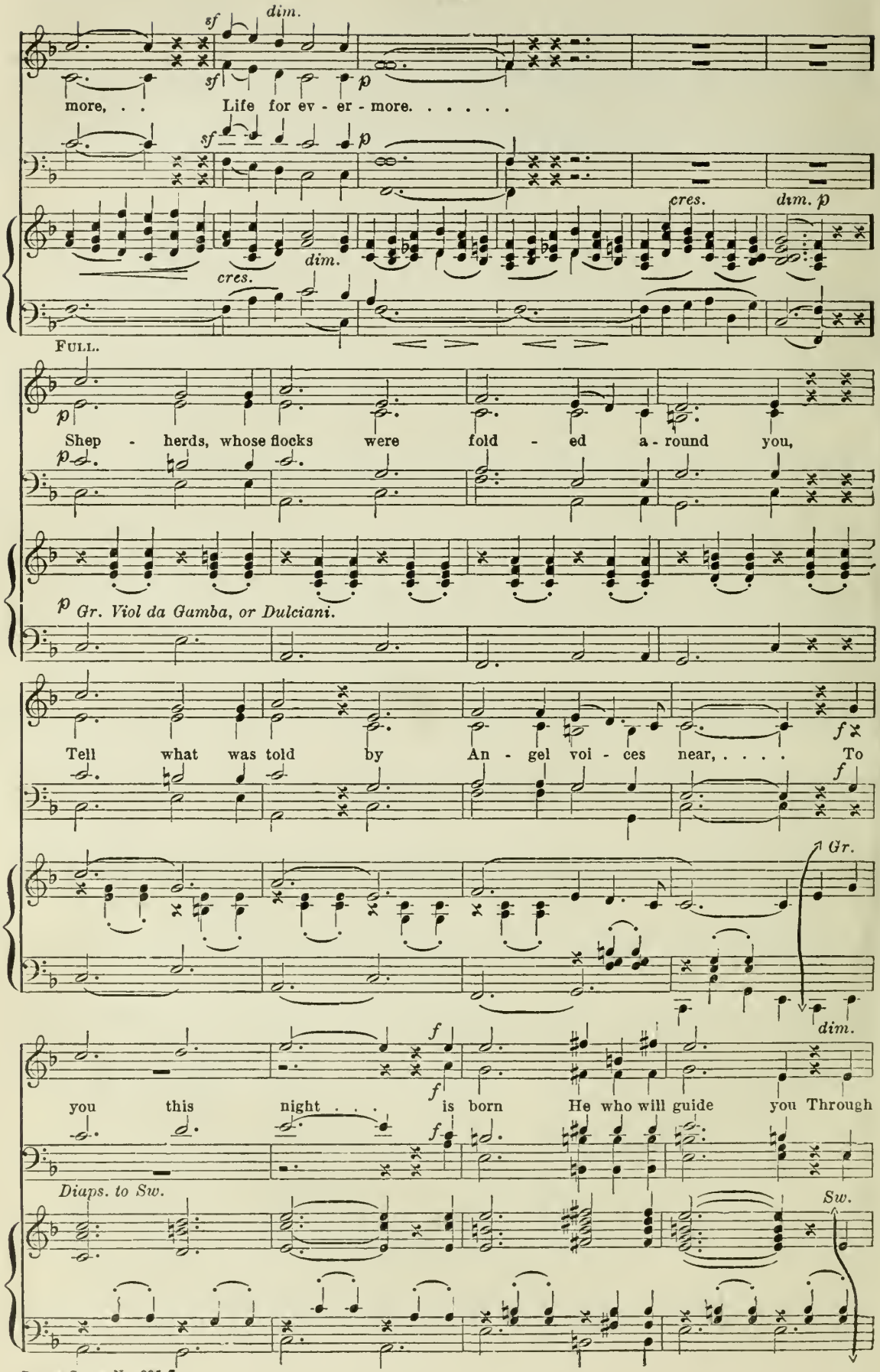
p

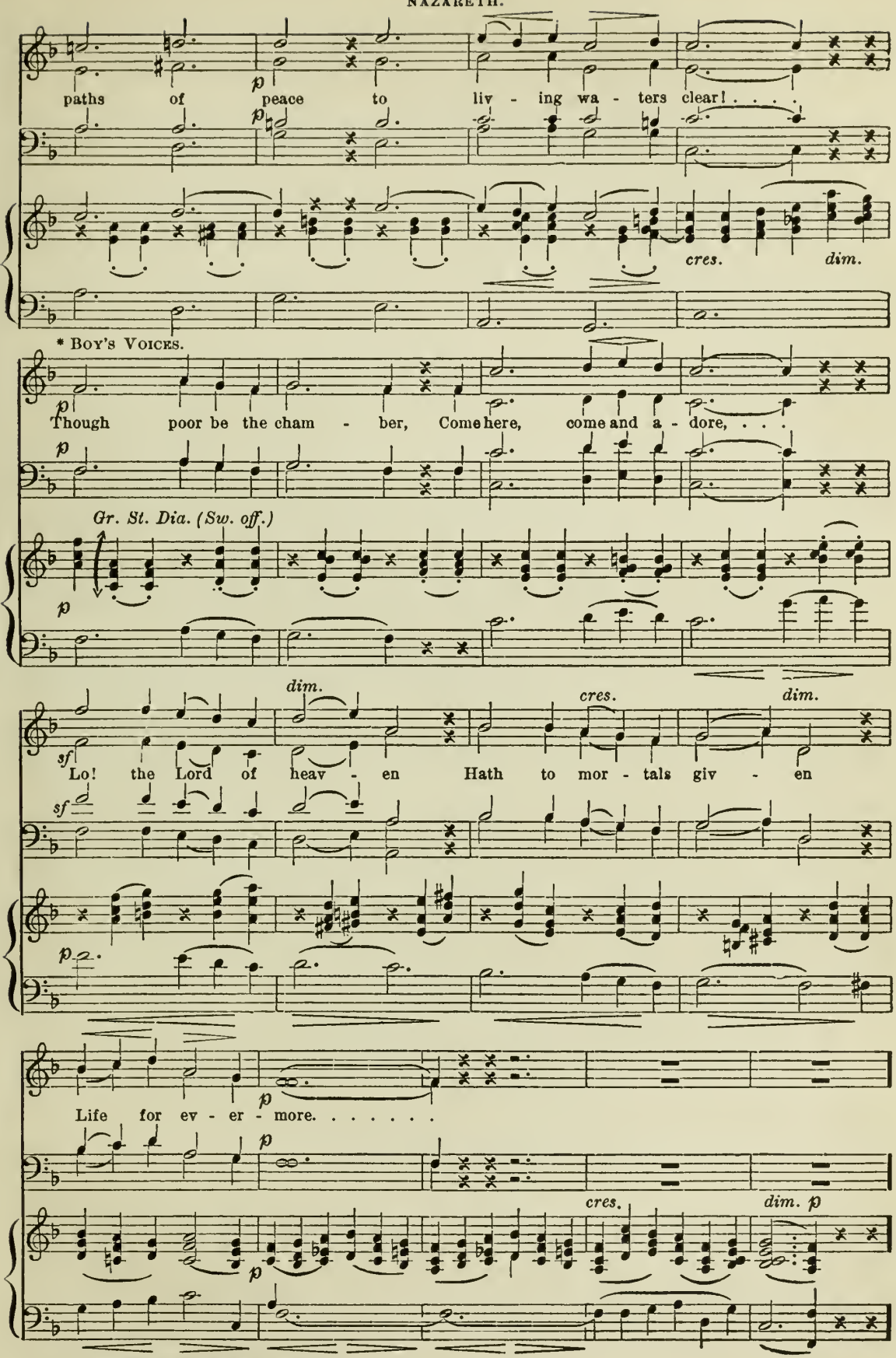
cres. *dim.*

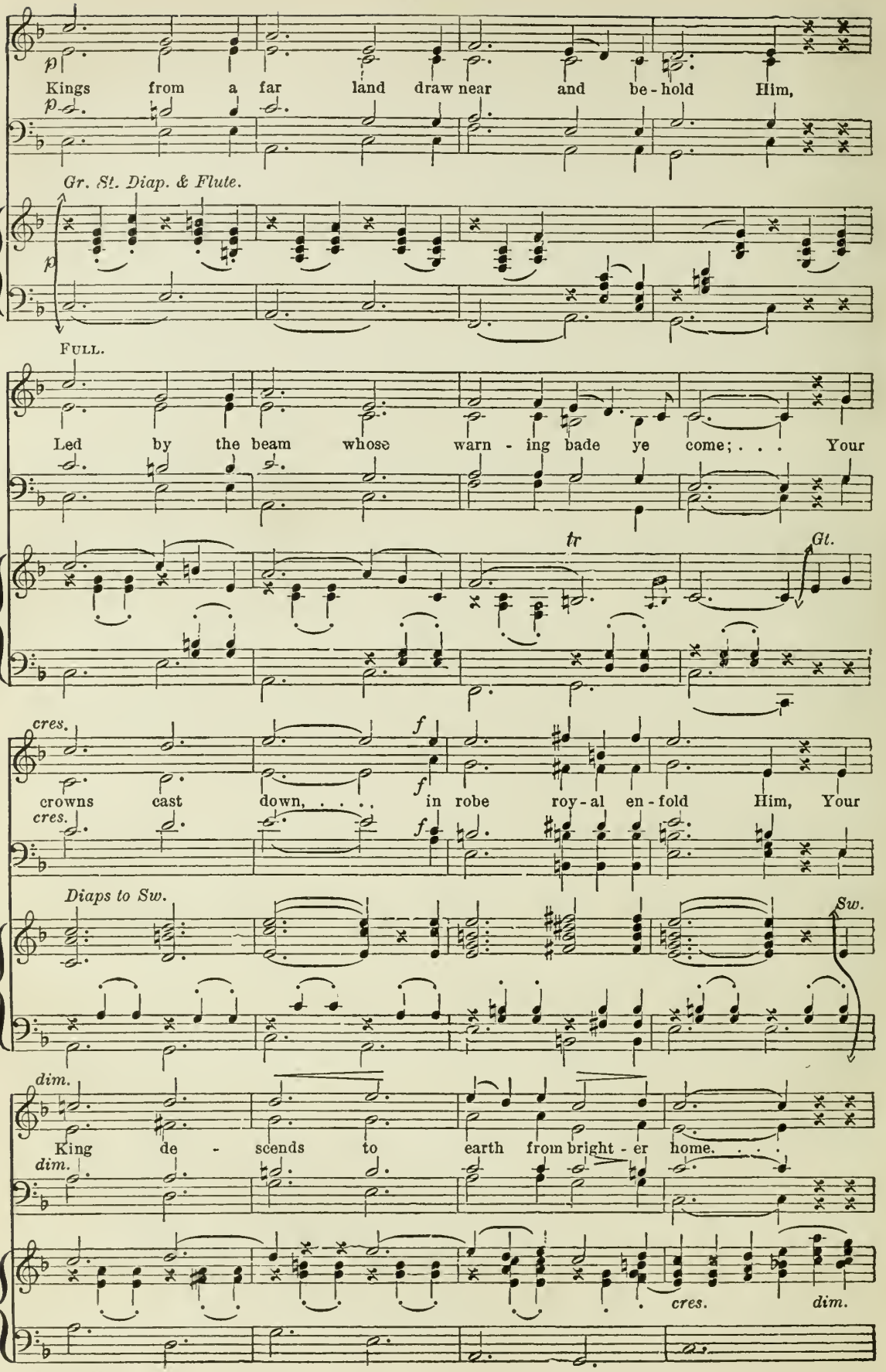
Hath to mor - tals giv - en, Life for ev - er - more, Life for ev - er

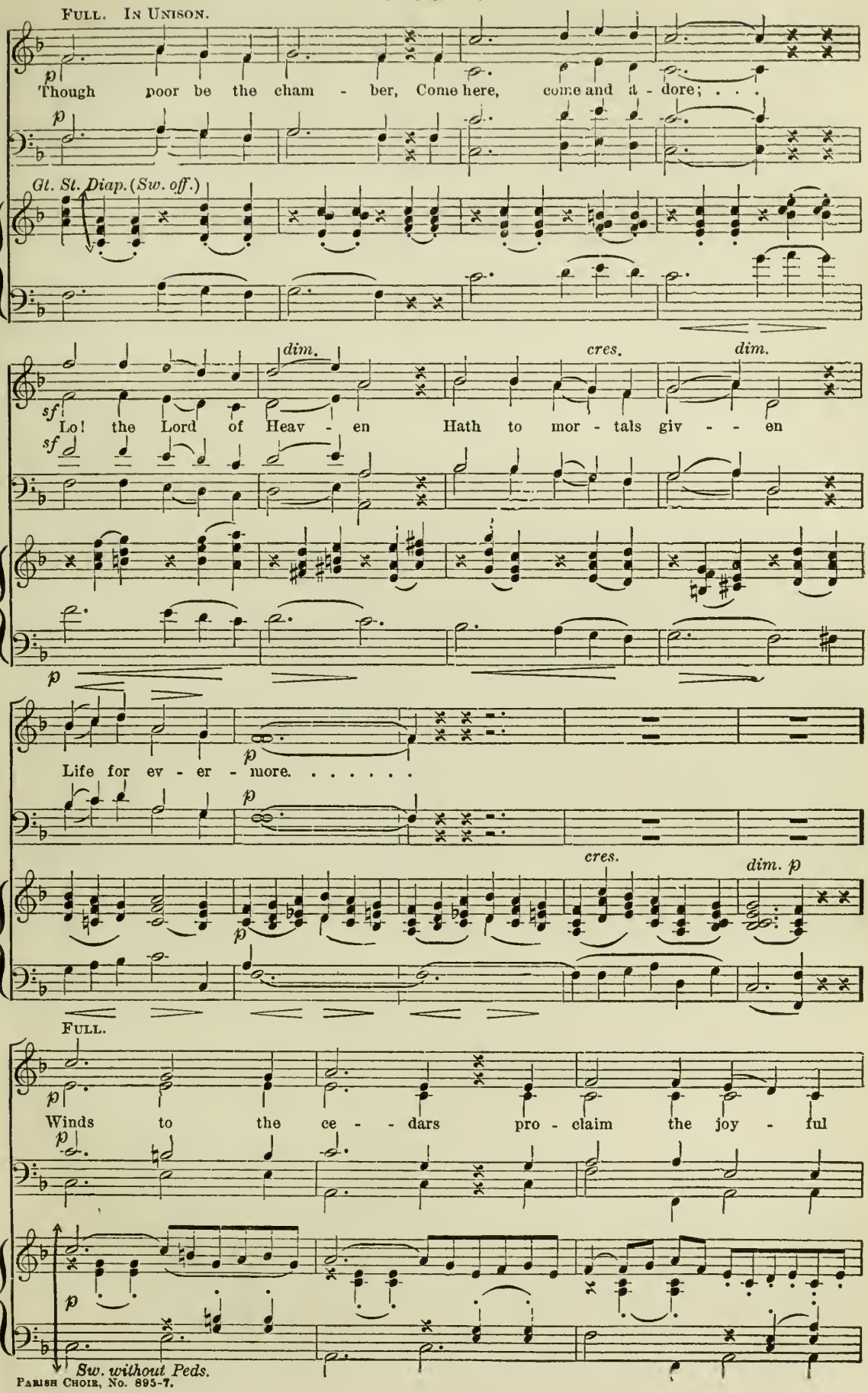
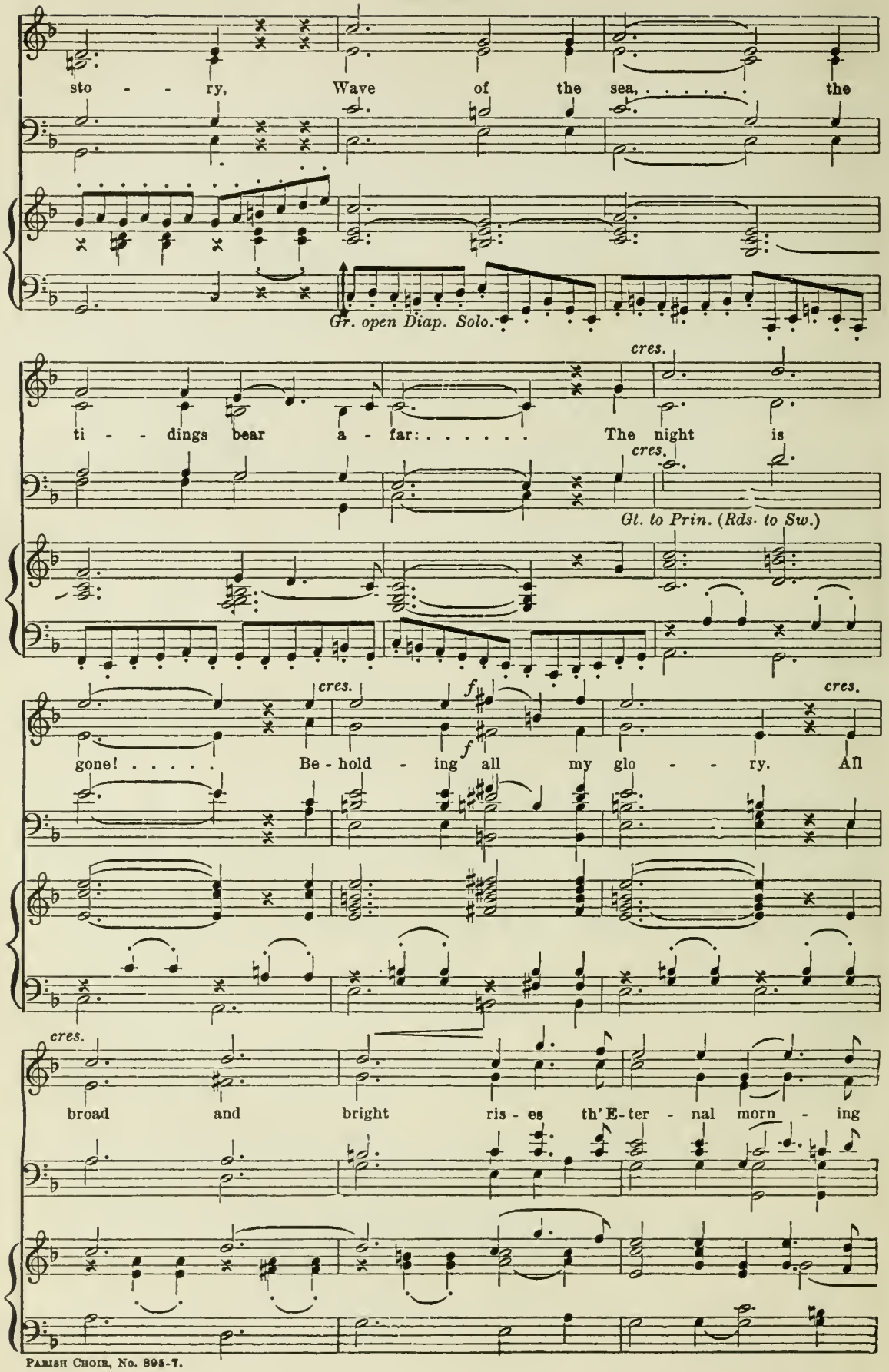
cres. *dim.*

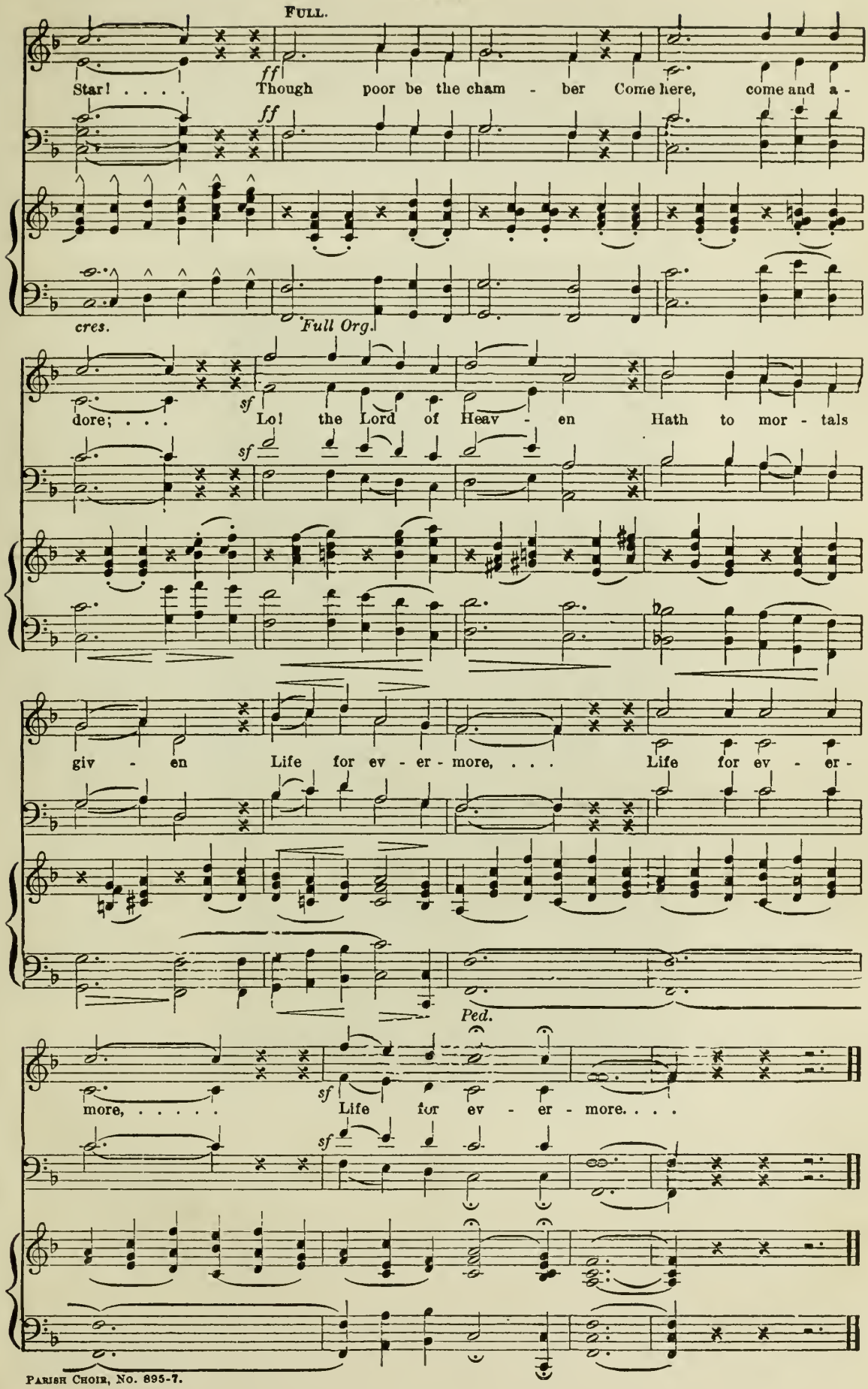
Sw.

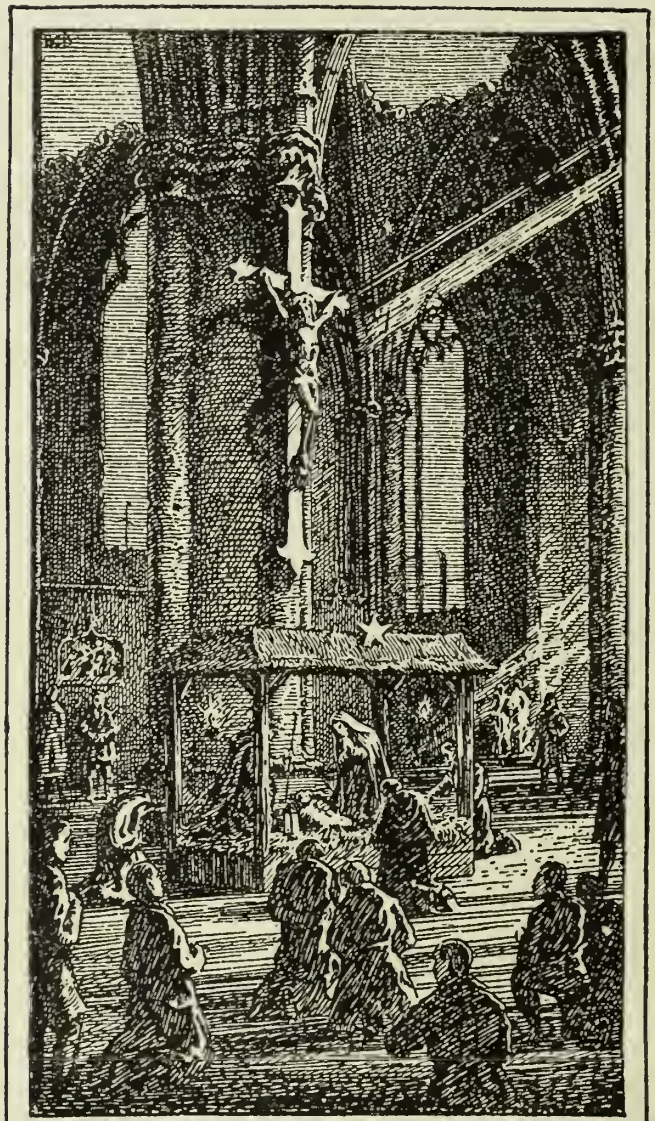
* If preferred, the full choir in unison.

sf
dim.
sf
p
more, . . Life for ev - er - more. . . . . .
sf
p
cres.
dim. p
dim.
cres.
FULL.
p
Shep - herds, whose flocks were fold - ed a - round you,
p
Gr. Viol da Gamba, or Dulciani.
Tell what was told by An - gel voi - ces near, ... To
f
f
Gr.
dim.
f
f
you this night . . . is born He who will guide you Through
f
Diaps. to Sw.
Sw.


paths of peace to liv - ing wa - ters clear! . . . .
cres.
dim.
* Boy's Voices.
Though poor be the cham - ber, Come here, come and a - dore, . . .
Gr. St. Dia. (Sw. off.)
dim.
cres.
dim.
Lo! the Lord of heav - en Hath to mor - tals giv - en
Life for ev - er - more. . . . . .
cres.
dim. p

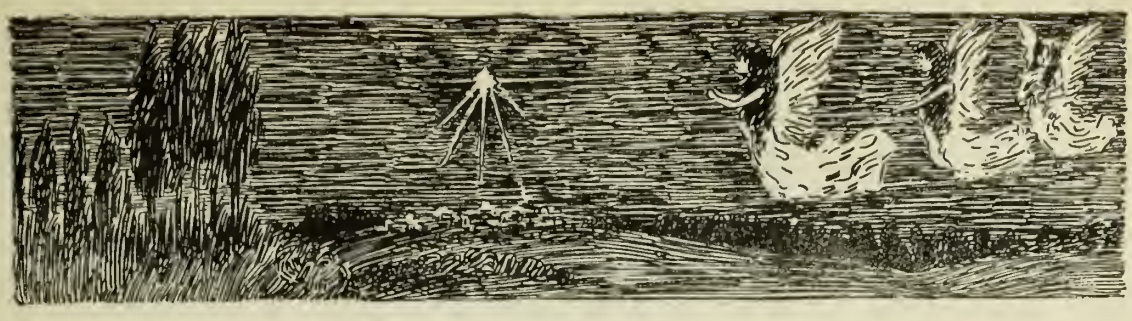
* If preferred, the full choir in unison.

p
Kings from a far land draw near and be-hold Him,
p
Gr. St. Diap. & Flute.
p
Full.
Led by the beam whose warn-ing bade ye come; . . . Your
tr
Gt.
cres.
f
crowns cast down, . . . in robe roy-al en-fold Him, Your
cres.
f
Diaps to Sw.
Sw.
dim.
King de-scends to earth from bright-er home. . . .
dim.
cres.
dim.


FULL. IN UNISON.
Though poor be the cham - ber, Come here, come and a - dore; . . .
Gt. St. Diap. (Sw. off.)
dim.
cres.
dim.
Lo! the Lord of Heav - en Hath to mor - tals giv - - en
Life for ev - er - more. . . . . .
cres.
dim. p
FULL.
Winds to the ce - - dars pro - claim the joy - ful
Sw. without Peds.

sto - - ry, Wave of the sea, ... the
Gr. open Diap. Solo.
cres.
ti - - dings bear a - far: . . . . . The night is
cres.
Gt. to Prin. (Rds. to Sw.)
cres.
f
cres.
gone! . . . . . Be - hold - ing all my glo - - - ry. All
cres.
broad and bright ris - es th' E - ter - nal morn - ing


Full.
ff
Star! . . . . Though poor be the cham - ber Come here, come and a -
cres.
Full Org.
sf
dore; . . . Lo! the Lord of Heav - en Hath to mor - tals
giv - en Life for ev - er - more, . . . Life for ev - er -
Ped.
more, ... Life for ev - er - more. . . .



The Crib and the Cross: somewhere in France: 1915



O holy night.

("Noël.")

Carol 741.

Words by *J. S. Dwight.*

Adolph Adam.

Andante maestoso.

Soprano or Tenor Solo, or Alternately.

1. O ho - ly night! . the stars are bright - ly
2. Led by the light . . of faith se-rene - ly

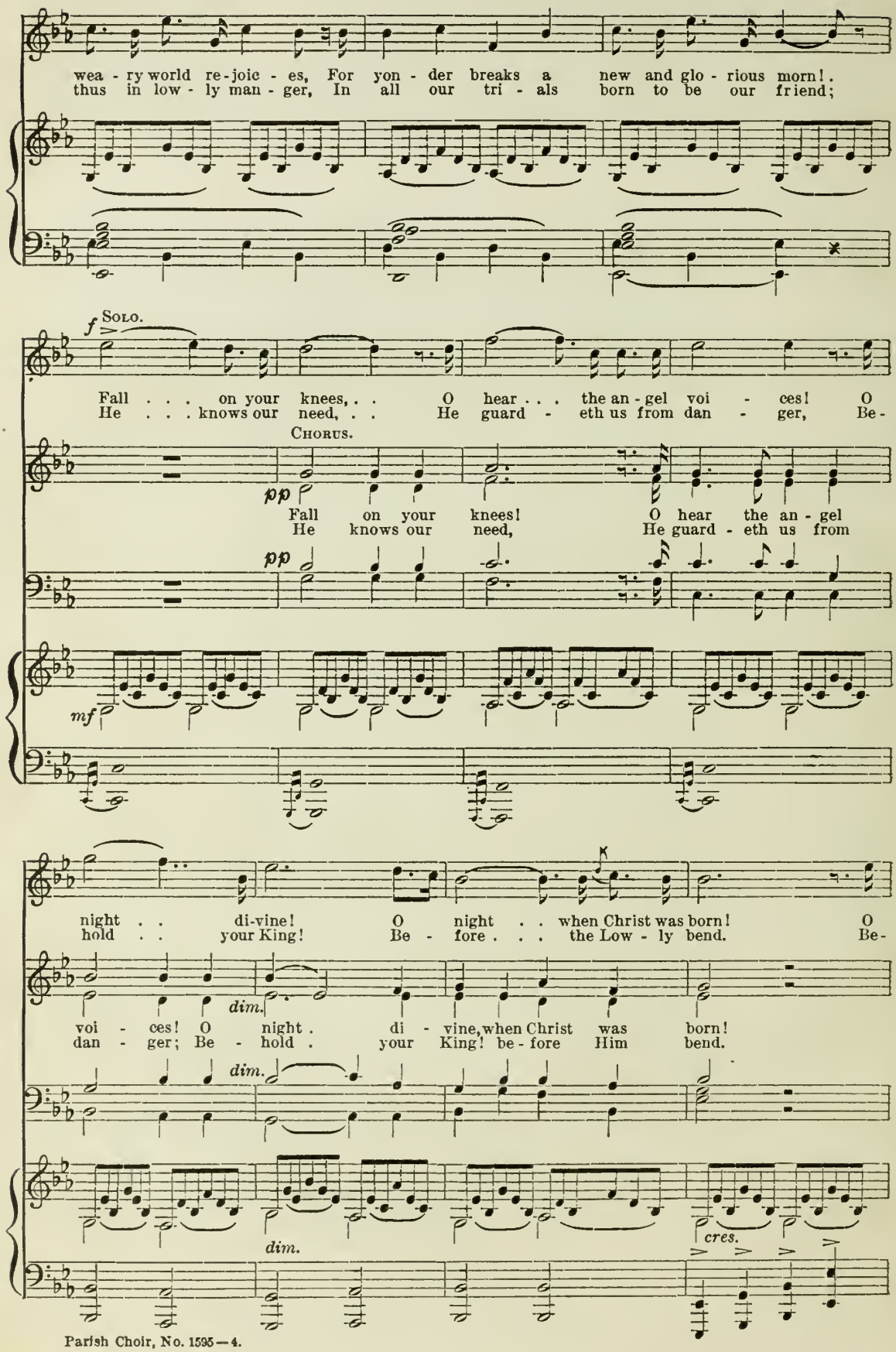
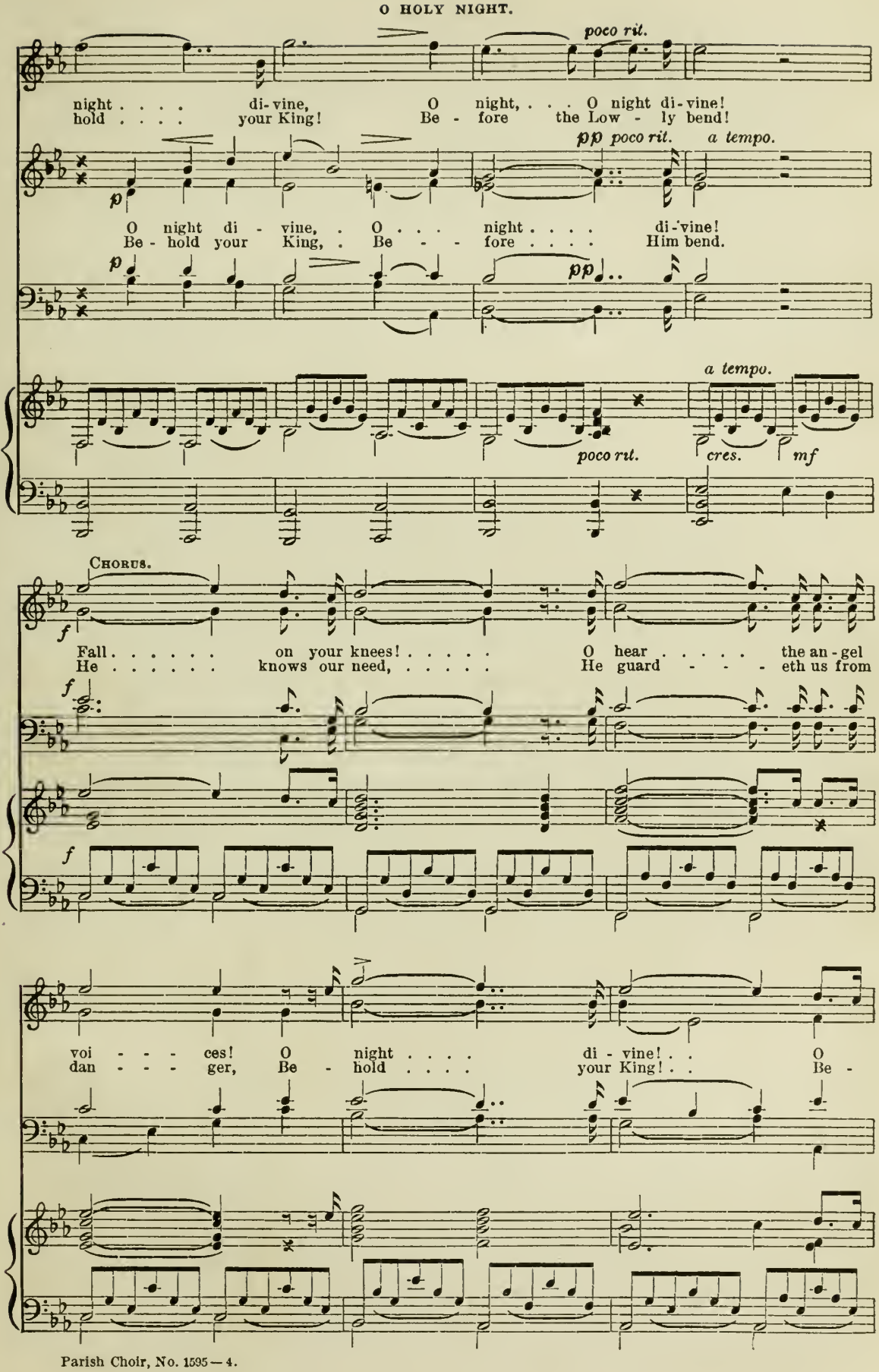
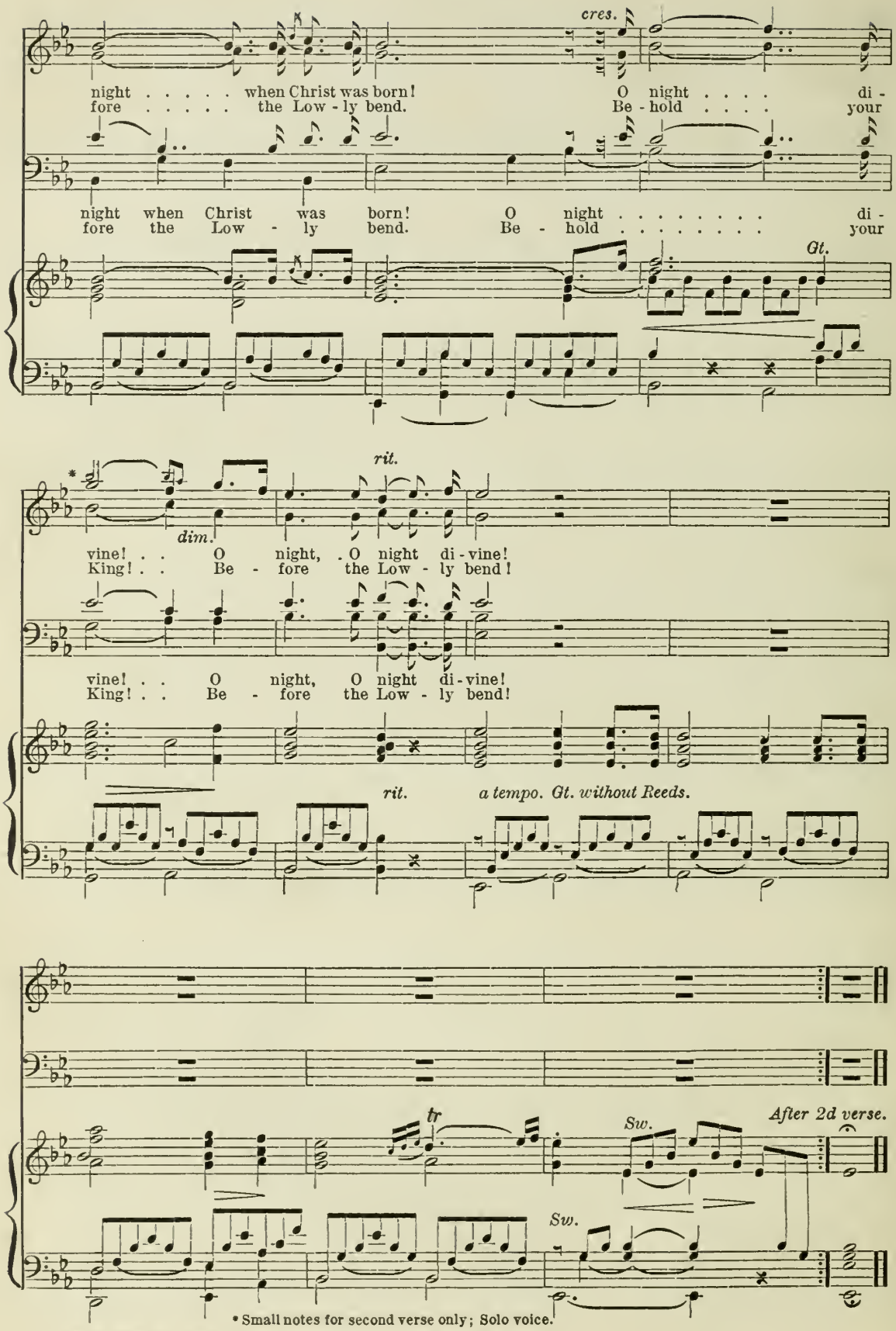
♩ = 72. *p*
Sw.
Ped.

shin - ing, It is the night of the dear Sav - iour's birth;
beam - ing, With glow - ing hearts by His cra - dle we stand;

Long lay the world . . in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till He ap -
So led by light of a star . . sweet - ly gleam - ing, Here came the

pp

peared and the soul . . felt its worth. A thrill of hope, the
wise men . . from the O - rient land. The King of kings lay

pp

wea - ry world re-joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn!.
thus in low - ly man - ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend;
f Solo.
Fall . . . on your knees, . . O hear . . . the an - gel voi - ces! O
He . . . knows our need, . . He guard - eth us from dan - ger, Be -
Chorus.
pp
Fall on your knees! O hear the an - gel
He knows our need, He guard - eth us from
pp
mf
night . . di-vine! O night . . when Christ was born! O
hold . . your King! Be - fore . . . the Low - ly bend. Be -
dim.
voi - ces! O night . di - vine, when Christ was born!
dan - ger; Be - hold . your King! be - fore Him bend.
dim.
dim.
cres.

poco rit.
night . . . . di-vine, O night, . . . O night di-vine!
hold . . . . your King! Be - fore the Low - ly bend!
pp poco rit. a tempo.
p
O night di - vine, . O . . . . night . . . . di-vine!
Be - hold your King, . Be - - - fore . . . . Him bend.
p
pp
a tempo.
poco rit.
cres.
mf
Chorus.
f
Fall . . . . . on your knees! . . . . . O hear . . . . . the an - gel
He . . . . . knows our need, ... He guard - - - - eth us from
f
f
voi - - - ces! O night . . . . di - vine! . . O
dan - - - ger, Be - hold . . . . your King! . . Be -

cres.
night . . . . . when Christ was born!
fore . . . . . the Low - ly bend.
O night . . . . di -
Be - hold . . . . your
night when Christ was born!
fore the Low - ly bend.
O night . . . . . di -
Be - hold . . . . . your
Gt.
rit.
dim.
vine! . . O night, . O night di - vine!
King! . . Be - fore the Low - ly bend!
vine! . . O night, O night di - vine!
King! . . Be - fore the Low - ly bend!
rit.
a tempo. Gt. without Reeds.
tr
Sw.
After 2d verse.
Sw.

* Small notes for second verse only; Solo voice.

Carol 742.

In dulci jubilo.

CHRISTMAS.

The original melody of "In dulci jubilo" can be traced back to the year 1570. It was then called "A very ancient song for Christmas eve." It was very popular in Germany alike among Protestants and Romanists, and is still in use in those parts of the country where people retain old customs, and it always has a place in the anthem form here presented, in the Christmas music of Westminster Abbey. The original words were written half in Latin and half in German: the latter being here translated into English.

R. L. De Pearsall.

Arr. by *W. J. Westbrook.*

Moderato.

dim.

1. In dul - ci ju - bi - lo! . . . Let us our hom-age show! . . Our heart's joy re -
2. O Je - su par - vu - le! . . . My heart is sore for Thee! . . Hear me, I be -

cres. *dim.*

cli - neth In præ - se - pi - o! . . . And like a bright star shi - neth Ma -
seech . Thee, O puer op - ti - me! . . My pray - er let it reach Thee, O

cres. *dim.*

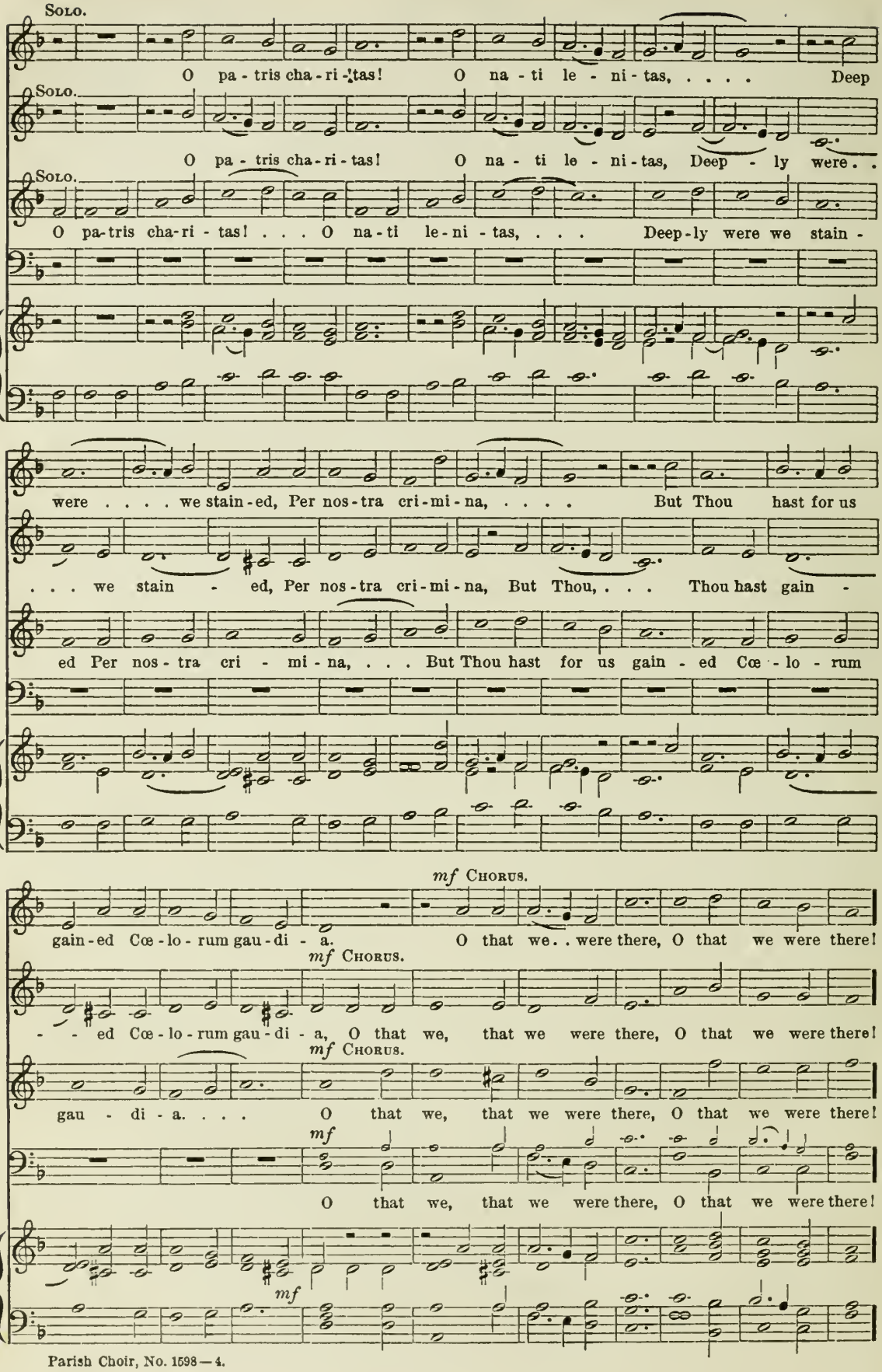
cres. *dim.*

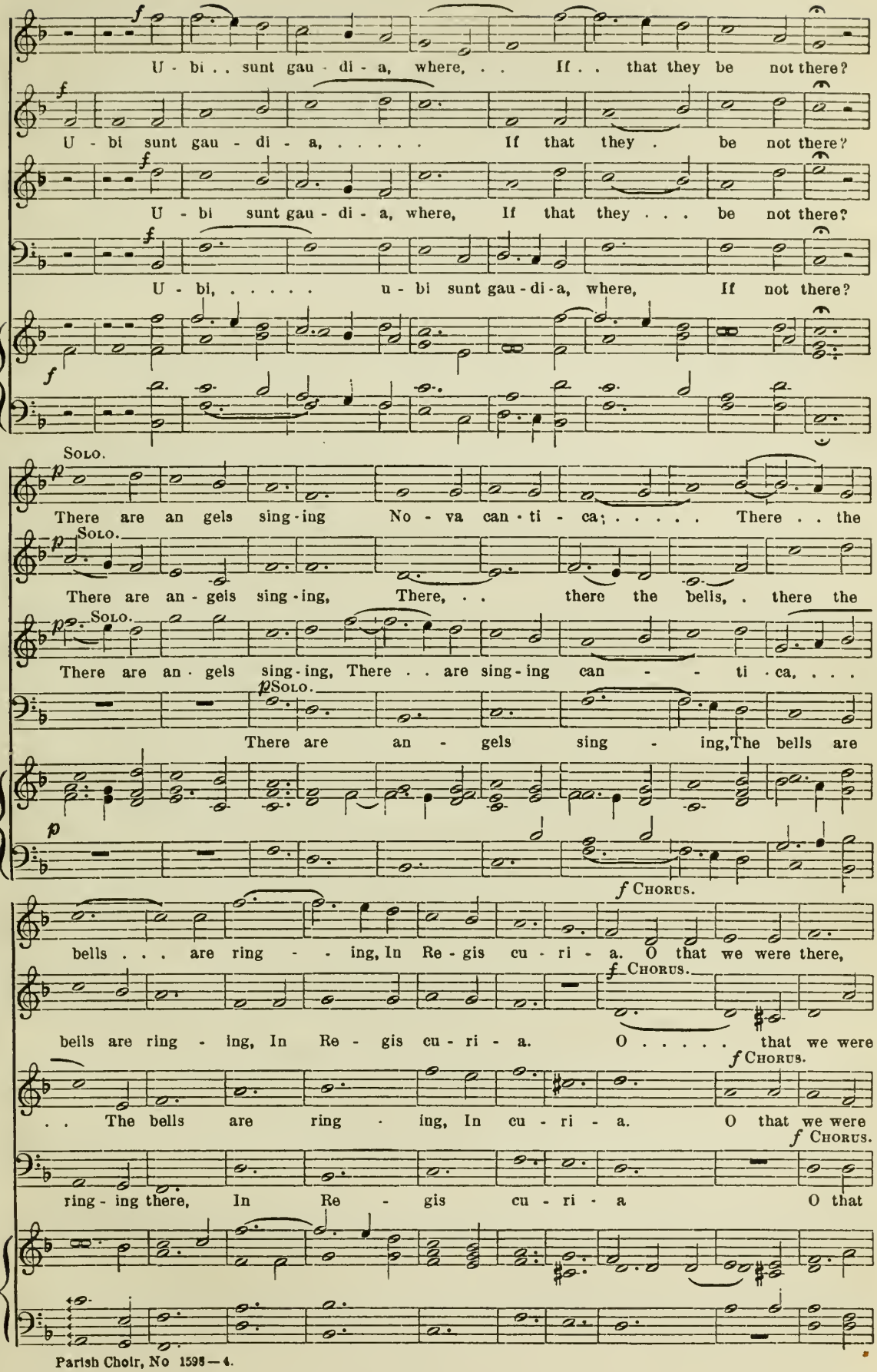
dim.

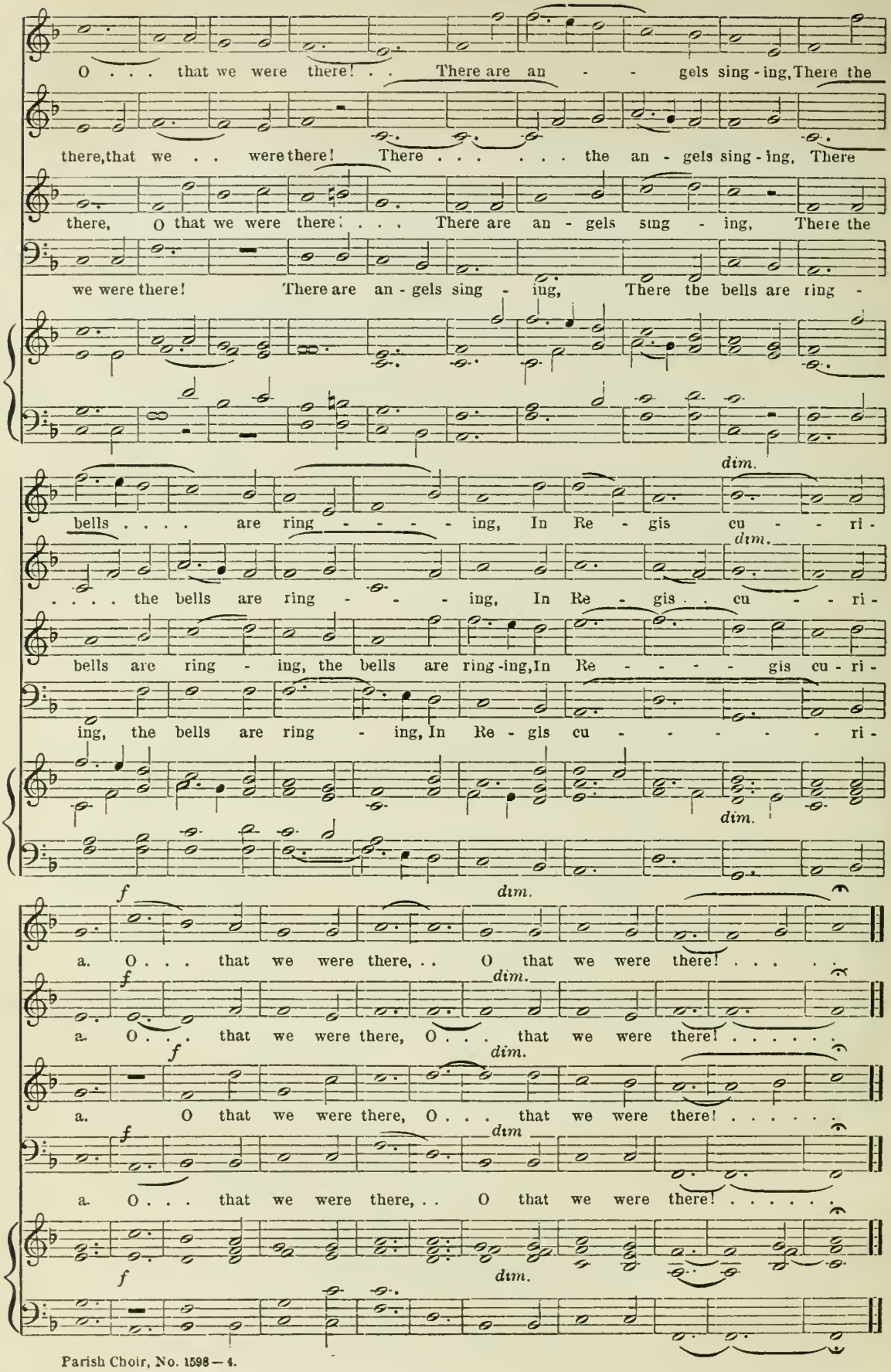
f

tris in gre - mi - o! . . . Al - pha es et O! . . . Al - pha es et O!
prin - ceps glo - ri - æ! . . . Tra - he me post Te! . . Tra - he me post Te!

f


Solo.
O pa - tris cha - ri - tas! O na - ti le - ni - tas, ... Deep
Solo.
O pa - tris cha - ri - tas! O na - ti le - ni - tas, Deep - ly were . .
Solo.
O pa-tris cha-ri - tas! . . . O na-ti le-ni - tas, . . . Deep-ly were we stain -
were . . . . we stain-ed, Per nos-tra cri-mi-na, ... But Thou hast for us
. . . we stain - ed, Per nos-tra cri-mi-na, But Thou, . . . Thou hast gain -
ed Per nos - tra cri - mi - na, . . . But Thou hast for us gain - ed Cœ - lo - rum
mf Chorus.
gain-ed Cœ - lo - rum gau - di - a. O that we. . were there, O that we were there!
mf Chorus.
- - ed Cœ - lo - rum gau - di - a, O that we, that we were there, O that we were there!
mf Chorus.
gau - di - a. . . . O that we, that we were there, O that we were there!
mf
O that we, that we were there, O that we were there!
mf


U - bi . . sunt gau - di - a, where, . . If . . that they be not there?
U - bi sunt gau - di - a, ... If that they . be not there?
U - bi sunt gau - di - a, where, If that they . . . be not there?
U - bi, ... u - bi sunt gau - di - a, where, If not there?
Solo.
There are an gels sing - ing No - va can - ti - ca; . . . . . There . . the
Solo.
There are an - gels sing - ing, There, . . there the bells, . there the
Solo.
There are an - gels sing - ing, There . . are sing - ing can - - ti - ca, . . .
Solo.
There are an - gels sing - ing, The bells are
Chorus.
bells . . . are ring - - ing, In Re - gis cu - ri - a. O that we were there,
Chorus.
bells are ring - ing, In Re - gis cu - ri - a. O . . . . . that we were
Chorus.
. . The bells are ring - ing, In cu - ri - a. O that we were
Chorus.
ring - ing there, In Re - gis cu - ri - a O that


O . . . that we were there! . . There are an - - gels sing - ing, There the
there, that we . . were there! There . . . . . the an - gels sing - ing, There
there, O that we were there! . . . There are an - gels sing - ing, There the
we were there! There are an - gels sing - ing, There the bells are ring -
bells . . . . are ring - - - - ing, In Re - gis cu - - ri -
. . . . the bells are ring - - - - ing, In Re - gis . . cu - - ri -
bells are ring - ing, the bells are ring - ing, In Re - - - - - gis cu - ri -
ing, the bells are ring - ing, In Re - gis cu - - - - - - ri -
dim.
dim.
dim.
f
dim.
a. O . . . that we were there, . . O that we were there! . . . . .
f
dim.
a. O . . . that we were there, O . . . that we were there! . . . . .
f
dim.
a. O that we were there, O . . . that we were there! . . . . .
f
dim
a. O . . . that we were there, . . O that we were there! . . . . .
f
dim.

The Angel and the shepherds.

A Carol to be sung anthem-wise.

Carol 743. CHRISTMAS. *E. H. Thorne.*

Allegretto. THE ANGEL. (TREBLE.) *f*

1. Now rise up, ye

Allegretto. ♩=112. *p*

cres - cen - do. . . . . p

shepherds; this night is He born Who blessings will lav - ish on mor-tals for - lorn: The bondsmen of

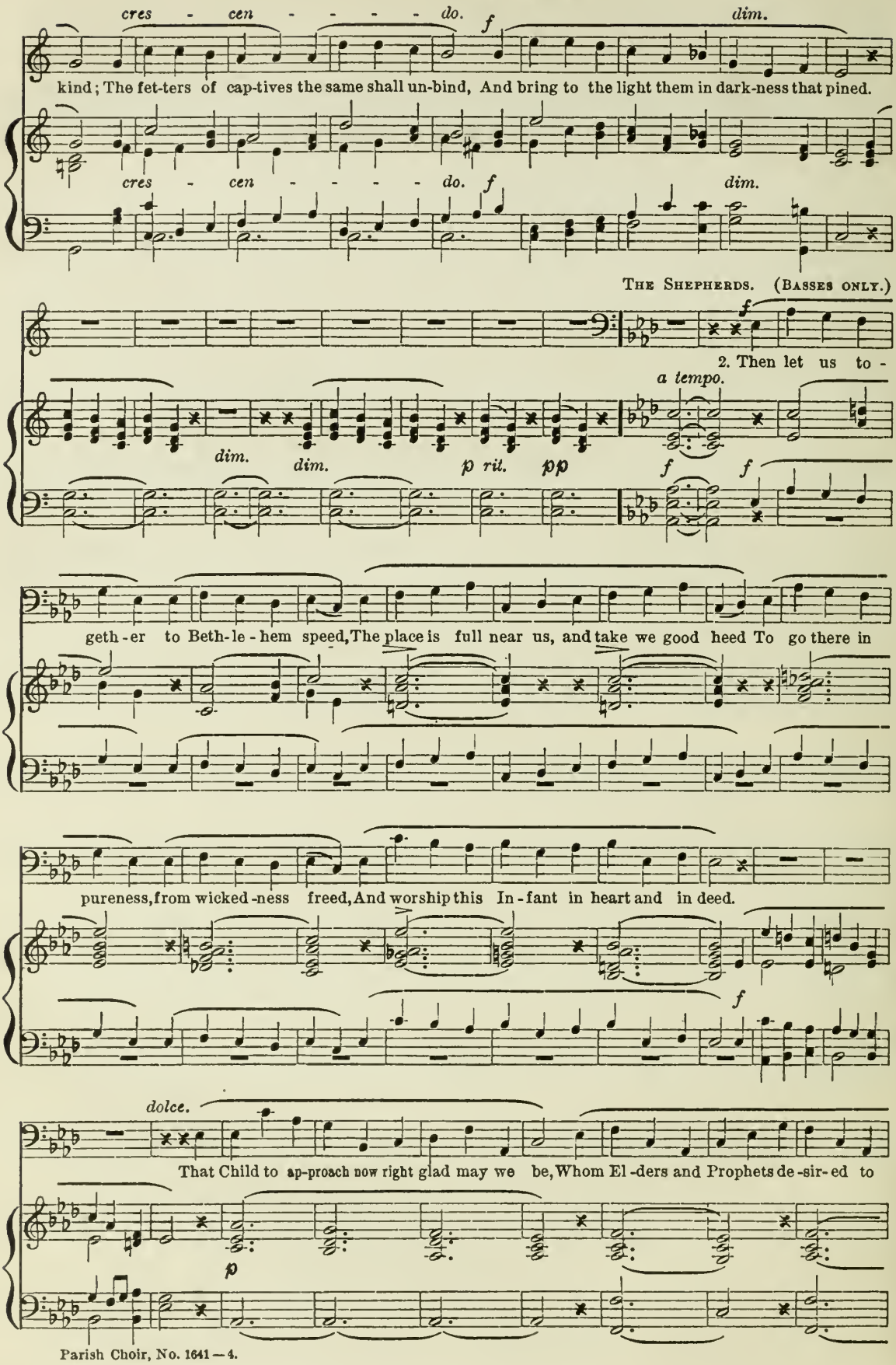
Sat - an from pri-son are torn, And God is the Hel-per of all them that mourn.

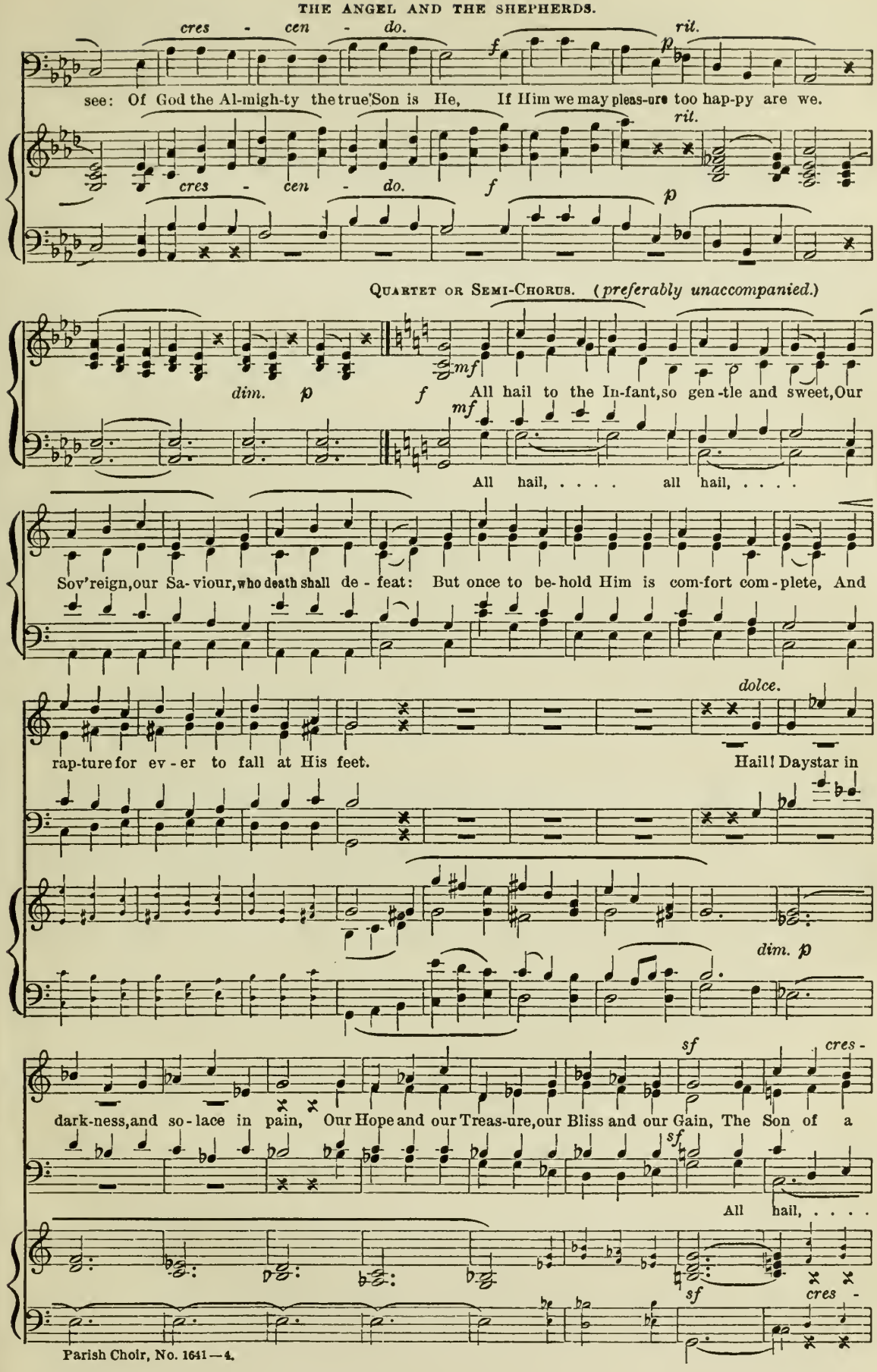
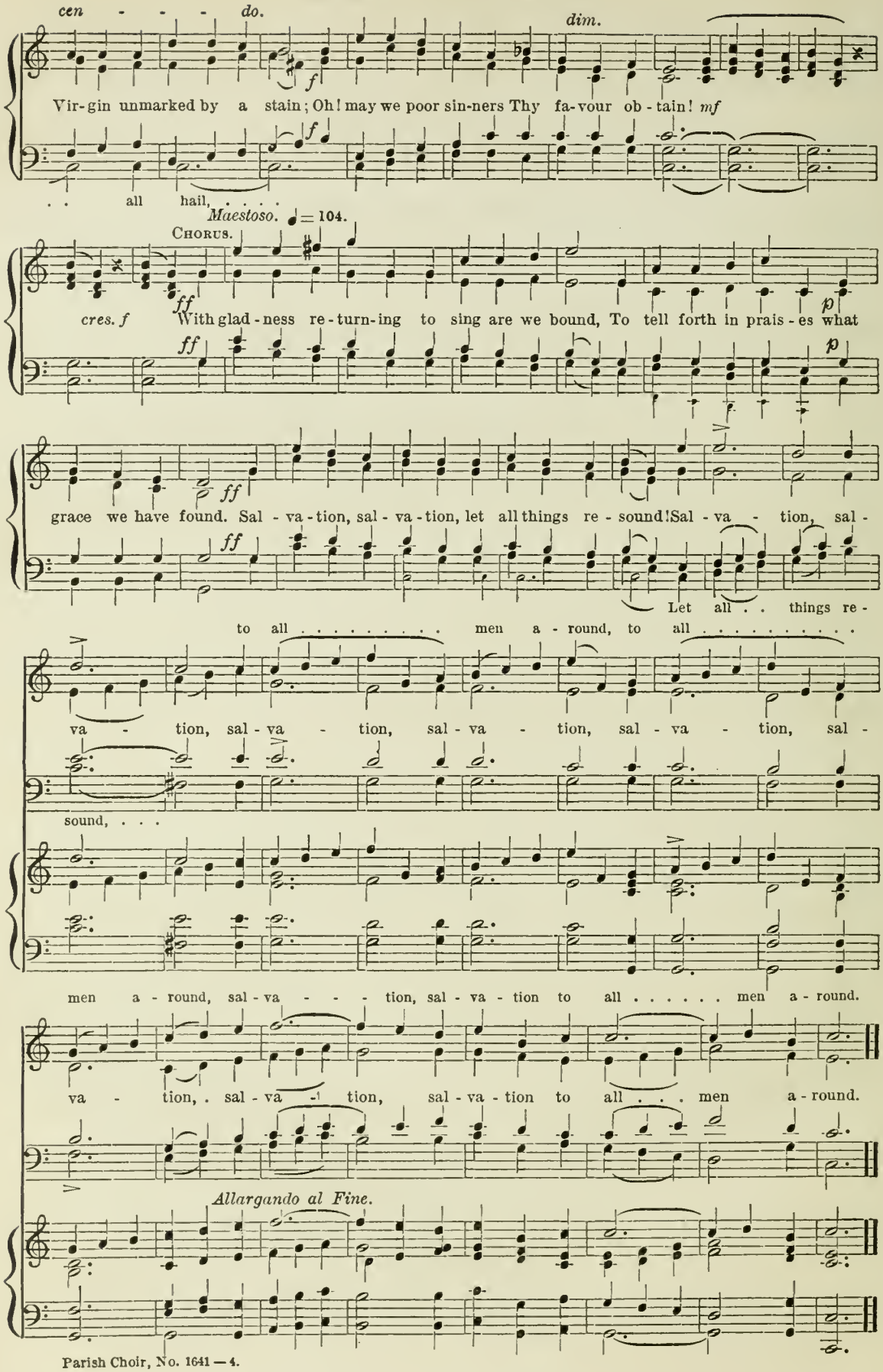
cres.

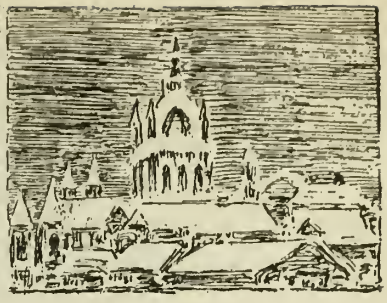
dolce.

To Beth'lem a - way, then, lo! there ye shall find The Child which is wor-thy to ran-som man-

p


cres - cen - - - - - do.
f
dim.
kind; The fet-ters of cap-tives the same shall un-bind, And bring to the light them in dark-ness that pined.
cres - cen - - - - - do.
f
dim.
The Shepherds. (Basses only.)
f
2. Then let us to -
a tempo.
dim.
dim.
p rit.
pp
f
f
geth-er to Beth-le-hem speed, The place is full near us, and take we good heed To go there in
pureness, from wicked-ness freed, And worship this In-fant in heart and in deed.
f
dolce.
That Child to ap-proach now right glad may we be, Whom El-ders and Prophets de-sir-ed to
p


cres - cen - do.
rit.
see: Of God the Al-migh-ty the true Son is He, If Him we may pleas-ure too hap-py are we.
cres - cen - do.
rit.
QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS. (preferably unaccompanied.)
dim. p
f
All hail to the In-fant, so gen-tle and sweet, Our
mf
All hail, ... all hail, ...
Sov'reign, our Sa-viour, who death shall de-feat: But once to be-hold Him is com-fort com-plete, And
dolce.
rap-ture for ev-er to fall at His feet. Hail! Daystar in
dim. p
sf
cres -
dark-ness, and so-lace in pain, Our Hope and our Treas-ure, our Bliss and our Gain, The Son of a
sf
All hail, ...
sf
cres -

cen - - - - do.
dim.
Vir-gin unmarked by a stain; Oh! may we poor sin-ners Thy fa-vour ob-tain! mf
. . all hail, ...
Maestoso. ♩ = 104.
Chorus.
cres. f
With glad-ness re-turn-ing to sing are we bound, To tell forth in prais-es what
grace we have found. Sal - va-tion, sal - va-tion, let all things re - sound! Sal - va - tion, sal -
Let all . . things re -
to all . . . . . men a - round, to all . . . . . .
va - tion, sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, sal -
sound, . . .
men a - round, sal - va - - - - tion, sal - va - tion to all . . . . . men a - round.
va - tion, . sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion to all . . . men a - round.
Allargando al Fine.



Like silver lamps.

Carol 744.

CAROL-ANTHEM.
CHRISTMAS.

Words by *W. Chatterton Dix.* *J. Barnby.*

Tempo moderato.

pp Sw. Org.

8va

cres. *rall. poco a poco.*

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

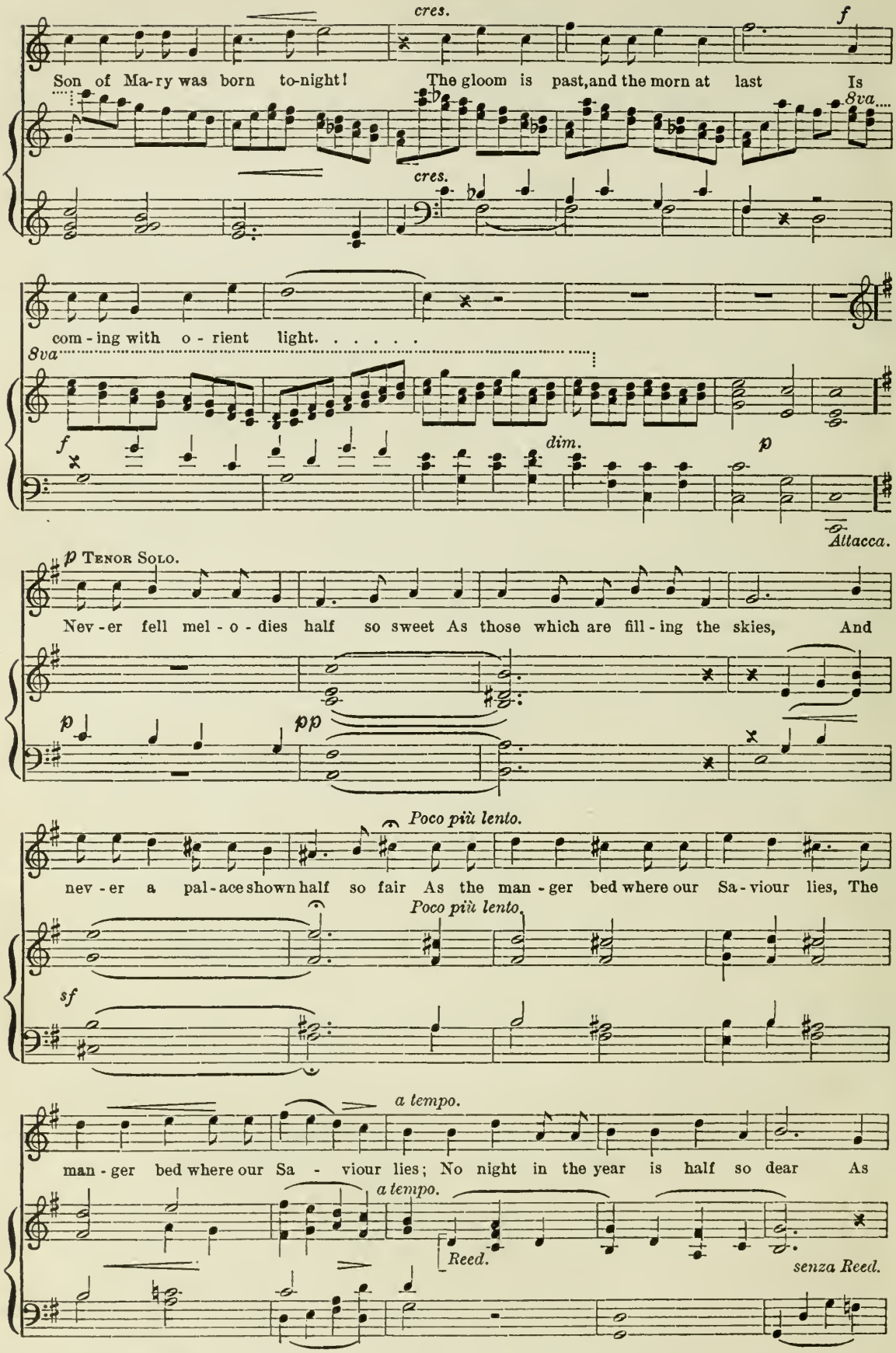
a tempo.

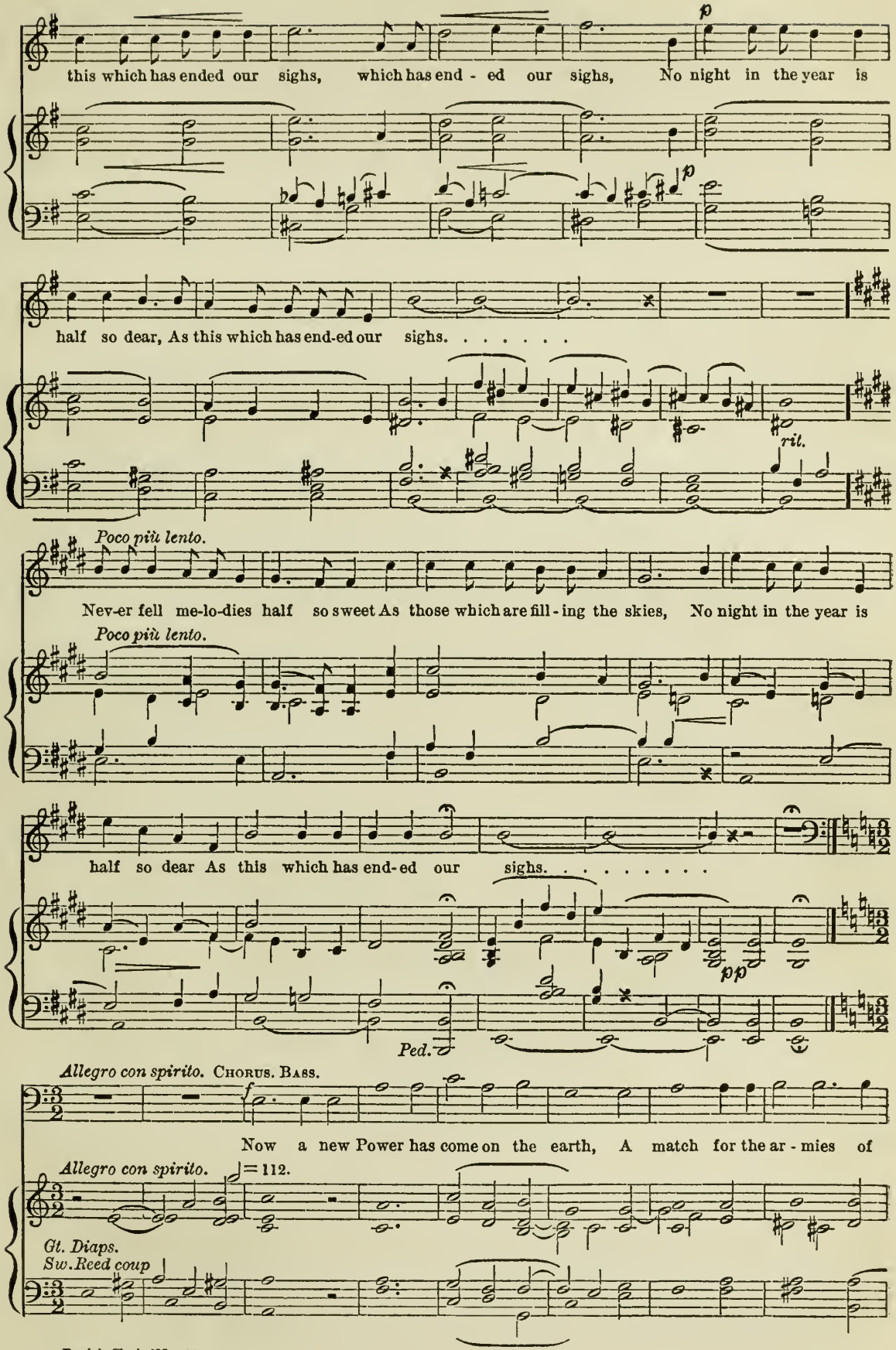
mf

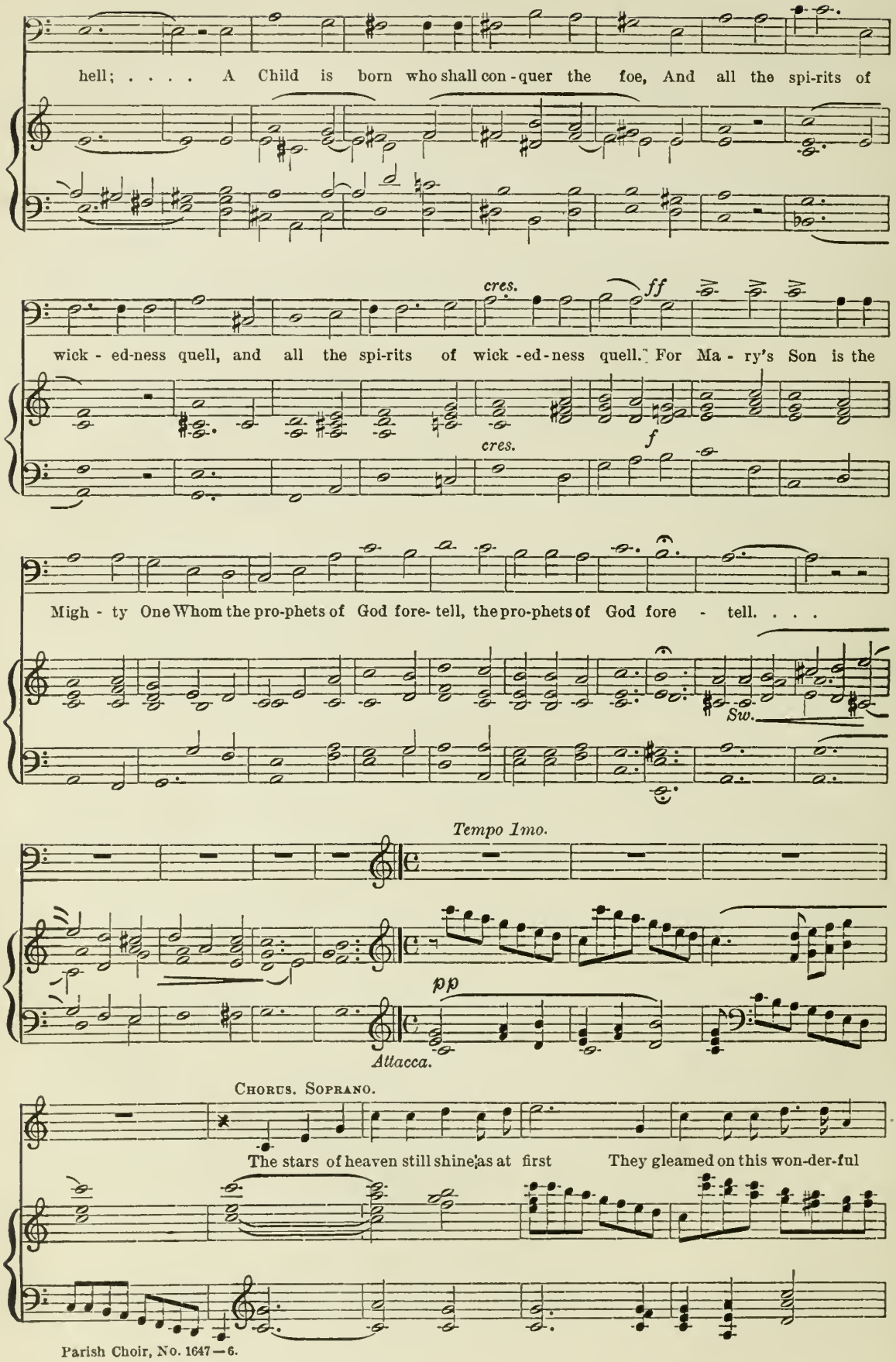
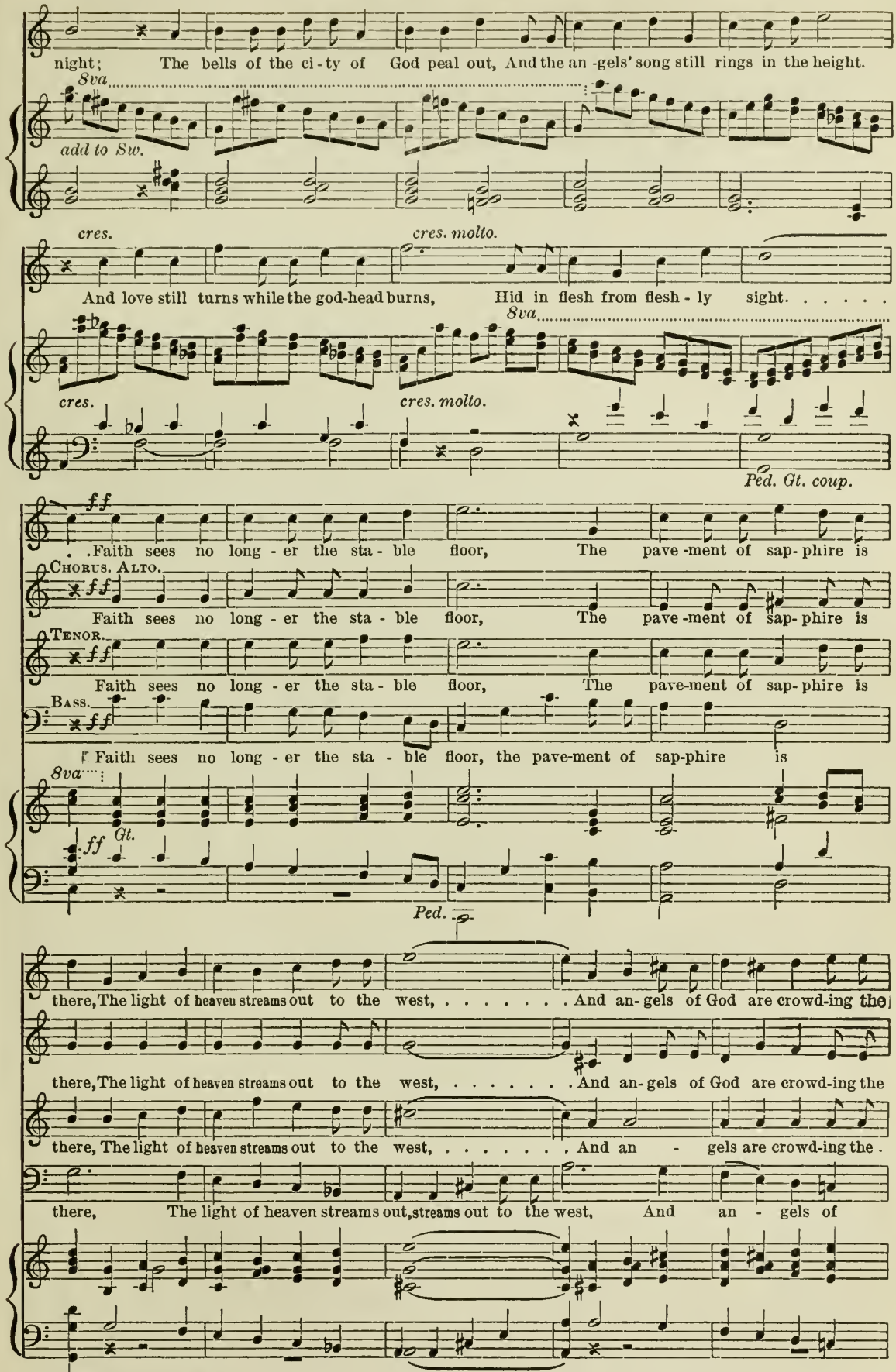
Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant

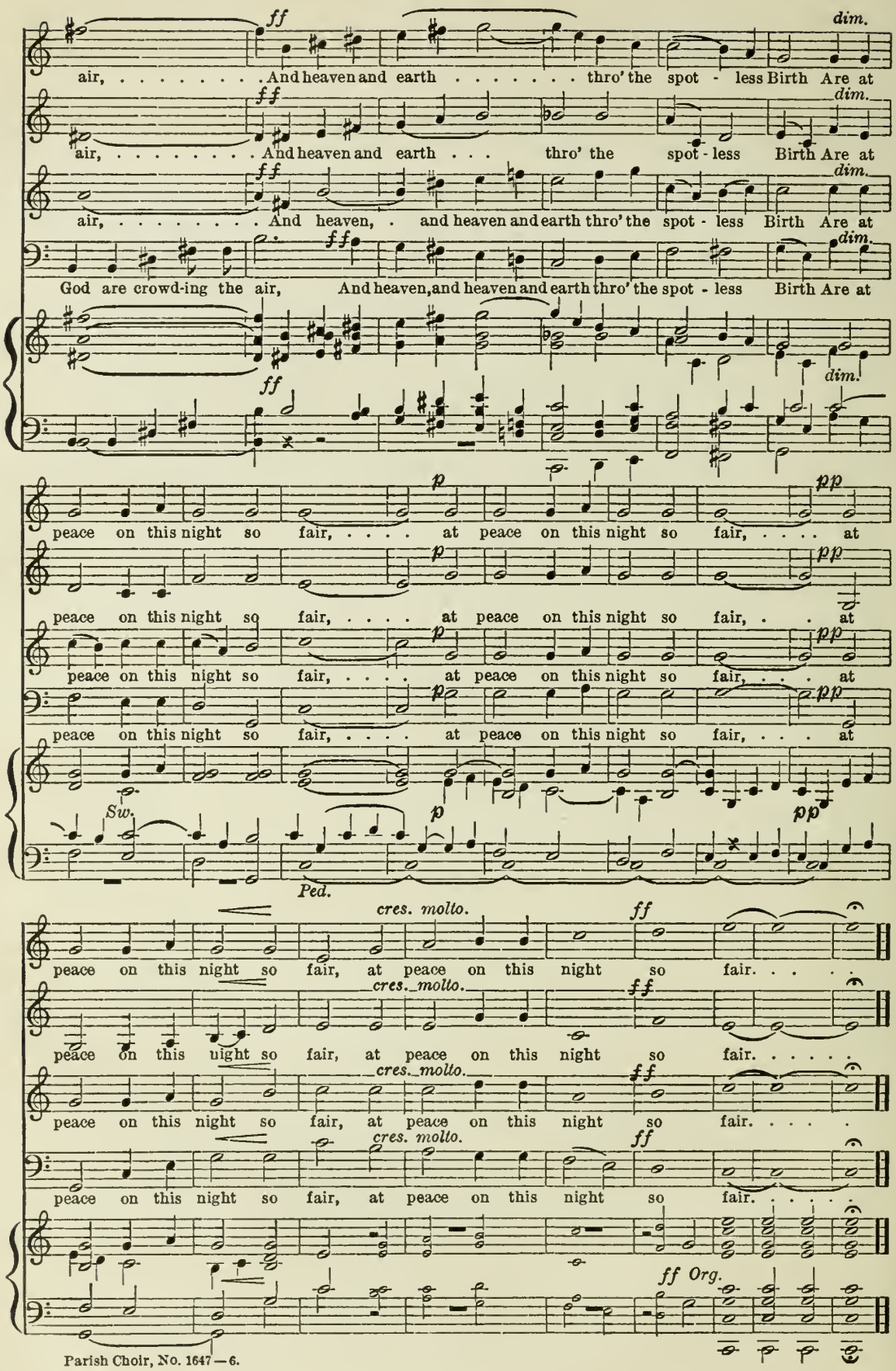
dim. *a tempo.*

shrine, The stars are sparkling bright; The bells of the ci - ty of God ring out For the

Parish Choir, No. 1647—6.

cres.
f
Son of Ma-ry was born to-night! The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is
8va
cres.
com-ing with o-rient light. . . . . .
8va
f
dim.
p
Attacca.
p Tenor Solo.
Nev-er fell mel-o-dies half so sweet As those which are fill-ing the skies, And
p
pp
Poco più lento.
nev-er a pal-ace shown half so fair As the man-ger bed where our Sa-viour lies, The
Poco più lento.
sf
a tempo.
man-ger bed where our Sa-viour lies; No night in the year is half so dear As
a tempo.
Reed.
senza Reed.


this which has ended our sighs, which has end - ed our sighs, No night in the year is
half so dear, As this which has end-ed our sighs. . . . . .
ril.
Poco più lento.
Nev-er fell me-lo-dies half so sweet As those which are fill - ing the skies, No night in the year is
Poco più lento.
half so dear As this which has end-ed our sighs. . . . . .
pp
Ped.
Allegro con spirito. CHORUS. BASS.
Now a new Power has come on the earth, A match for the ar - mies of
Allegro con spirito. ♩= 112.
Gt. Diaps.
Sw. Reed coup


hell; . . . . A Child is born who shall con-quer the foe, And all the spi-rits of
cres.
ff
wick-ed-ness quell, and all the spi-rits of wick-ed-ness quell. For Ma-ry's Son is the
cres.
f
Migh-ty One Whom the pro-phets of God fore-tell, the pro-phets of God fore-tell. . . .
Sw.
Tempo 1mo.
pp
Attacca.
Chorus. Soprano.
The stars of heaven still shine as at first They gleamed on this won-der-ful

night; The bells of the ci-ty of God peal out, And the an-gels' song still rings in the height.
8va
add to Sw.
cres.
cres. molto.
And love still turns while the god-head burns, Hid in flesh from flesh-ly sight.
8va
cres.
cres. molto.
Ped. Gt. coup.
fff
. .Faith sees no long-er the sta-ble floor, The pave-ment of sap-phire is
Chorus. Alto.
Faith sees no long-er the sta-ble floor, The pave-ment of sap-phire is
Tenor.
Faith sees no long-er the sta-ble floor, The pave-ment of sap-phire is
Bass.
Faith sees no long-er the sta-ble floor, the pave-ment of sap-phire is
8va
ff Gt.
Ped.
there, The light of heaven streams out to the west, ... And an-gels of God are crowd-ing the
there, The light of heaven streams out to the west, ... And an-gels of God are crowd-ing the
there, The light of heaven streams out to the west, ... And an - gels are crowd-ing the .
there, The light of heaven streams out, streams out to the west, And an - gels of


ff
dim.
air, ... And heaven and earth . . . . . thro' the spot - less Birth Are at
air, ... And heaven and earth . . . thro' the spot - less Birth Are at
air, ... And heaven, . and heaven and earth thro' the spot - less Birth Are at
God are crowd-ing the air, And heaven, and heaven and earth thro' the spot - less Birth Are at
p
pp
peace on this night so fair, ... at peace on this night so fair, ... at
peace on this night so fair, ... at peace on this night so fair, . . . at
peace on this night so fair, ... at peace on this night so fair, . . . at
peace on this night so fair, ... at peace on this night so fair, . . . at
Sw.
Ped.
cres. molto.
peace on this night so fair, at peace on this night so fair. . . . .
peace on this night so fair, at peace on this night so fair. . . . . .
peace on this night so fair, at peace on this night so fair. . . . .
peace on this night so fair, at peace on this night so fair. . . . .
ff Org.

O lovely voices of the sky.

Carol 745.

CAROL-ANTHEM.
CHRISTMAS.

Words by *Felicia Hemans.* *Oliver King.*

Allegretto pastorale.

mf

O love-ly voi-ces of the sky, That

mf

Allegretto pastorale. ♩. = 69.

mf

Ped. *

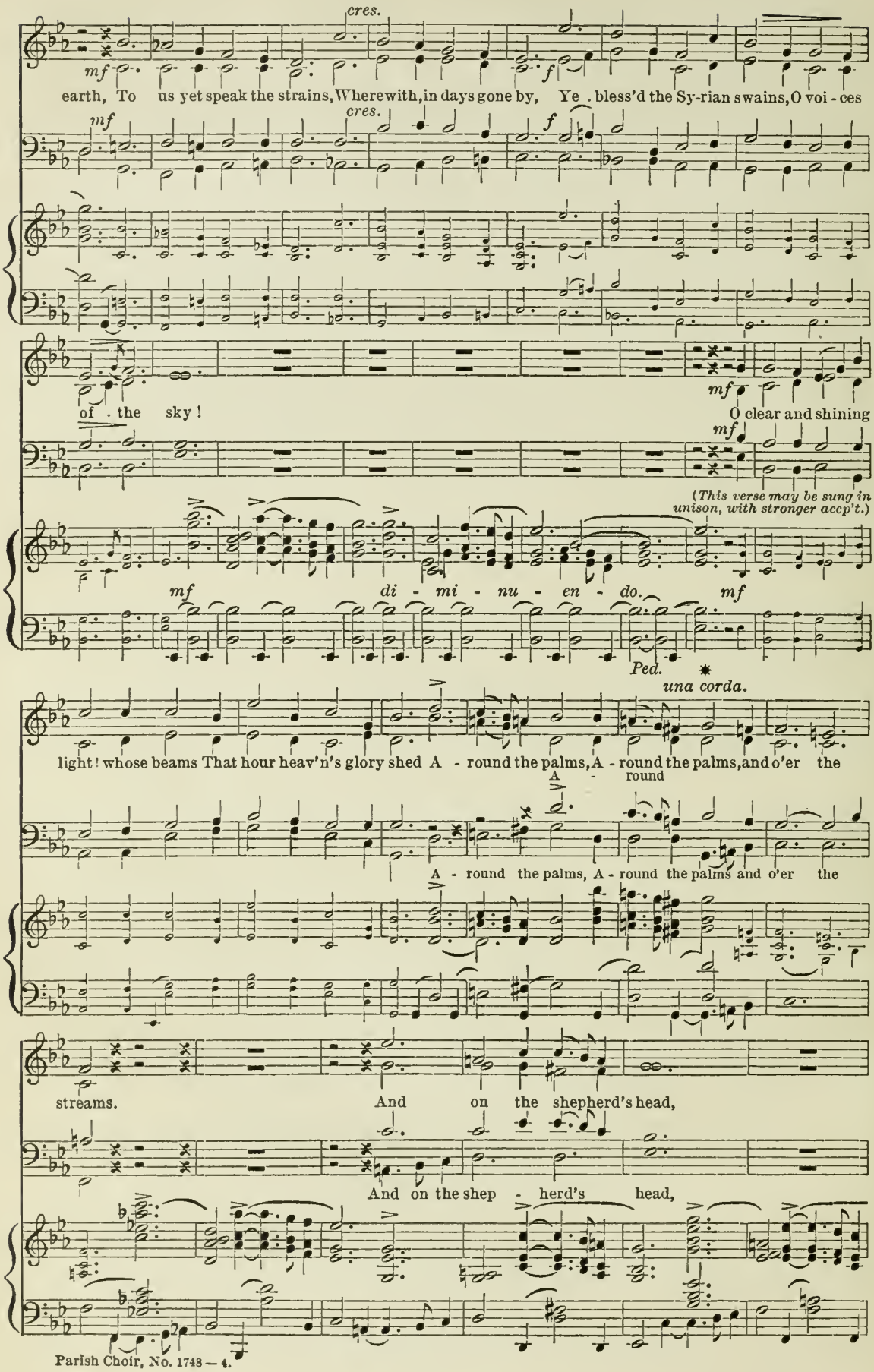
hymn'd the Sav-iour's birth! Are ye . not sing - ing still, not sing - ing still on high,

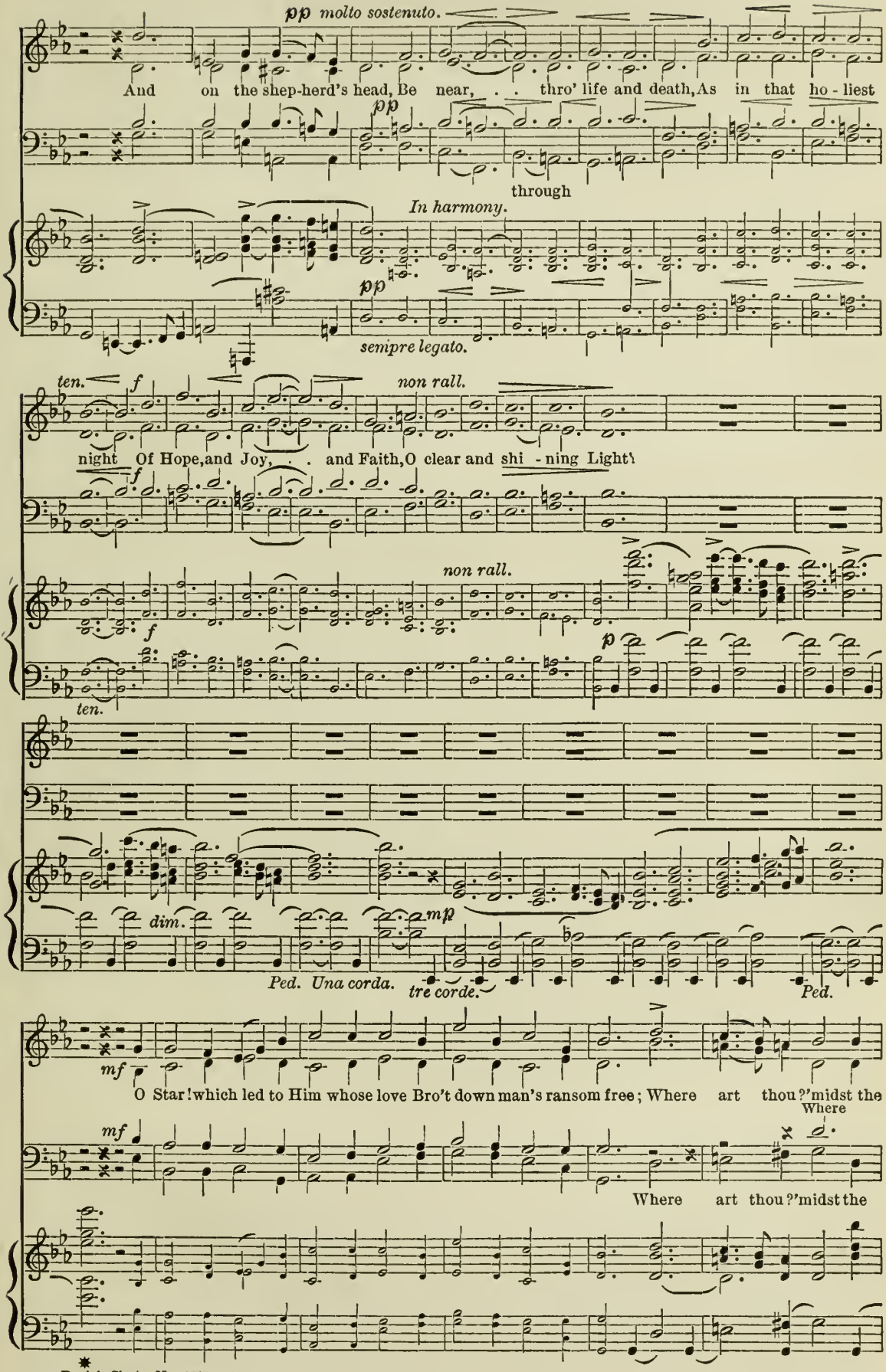
Are ye, .

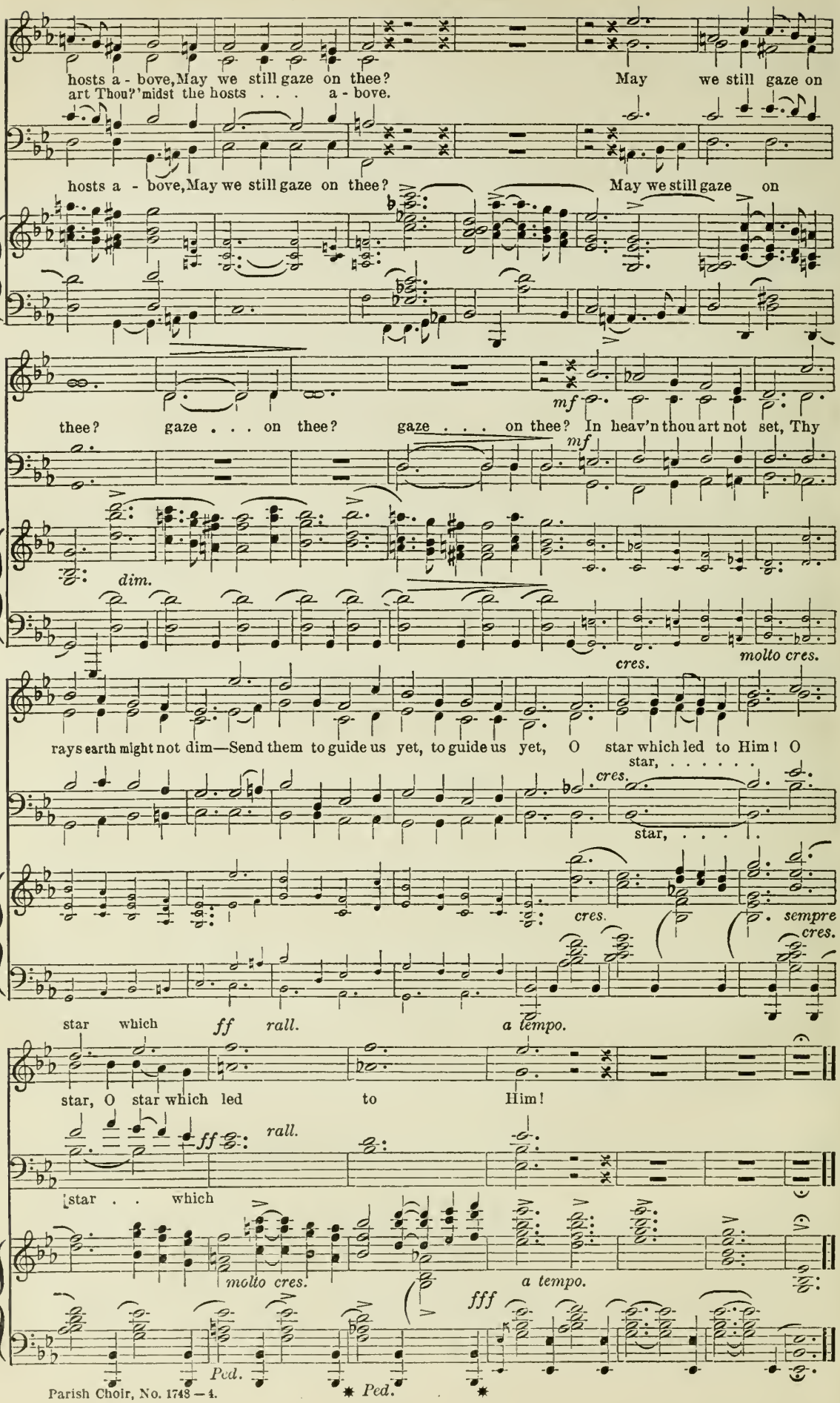
Are ye not sing - ing still, not sing - ing still on high,

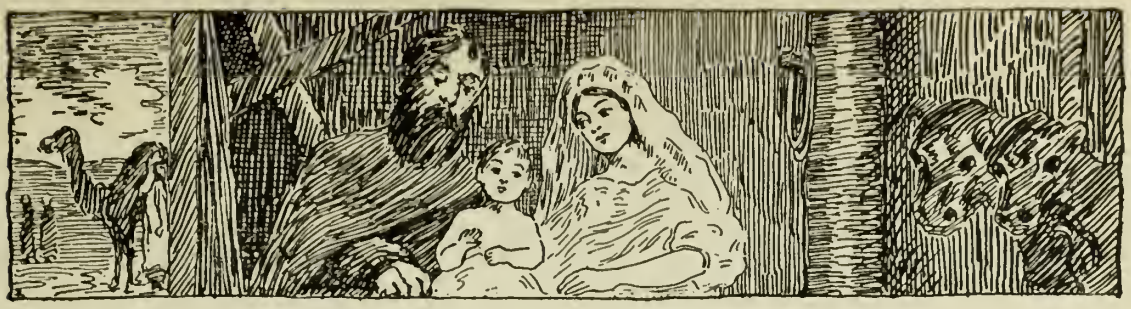
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?" "Peace . on earth!" Peace . on

Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"


cres.
mf
f
earth, To us yet speak the strains, Wherewith, in days gone by, Ye . bless'd the Sy-rian swains, O voi - ces
of . the sky!
O clear and shining
(This verse may be sung in unison, with stronger accp't.)
di - mi - nu - en - do.
Ped.
una corda.
light! whose beams That hour heav'n's glory shed A - round the palms, A - round the palms, and o'er the
A - round
A - round the palms, A - round the palms and o'er the
streams. And on the shepherd's head,
And on the shep - herd's head,


pp molto sostenuto.
And on the shep-herd's head, Be near, . . thro' life and death, As in that ho - liest
pp
through
In harmony.
pp
semipre legato.
ten.
f
non rall.
night Of Hope, and Joy, . . and Faith, O clear and shi - ning Light!
f
non rall.
f
p
ten.
dim.
mp
Ped. Una corda.
tre corde.
Ped.
mf
O Star! which led to Him whose love Bro't down man's ransom free; Where art thou?' midst the
Where
mf
Where art thou?' midst the


hosts a - bove, May we still gaze on thee?
art Thou?' midst the hosts . . . a - bove.
May we still gaze on
hosts a - bove, May we still gaze on thee?
May we still gaze on
mf
thee? gaze . . . on thee? gaze . . . on thee? In heav'n thou art not set, Thy
mf
dim.
cres.
molto cres.
rays earth might not dim—Send them to guide us yet, to guide us yet, O star which led to Him! O
star, ...
cres.
star, ...
cres.
sempre cres.
star which
ff
rall.
a tempo.
star, O star which led to Him!
ff
rall.
star . . which
molto cres.
a tempo.
fff
Ped.
Ped.

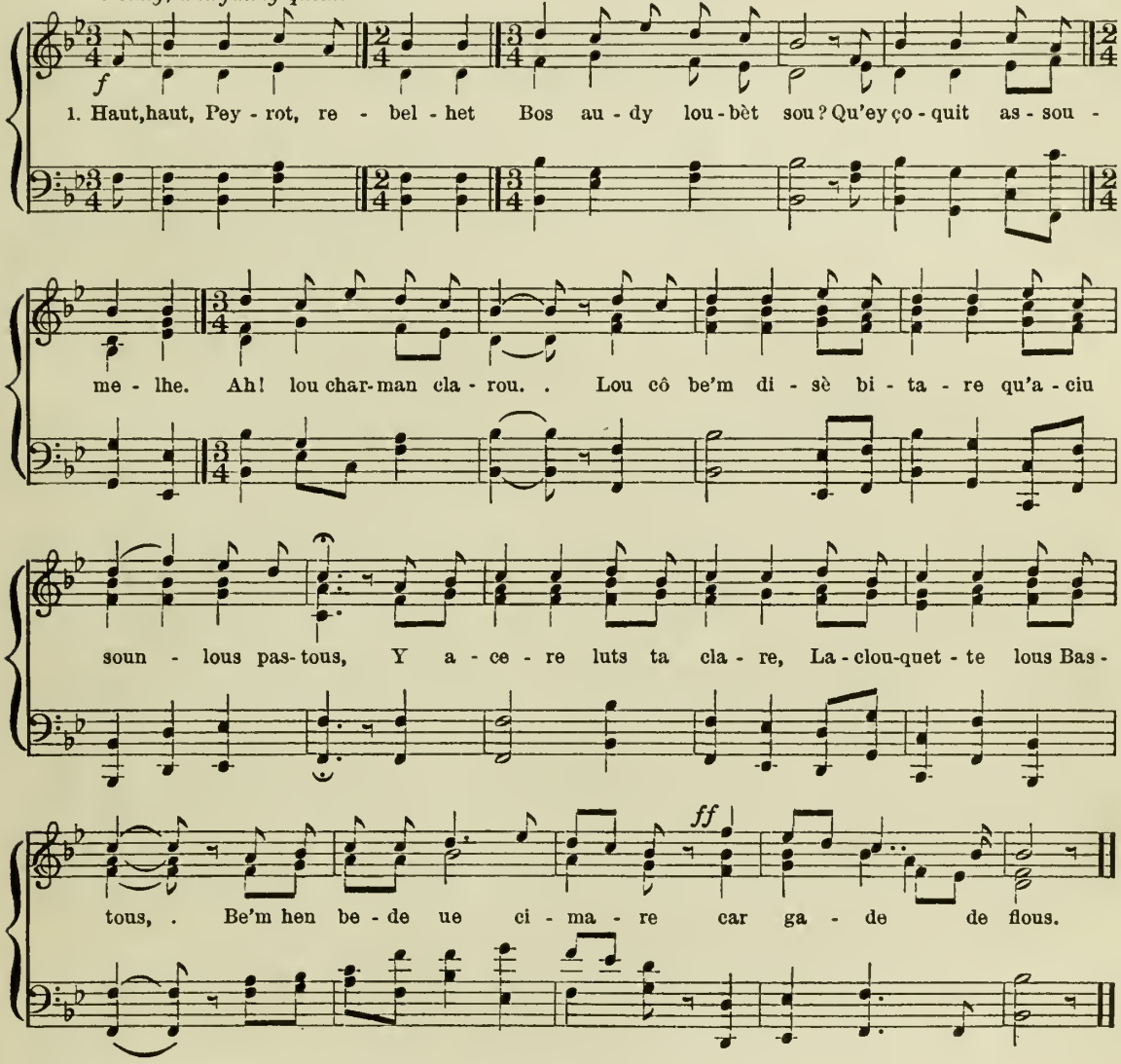


Carol 746.

Haut, haut, Peyrot.

A Béarnais Christmas Carol; the words by Andichon; the music a traditional tune to be found in Gustave Probst's "Melodies Béarnaises."

Boldly, and fairly quick.


f
1. Haut, haut, Pey - rot, re - bel - het Bos au - dy lou - bèt sou? Qu'ey ço - quit as - sou -
me - lhe. Ah! lou char-man cla - rou. . Lou cô be'm di - sè bi - ta - re qu'a - ciu
soun - lous pas-tous, Y a - ce - re luts ta cla - re, La - clou-quet - te lous Bas -
ff
tous, . Be'm hen be - de ue ci - ma - re car ga - de de flous.

2

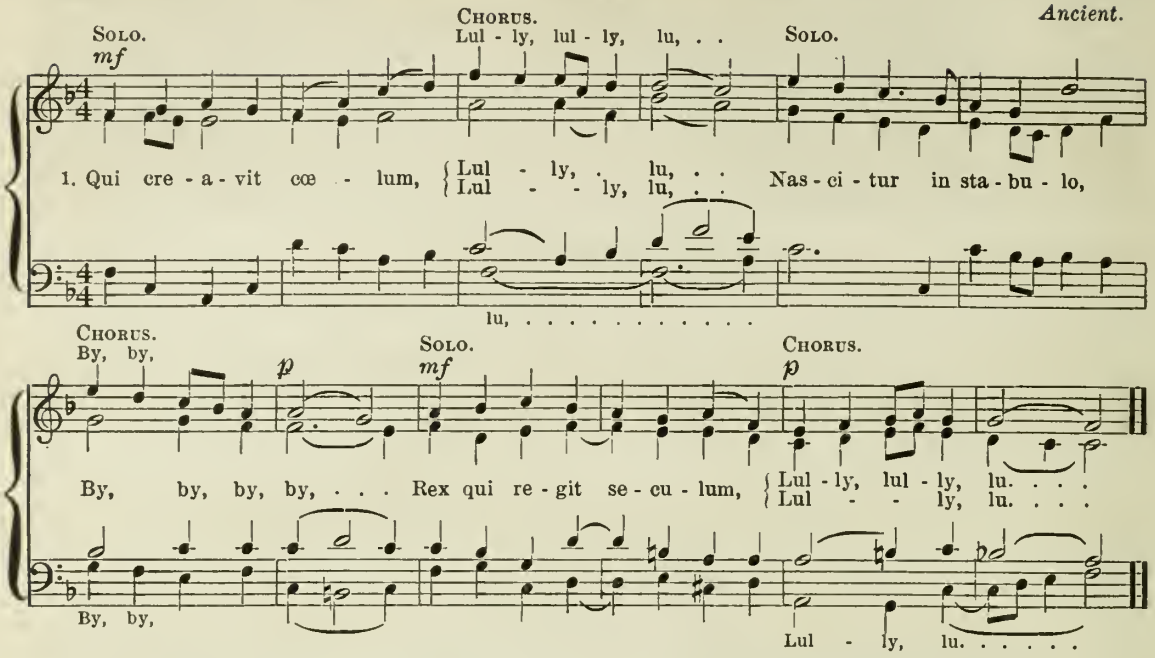
Digues, Peyrot, tu, are,
Ent'oun tire Guilhem?
B'audi gran tintamarre
Deu coustat de Bethleem:
Abancem-se, courrem biste,
Enta que pousquam leu
Bede Jesus adourable
Tout aymable, au bercèu;
De Marie eth a prés lou die
Per nous da lou Cèu.

3

Cantem dab allegrie!
Soune, Arnaut, deu clarou,
A la glori d'u Messie,
Yogue, Marc, deu biulou
Ca, Marie, je vous prie
Bous tabe, Yausepou,
Cantat are la fanfarre,
Dab Peyrot et Joandou,
Guilhem, yogue de la guitarre
Noël au Saubadou.

Carol 747. Qui creavit coelum, lully, lully, lu.*

CHRISTMAS.

Ancient.

Solo.
Chorus.
Lul - ly, lul - ly, lu, . .
Solo.
mf
1. Qui cre - a - vit cœ - lum, Lul - ly, lu, . . Nas - ci - tur in sta - bu - lo,
Lul - - ly, lu, . .
lu, ...
Chorus.
By, by,
p
Solo.
mf
Chorus.
p
By, by, by, by, . . . Rex qui re - git se - cu - lum, Lul - ly, lul - ly, lu. . . .
Lul - - ly, lu. . . .
By, by,
Lul - ly, lu. . . . . .

2 Joseph emit panniculum, by, by, etc.,
Mater involuit puerum, lully, etc.,
Et ponit in presepio, by, by, etc.

3 Inter animalia, lully, etc.,
Jacent mundi gaudia, by, by, etc.,
Dulcis super omnia, lully, etc.

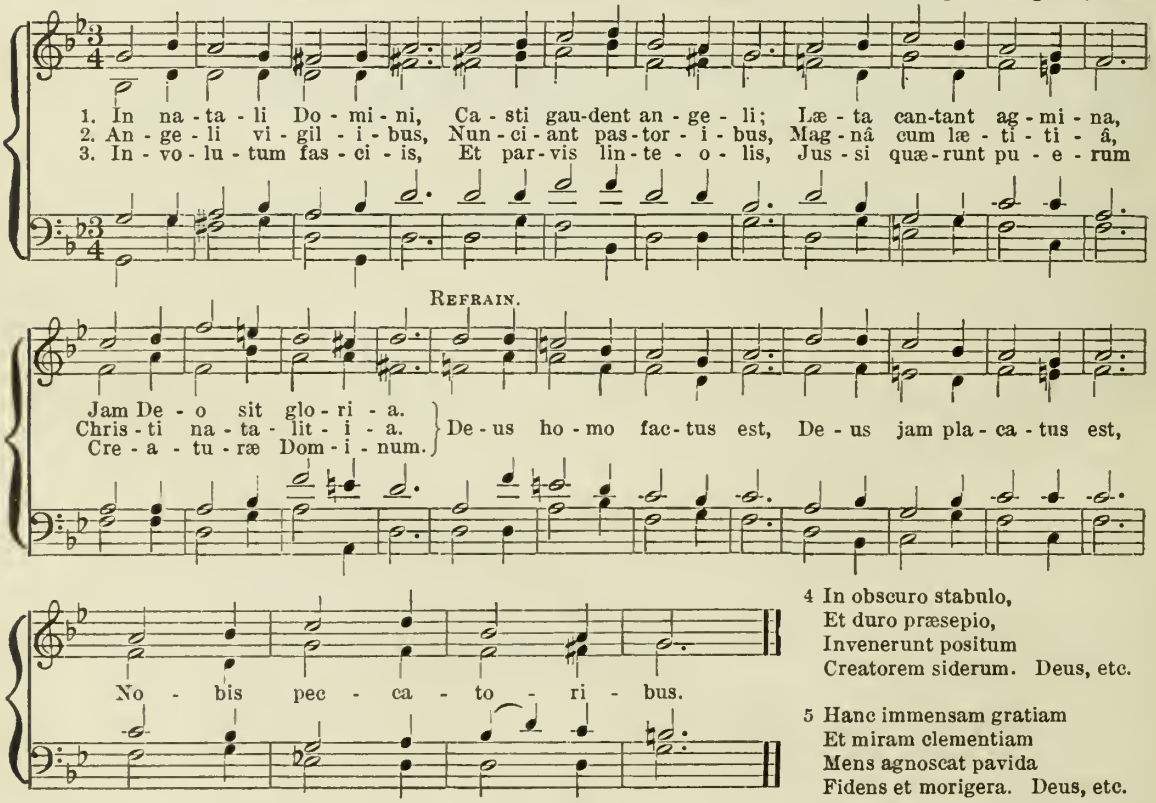
4 Lactat mater dominum, by, by, etc.,
Osculatur parvulum, lully, etc.,
Et adorat dominum, by, by, etc.

5 Roga mater filum, lully, etc.,
Ut det nobis gaudium, by, by, etc.,
In perenni gloria, lully, etc.

6 In sempiterna secula, by, by, etc.,
In eternum et ultra, lully, etc.,
Det nobis sua gaudia, by, by, etc.

*Regarded by some authorities as "probably the earliest carol composed in England." It was sung as a processional by the nuns of St. Mary, Chester.

Carol 748. In natali Domini,

A Traditional Christmas Carol; the music probably of the 14th century; to be found in the "Nürnberger Gesangbuch," 1544.

1. In na - ta - li Do - mi - ni, Ca - sti gau-dent an - ge - li; Læ - ta can-tant ag - mi - na,
2. An - ge - li vi - gil - i - bus, Nun - ci - ant pas-tor - i - bus, Mag - nâ cum læ - ti - ti - â,
3. In - vo - lu - tum fas - ci - is, Et par-vis lin-te - o - lis, Jus - si quæ-runt pu - e - rum
Refrain.
Jam De - o sit glo - ri - a.
Chris - ti na - ta - lit - i - a.
Cre - a - tu - ræ Dom - i - num.
De - us ho - mo fac-tus est, De - us jam pla - ca - tus est,
No - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus.

4 In obscuro stabulo,
Et duro præsepio,
Invenerunt positum
Creatorem siderum. Deus, etc.

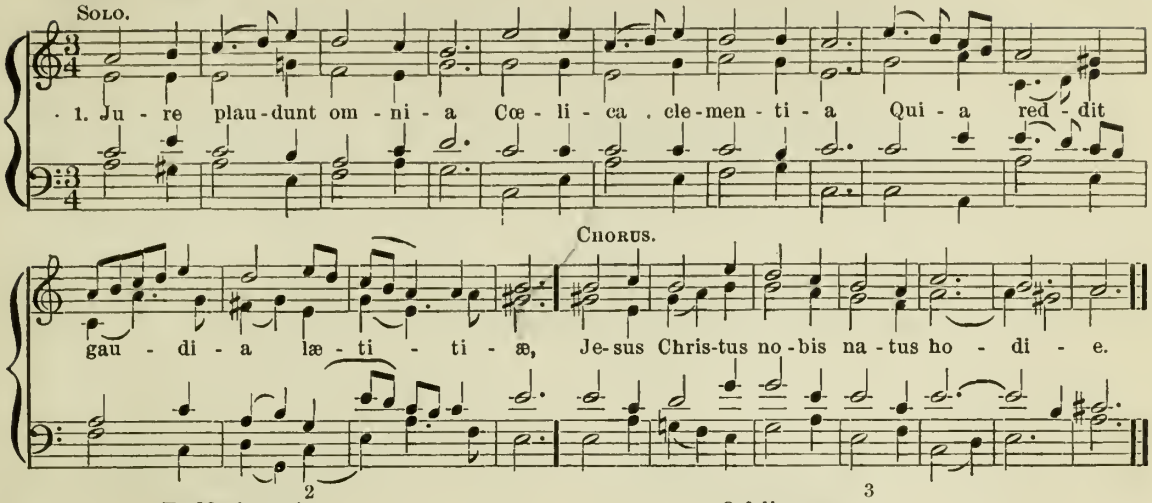
5 Hanc immensam gratiam
Et miram clementiam
Mens agnoscat pavida
Fidens et morigera. Deus, etc.

Jure plaudunt omnia.

CHRISTMAS.

From "*Het Prieel der gheestelicker Melodie*" by Hieronymus Verdussen, Antwerp, 1626.

Carol 749.



2

Ex Maria genitus,
Ope sancti Spiritus,
Risu mutans gemitus lætitiæ,
Jesus, etc.

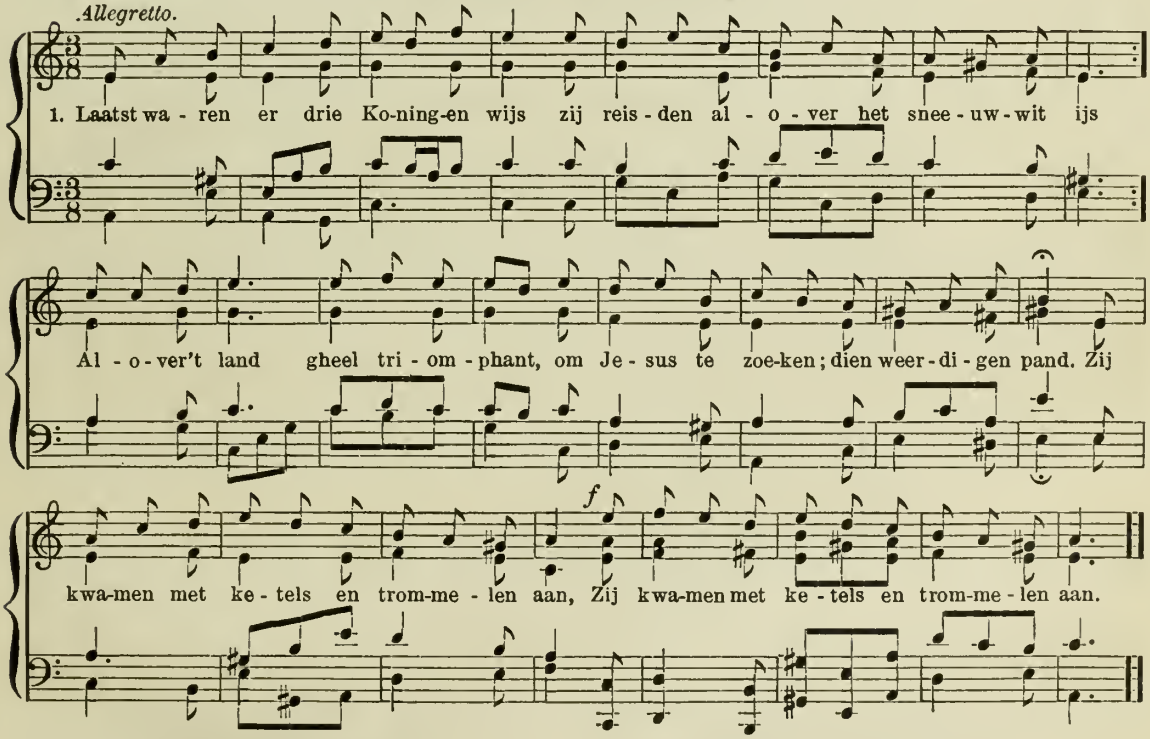
3

O felix puerpera,
Cujus suxit ubera
Mira monstraus opera lætitiæ,
Jesus, etc.

4

Pietate solita
Solvit Adae debita,
In hac valle subdita miseriæ,
Jesus, etc.

De Drie Koningen.

Carol 750. An Epiphany Carol from the "*Chants populaires Flamands.*"

Allegretto.
1. Laatst wa - ren er drie Ko-ning-en wijs zij reis - den al - o - ver het snee - uw - wit ijs
Al - o - ver't land gheel tri - om - phant, om Je - sus te zoe-ken; dien weer - di - gen pand. Zij
f
kwa-men met ke - tels en trom-me - len aan, Zij kwa-men met ke - tels en trom-me - len aan.

2

De engel die sprak sint Joseph toe:
"Vlucht naar Egypten met Jesus zoet,"
Herodes die kwam
Met een groot gespan;
De ezel die vluchtte,
Maria die zuchtte,
Sint Joseph die troostte z'in hare droefheid.

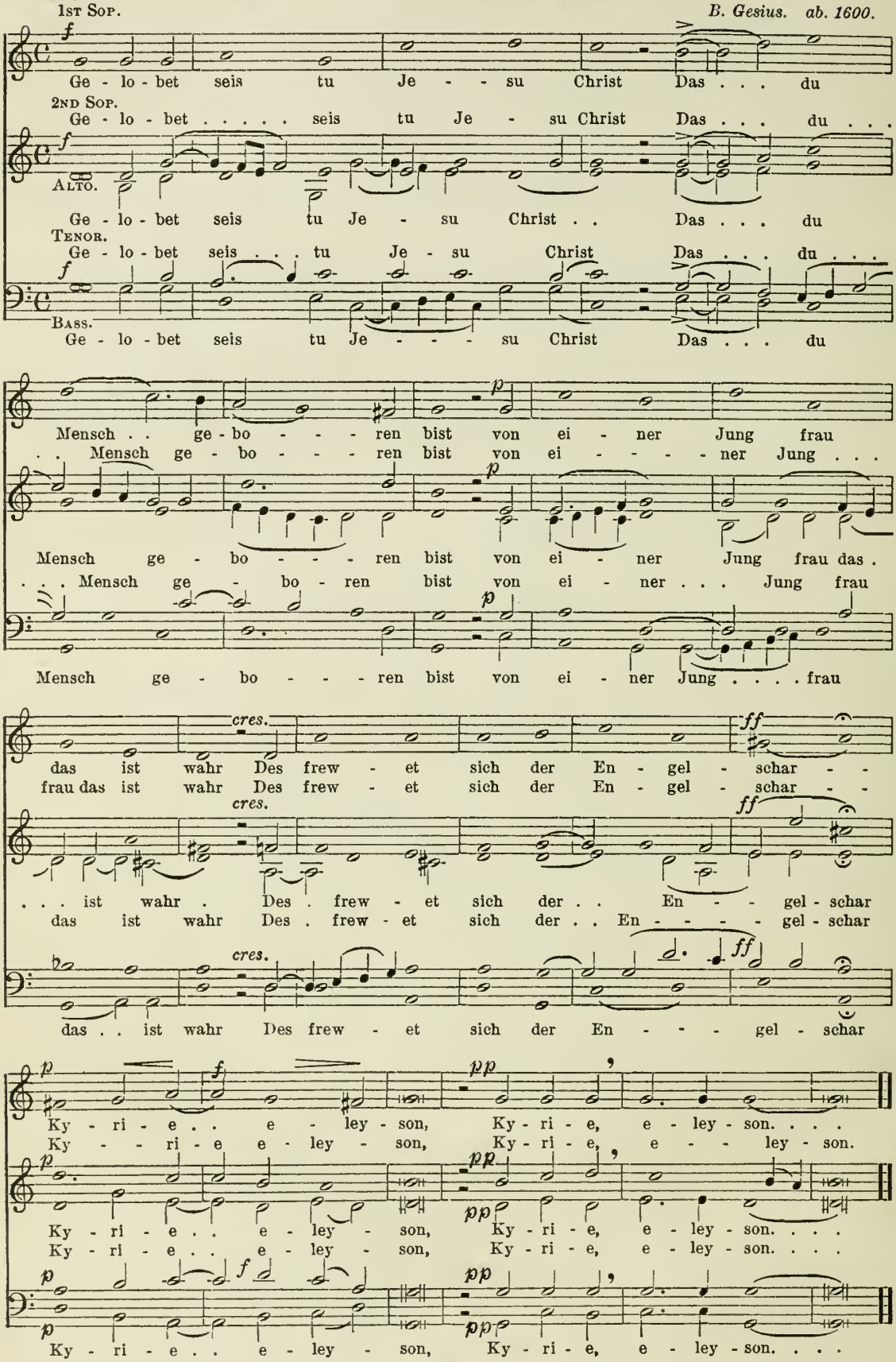
3

Herodes ontbood kleen ende groot,
Alle die bloedjes ze slagen z'al dood.
Wie heeft ooit gehoord
Van zulk een moord?
D'onnozel herten
Vol herten en smerten
Zij wierden in hunder bloed gesmoord.

Carol 751.

Gelobet seis tu Jesu Christ.

B. Gesius. ab. 1600.


1st Sop.
Ge - lo - bet seis tu Je - - su Christ Das . . . du
2nd Sop.
Ge - lo - bet . . . . . seis tu Je - su Christ Das . . . du . . .
Alto.
Ge - lo - bet seis tu Je - su Christ . . Das . . . du
Tenor.
Ge - lo - bet seis . . . tu Je - su Christ Das . . . du . . .
Bass.
Ge - lo - bet seis tu Je - - - - su Christ Das . . . du
Mensch . . ge - bo - - - - ren bist von ei - ner Jung frau
. . Mensch ge - bo - - - - ren bist von ei - - - - - ner Jung . . .
Mensch ge - bo - - - - ren bist von ei - ner Jung frau das .
. . . Mensch ge - bo - ren bist von ei - ner . . . Jung frau
Mensch ge - bo - - - - ren bist von ei - ner Jung . . . . frau
cres.
das ist wahr Des frew - et sich der En - gel - schar - -
frau das ist wahr Des frew - et sich der En - gel - schar - -
. . . ist wahr . Des . frew - et sich der . . En - - gel - schar
das ist wahr Des . frew - et sich der . . En - - - - gel - schar
das . . ist wahr Des frew - et sich der En - - - gel - schar
Ky - ri - e . . e - ley - son, Ky - ri - e, e - ley - son. . . .
Ky - - ri - e e - ley - son, Ky - ri - e, e - - ley - son.
Ky - ri - e . . e - ley - son, Ky - ri - e, e - ley - son. . . .
Ky - ri - e . . e - ley - son, Ky - ri - e, e - ley - son. . . .
Ky - ri - e . . e - ley - son, Ky - ri - e, e - ley - son. . . .

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NOTE. — The asterisk indicates that the publication contains much interesting matter about Christmas Carols and the celebration of the Christmas Festival.

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II. MANUSCRIPT CAROLS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

ELEVENTH CENTURY.
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TWELFTH–THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.
Miracle Play, *The Three Kings*. Music in neums.
Office for the Circumcision, *Fête des Foux*. Music in diamond notes on a staff of four red lines.

FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.
Carols, words only. Sloane MSS.
Carols, by John Brackley, Friar of Norwich.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.
When Cryst was born of Mary fre.
Be glad, lordynges, be ye more and lesse.
Now let us be merry, bothe all and some.
Such a lady seke I never more.
The Rose es the fayrest flour of alle.
The Wefferes; York Mystery Plays.

FIFTEENTH–SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.
Tydynges, tydynges that be trwe.
Mirabilem misterium.
Nowelle, tydynges gode y thyng to telle.
Nowelle, who ys there that syngith so.
Mervele nozt, iosep.
Man be joyfull.
Soli deo sit laudem gloria.
Have mercy of me, king of blisse.
Regi canamus gloria.
O radix iesse.
O clavis dauid.
O david, thow nobelle key.
Now make we ioye.
Jhesu fili virginis.
Jhesu fili dei.
Tydynges trew.
Nascitur ex virgine.
Do welle and drede no man.
Alleluya. Now may we myrthis make.
Proface, welcom. This tyme ys borne a chylde of grace.
Jhesu fili virginis.
Blessed mote thu be, swete ihesus.
Nesciens mater-virgo virum peperit.
(Most of these are by Smert and Trouluffe, and are for two or three voices.)

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
This virgin clere. A dialogue.
Alone here I sitt.
Ah, my dere son, said Mary.

Jhesu, mercy how may this be.
Affraid, alas! (in five divisions).
Wofully afraid. (W. Cornyssh, Jr.)
Ah, gentill Jhesu! (Sheryngam)
Wofulle arayd. (Browne)
My feerfull dreme. (G. Banaster)
Ah, blessid Jhesu! (R. Davy)
Ah, my hart, remembir! (R. Davy)
Be hit known to all (in four divisions).
In a slumbir.
Nesciens mater (four voices).
Nesciens mater virgo virum peperit (three voices).
Qui Petis, O filii! (four voices). (Pygott)
Noe, noe, noe, puer nobis nascitur. (J. Mouton)
God is the cheffest unizon. (P. Harfurth)
Hodie nobis, coelorum rex.
Angelus ad pastores.
Hodie Christus natus est.
Noe, noe, exultemus.
} (8 part carols) by D. Gerarde.
Parvelus filius hodie natus est.
Nesciens mater virgo virum peperit. (Four voices.) (Wryghte)

SIXTEENTH-SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

Puer natus est nobis.
Angelus ad pastores.
Parbulus filius hodie natus est.
Gloria in excelsis.
Cum natus esset Jesus. (O di Lasso)
Hodie Christus natus est.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Chester Mysteries. Little music.
Borne is the babe.
Sweet was the song.
Gloria in excelsis Deo, singe my sowle. (T. Weekes) (Five and six voices.)
I heard a messe of merry shepards.
Out of ye orient (five voices).
Angelus ad pastores (five voices).
Hymnes or Carrols, by W. A.
Harke, sheapard swaynes (five voices). (G. Jeffreys)
Harke, sheperd swaynes.
Angelus ad pastores (five voices). (H. Lawes)

SEVENTEENTH-EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

Liber Cantionum Martini Gobelii.
Puer natus in Bethlehem.
In dulci jubilo nun singet.
Das nengeborne Kindelein.
Was ist hier vor ein Kindelein.
Quaeramus cum pastoribus (four voices).
Noe, noe, noe, psallite (four voices).
Nesciens mater (eight voices).
Quem vidéstis, pastores (five voices). (A. Tubal)
Noël. Voyci l'heureuse nuit (four voices). (E. du Caurroy)
Rejoyce, rejoyce, with hart and voyce (four voices). (Byrd)

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice (four voices).
Cast off all doubtful care.
From Virgin's womb (five voices).
An earthly tree a heavenly fruit it bare (six voices). (W. Byrd)
Chester Mysteries; a copy of Bellin's MS. of 1600.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Two Antiphons for four voices by Samuel Wesley.
Hodie Christus natus est.
Vidimus stellam.
Quem vidistis pastores.
Hodie nobis coelorum rex.
Hodie Christus natus est. (Nanini)
Angelus ad pastores (eight voices). (F. Anerio)
Pastores loquebantur (eight voices).
Nato Domino (eight voices).
Hodie nobis coelorum rex.
Hodie nobis de coelo.
Quem vidistis pastores. (D. Perez)
Quem vidistis pastores (six voices). (Vittoria)
Hodie nobis coelorum rex. (Nanini)

CAROLS IN LEAFLET FORM

For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain in leaflet form any of the Carols included in this volume, the following List will show in what Number of the "Parish Choir" such carols may be found. The price of these Parish Choir Nos. is five cents each.

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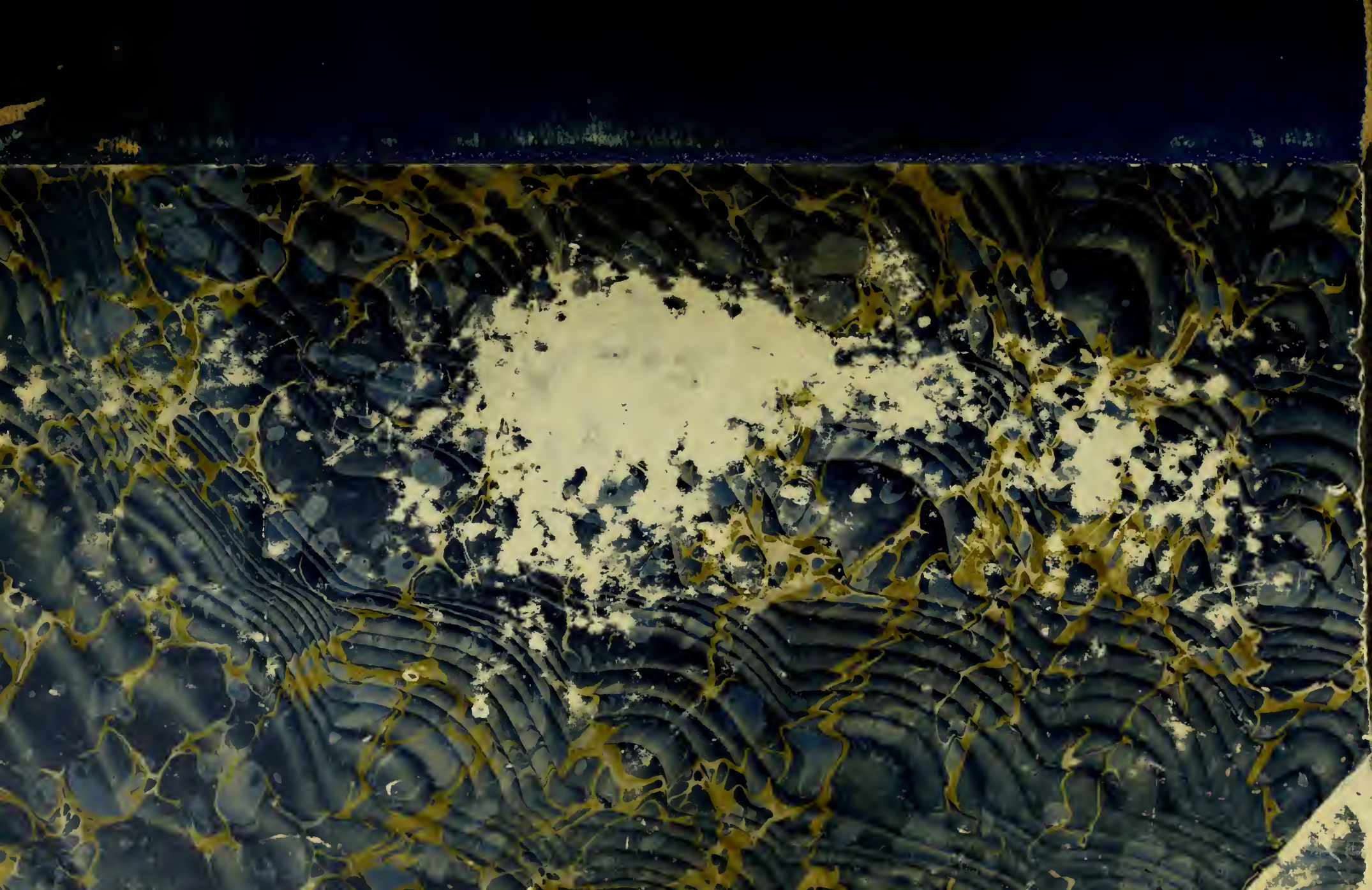
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